



TRI-VILLAGE BUZZ

December 2025 ISSUE 287

Visit: www.wasalake.com

FREE MONTHLY PUBLICATION



How The Robin Got Its Red Breast

"Long, long ago, when the world was new, as the winter Sun was setting, and the land was locked in ice and snow, all the creatures believed that the warmth they had enjoyed throughout the long summer was lost forever and might never return. They were cold and afraid."

"As the winter winds blew through the forest, a small brown bird was sheltering in a holly tree and he thought to himself, 'What could I do?' Somehow he knew the warmth that had gone belonged to the Sun, so he decided to fly to the Sun and ask for it back. As he took flight the holly twig on which he was standing snapped off, so he took it with him, he thought it would make him feel braver to take a piece of home on his adventure."

"He flew up, higher and higher he climbed, and as he flew, he felt the heat of the Sun increasing.



He flew on, getting hotter and hotter, until he could hardly bear the heat any more and his feathers were scorching, he was so close to the Sun! But still, he was determined to get an audience with the Sun. Then suddenly the holly twig he was carrying burst into flames. He was so shocked that he fainted and fell, down, down, spiralling back to the Earth."

"When he awoke he realised he still had the burning twig, clutched between his feet. He had done it. He had brought the Sun's fire back to Earth, and everyone could warm themselves in the heat from the flames. He was a hero! And because he was so brave, and because his feathers had been scorched on his adventure, to this very day, he is still called Robin Redbreast."

<https://woodlandclassroom.com/how-the-robin-got-its-red-breast/>

Magical still of the forest, crystalline blanket of white, briars enfolded in lacework, snow glimmers dance in the light, pine trees in cotton are dreaming, animals rest in their homes, the wood in its infinite wonder, has written a new winter poem.

Laura Jaworski

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

Morale Mail	2	ATV Rules	12
Lion's Den	5	RDEK	14
Rusty Memories	6	What Brought Me to Wasa	15
Wasa Memorial Garden	7	Words of Wisdom	17
Tops Spot	8	December Calendar	19
It Began in a Manger	10	January Calendar	20

Serving Skookumchuk, Ta Ta Creek and Wasa Lake

Sending Christmas Morale Mail to Military Members

Any Canadian Armed Forces Member Program Still Running:

"The program is still running. However, due to the volumes of letters received, we are trying to encourage the public towards sending virtual wished to CAF members." said Captain Jason Rheubottom, Public Affairs Officer (Expeditionary Operations), Canadian Joint Operations Command.

For Canadians wishing to send a Christmas card, they still can, but they need to pay domestic postage charges and ensure their return address is on the envelope.

"Cards will require postage to be paid to Canada Post in order to have them delivered to the CF Pstal Unit in either Halifax, Trenton, or Exquimalt for further distribution overseas." said the Captain.

Alternatively, "the cards can be boxed up, and postage paid on the box itself and not each card."

People can send their holiday cheer and thank-yous to deployed personnel this holiday season cost-free in a few ways. Here are the options:

Facebook: Canadians can leave a message on the CAF Operations Facebook page. And a picture, if they would like, of their holiday card.

Send a Message: Canadians can show appreciation by sending a message directly through the Government of Canada website. Messages are a maximum of 1500 characters, including spaces. Visit here (<https://apps.forces.gc.ca/en/wrt/post-message.asp>).

To send a paid postage card with a return address, Canadians can send cards to the following three addresses. The CF Postal Unit will further distribute the cards.

Any CAF Member mail program
c/o CFPU Operations
Astra ON K0K 3W0

Any Canadian Sailor
Fleet Mail Office Halifax
PO Box 99000 Stn Forces
Halifax NS B3K 5X5

Any Canadian Sailor
Fleet Mail Office Esquimalt
PO Box 17000 Stn Forces
Victoria BC V9A 7N2

Remembering Veterans: Postcards for Peace

Another option suggested by CJOC is the Veterans Affairs program, Postcards for Peace. Canadians can send cards to Veterans in long-term care facilities. People can search in VAC's searchable database for Veterans in their area. Visit here (<https://www.veterans.gc.ca/en/remembrance/classroom/recognition-cards/veterans-healthcare-facilities>) for more information.



