

BuntZen!



SeasonZ GreetingZ!

Christmas SpiritZ!

CalendarZ!

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| Dec. 1 st | - Jessica's Birthday! |
| Dec. 5 th | - Ben's Birthday! |
| Dec. 10 th | - Full Moon! |
| Dec. 16 th | - Rockslide 3 years ago! |
| Dec. 17/18 th | - Secret Santa! |
| Dec. 21 st | - Winter Solstice! |
| Dec. 24 th | - New Moon! |
| Dec. 24 th | - Christmas Eve! |
| Dec. 25 th | - Christmas Day! |
| Dec. 26 th | - Boxing Day! |
| Dec. 28 th | - Elle's Birthday! |
| Dec. 31 st | - New Year's Eve! |

WordZ from the Editor. ~

In every issue, an attempt is made to **inform & involve** all of **BuntZen Bay!**

This issue's theme is '**Christmas SpiritZ!**
The SpiritZ of Christmas are alive & well, the days are getting darker & darker & the return of the Sun/Son on December 25th has meaning for all of us!

Michelle Montico (Editor)

This publication is totally biased & reflects the voice of its editor & hopefully, in the near future, the voice of BuntZen Bay!

Nadolig Llawn! (*Merry Christmas!*)

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Distributed Free within
BuntZen Bay. Published
Monthly.

Past Issues & Additional
Copies available \$5.00 each.

Subscriptions are available
upon request. Submissions
requested by 1st of the month
& subject to Editor's approval.

Christmas'Z!

From 1659 to 1681, the celebration of Christmas was outlawed in Boston, and law-breakers were fined five shillings.

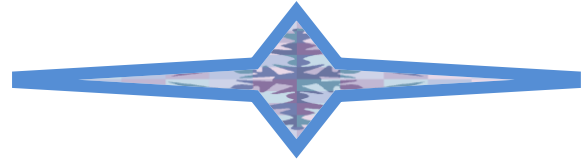
Merry Christmas!

My idea of Christmas, whether old-fashioned or modern, is very simple: loving others. Come to think of it, why do we have to wait for Christmas to do that?" ~ Bob Hope, American film actor and comedian.

Construction workers started the Rockefeller Center Christmas tree tradition in 1931.

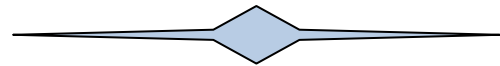
'The worst gift is a fruitcake. There is only one fruitcake in the entire world, & people keep sending it to each other!.' Johnny Carson.

'What is Christmas? It is tenderness for the past, courage for the present, hope for the future. It is a fervent wish that every cup may overflow with blessings rich and eternal, and that every path may lead to peace.' ~ Agnes M. Fahro



A Christmas Carol

English author Charles Dickens created the classic holiday tale, *A Christmas Carol*. The story's message—the importance of charity and good will towards all humankind—struck a powerful chord in the United States and England and showed members of Victorian society the benefits of celebrating the holiday.



An Outlaw Christmas

In the early 17th century, a wave of religious reform changed the way Christmas was celebrated in Europe. When Oliver Cromwell and his Puritan forces took over England in 1645, they vowed to rid England of decadence and, as part of their effort, cancelled Christmas. By popular demand, Charles II was restored to the throne and, with him, came the return of the popular holiday.

“Bah” said Scrooge.

‘Humbug’ Charles Dickens (1843)

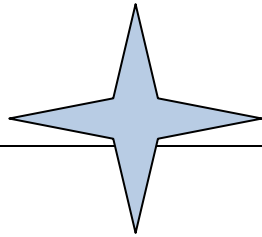
ViewZ!

You are invited to send in your ViewZ!



Lake Beautiful! IZ it Not?

Christmas SpiritZ!



CommuterZ!

CougarZ!

On November 1st, 2 beautiful cougars were on the Road, just before North Beach!

Apparently Mom & Kits were seen 2 summers ago, the pair will hunt together until they become 'Musky', then they will separate & become solitary creatures.

'The one thing women don't want to find in their stockings on Christmas morning is their husband!'

Joan Rivers

'At Christmas, all roads lead home'.

Marjorie Holmes

Dock PlanZ for Snow/Ice Removal?

Tiz' the Season to be Freezin' ! & to think about Snow Removal & Salting. Our first snowfall hit mid November. The forecast is for 'quite a winter'.

