

**SIMCOE-YORK  
PRINTING &  
PUBLISHING  
LIMITED**

**Publisher of the**

Innisfil Scope  
The Times  
King Township Sentinel  
P.O. Box 310  
Beeton, Ontario  
L0G 1A0  
705-458-4434  
Fax: 905-729-2541  
E-mail address  
thescope@rogers.com  
web site  
www.innisfilscope.com

P.A.P. Registration  
No. 09319

**Publishers:**

BRUCE HAIRE  
JOHN ARCHIBALD

**Editorial**

**Managing Editor**

BRUCE HAIRE

**News Editor**

Michelle Minnoch

**Reporter**

Richard Blanchard

**Advertising**

**Director of Sales**  
JOHN ARCHIBALD

**Sales Reps**

Diann Gaston  
Annette Derraugh  
Nancy Stenhouse  
Aileen Robbins  
Greg Wigner

**Composing**

**Manager**  
JUDI BURKITT

**Ad Designers**

Penny Gilbertson  
Kristen Haire  
Joanne Radyk-Carrick  
Lisa Rosati  
Brian Valdock

**Business**

Anne Archibald  
Jacquie Archibald  
Janice Coté  
Sylvia DeShane

**Subscription rates:**

Within 65 km except  
towns with letter carriers –  
\$28.00 + G.S.T.

Beyond 65 km and towns  
with letter carriers –  
\$41.00 + G.S.T.

Single copies 71¢ + G.S.T.  
or 75¢ (includes G.S.T.)

Published every

Wednesday

Copyright

The Scope 2006

The advertiser agrees that the publisher shall not be liable for damages arising out of errors in advertisements beyond the amount paid for the space actually occupied by that portion of the advertisement in which the error occurred, whether such error is due to the negligence of its servants or otherwise, and there shall be no liability for non insertion of any advertisement beyond the amount paid for such advertisement.

We acknowledge the financial support of the Government of Canada, through the Publications Assistance Program (PAP) toward our mailing costs.

Canada 

 

# Finding our own tradition is ok

## Comment

by Michelle Minnoch

Every year when Christmas rolls around there is always a controversy about something. Whether it is the thought of “Merry Christmas” becoming “Happy Holidays” or the fact a judge orders a Christmas Tree out of a provincial court house because “the Christian symbol might alienate people of other faiths”, there is always a hullabaloo about something.

While the idea of “tradition” may be going off the beaten path for some, as the years go by and society changes, so too will certain aspects of the holidays we have become accustomed to. I am not saying it is good or bad, that is just the way it is.

Here’s my take on it; Christmas, Chanukah or the holiday season means many things to different people. You and your family will always be doing something different then your neighbour or your co-worker; that’s the best part about the holidays. Everyone can find their own definition of their tradition.

For many people I know, it is a time for family to get together; for others it may be a day of just immediate family; there are some who do not have family to celebrate with; others spend time at their local shelters, helping those in need

have a good day, with a hot meal and companionship with others.

No matter what your faith, everyone has their own definition of what they do over the holidays and no one is better than the other.

Many say Christmas is mainly a time for children, and as I am a big kid myself, I agree with that theory. Some have places to drive to see family and friends, while others stay in to welcome and feed their guests. I on the other hand fly to Alberta to spend time with my brother, sister in law and their three children. For me it’s an excuse to play for five days with my niece and nephews. And our Christmas tradition? We usually have dinner early enough so the family can get out of the house for a few hours, and take in a family movie for all to enjoy. With great family entertainment out this time of year, there is always a choice that is appropriate for ages four to fourteen (this year is

a toss up between Charlotte’s Web, Happy Feet and Night at the Museum).

For me, that is my Christmas tradition and I love it. I not only get to spend time with family I only see once a year, but we are all together, doing something fun, and we always have a good time.

