



STUDENTS'
UNION
SPECIAL
EVENTS

in dinwoodie



C R O W C U S S



comprising former members of the Guess Who,
Musical Odyssey, and Mood Jga Jga

\$2. at HUB Box Office
\$2.50 at the door

See article page 10-11

**performing in the
Home Ec. Club's CABARET
Saturday, November 20 at 8 p.m.**

at ratt

Friday, Nov. 19 at 12 noon

BRIAN GREGG

Saturday, Nov. 20 at 9 p.m.

The U of A

STAGE BAND

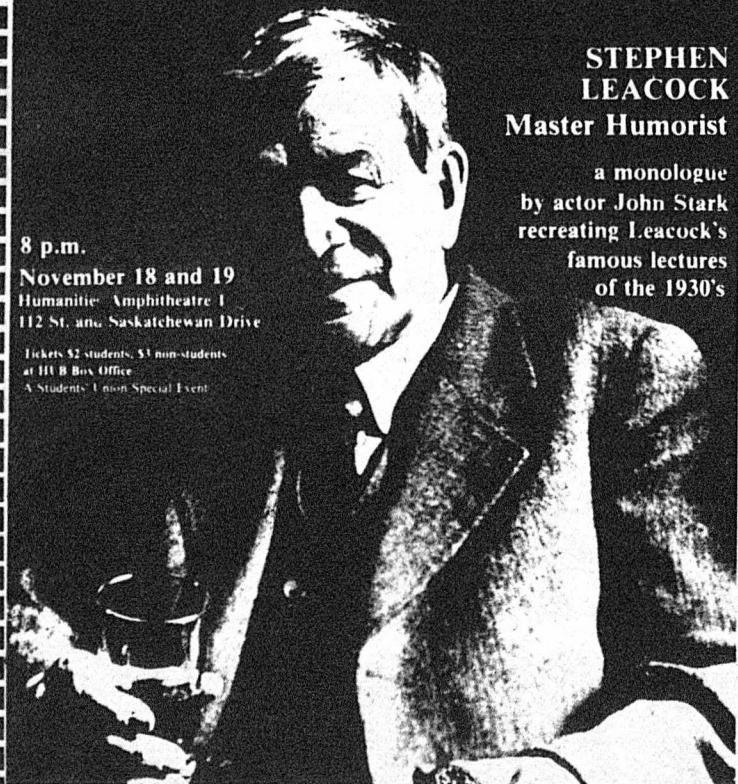
Admission \$1.00

LAUGH WITH LEACOCK

STEPHEN
LEACOCK
Master Humorist

a monologue
by actor John Stark
recreating Leacock's
famous lectures
of the 1930's

8 p.m.
November 18 and 19
Humanities Amphitheatre I
112 St. and Saskatchewan Drive
Tickets \$2 students, \$3 non-students
at HUB Box Office
A Students' Union Special Event



ENERGY SUPPLIES and CANADIAN-NATIONALISM

a Students' Union forum with speaker BRUCE WILSON, new
president of the Committee for an Independent Canada.
Thursday, Nov. 25 at 12:30 p.m.
in SUB Theatre

PRO

by Lydia Torrance

I wanted to finally tell you about Sister Gertrude's book this week, but something so beautiful and inspirational has happened that I want to share it with you. I got my Christmas letter from Minnie Sears and it's about the nicest thing she ever wrote. Minnie was a friend at Hecuba Normal, and she did real well for herself, married that Dwight David Sears, the Simpson Sears heir, and now she lives in Winnipeg (she always said she'd go East) and they have a fabulous house and everything, but Minnie hasn't changed a bit, she's just the same sweet person devoted to others that she always was. She's up to her neck in disabled people, and as she always says kiddingly, "the halt and the lame are my meat and potatoes." Well, she always writes an annual christmas letter, very long and poetic, about the changing seasons and Life, and, oh I don't know what all. I don't always understand the whole thing, but then with poetry you don't have to, that's how it's different from regular writing. So I want to show you her lovely letter, it means more to me than all the UNICEF cards in the world, I mean do we really know that those foreign kids get the milk we're buying for them? It probably ends up on the black-market. So Minnie's letter is more of a sure thing.