'A guy bought his wife a beautiful diamond ring for Christmas. After hearing about this extravagant gift, a friend of his said, 'I thought she wanted one of those sporty four-wheel drive vehicles?' 'She did,' he replied, 'But, where was I going to find a fake Jeep?'

Santa & his Ships

www.carolships.org

Sailing Dec.02 - 23

Indian Arm: Dec. 16/17

Driving the Road?

When driving the road, please take the time to check culverts & ditches for potential problems, once the water starts running, logs etc., can get caught in these pipes, - Nirvana &/or Boulder Falls!!

BuntZen Lake

The Lake is back to its normal level.

Gates close at 4.30pm.

WANTED

BuntZen Bay Signs! 4 x 4 Only! / Nirvana / Boulder Falls & Dilly Dally! Private Road / Scary Hill / Enter at your own risk. Etc.,

Winter in Canada

is a truly Zen month
 ... simple ... predictable ... cold ... white
 devoid of garden weeds ... no longer nurtured by the vacant sun

Amongst this garden there are the rounded granite stones
 They are the homeless who have been worn smooth by the rivers of life

It was a simple winter day ... bitter .. snowy ... inhospitable .. And thoroughly dreary ... just like his existence

He sat huddled on the street yet again ... hungry for more days than he wanted to remember ... next to another
 unfortunate ...

A poorly raked, bleak existence of over simplicity ...
 Exist or die .. Seemed the only options ...

Crippled with cold and devoid of any real feeling
 He was jostled by his sickly neighbour in misery,
 Coughing and trying to get closer for warmth

Just then the steeple church bells commenced their traditional
 Christmas Eve peeling
 The first rendition, "What Child is this", fell softly with the snow

Maybe it was a simple act of the bells warming his frozen heart
 Or the longing for a child he never had

He dug deep into his black plastic bag of scrounged bottles until he groped the treasure he had been hoarding
 since the day he acquired it from beside the Salvation Army donation door. A down filled jacket. It was warm
 but functional and he was saving it for a really cold day.

He gently extracted it, held it and then offered it to his sickly friend on the left ...
 Who hugged it with the passion of a child with a new Christmas teddy bear
 Turning to the woman on his right to avoid the tears of joy he explained
 more to himself than to her ...

"I just had to give it to him ... he's so much worse off than I am."

Even such as these can groom their own garden ... with almost nothing
 Or maybe with everything that is simple.

Glenn Granger ©2011

CommunicationZ!

Welcome to the Bay!

Zuzu the Puppy has arrived! She is very curious & cute!



'At a monastery high in the mountains, the monks have a rigid vow of silence. Only at Christmas, & only by one monk, & only with one sentence, is the vow allowed to be broken.

One Christmas, Brother Thomas is allowed to speak & he says, 'I like the mashed potatoes we have with the Christmas turkey!' & he sits down. Silence ensues for 365 days.

The next Christmas, Brother Dave gets his turn, & he says, 'I think the mashed potatoes are lumpy & I hate them!'

Once again, silence for an entire year. The following Christmas, Brother Paul rises & says, 'I am fed up with this constant bickering!'

'Cancel the kitchen scraps for lepers & orphans. No more merciful beheadings, & call off Christmas!' Robin Hood - Prince of Thieves

Call 1888POWERON
when the Power is Out!
Explain by the Power House
@BuntZenLake.

'Christmas gift suggestions:

'To your enemy, forgiveness. To an opponent, tolerance. To a friend, your heart. To a customer, service. To all, charity. To every child, a good example. To yourself, respect.'

~ Oren Arnold

Happy Holidays!

'No matter how carefully you stored the lights last year, they will be snarled again this Christmas.'

Robert Kirby

Christmas SpiritZ!

Christmas SpiritZ!

‘What is amazing is the universality and similarity of these ancient myths, though they are found in widely disparate cultures and date from the mists of antiquity. Whether Chaldean, Sumerian, Persian, or Egyptian – or indeed, as we shall see, from Central Africa or the Americas – they seem to have come from a single highly advanced source of intellectual understanding. It’s almost as though long ago, there was one virtually cosmic religion that eventually and gradually deteriorated over eons. ...our modern assumption that ancient equals primitive couldn’t be more mistaken. Far distant civilizations still stun us with their engineering and architectural feats – the pyramids and palaces of old Egypt or the ‘cathedral’ of Stonehenge – and the same is true in the realm of the spirit.

Tom Harour – The Pagan Christ.