Donating to Support Our Troops

If so inclined, Canadians can donate to the Support Our Troops Charity. It is the official charity for the Canadian Armed Forces. The organization provides "financial support and assistance to Canadian Armed Forces members, veterans and their respective families in a number of important and often life-changing ways that are not provided by government funding." Visit here (<https://www.supportourtroops.ca/>).

https://www.cmfmag.ca/while_away/sending-christmas-morale-mail-to-military-members/



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January, February, March, April

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For more information contact: Jan Barbeau, mobile (250) 201 4226, email jarbeau60@gmail.com

Prizes, Raffle,
Support the Food Bank



YOU'RE INVITED TO:

Wasa Lions

CHRISTMAS DINNER, DANCE & RAFFLE

— Saturday, December 6, 2025 —

Doors open 5:00pm | Dinner 7:00pm
Bar opens 5:30pm | Dance 9:00pm

Ticket sales November 15, 2025 at 10 - 11:30AM

Wasa Community Hall

\$45/Ticket

Ticket sales after November 15, 2025
call Marilyn 250-489-9586

DECEMBER 28

WASA LIONS GROUNDS

**12-
3PM**

**FAMILY
WINTER
FEST**



ACTIVITIES

**ICE SKATING, TOBOGGANING, HOT DOGS, HOT
CHOCOLATE, BANNOCK, GAMES AND MORE!**

**WEATHER PERMITTING
DONATIONS WELCOME**

HOSTED BY WASA & DISTRICT LIONS CLUB



The Lions Den Lions Roar

Wasa & District Lions Club – Serving Wasa & Area since 1976

submitted by Terry Marvel

Here I go trying to smash two months articles into one. It's not a very busy time for the Lions, but there will be a couple of things of note.

Mainly, the annual Dinner and Dance which is the largest fundraiser for the Lion's of the year. There will be a host of great donated prizes for the raffle draws. The tickets are cheap and it's a lot of fun. Everyone stands a good chance to win a prize because there are so many of them! The dinner is a catered affair with delicious food and deserts. The cash bar will open at 5:30 and the dinner will start at 7:00. Music will be starting after the raffle draws, approximately 9:00. Lily the DJ will once again be providing the tunes with everyone's preferences in mind. So, dust off your dancing shoes! We also accept donations for the Food Bank in the form of non-perishable food items or cash. Donations get a free ticket for the raffle. Additional tickets may be available for the party. Phone Marilyn at 250-489-9586 for more information.

We will once again be doing our annual Christmas Light-up for the area with cash prizes for the best displays. So Light up our community December 21st., Sunday from 6:00-8:00 PM. We try to cover the most populated areas.

One last item of note is the Winterfest celebration which will be held on December 28th at the Lion's Grounds. It's our way to say "thank you" to all the great members of our community for the year's support. It's a good time to say good bye to 2025 and to get together with your neighbors and friends and have a hot dog, bratwurst, coffee, hot chocolate and the ever-popular bannock provided by the Vershagen family. The Lion's appreciate any donations received but there is no cost. Dress warm and have a good visit by the fires! The event will be from 12-4 AM. See you there!

In closing, the Lion's would like to thank the community for their support the last year and a hope for a wonderful and prosperous 2026.

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What is the Mexican dish that snowmen like?

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Thank you for another great season!
www.lantzfarm.ca | @lantzfarm



“RUSTY” Memories

by Rusty Brewer



Anyone care for some Wasa history?

Building The Beaches***

Hmmm ... seems a lot of people don't know about this ... here are the facts!

Chuck Millican owned a small excavating business in Wasa. He hired me at (just turned) 15 years old. I quit school at 14 and wanted a different job. My first day on the job Chuck asked me if I could weld. I sorta lied ... I tried it once in high school ... but heck ya I could weld. His ol International dump truck needed the exhaust welded back together.

He left ... oh my what a gong show that turned out to be. I was trying to weld the pipe together with the cutting torch head and coat hangers. I had big holes burnt in everything. I kept at it ... finally got it figured out and after two days had the pipes all fixed. Shortly after that Chuck bid on a Parks Board contract to haul sand into the beaches. He won the contract.

