



Tri-Village Buzz



December 2016 Issue 195

VISIT: WWW.WASALAKE.COM/BUZZ

The Christmas Spirit (based on true events)

by Nowell Berg

Wilma and I sit at the kitchen table grazing over breakfast. She asks, "What are your plans?" I take a sip of tea before responding, "Not sure, thinking about Christmas shopping." "You old fart, why do you leave it to the last two weeks!" All I could do is shrug thinking what's the rush. I glibly say, "Its not like I'm buying the Taj Mahal, there's still 12 days to go. "Fred!" she said giving me her patented frown quickly followed by a wink from her left eye. Those blue eyes always gave me pause to gaze and think, how did I get so lucky.

Hauling my achy 70 year old carcass out of the oak chair, I look at her with the intensity I did 50 years ago. It hadn't faded at all. "I'll get to the mall and cross a few names off a very short list." I leave the kitchen as she takes a sip of Earl Grey tea from a floral bluebell painted china cup her grand-mother first used in the late 1800s. Who knows how many thousands of gallons of tea we've drank.

I head to the front door checking on the mail. Thankfully, we still get it delivered. I pull open the door and push the screen door outwards stepping onto the porch. While reaching for the mail box, I notice a package sitting on the top step. I didn't think we were expecting a delivery, who knows, its that time of year. I slowly bend over reaching down toward the package hoping my back doesn't act up. Then I remember what Wilma said, use the knees. Good advice, so I bend down on one knee next to the package. It was then that I realize its Christmas gift wrapped.

Its not that big, maybe five by eight inches and two inches thick and neatly wrapped in Christmas tree green paper high lighted by clumps of mistletoe and cranberries. A little paper tag shaped like a Santa Claus dangles from a red bow stuck to the upper left corner.

Picking up the package, I reach for the railing and haul myself upright. I look into the mail box, what a surprise, its empty. Usually its full of junk fliers that go straight into the recycle box. I pull the screen door open stepping inside.

Ambling into the kitchen, I see Wilma reading the newspaper. My grand-kids keep telling me that newspapers are online and free. Wilma and I talked about it but decided the real thing was more our style. The oldest grand-daughter laughed when she heard that. I remember her saying, "Grandpa, you don't have any style." I scoffed telling the story of wild beatnik days when Wilma and I first got together. The grand kids always groaned when that story came out complaining they'd heard it a million times. And, I always said, here comes one million and one.

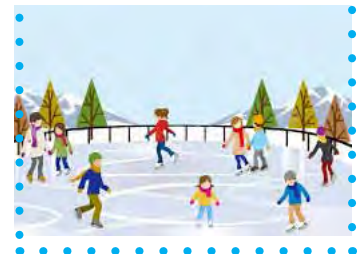


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Lions Winter Festival

Saturday, Dec 31st**11 a.m. to 4 p.m.**

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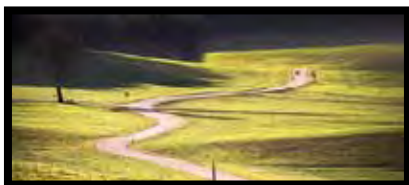
December Lookey... ...Lookey Contest



There are 12 of these Christmas ornaments hidden throughout the newsletter. Locate all 12 of them (excluding this one) and email the locations to: trivillagebuzz@gmail.com If you correctly identify all 12 locations, your name will be entered in a draw for a \$25.00 gift certificate to any one of the Buzz advertisers of your choice. One entry per person and contest closes Dec 27th. The winner will be announced in February's

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FOLLOWING THE TRAILS OF

By Judy McPhee

Yesterday

Continued from September, October and November **Alan Askey - A Roundabout Life - Part IV**

In 1987 at age 60, I switched careers again, accepting the position of Deputy Registrar at the College of Physicians & Surgeons of BC. This was a challenging position — long on hours and responsibility. I was in charge of patient complaints against physicians and also registration of new physicians (including background checks). The college's role is to protect the public interest by insisting on good medical practices, and taking the necessary educational, remedial, or disciplinary actions required. Other important programs I initiated and managed were to monitor all opioid prescriptions and other potentially dangerous drugs and also to monitor methadone treatment for heroin addicts, which included both physician education and audits.

While in Burnaby, my wife Marite who already had a BScNsg., completed a Masters degree in counselling psychology at UBC. She has worked at Burnaby General and VGH, and in her spare time completed the Van. Int. Marathon twice. #1 son, David, worked in the Alberta oil fields, on a drilling rig as a derrick man at the top of the rig tower wrestling drill pipe; then he was off to a New Zealand sheep ranch; then northern Australia, home to nasty spiders and even nastier alligators, on a geophysical crew; then a huge off-shore drilling rig again as derrick-man. Upon return, he attended University of Victoria and Concordia in Montreal for a BA in Communications, then to work in Vancouver in the film industry with his own company. #2 son, Ethan, after working in New Zealand followed David to Australia. Upon his return, he also attended University of Victoria and Concordia University, with a BA from University of Toronto in environmental science. Then to Simon Fraser University for a Masters degree in Resource Management. After consulting in BC for some years he moved to Calgary as a manager in the transportation division responsible for environmental sustainability and strategies. He has been a professional rafting guide and heli ski instructor, excels in kayaking and mountain biking and enjoys many gigs as a professional musician (harmonica).

During these years we kept in contact with friends in the Kootenays and maintained our cabin at Wasa Lake. Way back in the 60s, after reading R. M. Patterson's book "The Buffalo Head" which chronicles his trips into the Rockies and specifically around "Pass in the Clouds", I wanted to explore there as well. So, in 1972, Bill Wilson (who also read the book) and I began

back-packing Joffre Creek, Sylvan Pass, middle fork of the White River, Pass in the Clouds and Cadorna and Abruzzi Creeks to the Elk River. Later we did North Palliser into Banff Park, Leman Lake and the Albert River valley before it was logged. After a 10 day slog, we met Sandy Wilson in their truck and a cold beer!

I met Bob Jamieson skiing in Whitefish in 1975 and we discovered a mutual interest in the same area. Out of this came the Palliser Wilderness Society and from 1976 to 1988 we spearheaded a campaign that eventually formed the Height of the Rockies Class A Wilderness Park, culminating in a helicopter fly-in celebration with the Minister of Forests at a small lake below the Royal Group. No motorized vehicles of any sort are permitted. Marite and I have hiked these valleys from North to South and East to West. My last trip was on my 80th birthday, when Bob Jamieson, Cody Tegart, his daughter and I rode horses into HOR to camp at Sylvan Pass and hike, including the west side lakes. Great days in the mountains, with sun, sleet and rain, but no bugs and only one horse crash.

Our other main recreational pursuits have been hiking and biking in Utah's red rock desert and slot canyons. In Belize, we scuba dived some of the best coral reefs, Turneffe, Lighthouse and others and culminated with a deep 143' dive into the stalactite cave of the famous "Blue Hole". We began white water canoeing in the upper Kootenay River; when no one could tell us what the canyon and rapids were like, so we hiked the river bank for miles to reconnoitre. Lots of spills, but no serious problems. While at university Ethan was a rafting guide so we tagged along: Fraser River, Tatshenshini, Firth, Grand Canyon and others. Most of our travels were on this continent but we also circumnavigated the UK in a hired car. We went hiking in Thailand. A tour of Turkey was rewarding, but by the end of exploring many historical sites I was a real "ruinass".

In 2000 we retired to Wasa lake and rebuilt our cedar log cabin to a small but complete house. Marite worked as a counsellor at Top of the World Residential Treatment Centre for addictive disorders. I also worked part time at the "Ranch", as on call Doctor. We were both on the WLLID board, I as the first chair in 1968 and for Marite a couple of terms this century. We are now fully retired. Fortunately, our neighbours, Bill and Sandy Wilson and Sandy and Laurie Kaye have been here for about 50 years. Erickson's bought

from Don MacDonald many years ago. So we are a small and close neighborhood on Bat Point.

To close, 2 emails, one from David when travelling in Lebanon years ago and my response.