‘At Christmas Play & Make
Good Cheer,
For Christmas comes, but
once a year’. Thomas Tusser.



Ho Ho Ho!

“The very thing which is now called the Christian religion existed among the ancients also, nor was it wanting from the inception of the human race until the coming of Christ in the flesh, at which point the true already in existence, began to be called religion, which was Christian.” St. Augustine,

Rum & Eggnog!

“Thousands of souls in the Pagan world were on fire with the pure flame of divine passion of the Christly love centuries before Jesus ever lived.” Alvin Boyd Kuhn, A rebirth for Christianity.

CommittmentZ!

SeasonZ GreetingZ!

DecemberZ Tree!

The Ivy like the Vine, often depends upon a host tree for support. The tendrils clutch surfaces & are strong enough to force their way into plaster & brickwork. The berries have medicinal properties, but must be taken with caution; can be poisonous in too large a dose. The plant has several safe uses if applied externally. A brew of fresh leaves boiled in vinegar & pressed against an aching area is a good source of relief for pains such as a stitch or a headache. A similar potion is good for cleaning wounds or sores.

'Christmas is a day of meaning & traditions, a special day spent in the warm circle of family & friends.'
Margaret Thatcher.

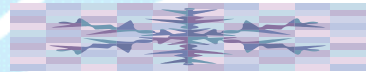
BuntZen Bay GardenZ!

Honoured & Nurtured by;
Katerina, Laura, Lisa & Valerie.

'Wouldn't life be worth the living,
Wouldn't dreams be coming true.
If we kept the Christmas spirit.
All the whole year through?' Author Unknown

A Peaceful & Prosperous 2012 to All!

Zuzu: (after a bell on the tree rings)' Look, Daddy. Teacher says, every time a bell rings an angel gets his wings.' It's a Wonderful Life.
Karolyn Grimes played Zuzu



VolunteerZ!

It's the Season to Volunteer! Toy Drives, Harvest Projects, Hospitals, Animal Shelters.. Volunteer your Time!

Little Man Garden

- ThankZ! to Laura!

CABIN NOTES

A Log Book

Food Security

As the last leaf drops, from the Persimmon tree, I conclude that the growing season is over. And what a year to remember! It was the first time in over 10 years that our food supply was not mainly from our garden. We did pretty well, with some berries and the rhubarb but as for “normal fresh veggies”, we bought them! I think that it was July before we planted a normal garden, with lettuce, beans, carrots and such. The weather was just too cold. Even in July I can remember digging about 2 inches down, to find the earth cold to the touch. The plants need that warmer temperature to be able to up-take the nurturance needed to grow! Each type of plant has a temperature that it will germinate at, as well as a temperature that it will thrive at.

If we lived in a climate that had summers like the one we just had, all the time, we'd have some techniques that would work for growing, as the folks up North do: Raised beds, Heating Tubes and growing on top of the Compost Piles, anything to raise the temperature of the soil. I remember thinking, 'It will be drier and warmer next week, just wait', I waited and waited, ate rhubarb and waited some more. The weeds were growing and everything looked, so very lush, but there were no normal veggies to be found. I planted seed package after seed package and nothing came up.

Little Man Gardens normally gets 6-7 hours of sun per day anyway. The lack of the direct light and the heat that penetrates and stays in all those rocks, overnight, were the players missing from the 'Growing Team' this summer. If only I had realized it earlier, I could have changed the plan: Used black plastic (Yuck!) to cover the soil between rows. Clipped back the Blueberries at the first sight of rot and thinned them out', instead of waiting until the rot affected most of the plants in the shadier areas. Stayed on top of the weeds, so that more light and warmth could reach the ground. I would have.., I could have.., the thing I learned this summer is that it is possible to have a real food failure. It happened to me, very slowly and other than not planting the hot weather crops like squash and corn I really just watched it happen, to me!

Continued from Page....

All (very useful) after thoughts, but other than not enjoying the veggies from the garden on the table every night, it was not really a big deal, the grocery store is just across the water, right?