At the time he had a late 50s International single axle dump truck, a recently aquired 1955 Ford tandem axle dump truck with a glorious 312 cu in V-8. Our main machine was a John Deere 350 track loader/backhoe. We also had a Massey Ferguson rubber tired backhoe with one brake. It was very interesting trying to load it on his big ol equipment trailer. A beautiful trailer ... with the worst tires known to man. It used surplus airplane tires. They would go flat at any given moment. Many many times the works sat on the side of the road with a flat. We had to wait for the bus to bring a new one in from Winnipeg. Lol took him a couple years to have a spare on hand.

Chuck had his faults, but he was an amazing equipment operator. He could make that old wore out equipment sing. I used to watch his hands on the sloppy wore out control levers. He just had that touch ... so smooth ... like the conductor in an orchestra. He spent many hours teaching me to do the same. I was never as good as him ... but by the time I was 16, I could run and fix all of his equipment.

The beaches ... we hauled the brunt of the sand there with the 55 Ford. Chuck ran the International single axle most of the time. It was quirky and only he could make it work all day. I think it was the second year, we got behind a bit so he bought a second tandem axle truck. A big ol 1958ish Reo. It would haul a big load for a truck of that era ... 10 yards if I remember right. I hated that truck. It had a massive steering wheel. It was extremely hard to turn and would tear your thumbs off if the tire ever hit a rock. You soon learned to keep your thumbs out of the spokes. We had a few various drivers to fill the extra seat. I think Stan Kneller may have hauled sand on the beach in the latter part of that job.

Round and around we would go. Chuck always keeping track of our trips ... trying to improve our cycle times. During the hot months the cabs in them ol trucks were horribly hot. Sweat running down into our eyes, feet swimming in soaked socks, gear shift levers so hot you hated to grab them. But ... slowly ... we saw the beaches improve.

They were kind of nasty in the early days. Winter kill fish used to wash up on the shore at Glovers beach. They would rot in the sun. The rocks were covered in slimy rotten fish. Grandpa Roberts hairy old black dog Max used to go roll in the rotten fish. He would then parade himself all around town. Resplendent in his silvery coating of rotten fish.

There was a lot of broken glass on the rocky beaches. I remember my Sis stepped on a broken bottle in the water. I had to pack her home. I'm surprised she didn't bleed to death. It was a horrible cut. The new sand covered up all the glass and gawd knows what else. The Parks people liked what they saw. They decided to expand the beaches. We went further east on Glovers beach than originally planned. We added a whole lot more sand on the Point than the original plan.

Looking at the beaches today I'm glad they had that progressive thinking back then. I doubt if this would be allowed today. I stop at the beach once in awhile. I watch people laying in that sand. Watch kids building sand castles.

I'm glad our hard work in the past is still being enjoyed today

Wasa and District Historical Assoc. & Memorial Garden Group

submitted by - Kate Kelly

A visit to the Memorial garden is now bare branches, muted skies, the soft crunch of frost... giving a reflection of grief or even a gentle sense of peace. Winter often strips away distraction. Enjoy the solitude this time of the year and remember the promise of spring, the quiet beauty of the season and the resilience of nature.

Fall was quiet and there was no clean-up. Please watch the community Facebook pages for info on our annual spring clean-up. We're always in need of volunteers! If you're interested in volunteering, please contact Sherry Shields via email at: slshields27@gmail.com

Looking for a great stocking stuffer? We continue to look for new members in our Wasa and District Historical Association & Memorial Garden Group. Did you know that it's only \$5/per person for a lifetime membership? Having a large 'membership' helps us apply for government grant monies which keep our garden looking great. We kindly ask that Wasa residents (both recreational & permanent) to consider a \$5/per person lifetime membership. Please contact Judy Reimer at mjlreimer@shaw.ca or by phone 250-422-3343 to join. Thank you for your consideration!



KOOTENAY RIPPLES HISTORICAL BOOKS NOW SOLD-OUT

**How does a North Pole carpenter fix something broken?
Igloos it together.**

2024 Columbarium Niche & Plaque Costs

UNIT 1 Columbarium

Upper levels - \$1,000 + engraving
Bottom Row - \$900 + engraving

UNIT 2 Columbarium (new)

Niche cost - \$1,100 + engraving

Niche Engraving - \$290

Memorial Plaque - \$350

(Engraving costs are subject to change)

Contact info:

Pat Walkey @ 250.422.3530 or
pwalkey@shaw.ca



Want to learn to Quilt?