Chaos, modern chaos, Beirut by night. Rules are discarded, no one is in charge. Drive to Damascus with the stain of border ink still trailing from the car. Here within the inner walls stands charm and antiquity; billboards fastened to concrete monoliths a fading memory. I am having an affair with the Middle East. Angels with wings and guns, shooting sprinkles on run down and abandoned sugar factories, while some heavy beats compete with the audible world around, car horns to be exact. Dinner parties on the beach in the middle of banana groves on some rut strewn turn off. Hezbollah on the next road down. Check points before our crab massacre, an old Christian monastery is above, our table festooned with a feast sits perched on rocks, a concrete factory claims the horizon. Back on the road to Damascus, marbled floor of Allah, women clad in dark garb, we face west for song, they for prayer. Souks filled with kitsch and time; cannot quite decide between the bird in feather lingerie (Jane Russell would be jealous) or the olive oil glass vestibules blown to enormous proportions. The latter, but I need to float them back home. Time to hail a cab and disappear into the night. Inshallah, David

Response: Order, modern order, Cranbrook by night, no one in charge, in fact no one, streets empty. So drive north with the stain of road-kill trailing from the wheels, to the Ranch. Logs, dusty antlers, an old saddle, wary eyes seeking salvation. Back on the road, going north, my ongoing mysterious affair with the Kootenays: trucks, ATVs in tow, festooned with dead animals and guns — and the rolling thunder of coal trains. The Farm — the next road down. Trestle tables loaded with carrots, beans, potatoes, and unspeakable purple things like dildos, bread and seditious cinnamon rolls. Back on the road to Wasa, trailer courts, a jumble of old boards & nails masquerading as human habitation, skeleton cars and dim lights through the trees. The Pub, the Store — beer, whiskey, ice creme, potato chips, the elixir of a civilization. Behind the altar, a mysterious curtain, maybe the Holy Grail, but just a stock of cigarettes behind a tatty old sheet, hidden from innocent adolescent eyes by government dictate. Time for home, a fire, our eyes to the East, and pink mountains fading into night. Cheers, Alan

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Tri-Village Buzz Newsletter

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Wasa and District Lions

Seniors Night Out

Seniors Dinner and Christmas Concert

Tuesday, December 13th

Bus pick up at Wasa Hall 4 p.m.

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WASA LAKE LAND IMPROVEMENT DISTRICT (WLLID)

By Laurie Kay

Final lake tests are in keeping with past results, which is good. It is important however, for all lake users to understand the factors that influence the quantity and quality of Wasa Lake water. Stay tuned.

The lake is dropping very slowly because of the continued wet weather. At one point there was a slight increase in height. As of November 26th there was no sign of ice anywhere which is quite unusual. Strange goings on.

As mentioned in the September Buzz, the whole issue of native milfoil in Wasa Lake needs to be looked into as it seems that based on our efforts to date the control of the milfoil is beyond the current approach.

It is important to realize that the small section we worked on was reasonably cleared and our efforts were not wasted.

This is not the end of our effort to control milfoil but it will be a huge undertaking and changes are needed. Those changes will be addressed in the new year.

Please contact the WLLID if you are interested in being a part of a group to plan ahead.

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Continued from Page 2

Alan Askey - A Roundabout Life - Part IV

One of Romi's favorite things to do every morning was to get her breakfast and go out on the deck stairs and watch the sun come up over the mountains. None of us were very happy when we had to pack up and go back to town.

While Romi and Nedra were still quite young their dad, Eric, helped them learn to waterski by running along the beach while pulling the girls on the skies in the water.

They soon graduated to skiing behind the boat that Grandpa Ernie had made. That was alright until they were able to pull the boat when they turned! It was all quite funny!

We spent every summer at Wasa as summer residents until I retired from my job at Fabro Building and Supply in Kimberley. It was 1973 and I was 71 years old. I then moved permanently out to Wasa.

I have enjoyed living in Wasa, gardening, reading and going for many walks over the years to keep in shape. I still walk every day if I can for health and exercise.

I now have four grandsons, one granddaughter, two great grandsons and 3 great granddaughters. My grandson, Jeff and his family have purchased a lot on the east side of the lake and they are in the process of clearing the lot so that perhaps one day they can build a place. They have a camper to suffice until they decide what they want to do. Five generations of my family have enjoyed and are enjoying Wasa. I have been enjoying Wasa for 87 years. I love it at Wasa and there is no other place on God's green earth that I would rather be.



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Continued from Cover The Christmas Spirit

I place the Christmas gift on the table, "Expecting a package?"

From behind the paper, Wilma murmurs something I can't hear.

"Please put down the paper, you know I can't hear so good," I say.

"So good, your mostly deaf," she laughs setting down the paper. She spots the package, "What's that?"

"It was on the front porch. Who's it from?" I ask.

"How should I know! Did you look on the tag?"

I reach for the tag flip it over. In blue ink and a very neat script, it reads, "A sweat Christmas treat." I read it out loud.

"Who would just drop it off and not deliver it in person," she said while reaching for the package needing to inspect it. "You didn't make that up did you, that's what it says?"

I hand the package to her, saying, "Hey" with attitude. The sub-text being that if I had wanted to pull a prank it would have been a lot better than this one.

Wilma reads the tag. Frowning she looks at me, "What should we do with it?"

"I say lets open it, a sweat treat," I exclaim.

"Its not Christmas, 12 days to go," she says.

I reply, "Its a surprise from, who? Who would just leave a Christmas present on the front porch?"

"Probably one of the neighbours." Wilma inspects the tag flipping it over looking for clues. She turns her head to look at me. The left corner of her mouth makes a small twitch.

I smile at her, "It is Christmas."

She uses immaculately manicured finger nails to slice the tape off the end and back of the package.

She unfolds the Christmas paper, "Ohhh!" Lifting out a light brown box tied in a dark green ribbon, she eyes the little sticker holding the top closed. She shows it to me. It reads: Galbraith's hand-made chocolate.

Wilma looks me in the eye, "Keep your fingers out of this. Save it for the grand kids." She nods her head for emphasis.

"Why does everything have to be for the kids? Don't I get a little fun and happiness once in awhile!"

"No. Now get outta here so I can clean up," she commands.

The next morning after breakfast, I push open the front door reaching for the mail box and lifting the lid. Today the junk mail barely makes room for two Christmas cards. It takes two hand fulls to pull the stuff out and then I turn toward the door. I almost missed it.



Another beautifully wrapped Christmas gift sits on the top step of the porch. This time the package is tall, four or five inches square like a box used for a bottle of single malt Scotch. My heart skips a beat at the

thought. The wrapping paper depicts an outdoor Christmas scene with skaters on a pond, kids tobogganing, families standing around an outdoor fire and a decorated fir tree nearby.

I pick it up, noticing it was lighter than the one from yesterday. I guess its not a bottle.

Setting it on the kitchen table, I clear my throat.

Wilma looks up from the paper. Her mouth moves silently uttering, "Wow!!!" Without hesitating she uses a table knife to cut the tape and unwraps the box. She pops open the top looking in. "Ohh!!!" she exclaims while gently lifting out a star topped cardboard Christmas tree festooned with various

types of coloured tea pouches. Wilma gets up from the table heading to the living room where she sets the Christmas tea tree on the coffee table. The decorated Christmas tree sits in the corner. A few brightly coloured gifts sit underneath it.

I follow behind her musing, "Who's doing this?"

Wilma waves me off returning to the kitchen. I stand there looking at the tea tree beside the box of chocolates from yesterday, my mind whirling away trying to target possible suspects.

The third morning I head out to check the mail and the first thing I notice is a large poinsettia sitting on the top step. I figure it must not have been there long, so I take the three steps to the sidewalk as quickly as I can walking toward the front street looking around to see if I can spot the person who dropped it off. No one, not a car or person on the street. Its quiet and empty.

I head back to the house pick up the poinsettia and take it inside. While shuffling to the kitchen, the large red and green leaves brush against my face tickling my nose.

After setting it on the table, I sneeze, which causes Wilma to look up from the paper. Her hazel grey eyes grow bright and wide. She drops the paper and without saying a word picks up the plant taking it to the front room. She returns with a couple of wilted green leaves in her left hand which she drops into the garbage can. I give her a questioning look. She says, "Don't ask, I haven't the faintest idea who is doing this. I asked Betty, it wasn't her."