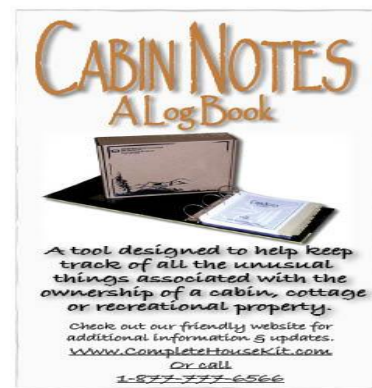
My Great Grandmother was born in Wales and moved to Saskatchewan. My mother, her sister and her brother, as youngest, were shipped off every summer from BC to the Saskatchewan farm, to help. Mom said they arrived all white and peaked and left tanned and full of life. The farm was self sufficient; they bottled veggies, chicken and pork. There was always a cow for milk, butter and cheese. Mom said she doesn't remember much bottled fruit, as it was considered a real treat. There was the root cellar as well, stocked up every year and carefully looked after for the winter. She remembers her grandfather taking out long trays of ice, that he had made in the winter by pouring water into wooden slat boxes. She even remembers eating ice cream in the summer, made with that ice.

They would have known what to do, the signs to watch for in a summer like we just had. It was life and death for them. Does that sound like hundreds of years ago? It was only 60! How fast things change and how fast real knowledge is lost!

Food Security is a real issue that needs paying attention too, this summer convincingly pointed it out to me! We have to stop our brains from dreaming of the photo's on the seed packages, while we are standing in the cold mud of our reality. What has come over us? Is it Ok that our food security and the knowledge needed to survive have been discarded by our society? Food Security is completely lacking, why have we let our situation become so fragile?

Happy Holidays!

www.completehousekit.com



TwaZ the night before Christmas...

T was the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St Nicholas soon would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads.
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer.

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name!

"Now Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet!, On, Cupid!, on Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of Toys, and St Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler, just opening his pack.

His eyes-how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly!

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself!
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk.
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose!

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, 'ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

A Visit from St. Nicholas. / T was the night before Christmas. Clement C. Moore (1779-1863).



KidZ!

Secret SantaZ??



Let me know if you are a Secret Santa this year! We are planning for December 17/18th!

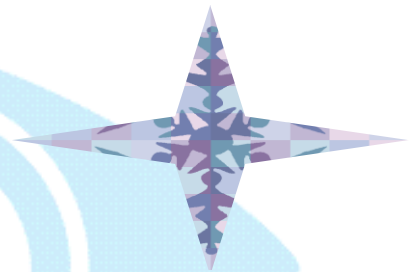
'I once bought my kids a set of batteries for Christmas with a note on it saying, 'Toys not Included!.' Bernard Manning



'Maybe Christmas,' he thought, "doesn't come from a store. Maybe Christmas... perhaps... means a little bit more."
~Dr. Seuss (1904-1991), American author of children's books. From 'How The Grinch Stole Christmas'

JokeZ!

Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Mary
Mary who?
Merry Christmas!



Q: What did one Angel say to the other?

A: Halo there!



ClassifiedZ!

Merry Christmas & A Happy New Year!

In Danish = Glædelig jul og godt nytår

In Dutch = Prettige kerstdagen en een Gelukkig Nieuwjaar!

In French = Joyeux Noël et bonne année

In German = Fröhliche Weihnacht und ein gutes neues Jahr

In Hawaiian = Mele Kalikimaka me ka Hauoli Makahiki Hou

In Italian = Buon Natale e felice anno nuovo

In Scots = A Blythe Yule an a Guid Hogmanay

In Spanish = ¡Feliz Navidad y próspero año nuevo!

In Welsh = Nadolig llawen a blwyddyn newydd dda

The Three Stages Of Life:

Stage 1. You believe in Father Christmas.

Stage 2: You don't believe in Father Christmas.

Stage 3: You are Father Christmas.

'Santa is very jolly because he knows where all the bad girls live'. Dennis Miller

GVRD Electoral Area A Advisory Planning
Commission Meetings... Information @

<http://www.metrovancouver.org/about/electoralA/Pages/default.aspx>

"A Christmas candle is a lovely thing; It makes no noise at all,

But softly gives itself away.' Eva Logue

Note:

Bunt in German means
Beautiful!

Thank you Det!

BuntZen Bay Odd Jobs?

Only \$5 per hour!

Contact: Ben Linton

BuntZen Bay Babysitter!

References Available!

Contact: Hayley Linton

Cabin Notes!

Ask for BB Discount!

Laura Elderton @ 604 469 7164

www.cabinnotes.com

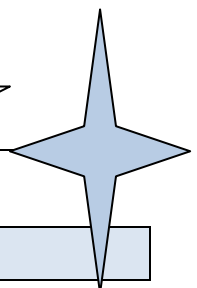
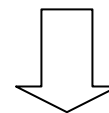
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Christmas SpiritZ!