Looking to advance your skills or learn a new one? Join the Wasa Country Quilters Group and learn with a talented group of quilters!

We meet every Tuesday from 10-4 in our own space in the basement of the hall. Drop in any Tuesday! We'd be more than happy to show you the endless possibilities in this creative atmosphere! No previous experience required.

Call Gayle Andrews 250-422-3095 for more info

Good Samaritan on the Loose?

I have been meaning to tell you about an incident that occurred last fall

I was at the cabin and had deliberately run my gas low to by locally

But Steve's supplier had failed him again

I thought I had a can of boat gas but I was wrong. Was headed home in the morning and it was too late to go back to Fort Steele. A truck drove by with a side by side in the back. I flagged him down and asked if he had any gas he could spare. He immediately hopped in the back and started digging into the stuff there. Gave me a 12 litre can and I put 8 into my car. Enough to get me to the Hoodoos station

I offered to pay for the gas but he declined I was so shocked I didn't get a name Drove a big black one ton He and his wife were about 40 so my thanks to them. Think he was a cabin owner

Kinda restores your faith in humanity, right?

Sent by Wayne Sharp



TOPS SPOT

submitted by - Norma Williams

Lately, I have been struggling with sleep – usually no problem to fall asleep, but I do have trouble staying asleep. Many nights I will wake up at 3 or 4 am. You know the feeling – you toss and turn, mind whirring, replay the day, think about tomorrow, remember that embarrassing thing from 2009 ... check the clock – Ugh! If I can get to sleep now I still have 3 hours before it's time to get up! Sometimes I have gotten up and read for a bit. So frustrating! Why is sleep, the most natural of human needs, suddenly so elusive? Here is an article from TOPS with some tips about sleep:

Sleeping should be easy, but sometimes it's hard

by Lexi Wojcik-Kretchmer

Since one of my New Year's goals is to improve my sleep, I've been researching it and trying some methods on how to fall asleep faster, how to improve my sleep, etc. Here's some of what I've found!

- Stretching before bed
 - Sometimes I just stretch on my own, whatever feels right, and other times, I do this 12-minute wind-down yoga (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BiWDsfZ3zbo>) or this 20-minute version (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=v7SN-d4qXx0>) to switch it up. This just helps to loosen me up and start to relax.
- Not going on my phone before bed
 - This is definitely a difficult one for me, not going on my phone. Ideally, I'd like to tuck it away an hour before, but most times it ends up being half an hour before. Instead of going on my phone, I sometimes will watch a show with my boyfriend (which still probably isn't the best, but it's better than my phone being right up in my face) or I'll read a book.
- Only sleeping in bed
 - I don't ever sit in bed to relax or even to read. I try to keep my bed just for sleeping, so that way, when I get into bed, my brain recognizes that it's time for bed and starts to chill out. Even when I read before bed, I read on the couch because while reading puts my boyfriend to sleep no matter what book it is, oftentimes, reading just gets my brain going if the story is good.
- Listening to sleepcasts
 - A sleepcast is basically an adult bedtime story. I used to use the app Headspace but now they have some of their videos on YouTube so I'll put that on and set a timer on my TV so it automatically shuts off during the night. Their YouTube page has other helpful playlists like Mindful Mealtime, Support in Challenging Times, The Science of Sleep and much more!
- Avoiding caffeine before bed
 - I have a pretty high caffeine tolerance so I occasionally will have a Diet Coke with dinner but I still try to limit my caffeine intake (mostly energy drinks or yerba mate which has natural caffeine and I'd recommend) after 2pm. Since this specifically is one of my resolutions, I've been sticking to it and I feel like it's definitely been helping.
- Writing before bed
 - This is one I haven't tried yet but I'd love to try soon. The 5-Minute Journal that I got for Christmas and want to start has a morning and night section, so even just starting out with that will be good for me. As I get into the habit, I think I'll also end up using the writing prompt journal and filling in my bullet journal before bed. That'll also help with no screen time before bed!
- Counting sheep
 - I literally do this sometimes. About a year ago I wondered why people always mentioned it in movies or shows or whatever, and so I tried it. Sometimes it does actually help, it gets me to stop thinking about whatever stressful or unimportant thing I was thinking about and just relax to fall asleep. It doesn't always work and it is a last resort but it is helpful.