On day four, Wilma retrieves a gift box containing four glass jars with light green mint sugar candy drops. I take a jar preparing to pull out the glass top. Wilma slaps my hand, "Wait for Christmas day," followed by a sly wink and smile.

The box sitting at the front door on day five contains two hand knitted woolen scarfs made from white sheep's wool. A bit itchy but they'll be warm. The label reads: Joseph's Prairie Farms.

Continued on Page 6



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On day six, I get up early staking out the front door to see if I can spot who's dropping off the gifts. Well before my usual waking time, I peak out from behind the living room curtains ready to wait. A box already sits on the porch. I mutter under my breath then retrieve the box taking it inside to the kitchen. Wilma opens it and inside are six medium sized pieces of hand-made lavender and coconut mint soap. Great scent, but not sure I'll use it.

The next day I figure go with the flow and enjoy the surprise. When I step outside light snow covers the sidewalk. Another small box wrapped in sparkly red paper sits in the usual place. I kneel down picking it up and amble back it into the kitchen. Wilma sits with little girl expectation on her face, "Your turn to open it."

I pull a pen knife from my pants pocket opening the small blade and slicing the tape freeing the paper from its constraints. Inside the box, seven long tapered candles. It takes a few seconds, then I smell the fragrance. The pungent scent of jasmine makes me smile and think about past Christmas's with their colours, smells and tastes.



On day eight, the gift box contains a tall sealed glass jar with eight red and white candy cane cookies. It was all I could do to not open it and munch away thinking the grand-kids wouldn't even know.

With five days to go before Christmas, the coffee table over flows with the accumulated gifts from the mystery donor. On this day, the gift box contains nine Mason jar lid coasters. The speckled brown cork inserts stamped with various coloured images of tree ornaments.

Wilma picks up a lid, "That's pretty unique. You can use them on poker nights." She lets out a chuckle.

The day 10 box was, so far, the largest and heaviest. I almost dropped it while trying to get through the screen door.

I plop it down on the kitchen table. Wilma turns from pouring hot water into the tea pot. I pull out the pen knife, cut the tape and pull open the top flaps of the brown box. Inside, five jars of home-made pickles and five jars of strawberry jam. The label on each jar reads: Kapula Preserves – Fruit & Veggies.

How did whoever was doing this know strawberry was my favourite?

Ever since I tasted my grand-mothers preserves I've been hooked. So good on warm fresh bread spread with butter. Images and smells from long

ago flash from my memory bringing a smile to my lips and a tear to my eye. I'm thinking there was nothing like Christmas when you're young.

The next day, the 11th, I push open the door spotting a large box wrapped in snow flake paper. In the upper left corner a big red bow and another Santa Clause tag dangling from a string stuck underneath it. A narrow green ribbon twists around the box in both directions.

This one took a light bit of doing, kneeling I grab it with both hands. Standing upright, I sway a bit then steady myself. A deep breath and its into the house.

As I stumble into the kitchen my gasping attracts Wilma's attention. She immediately jumps up hurrying to grab one side of the box. She looks at me with the combination of 'are you alright!' and 'what are you thinking!'. We set the box on the table. I sit to catch my breath and rest. Yikes, I think, it doesn't get any easier.

Wilma brings me a glass of water. I take it with thanks and drain it in three gulps. After setting it down, I wipe my brow with the back of the shirt sleeve. She looks at the tag flipping it over. Nothing but the neat blue ink script that reads: May the Christmas Spirit carry you through the whole year.

Pulling a paring knife from the knife rack, Wilma cuts through the tape and gentle unwraps the brown cardboard box. It contains a large two gallon tin can with a red lid.

Finally able to stand up, I fold back the box flaps. Wilma reaches in lifting out the can. I pick up the box setting it on the floor.

Wilma turns the can around and around. On the sides are, what appears to be, hand-painted Christmas themes. Its topped with a red lid.

I step beside Wilma, "After all that work I'm not waiting until Christmas Day to open it." With that I grab the lid prying it open. Stepping aside so Wilma can see the contents, I reach in grabbing a hand full of poppy-cock, a combination of popcorn, butter, nuts and cornstarch. A golden delicious sticky gooey mess that leaves one licking their fingers to savour every sweet crunchy bite.

On the 12th day, Christmas eve, the morning was cold and the air sharp on my lungs as I push open the door to see what surprise was in store. A big smile breaks out across my face. What a surprise!

Wilma strides up beside me putting her left arm around my waist giving it a hug.

A resounding and loud "Merry Christmas!" erupts from what appears to be a dozen people standing on the porch. I didn't know any of them. They weren't from the neighbourhood. Hadn't seen them at the mall.

I look at Wilma, her face beams. A big smile on her

face, one I hadn't seen since the kids were little.

Bundled in colourful Christmas elf costumes, six children and five adults break out singing: we wish you a merry Christmas

And a happy New Year.

Good tidings we bring

To you and your kin;

We wish you a merry Christmas

And a happy New Year.



Dressed in a red Mrs. Clause outfit, a woman who was clearly the grand-mother steps forward, "May the season of families bring you peace, happiness and joy! Each year our family chooses another family, at random, to bring the spirit of Christmas too. We appreciate your confidentiality in this matter and only ask that you do not reveal our identity so that we may continue to practice this family custom."

I nod 'yes' and Wilma says, "Absolutely, thank you very much. Thank you, its been a fabulous treat. Merry Christmas!"

I finally manage, "Thank you, Merry Christmas and a great New Year."

The entourage picks up the Christmas carol while turning to walk down the sidewalk to the street.

A small child of 4 or 5 turns, face beaming, and waves calling out, "Merry Christmas!"

by Nowell Berg



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WASA RECREATION SOCIETY

WANTED: Volunteer Bingo Cashier. We are looking for a person that will be responsible for the cash component of the Tuesday Night Bingo at the Wasa Hall. The bingo is once a month and is from 6:30 to 9:30 (approximately). If you are interested please contact Karen Markus 250-422-3514.

WANTED: Volunteers for Bingo nights. Floorwalkers and Bingo Callers (coaching available), call Jane Gendron at 250-422-3469. We are also looking for anyone that would like to donate baking to our Bingo concession, please call Bonnie Meena at 250-422-3795. Please call these two ladies if you would like your name on these lists to be called upon when needed.

WASA RECREATION SOCIETY

the Armchair Traveller

ARMCHAIR TRAVELLER 2017

Join us once again for a new season of Armchair Traveller. All shows begin at 7:30 p.m. at the Wasa Community Hall.

Mark these dates:

**Wednesday, January 25th -
Zambia, Ireland and Midlands
by Jim Abbott**

**Wednesday, February 8th -
Myanmar and More
by Alex and Heather Jensen**

**Wednesday, February 22nd -
Haida Gwaii
by Cliff Youngs**

**Wednesday, March 8th -
Monarch Butterflies and Silver
Mines in Mexico
by Joan Loree**

**Wednesday, March 22nd -
From St Petersburg to Vladivostok
by Dan Butler**

Admission is by donation which helps to support continued community activities at the hall. If you require more information, call Kathy at 250-422-3759



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News From the Pews

By Pastor Paul Brandon

Christmas Blessings

I have been stewing about what to write for some days now. My wife evidently was thinking about it too. We were in the car the other day when she said to me, "I've been thinking about what you should be writing about in your article. Why not write about Christmas Blessings?" She reminded me of an incident in Grindrod, B.C., a wonderful little village in the North Okanagan.

Every year we would put together Christmas hampers, but not just any Christmas hampers. They were huge!! We would fill three apple boxes (of course what else would they be in the Okanagan, the place of the world's best apples!), anyway the church ladies would put together the most wonderful hampers there ever was. There would also be Christmas presents and a frozen turkey and all the trimmings to make a beautiful Christmas dinner.

In our house we had a Christmas tradition: we got to deliver the Christmas hampers. My six year old daughter and I would go from place to place delivering these hampers. The concerned look on many of the faces would reveal the shortage of money required to help make Christmas special. There were many times we were asked to give the hampers to those that needed them more than they did. But when I told them there was no others more needy than them. Then they would gladly accept the hamper.