Of course, after Christmas comes New Years, which may be a time of reflection for some. People recall their accomplishments of the past year, their downfalls as well, and hopefully something is learned from that. Whether you reached a high and got the promotion at work you were striving for, or fell to a low and lost a loved one, reflection is always a good thing; just don’t dwell on things. Remembering is one thing, moving on and learning from the experience is another.

This year I will be reflecting on a great trip to Africa, a great sky diving opportunity, a fabulous job and friends and family who are happy and healthy. What more could a girl ask for?

On behalf of The Scope, I wish all of you a safe and happy (and healthy) Christmas /Chanukah/Holiday Season.

# A different kind of Christmas poem

*The following poem was emailed to me by a friend. I do not know the origin of this poem, but thought it was an appropriate reminder of Canadian men and women fighting overseas, away from their families during the holiday season*

The embers glowed softly, and in their dim light,

I gazed round the room and I cherished the sight.

My wife was asleep, her head on my chest,

My daughter beside me, angelic in rest.

Outside the snow fell, a blanket of white,

Transforming the yard to a winter delight.

The sparkling lights in the tree I believe,

Completed the magic that was Christmas Eve.

My eyelids were heavy, my breathing was deep,

Secure and surrounded by love I would sleep.

In perfect contentment, or so it would seem,

So I slumbered, perhaps I started to dream.

The sound wasn't loud, and it wasn't too near,

But I opened my eyes when it tickled my ear.

Perhaps just a cough, I didn't

quite know,

Then the sure sound of footsteps outside in the snow.

My soul gave a tremble, I struggled to hear,

And I crept to the door just to see who was near.

Standing out in the cold and the dark of the night,

A lone figure stood, his face weary and tight.

A soldier, I puzzled, some twenty years old,

Perhaps Canadian, huddled here in the cold.

Alone in the dark, he looked up and smiled,

Standing watch over me, and my wife and my child.

"What are you doing?" I asked without fear,

"Come in this moment, it's freezing out here!

Put down your pack, brush the snow from your sleeve,

You should be at home on a cold Christmas Eve!"

For barely a moment I saw his eyes shift,

Away from the cold and the snow blown in drifts.

To the window that danced with a warm fire's light,

Then he sighed and he said "Its really all right,

I'm out here by choice. I'm here

every night."

"It's my duty to stand at the front of the line,

That separates you from the darkest of times.

No one had to ask or beg or implore me,

I'm proud to stand here like my fathers before me.

My Gramps died at Dieppe on a day in December,"

Then he sighed, "That's a Christmas 'Gram always remembers."

My dad stood his watch in that Korean Land'

And now it is my turn and so, here I am.

I've not seen my own son in more than a while,

But my wife sends me pictures, he's sure got her smile.

Then he bent and he carefully pulled from his bag,

Something red and, white, ... an Canadian flag.

I can live through the cold and the being alone,

Away from my family, my house and my home.

I can stand at my post through the rain and the sleet,

I can sleep in a trench with little to eat.

I can carry the weight of killing another,

Or lay down my life with my sister and brother.

Who stand at the front against any and all,

To ensure for all time that this flag will not fall."

"So go back inside," he said, "harbour no fright,

Your family is waiting and I'll be all right."

"But isn't there something I can do, at the least,

"Give you money," I asked, "or prepare you a feast?"

It seems all too little for all that you've done,

For being away from your wife and your son."

Then his eye welled a tear that held no regret,

"Just tell us you love us, and never forget.

To fight for our rights back at home while we're gone,

To stand your own watch, no matter how long.

For when we come home, either standing or dead,

To know you remember we fought and we bled.

Is payment enough, and with that we will trust,

That we mattered to you as you mattered to us."



(left) Constable Paul Heshka was presented the Police Exemplary Medal for 20 years of service with the force by Chief Davis and PSB Chair Marty Toombs (above) Constable Sandra Burchill was presented the Police Exemplary Medal for 20 years of service with the force by Chief Davis and Toombs.  
**photos by Michelle Minnoch**