I've also come across some fun facts (<https://health.clevelandclinic.org/22-facts-about-sleep-that-will-surprise-you>) while doing my little research, so I thought I'd share those as well because some of them are very interesting. Here are some fun facts about human sleep:

- More than 10% of people dream in black and white.
 - Before color TV, only 15% of people dreamt in color! A third of your life is spent sleeping.
- Pain tolerance is reduced by sleep deprivation.
- You forget about half of your dream within the first five minutes of waking up.
- The longest someone has gone without sleep was 11 days.

Here are some fun facts I found about animals' sleep:

- Sea otters hold hands when they sleep so they don't drift away from each other.
 - Otters wrap themselves in seaweed and as many as 100 otters can be wrapped in seaweed, which is called an otter raft.
 - Are you kidding me?! Otters are the cutest animals on the planet and I will not be convinced otherwise.
- A cat spends two-thirds of its life sleeping.
 - I can attest to this, I don't know what my cats are so tired from every day, but they always are!
- Whales and dolphins fall half asleep. Each side of their brain takes a turn so they can come up for air.
- Elephants sleep less than any animal.
- They sleep for about three hours a day and only go into REM every three to four days.
- Koalas sleep 18-22 hours a day.
- Ants take one-minute naps a bunch of times a day to equal 4-5 hours a day. The queen will sleep up to 9 hours per day.

Hopefully, you're not struggling with sleep, but if you are, I hope this helped at least a little bit! If you don't struggle with sleep, I hope you enjoyed the animal facts.

Wasa Lions Grounds Rentals

Contact Person:

Danielle @ 778.877.2201

The **Wasa Recreation Society** manages the Wasa Community Hall. The main objective is to have a Community Hall that is viable for events & recreation of the community. Thru fund-raising, volunteering & rentals, we're able to have an economical community hall for our community. The Recreation Society meets the last Tuesday of each month at 7:00 p.m., in the basement. The meetings are open for anyone wanting to attend with new ideas or becoming part of the Society committee.

- **Hall Rentals & Information:**

Karen Markus 250.422.3514

- **Gym:**

Sonia Blackwell 50.421.3019

or Rod 250.422.3253

- **TOPS:**

Nicky Popowich (250) 422-9248

or Sonia Blackwell (250) 421-3019

- **Quilter's Club:**

Gayle Andrews 250-422-3095

*All in calmness - the earth with half open eyes,
moves into winter.*

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Box 181 Wasa, BC V0B 2K0

It Began in a Manger

Curious, this royal throne room. No tapestries covering the windows. No velvet garments on the courtesans. And, instead of a golden scepter, the king holds a crudely whittled olive-wood rattle.

Curious, the sounds in the court. Cows munching, hooves crunching, a mother humming, a babe nursing.

It could have begun anywhere, the story of the king. But, curiously, it began in a manger. Step into the doorway, peek through the window.

He is here!

The Arrival

The noise and the bustle began earlier than usual in the village. As night gave way to dawn, people were already on the streets. Vendors were positioning themselves on the corners of the most heavily traveled avenues. Store owners were unlocking the doors to their shops. Children were awakened by the excited barking of the street dogs and the complaints of donkeys pulling carts.

The owner of the inn had awakened earlier than most in the town. After all, the inn was full, all the beds taken. Every available mat or blanket had been put to use. Soon all the customers would be stirring and there would be a lot of work to do.

One's imagination is kindled thinking about the conversation of the innkeeper and his family at the breakfast table. Did anyone mention the arrival of the young couple the night before? Did anyone comment on the pregnancy of the girl on the donkey? Perhaps. Perhaps someone raised the subject. But, at best, it was raised, not discussed. There was nothing that novel about them. They were, possibly, one of several families turned away that night.

Besides, who had time to talk about them when there was so much excitement in the air? Augustus did the economy of Bethlehem a favor when he decreed that a census should be taken. Who could remember when such commerce had hit the village?

No, it is doubtful that anyone mentioned the couple's arrival or wondered about the condition of the girl. They were too busy. The day was upon them. The day's bread had to be made. The morning's chores had to be done. There was too much to do to imagine that the impossible had occurred.

God had entered the world as a baby.