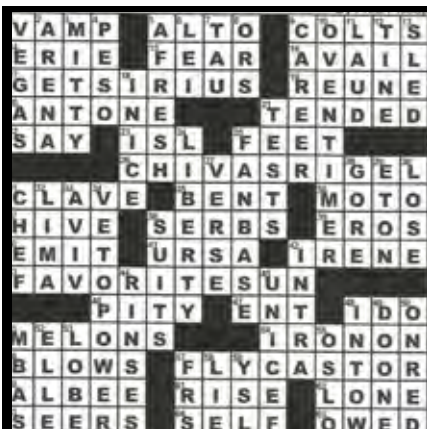
One Christmas stands out in my mind more than any other. A couple of families and a special lady went snowshoeing in deep snow looking for Christmas trees. That year, our daughter wanted her own Christmas tree for her room. We brought the trees and I had to cut off the bottom of our tree because it was 11 feet tall and it wouldn't fit in our living room. Our daughter Jan took her tree up to her room and decorated it beautifully as only a six year old could. She was so proud of her tree.

Now back to the Christmas hampers...As we went from house to house delivering our precious cargo we came to the home of a single Mom and her three teen sons. Instead of a Christmas tree, all they had was a vase of bull rushes sitting in the corner. We delivered our hamper and as we were leaving my daughter was tugging on my coat. "Dad", she said, "We have to go back home right now!! We have a job to do!" I asked why and she exclaimed, "Did you see, she didn't have a Christmas tree. We have to go home and get my tree."

So back to the house we went and got her tree. With tinsel blowing in the wind, we took my daughter's special tree and gave it to that grateful Mom and made her Christmas that much more special.

Now the moral of the story is and our daughter got it, that: Giving to others especially at Christmas, was an important lesson to learn about life. That in giving it is more blessed to give than to receive. And that in giving to others we in turn receive a blessing.

As our daughter got older we also started another tradition, we would invite people that were spending Christmas alone to join us for Christmas Dinner and to receive a special gift. Oh, the memories!!



5	7	2	9	6	3	1	8	4
9	3	8	1	7	4	6	2	5
4	6	1	5	2	8	7	9	3
1	2	5	8	3	6	9	4	7
3	8	7	4	1	9	5	6	2
6	9	4	2	5	7	8	3	1
8	1	3	6	4	5	2	7	9
2	4	9	7	8	1	3	5	6
7	5	6	3	9	2	4	1	8

4	2	9	8	7	1	6	5	3
3	1	5	9	2	6	4	7	8
6	7	8	3	4	5	9	1	2
7	6	3	1	8	4	2	9	5
8	5	4	2	9	7	1	3	6
1	9	2	5	6	3	7	8	4
9	4	6	7	3	8	5	2	1
2	8	1	4	5	9	3	6	7
5	3	7	6	1	2	8	4	9

ANSWERS

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Closed for Christmas: Tues. Dec 20 - Tues. Jan 3

SUBMITTED BY JUDY MCPHEE

READ ALL ABOUT IT!.. *Two unforgettable books*

Many of you remember the slide which roared down the mountain in Johnson's Landing north of Kaslo on July 12, 2012. The resulting slide killed a father, his two daughters and a neighbour. Three houses and the author's cat were also lost.

"Disaster in Paradise" *By Amanda Bath*

An intricate and detailed account of life in Johnson's Landing: the days preceding the slide, the signs of impending danger, the aftermath and the effect on community members. Paradise lost!

A book donated by Naomi Miller with grateful thanks.

"The Rainbow Chasers" *By Ervin Austin MacDonald*

This is a powerful book of adventure. It is a book on the life, the struggles and the hard work of his pioneer family. It is about his father, Archibald (Archie) MacDonald, 1839-1929. An exceptionally hard working man, working almost to the end of his life. His family, an example to us all.

Born on a farm, he began his working life as a logger when he was 15 years old and progressed to the best "woods boss" (logger) in the Ottawa River Valley. Logging was considered a craft in those days as it was done by hand.

After a family inheritance dispute, he left home to become a prospector mostly in Western U.S.A. and B.C. Every place he went, looking for his "rainbow" was a dramatic adventure and extremely hard work. He married a lady 30 years younger than him. She died at 28, leaving him with three boys to raise. An entrepreneur, he tried his hand at prospecting, buying and selling cattle to feed the CPR crew, homesteading in AB. in 1905/6 (the worst winter) and finally after a 4 month pack trip to the Caribou which included fording dangerous rivers, he arrived with his three boys and they established a homestead and ranch. (more hard work!) The family was instrumental in helping to open the Caribou region. A dramatic adventure book, also available on e-book on your computer or iPad. I highly recommend this book for it's information on family life and the struggles of pioneer families.

Lion's 100th Anniversary Project - Next Year in 2017!

Don't forget to lend us any important pictures and or stories of Lions events including the building of our amazing facilities at Wasa and anything else you may have. Donations welcomed to any of the librarians or the Library for a "Readers Digest" album or two. Our History Room is void of Lion's history. We will Xerox and return items on loan to us. Thank You.

"Keep right on to the end of the road.

Keep right on to the end."

Sir Harry Lauder

Sending our thoughts and prayers to our dear friend Vi, who has provided us with years of "Helpful Hints" through her column.



We miss you and are thinking of you Vi, thank you for all of your wonderful hints that have made our lives so much easier.



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*Wasa Country
Pub & Grill*

Annual Fundraising Fishing Derby

Saturday, January 14th, 2017

**NEW
DATE**



Trophies & Prizes

- Age Over 19 - 1st, 2nd, & 3rd place
- Age Under 19 - 1st, 2nd & 3rd place
- Hidden weight

- Fish any lake within a 50 km radius of the Wasa Country Pub
- Final weigh in is 6:00 p.m. at the pub
- Entry fee must be paid by Friday, Jan 13th at the Pub
- "Trout Only Please"
No spawners
- Minors under the age of 19 are welcome until 10:00 p.m. (must be accompanied by parent or guardian)
- ½ of all entry fees will be donated to the Canadian Cancer Foundation

Entry Fee:

\$15.00 - under 19

\$25.00 - 19 and over

**Includes spaghetti dinner, bun,
coffee or tea or hot chocolate**

**Enjoy an evening of entertainment
provided by Clayton & Joelle.
Music will begin after the prizes
approximately 8:00 p.m.**

HISTORY BYTES

BY NAOMI MILLER



Sunday School Vans

The first Sunday School Van for the Anglican Church in Canada was built in Winnipeg in 1920. The purchaser, Miss Eva Hasell, envisioned a van similar to army ambulances from WWI, set on the frame of a Model T. She had learned to drive her parents' car and make running repairs because their chauffeur had enlisted. After attending St. Christopher College in London where she trained in modern teaching techniques for programs of religious education, she studied First Aid and became an ambulance driver in Europe. The first outing for that Canadian van saw Eva and a friend take six days to drive 400 miles to Regina, on the rutted dirt road across the prairie. During the summer they travelled 3000 miles within the Diocese of Qu'Appelle. They started Sunday Schools, taught in day schools and farmyards, visited pioneer homes, and enrolled members in Sunday School by Post. They survived every hazard the prairies could create that summer: dust storms, cloudbursts, road washouts, cyclones, mosquitoes and... amorous bachelors.

Miss Hasell purchased the first two vans and sought funding for the subsequent ones. A new van each with a trained team started in Calgary 1922, Edmonton 1923, Cariboo 1924, Brandon 1925, Kootenay 1926, Caledonia 1928, Athabasca 1929 plus a new van for Qu'Appelle.

Miss Hasell and her friend Iris Sayle took every new van on its first summer tour. The records of her explorations in the Kootenay Diocese tell of places where Miss Hasell asked her partner to walk ahead on tricky sections. They had to go to the north end of the lake by steamer to visit outlying families. There was the odd time that they borrowed horses to ride. On one outing, "We had to walk 5 miles up a steep hill to see a family who had not been to a service for years. I sat on a log to talk to the mother about Sunday School by Post as she stood packing strawberries into a box. A Doukhobor picker came up with a basket of strawberries to be packed. She looked at me and said, "You no work. You lazy. You fat!" Then turning to Iris she said, "You work very hard. You thin!" After these comments I felt that I must either pack strawberries or leave!"