My Dear Friends,

This is that wonderful time of year when the soul quivers in hushed anticipation at the burdens and fears assailing it this long season, and at the hard road just climbed, behind us: the soul must pause to catch its breath...

The leaves have all fallen, gallant soldiers in the inevitable seasonal battle, having achieved a glorious death of orange, bronze, crimson, mulberry; have faded, fallen crumpled, to be scuffed and trod under by the heels of eager, brightly-garbed schoolchildren. Now the trees are bare, dark sentinels upon the hills, nor can they fend off forever the encroaching winter which comes on apace relentlessly in spite of the trees' fierce countenance.

Back-to-school days have come, and then the autumn hastens on, catching us up in a myriad tasks, leaving only holidays and their symbols to mark the fleeting days. Thanksgiving, with its turkey, cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie, Hallowe'en and All Saints Day, hobgoblins and witches juxtaposed leeringly with the founders of our Church, children in masks and costumes shyly requesting candy, followed by the great Anglican hymns with which we all grew up. Remembrance Day: the visit to the graveyard, poppy-laden, a silent moment apart from life's hub-bub to think of all those who have passed Beyond, specially the unselfish warriors.

And now the hushed soul begins to sense what it has waited for, for what it

has yearned. Suddenly, as snow falls around us, tiny white and silver glimmers (as if the Heavens themselves wished to shower us with minuscule souvenirs of some Event deserving tinsel and confetti), we, too, have a longing to give, to give of ourselves and be reborn in the process. To buy lavish presents, to long for the eyes of our loved ones melting and widening as they realize how we want to share ourselves with them, how they should share, how they are loved.

The joy of giving springs alive, that most profound and heartfelt of human needs. And all because that Greatest of Givers gave us, long ago, a Gift of Irredeemable Joy, of Unending Presence. In a manger filled with straw, in a stable rude, surrounded by meek and lowing animals, a Babe was given to us, that we might forever be lined with Him in a great Bond of Giving.

Therefore, my friends, do not heed the Scrooges who lament that Christmas has become too commercial, that merchants wish only to profit from our loving desire to give. They are, let us say, rather little messengers of the Angelic Host, enabling us to participate more fully in His Holy Rounds. Each shop window contains, not gross, not material goods, but shining splinters of Salvation, pieces of the True Cross which we may actually share!

That is why our souls, cowering from the onslaught of languid summer, torpid with tumescent pleasures, then plunged into the bleakness of autumn which disintegrates into the wrath of winter, are longing and expectant for the rebirth they feel through giving, yes, through merchandise. And those who decry Christmas shopping are ultimately selfish, their hearts have not been broken open with love; rather, their hearts are empty and encrusted with dust. They look longingly at those who can share, can love and their minds are filled with spite and rancor.

And so my Yuletide greeting comes to this admonishing end, but only because I care for all of you so much: there are but 31 shopping days 'til Christmas!

Dwight David and all our staff join me in wishing you a loving, giving spirit this year.

Minnie Birk Sears

Now how could any Christian not be moved by that? I was so moved I could hardly wait for Woodwards to open yesterday, and I bought and bought. I'm not even sure who to give some of these things to, but they're all so pretty, and just seeing the smiling clerks as I paid them was like the real Christmas spirit coming to life. It's so easy to give something of yourself, all it takes is money!



Société
Radio-
Canada

CHFA 680

Mon-Fri 17:30-18:00

REFLETS-

day to day mirror
of Albertan actuality;
producer Raymond Deslauriers

Saturday Nov. 20 9:30-10:00

TOURLOU-

this week: history of
French Canadians; folksongs & music.

Lutheran Student Movement

Reformation Lecture Series

"The Reformation
Church in Canada"

The Rev. Norman Threinen
Lutheran Council of Canada

November 21

7:30 PM

Meditation Room
SUB