Yet, were someone to chance upon the sheep stable on the outskirts of Bethlehem that morning, what a peculiar scene they would behold. The stable stinks like all stables do. The stench of urine, dung, and sheep reeks pungently in the air. The ground is hard, the hay scarce. Cobwebs cling to the ceiling and a mouse scurries across the dirt floor. A more lowly place of birth could not exist.

Off to one side sit a group of shepherds. They sit silently on the floor, perhaps perplexed, perhaps in awe, no doubt in amazement. Their night watch had been interrupted by an explosion of light from heaven and a symphony of angels. God goes to those who have time to hear him—so on this cloudless night he went to simple shepherds.

Near the young mother sits the weary father. If anyone is dozing, he is. He can't remember the last time he sat down. And now that the excitement has subsided a bit, now that Mary and the baby are comfortable, he leans against the wall of the stable and feels his eyes grow heavy. He still hasn't figured it all out. The mystery of the event still puzzles him. But he hasn't the energy to wrestle with the questions. What's important is that the baby is fine and that Mary is safe. As sleep comes, he remembers the name the angel told him to use . . . Jesus. "We will call him Jesus."

Wide awake is Mary. My, how young she looks! Her head rests on the soft leather of Joseph's saddle. The pain has been eclipsed by wonder. She looks into the face of the baby. Her son. Her Lord. His Majesty. At this point in history, the human being who best understands who God is and what he is doing is a teenage girl in a smelly stable. She can't take her eyes off him. Somehow Mary knows she is holding God. So this is he. She remembers the words of the angel,

"His kingdom will never end."

He looks anything but a king. His face is prunish and red. His cry, though strong and healthy, is still the helpless and piercing cry of a baby. And he is absolutely dependent upon Mary for his well-being.

Majesty in the midst of the mundane. Holiness in the filth of sheep manure and sweat. Divinity entering the world on the floor of a stable, through the womb of a teenager and in the presence of a carpenter.

She touches the face of the infant-God. How long was your journey! This baby had overlooked the universe. These rags keeping him warm were the robes of eternity. His golden throne room had been abandoned in favor

of a dirty sheep pen. And worshiping angels had been replaced with kind but bewildered shepherds. Meanwhile, the city hums. The merchants are unaware that God has visited their planet. The innkeeper would never believe that he had just sent God into the cold. And the people would scoff at anyone who told them the Messiah lay in the arms of a teenager on the outskirts of their village. They were all too busy to consider the possibility.

Those who missed His Majesty's arrival that night missed it not because of evil acts or malice; no, they missed it because they simply weren't looking. Little has changed in the last two thousand years, has it?

"Just a Moment"

It all happened in a moment, a most remarkable moment. As moments go, that one appeared no different than any other. If you could somehow pick it up off the timeline and examine it, it would look exactly like the ones that have passed while you have read these words. It came and it went. It was preceded and succeeded by others just like it. It was one of the countless moments that have marked time since eternity became measurable.

But in reality, that particular moment was like none other. For through that segment of time a spectacular thing occurred. God became a man. While the creatures of earth walked unaware, Divinity arrived. Heaven opened herself and placed her most precious one in a human womb.

The Omnipotent, in one instant, made himself breakable. He who had been spirit became pierceable. He who was larger than the universe became an embryo. And he who sustains the world with a word chose to be dependent upon the nourishment of a young girl.

God as a fetus. Holiness sleeping in a womb. The creator of life being created. God was given eyebrows, elbows, two kidneys, and a spleen. He stretched against the walls and floated in the amniotic fluids of his mother.

God had come near. He came, not as a flash of light or as an unapproachable conqueror, but as one whose first cries were heard by a peasant girl and a sleepy carpenter. The hands that first held him were unmanicured, calloused, and dirty.

No silk. No ivory. No hype. No party. No hoopla.

Were it not for the shepherds, there would have been no reception. And were it not for a group of stargazers, there would have been no gifts. Angels watched as Mary changed God's diaper. The universe watched with wonder as The Almighty learned to walk. Children played in the street with him. And had the synagogue leader in Nazareth known who was listening to his sermons...

Jesus may have had pimples. He may have been tone-deaf. Perhaps a girl down the street had a crush on him or vice versa. It could be that his knees were bony. One thing's for sure: He was, while completely divine, completely human. For thirty-three years he would feel everything you and I have ever felt. He felt weak. He grew weary. He was afraid of failure. He was susceptible to wooing women. He got colds, burped, and had body odor. His feelings got hurt. His feet got tired. And his head ached.