At the end of each summer the van was cleaned and housed, records were left for next summer's driver and a compact report turned in to the Bishop or administrator of the area. Miss Hasell made notes about each tiny community they visited, noting the difficulty of making a living on a fruit ranch, the morals of those reading Bolshevik literature, the lack

of Christian teaching in either elementary or high schools, and young parents who were not baptized themselves so could not understand the symbolism and strength for their children. Miss Hasell always had neat figures explaining which sponsor paid for the license and operation of the Van. She covered her own expenses, which included an annual trip to England each fall to fundraise, and to recruit "well trained gentlewomen preferably with independent means" to sign up as summer workers on the Vans. This was a time when many British ladies were resigned to spinsterhood because WWI had decimated the population of eligible males.

Sunday School by Post was handled by volunteers, generally a pair which had been on a Van or those desiring a less hectic stint of contributing. The papers were sent out in bundles each month to the mother of a child or children. There was a short paper for tinies which would be read to them, an Intermediate paper with puzzles, stories and questions to be answered in writing, followed by a senior series with lots of instruction and longer answers. Van workers tried to visit the mothers. Often their visit was the first in many months for an isolated lady. Some used the Van worker to convey messages to someone in England. Such requests were always completed and reports sent back to the lonely person in Canada.

The season for travelling within each area began May 1st and finished about October 1st. Each summer, through perhaps different weather, saw Van workers doing their best to contact all who had reacted favorably to a previous visit. When the small rural schools were in session each teacher might notify them whether there were any Anglicans enrolled, and if they were, whether a noon hour class might be arranged. Notes about home visits might warn, "Leave the car outside the gate in wet weather." "Fierce dog but friendly family," or "Mr. A is stone deaf but converses well when you have his attention." Notes were made on families with young children and expectant mothers. Sometimes the Vanners arranged food help for extreme destitute cases. The stories about the most isolated families might tell of a death and burial without church rites. (One family required no further church association while the next asked for a simple dedication of the hallowed ground.)

The earliest Vans had no means of cooking inside but Coleman stoves issued later helped to make wet or chilly days comfortable and practical. Cooking on a campfire was obviously a skill needed

for those in a primitive "camper." After routes were well established Van ladies were allowed to accept hospitality from regular families. When Barbara (Leask) Roberts of Wasa was chatting to me in 1994 she told me "The Sunday School by Post Van parked each summer across the lake where my brother's house is now. Eight or nine of us would bring sandwiches and stay all day. Some years it was a 3-day camp, others a week with games and puzzles, crafts, Bible stories and fun! It was the highlight of our summer! They sent us papers in the winter."

Other denominations also sent out missionaries and Anglicans were warned not to intrude on their enrollees. However, two families in TaTa Creek, each with two children, accepted Sunday School by Post as well as the Pentecostal papers. There was a mild challenge from a VIP in West Vancouver saying, "At least we are trying to help children in that community." About that same era the Sunday School by Post report from 1940-41 read: Cranbrook Deanery, 292 families, 699 children : Nelson Deanery, 217 families, 390 children. Children under 7 - 148. Answering SSB questions - 153. About 100 families contributed to the mailing costs of \$63.93. The Van report for Kootenay in 1948 describes the challenges presented by high water, flooded roadways and washed out bridges. Some of their warmest receptions were at "Yahk, a community dominated by beer parlors," and Natal. Two leaders who had also started Girl Guides in Kaslo in 1939 would write letters which often started "Dear Bish" or "Dear Arch" when the administrator was elevated to Archbishop. Their final outing concluded with horror that the Sargeant's garage was no longer available for the Van and the Rev. Silverwood was not home to offer hospitality when the Van was left cleaned and awaiting maintenance.

Miss Hasell continued her leadership through many more years, spending several on the Alaska Highway when it was being built. She struggled to defy changes and had difficulty recruiting volunteers. Had the war not interfered Miss Hasell would have made 100 crossings of the Atlantic while expanding the fleet of Vans and finding workers to carry on the tradition she had tailored for rural Anglican parishioners in Canada. Only three routes worked full time after 1969. Miss Hasell was awarded an honorary Doctor of Divinity degree in England in 1964 and then the Order of Canada in 1972. Miss Hasell died May 3, 1974 and her partner Iris a few weeks later. Both ladies left their estates to specific parishes across Canada.



**Property
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6260 Wolf Creek Road,
Wasa BC



PROPERTY DETAILS

3 Beds

2 Baths

Age: 30

Levels: 2

Space: 2,000 sq. ft. (186 m²)

Flooring: Carpet, Hardwood, Linoleum

Foundation: Poured concrete

Heat Method: Baseboard

Heat Energy: Electricity, Wood

Zoning: RS1

Lot Size: 2,090,880 sq.ft./48.00 ac (194,243 m²)

Watersource: Natural Resource, Well

\$1,600,000

SELLER NAME

Doug Ross

SELLER PHONE

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**Property
Guys.com**

ID# 166061

Buck Crescent,
Wasa BC



PROPERTY DETAILS

Beds N/A

Baths N/A

Zoning: R1

Watersource: Well

\$165,000

SELLER NAME

Doug Ross

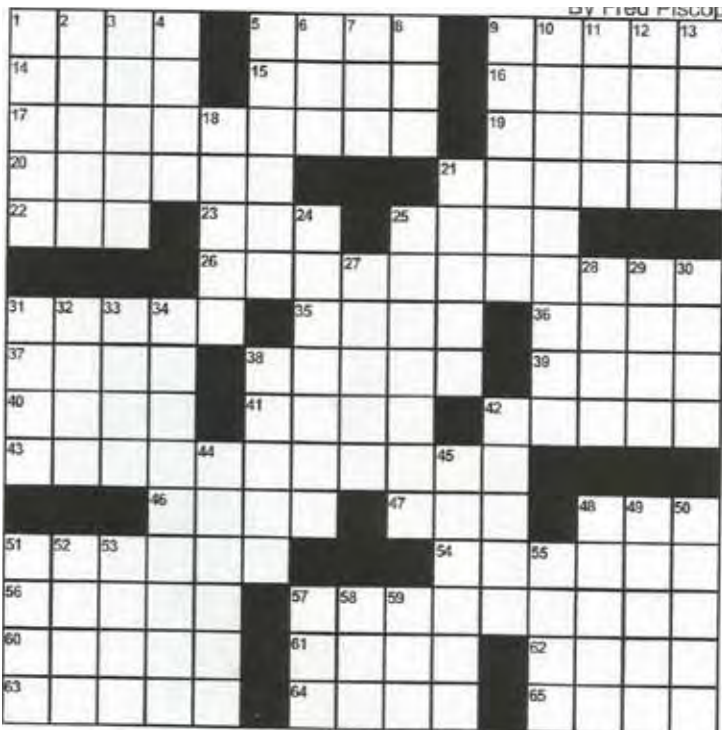
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ACROSS

- 1) Femme fatale
- 5) Sax type
- 9) Indianapolis football team
- 14) Commodore Perry victory site
- 15) Be frightened of
- 16) Be of service
- 17) Stellar plea to quit fooling around?
- 19) See the old gang
- 20) San ___ (Texas city, casually)
- 21) Watched over
- 22) Utter
- 23) Archipelago unit (Abbr.)
- 25) Karate weapons
- 26) Stellar Scotch brand?
- 31) Latin percussion stick

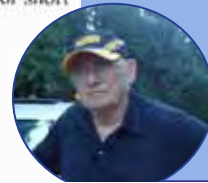
- 35) Needing straightening
- 36) "Hello, ___!" (cell company slogan)
- 37) Apiary home
- 38) Belgrade natives
- 39) Amor, to the Greeks
- 40) Cast out
- 41) Celestial bear
- 42) Cara of "Fame"
- 43) Stellar hometown politico?
- 46) Crying shame
- 47) Sinus specialist, briefly
- 48) Altar affirmation
- 51) Fruit cup morsels
- 54) Like some clothing patches
- 56) Botches completely
- 57) Stellar fisherman?
- 60) "Tiny Alice" dramatist Edward
- 61) Obey a court order
- 62) ___ gunman theory
- 63) Tea leaf readers
- 64) Narcissist's love
- 65) Was in the hole

DOWN

- 1) "The City Without Clocks," for short
- 2) Match locale
- 3) Walter the daydreamer
- 4) Colombian currency
- 5) From square one
- 6) Fragrant neckwear
- 7) Letter after sigma
- 8) Surgery ctrs.
- 9) Life's work
- 10) Kitchen device that rings
- 11) Heap kudos upon
- 12) Trident prong
- 13) Wheelless vehicle
- 18) How fish may be packed
- 21) Reasons to cram
- 24) Word on a quarter
- 25) Beliebers, collectively
- 27) Biblical passage
- 28) Wound at the corrida
- 29) Bond's alma mater
- 30) Take a licking
- 31) Hayes' "South Park" character
- 32) Succotash bean
- 33) Tel __, Israel
- 34) Bill-killing ability
- 38) High-level execs, slangily
- 42) Prefix with "mural"
- 44) Hoses down
- 45) Org. supported by trick-or-treaters
- 48) Trailing behind
- 49) Lorna ___ cookies
- 50) NO RIGHT ___
- 51) Many Wall St. hires
- 52) Vogue competitor
- 53) Earring spot
- 55) Norse port
- 57) Priests (Abbr.)
- 58) Bit of baloney
- 59) Fashion monogram

"MARIO'S FUN PAGE"

ANSWERS PAGE 8



4				3	
	5	9			2
					4 9
8			3		
6	7				3 2
2	1		8		
	2	7		6	5
7				6	
		3			4

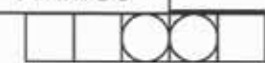
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2	6	8	9		4
			1		9
				3	5
8	1				3
9			6		
1	2				7
				4	
			3		5

Unscramble these four Jumbles, one letter to each square, to form four ordinary words.

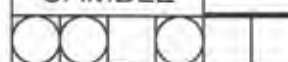
NAGLD



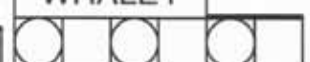
RAMOJ



CAMBLE



WRALEY



Find A Word Baby

Find and circle all of the words that are hidden in the grid. The remaining 50 letters spell a secret message.

B O T T L E R L H J L P R O T I N O M
Y D D A D S E U O T U A U I L L A M S
H E T L C M H L O O I M U C S W I N G
T R A R T I T L D L R S P G Y E S C T
M F E E D L E A I F Y D E E H P E O T
O A S I L E E B E D L W O B R K P L M
M A R K R I T Y O E H I G H C H A I R
M P E T H R B B E B T R G U N I S C S
Y O T R G P A O G E A E D I S I T S M
T W S E T T A C M T Y R D F G P R O I
S D O P N R O R T R E T P D B G O G L
E E O A E E P L E B G A D L Y R L O K
P R B I C L E S B N C I A E N B L E N
I T A D O A R U I I T N C A R S E A T
W S W I N U R Y F R K S N O Y I R A C
T N A F N I R I A E I S E N O A T U R
R H K E I C E S T A R F O R M U L A I
S L E E P R H T E R A C N I K S S P B

ALERT

AWAKE

BLANKET

BODYSUIT

BOOSTER SEAT

BOTTLE

BOWL

CAR SEAT

CARRIER

COLIC

CREAM

CRIB

CRYING

DADDY

DIAPER

DROOL

FEED

FORMULA

GIGGLE

GRIN

HIGHCHAIR

HOODIE

INFANT

INNOCENT

JUMPER

LAUGH

LULLABY

MILK

MOBILE

MOMMY

MONITOR

NURSERY

ONESIE

PACIFIER

PARENTS

PLAY

POWDER

RASH

RATTLE

RUBBER DUCK

SIPPY CUP

SKIN CARE

SLEEP

SMALL

SPOON

STROLLER

SWING

TEDDY BEAR

TEETHER

TIED

WIPES



Now arrange the circled letters to form the surprise answer, as suggested by the above cartoon.

Jumble



By Area E Director Jane Walter

Broadband

The RDEK is partnering with the Columbia Basin Broadband Corporation and Flexinet Broadband Inc. for the term March 1, 2016 to March 31, 2018 to increase the availability of high speed internet services for Electoral Areas B, C, E and F.

Foreshore Concerns for Wasa Lake

I have been receiving calls from area residents about work taking place on the foreshore. I've contacted a Natural Resource Officer to find out what activities are permitted and to identify those that are not.

Placing or moving sand to or on the foreshore is not legal and can compromise the natural state of the lake. We all understand the desire to have access to a beautiful beach on our property, but by bringing in, and / or moving sand you are putting the lake at great risk. The sand will eventually end up in the lake during high water and will eventually migrate through out the lake which changes the natural state. The greatest concern is **CONTAMINATION**.

The Officer I spoke with, suggested before any work to the foreshore is started, property owners should contact an Officer through the RAPP number below, to confirm that what they are purposing to do is actually permitted. In some cases a permit with inspection may be required.

Residents are encouraged to report any concerns by calling the R.A.P.P. number 1-877-952- 7277.

Safe Boating Concerns

I continually hear concerns about boating on the lake. I've enquired with property owners around other small lakes to determine if they share the same concerns. As it happens, our problems are not unique and many lake communities share our problems and issues.

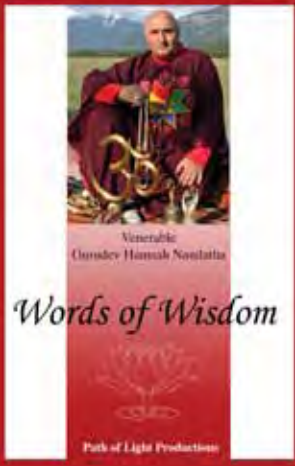
The Rosen Lake community has come together and made signs advising boaters of the rules on the lake. Part of the process involved getting approval for the signs through the Federal Ministry of Transportation.



I'm not in any way suggesting that the Wasa community follow the example of the Rosen Lake Regulations, but knowing that other lake communities have found a way to resolve these ongoing issues provides some relief.

The Wasa Lake community could begin by identifying their concerns and how they might resolve them. If you are interested in putting your name forward to participate in discussion and possibly forming a committee, please call or email me.

Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for 2017! Jane Walter, RDEK Area E Director Phone 250-427-2577 / Email: s.janewalter@gmail.com



Imagine my surprise when Monique from the Ashram stopped by and presented me with a copy of this book. This recently published collection consists of the "Words of Wisdom" articles submitted monthly by Venerable Gurudev Hamsah Nandatha for the Tri-Village Buzz. The articles have been categorized and include submissions from as far back as 2008. You can purchase the "Words of Wisdom" through the Ashram or the Wasa General Store.



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We already have a free ticket to the After-Life

Whether we like traveling or whether we ever get the chance to travel the world, we already have a free ticket for an amazing trip to the Afterlife. At first this may appear to be an intellectual viewpoint but it is real: sooner or later we are all going away on an amazing supra-physical journey...one that will be even more thrilling than the "Twilight Zone" TV series from the 50's. Are you ready?

The word "death" implies the end of ourselves; death of the "me" that we are used to experiencing in this physical and relative world. It doesn't mean that it is the end of ourselves beyond this physical body and mind. For the purpose of this short exposé, let's put aside all aspects of "blind faith", "hope", "spiritual expectations", and "religious beliefs" in order to focus on pragmatic facts that cannot be refuted by any honest religious believer or scientific mind.

First of all, you cannot be what you can observe, because what you observe is an object of your observation, whereas you are the observer or witnessing consciousness, also called the subject of the observation. And what interests us in better understanding our journey toward the afterlife is the very nature of the observer that we are, both amidst and beyond this physical life.

Since you are not what you can observe, then if you can observe your body, we can assert that you are not your body; rather, your body is an object of your observation. Similarly, if you can observe your thoughts or any intellectual scenario in your mind, and if you can become the observer of this constant thought process, this means that your mind and thoughts are also the objects of your observation. Consequently, since you cannot be what you are observing, then you are not your mind or your thoughts.

Remember that throughout a human life, there is constantly an observer (or subject) and the objects of his/her observation. Let's go further with this pragmatic and very simple demonstration. If you become aware of an emotion, be it agreeable or disagreeable, then you are not this emotion either; rather, you are the observer of this emotion which then becomes the object of your observation. Again, we can conclude that you are not your emotions. This applies to your desires or anything else you can witness within yourself.

It's easy to accept that you are not the landscape that you are observing, that you

are not the person you are talking with, that you are not your car or your money, as you are clearly distinct from all externalized objects. But it is absolutely the same for anything you can observe, whether outside or inside of you. Remember... you are not what you can observe, therefore, you are not your body, you are not your mind and thoughts, and you are not your emotions; they are all objects of your observation. In the best-case scenario, these added elements are just covering you up or blinding you. We don't say here that the body, mind, desires and emotions do not exist. Oh, they definitely exist externally for you as the observer! They exist, but they are only relative, which means that they are constantly changing and will vanish and disappear for you as observer when your body ceases to function. When the body does not function, we call this "death", but if you are not the body, nor the mind, nor the thoughts, nor the emotions, then you do not die; they die. Death only concerns what you are not; it does not concern what you are. It does not concern your Self, meaning your True Self.

With a very pragmatic and unassailable demonstration, it is easy to prove that when the body dies, it is not the consciousness or conscious presence of the owner of this body that dies. You may continue to believe that you are only your body, your mind, your emotional thoughts, or your egoistic desires... that is your right. But your belief doesn't have any more value than that of someone who believes he or she is more than this physical body and that there is an afterlife. It is just a subjective, pointless assertion that lacks proof. From here, we can deduce that believing there is something or that there is nothing after life is just an empty, virtual, egoistic, and intellectual viewpoint without any solid basis or value.

This is where the methodology or sharp process of Self-Inquiry offered on the Path of Yoga becomes extremely interesting and efficient, as it pushes you to experience yourself beyond an evermore refined intellectual comprehension. The Process of Self-Realization goes beyond a simple intellectual knowledge and sometimes even beyond a sincere act of faith. For instance, now that we have demonstrated that you are not what you thought you were... that you are not just the body, the mind and your emotions and desires, the next step is to discover what your true nature (as the observer) is composed of, beyond your body, mind, emotions and desires. Does your consciousness, or state of awareness, survive the process of death of a

body and mind that you are not?

You can continue your life and say: "Oh! That's too complicated for me, I'll see later when I die" or "my faith in God will provide the answers!" That's okay too, since it is up to you...

Or you can sincerely consider, with joy and interest, that sooner or later you are going to make an astonishing journey to another dimension... one that corresponds to what you are beyond this earthly life and that you can prepare yourself by directly experiencing what you are and are not in this very life. No matter what, we are all heading to the afterlife sooner or later. If you experience right now the true nature of the observer that you are, then death will cease to be a scary ultimatum for you.

We will push this enquiry even further in the next article and ask: What if you have never been in this physical body but rather, your physical body has always been within your consciousness?

I hope I have helped to ignite your fire of aspiration to discover your true nature in and beyond this life. A capital and amazing journey is awaiting you in the afterlife, so get ready for it!

With all my Love and Encouragements in your own Process of Self-Experience.

Om Om Om

Venerable Gurudev Hamsah Nandatha
Adi Vajra Shambhasalem Ashram,
Wasa, B.C. Canada

Venerable Gurudev Hamsah Nandatha published a book entitled *In the Presence of Truth. Discovering the Being Within*, which is a roadmap to Self-Realization. To learn more about this wonderful book and its author, visit www.inthepresenceoftruth.com.

Teachings at the Ashram Thursday, December 1st and Thursdays January 12th 19th and 26th.
If you are coming for the first time or for more info, call 250-422-9327..



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The Lions Den

SUBMITTED BY KATHY MILES-BOUE

Lions Annual Christmas Dinner and Dance

The Wasa & District Lions would like to thank the community for their continued support of our Annual Christmas Dinner & Dance, which was held on December 3rd. This is an evening full of fun and laughter. If you're lucky, you win one of the raffle prizes. You dance the night away, catch up with friends and neighbours. Best of all, you help raise money for the Lions Club. We might be small in number but our community proves time and again that we have the most generous of people supporting us – you!

We would also like to thank the businesses and individuals that donated prizes and the volunteers that put in countless hours preparing everything for the party.

Annual Christmas Light-Up Contest

Judging will take place Sunday, December 18th. Turn the lights of your display on at 6 p.m. and leave them on until 8:30 p.m. please. The judges will drive around the Tri Village area and determine the winners, who will be contacted by phone. First prize is \$100, second prize is \$60 and third prize is \$40. The list of winners will be published in the next edition of the Tri-Village Buzz. These presentations bring a warm smile to all who see them so it's a great night for families to tour the area. (It's also one night where the backseat drivers will be too busy admiring the lights so take advantage – enjoy the lights and the quiet)!

New Year's Winterfest Event

Wasa Lions would also like to see you at the Peter Vereshagen Memorial Rink on December 31st between 11 a.m. and 4 p.m. for our Winter Festival. There will be hot chocolate, hot dogs, bannock and some other hot foods available. It is a great old-fashioned way to celebrate the last day of the year and leaves the evening open for everyone to welcome in the New Year in their own way. Many New Year parties will be extra special this year because 2017 marks Canada's 150 birthday!



The Wasa & District Lions Club wish all of our community members a Happy Holiday Season! Best wishes for a Happy New Year! Be safe, be happy, be a volunteer! See you in 2017!

The Wasa & District Lions Club can be contact at Box 10, Wasa, B.C. V0B 2K0 or email: wasalions@gmail.com.

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Fanny's Favorites

PUMPKIN PECAN CRUNCH MUFFINS

Topping:

Combine in bowl and set aside:

5 Tbsp flour 5 Tbsp unsalted butter 1 tsp cinnamon
6 Tbsp brown sugar ¾ cup chopped pecans

Muffins:

Combine dry: 2-½ cups flour ½ tsp salt ½ tsp baking powder
1 tsp cloves 1 tsp nutmeg 1 tsp cinnamon

Mix wet: ¾ cup unsalted butter softened ¾ cup sugar
2 large eggs 1-½ cups pumpkin puree

Add dry ingredients to wet ingredients. Mix until combined. Spoon into greased muffin tins. Divide topping and press onto each muffin. Bake for 25 minutes at 350° preheated oven. Makes 18 muffins

Pet's Place



Poor Wicky had to wear the "Cone of Shame" for 10 days while her paw healed after she had surgery to remove a growth. She was not a very happy little dog!!!

Jim and Melinda Howard from the Wasa Country Pub and Grill wish everyone a Merry Christmas and Happy and Healthy 2017



Donate your pop cans and liquor bottles to the Wasa and District Lions Club to help with their scholarship fund. Please call Val at 250-422-3499 to make arrangements for drop-off at the

Lions Grounds.



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Box 265 WASA, BC VoB 2Ko



Wasa Country
Pub & Grill

New Year's Eve Party & Pot Luck Buffet

December 31st @ 9:00 p.m.



DJ & KARAOKE

by Heike



Come in for a warm up and social after the Wasa
fireworks @ 8pm

Wasa Lions Medical Equipment Loan Cupboard

Have you had a recent Injury? or Have plans for Surgery? The Lions may be able to assist with a 3-month loan of Medical Equipment.

For loan information or equipment donations to the Cupboard Contact:
Sharon 250-422-3227
or Val 250-422-3499



W*H*I*S*T

Monday's 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.

Cost \$3.00 per person

Do you tend to be hemetic during the winter?

Join us at the hall for fellowship, fun and refreshments. Whist is a very easy no stress card game; easy to learn, a simplified form of bridge with the highest card taking the trick.

Interested? Call Rose Smith at 250-422-3088 if you would like to come ANY Monday night. Contact Rose while Lorraine is away.

Our last game of the season is Monday, December 12th and will resume on Monday, January 9th until end of March.

Apropos card games---" we all love a good loser, if it isn't us."▢

WASA LIONS HOCKEY BOARDS FOR SALE

Be noticed in your community!
Advertise your Business
Name, Family Name or Group
Name. Support your local
Lions Ice Rink. For info call
Marilyn at 250-422-3210

BOARDS \$250. EACH

CORNER

FOR SALE:

One roll of "Roll Out Garage Flooring" 7.5' x 17' Diamond thread pattern, never used asking \$125.00
Call: 250-422-3554

Attention Readers: Use this space to advertise your Wanted Ads, For Sale Ads or Garage Sale Ads FREE email: trivillagebuzz@gmail.com

Congratulations

on your engagement

Alana Howard
and
Jeff Ryan



The **WASA RECREATION SOCIETY'S** main objective is to generate funds to keep the Wasa Hall running. Wasa Recreation Society members meet in the basement of the Wasa Hall in the Quilters Room on the last Tuesday of each month. Everyone is invited to attend. Listed below are some of the user groups and contacts:

- Hall Rentals and Information
Karen Markus 250.422.3514
Lorraine Colton 250.422.3640
- Gym
Sonia Blackwell 250.422.9201
- TOPS
Susan 250.422.3510
- Library
Judy McPhee 250.422.3766

In addition, BINGO's are held on the 2nd Tuesday of each month at the Wasa Hall. Early bird starts at 6:30 pm and regular at 6:45 pm.

WASA MEMORIAL GARDEN

Submitted By Naomi Miller



The columbarium at Wasa Memorial Garden is very special. It was designed and patented by our TaTa Creek friend Harry Stienwand. As owner of Kootenay Monuments he was asked, in about 2000, to supply columbaria for Kimberley and Invermere Cemeteries. Their research determined that the columbaria available were constructed either with all granite held together with glue, or with tapered concrete interiors. Neither design was very secure nor provided a lasting clean, dry interior for urns. Harry designed and patented both in Canada and USA a columbaria niche system out of 1/8 inch marine grade aluminum sheeting that was enclosed with structural granites. The aluminum and granite was fastened together with stainless steel fasteners. The system includes a security door behind the granite niche door that provides security and keeps the niche dust and insect free. Between 2000 and when they sold the business, Harry and Sonia supplied several hundred columbaria of various shapes and sizes throughout Canada and the USA.



Wasa Memorial Garden

Wasa Memorial Garden has something for every soul who should be remembered or needs a final resting place. There is a Columbarium with Niches large enough to hold two sets of cremains or the option to purchase a memorial plaque in honor of your loved ones. Check out the space at the end of Schoolhouse Road in Wasa. Call Bev Rauch at 250.422.3335 or Pat Walkey at 250.422.3530 for information

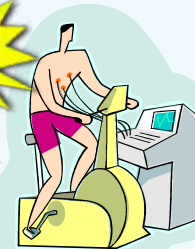
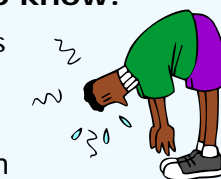
Safety guidelines and things you need to know:

- ☐ Minimum of 2 people in the Gym at all times
- ☐ All users must sign in with date and time
- ☐ All users must sign a Wasa Recreation Programs User Waiver located at the sign-in desk
- ☐ All users are required to wear "gym shoes" - no street shoes permitted
- ☐ All users must use the safety key on the Walking Machines
- ☐ Cost is a loonie or twoonie
- ☐ Have fun and be safe!

- Mondays, Wednesdays and Friday Mornings from 7:30 a.m. to 8:30 a.m.
- Monday to Friday Mornings (inclusive) from 10:00 a.m. to 11:00 a.m.

Contact: Sonia Blackwell 250.422.9201

We're open to suggestions, give us a call if you know 2 or more people that would like to attend at a time not indicated.



GYM HOURS AND INFO

Where do you take...



YOUR BUZZ ?

Dwane visits Wasa frequently and always brings the Buzz back home to the prairies, to share with friends back on farm. You can usually find him taking a break with the Buzz in hand.



2016 was another great year for our contest and once again our little newsletter travelled around the country!

Thank you to everyone that participated. The draw for this years contest winner will be held at our Annual Meeting in January and the winner will be published in February's edition of the Buzz.

Remember to bring the Buzz on your Christmas vacation to enter in the "2017 Where Do You Bring Your Buzz Contest! "

A very special thank you
to all the volunteers of the
Tri-Village Buzz Newsletter Team

Each and everyone of you
offers a valuable contribution
and without your help each month
the newsletter simply would not exist.

Thank you to our advertisers
for your continued support.



Merry Christmas
and
Best Wishes



for a Happy New Year!

December 2016

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
We the volunteers of the Tri-Village Buzz Newsletter reserve the right to refuse to print submissions due to legality, length, good taste or discriminating beliefs.				1 Teaching at the Ashram 7 p.m.	2	3 LIONS CHRISTMAS DINNER & DANCE
4	5 WHIST 7 pm Wasa Hall	6	7	8	9	10
11	12 WHIST 7 pm Wasa Hall	13 ○ Full Moon Seniors Night Out 4 pm Wasa Hall BINGO 6:30 Early Bird 6:45 Regular	14	15	16	17
18 Christmas Light-Up Contest 6 pm	19	20 Library closes for Christmas	21	22	23	24 Nativity Scene
25 Merry Christmas	26	27	28 ● New Moon	29	30	31 Lions Winter Event 11 am to 4 pm New Years Eve at the Pub 9 pm

January 2017

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 	2	3 Library reopens	4	5	6	7
8	9 WHIST 7 pm Wasa Hall	10 BINGO 6:30 Early Bird 6:45 Regular	11	12 O Full Moon Teaching at the Ashram 7 p.m.	13	14 Fishing Derby 
15	16 WHIST 7 pm Wasa Hall	17 LIONS MTG	18	19 Teaching at the Ashram 7 p.m.	20	21
22	23 WHIST 7 pm Wasa Hall	24	25 Armchair Traveller Jim Abbott	26 Teaching at the Ashram 7 p.m.	27 ● New Moon	28
29	30 WHIST 7 pm Wasa Hall	31	We the volunteers of the Tri-Village Buzz Newsletter reserve the right to refuse to print submissions due to legality, length, good taste or discriminating beliefs.			

LEGEND

- Church 10:30 a.m.
- Gym (M,W,F 7:30-8:30 a.m. Mon to Fri 10 a.m to 11 a.m.)
- BINGO 6:30 p.m.
- Rec Society 7:00 p.m.
- Lions 7:00 p.m.
- Library Tues. 11 a.m.-1 p.m.
- TOPS Fri 8:30 a.m. Weigh in & Meeting 9 a.m. - 10 a.m.
- Quilters Tues. 10 a.m.-4 p.m.

Special Events and Days Down the Road

- NO NEWSLETTER IN JANUARY
- Wednesday, February 8th, 2017
Jensen - Armchair Traveller
- Wednesday, February 22nd, 2107
Youngs - Armchair Traveller

Anywhere is paradise it's up to you.

NUMBERS AT A GLANCE

Ashram Meditation & Yoga.....	250.422.9327
Catamount Contracting.....	250.422.3694
Cranbrook/Kimberley Hospice...	250.417.2019
Doug Ross Property Sale.....	250.422.9272
Econobuilt.....	250.421.7183
Flanders Forge.....	250.919-1389
Hi Heat Insulating.....	250.422.3457
HD Railings.....	250.422.3457
Kootenay Kwik Print.....	250.489.4213
Kootenay Monument Installations....	422.3414
Lantz Farms (Hay).....	250.420.1660
Rascal Dock Systems.....	250.421.1746
The Girls.....	250.581.0780
TOPS.....	250.422.3510/422.3686
Wasa Country Pub & Grill.....	250.422.3381
Wasa Lake Gas & Food.....	250.422.9271
Wasa Hall.....	250.422.3514/422.3640
Wasa Hardware & Building Ctr...	250.422.3123
Wasa Lions Med Equip.....	422.3227/422.3499
Wasa Lions Trail Donations.....	250.422.3773
Wasa Memorial Garden (Bev Rauch).	422.3335
Wasa Post Office.....	250.422.3122