To think of Jesus in such a light is—well, it seems almost irreverent, doesn't it? It's not something we like to do; it's uncomfortable. It is much easier to keep the humanity out of the incarnation. Clean the manure from around the manger. Wipe the sweat out of his eyes. Pretend he never snored or blew his nose or hit his thumb with a hammer. He's easier to stomach that way. There is something about keeping him divine that keeps him distant, packaged, predictable.

But don't do it. For heaven's sake, don't. Let him be as human as he intended to be. Let him into the mire and muck of our world. For only if we let him in can he pull us out.

Listen to him.

"Love your neighbor" was spoken by a man whose neighbors tried to kill him.

The challenge to leave family for the gospel was issued by one who kissed his mother goodbye in the doorway.

"Pray for those who persecute you" came from the lips that would soon be begging God to forgive his murderers.

"I am with you always" are the words of a God who in one instant did the impossible to make it all possible for you and me.

It all happened in a moment. In one moment...a most remarkable moment. The Word became flesh.

There will be another. The world will see another instantaneous transformation. You see, in becoming man, God made it possible for man to see God. When Jesus went home he left the back door open. As a result, "we will all be changed—in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye."

The first moment of transformation went unnoticed by the world. But you can bet your sweet September that the second one won't. The next time you use the phrase "just a moment," ...remember that's all the time it will take to change this world.

<https://maxlucado.com/it-began-in-a-manger-christmas>

IMPORTANT INFORMATION - PLEASE READ!!!

Date: October 24, 2025

URGENT SAFETY BULLETIN

Under-age Operators and Forest Service Roads (FSRs)

Dear Club Presidents and Executives,

It has come to the attention of the ATVBC Safety Committee that we are receiving an increasing number of complaints regarding minors operating ATVs on active Forest Service Roads (FSRs). This letter serves as an urgent reminder of the B.C. laws governing youth operators to ensure the safety of all riders, the public, and other resource users. This is a critical safety and liability issue for our individual clubs and our provincial association.

The rules for operating an ORV are divided by two separate pieces of legislation, and the rules change depending on where you are riding.

1. The Law: Operating on Forest Service Roads (MVA)

This is the area of greatest concern and where the complaints are originating. It is crucial to understand that under the B.C. Motor Vehicle Act (MVA), Forest Service Roads are legally defined as 'highways'.

Therefore, the following rules are absolute: Any person operating an ATV on an FSR must be at least 16 years old AND hold a valid driver's license (at minimum, a Class 7L Learner's Permit).

The operator must carry a minimum of \$200,000 in third-party liability insurance for FSR use.

The ORV must be registered and display the proper plate/decal.

An approved helmet must be worn.

To be perfectly clear: Adult supervision does not legally permit a minor (under 16) to operate an ORV on a Forest Service Road.

2. Permitted Riding Areas for Minors (Under 16) (ORVA)

The rules for minors are different only when riding on designated Crown Land trails and other areas that are not FSRs or highways. In these designated off-road areas, the Off-Road Vehicle Act (ORVA) applies. Under the ORVA, a minor (under 16) is permitted to ride, provided they adhere to all of the following conditions:

Direct Supervision: The minor must be supervised by a competent adult (19 years or older).

Age-Appropriate Machine: The minor must be operating an ATV that is appropriate for their age, size, and weight, as specified by the manufacturer's safety recommendations.

No Passengers: A minor operator is not permitted to carry a passenger, and carry ID: Operators aged 12 and older must carry government-issued photo ID (e.g., BC Services Card).

Future ATVBC Youth Training Program

On a related note, please assure your members that the ATVBC Board understands the desire for more youth riding opportunities. The Safety Committee is currently developing an alternate training program specifically for minor operators. This program will follow a very similar structure to the adult CSC training that we currently offer, adapted for younger riders. Key areas of focus will include: comprehensive pre-ride inspections, safe riding strategies, how to read terrain, and practical, hands-on maneuvers such as climbing, descending, and safely crossing obstacles. Once this new curriculum is finalized and ready to launch, we plan to offer it alongside the adult CSC training at all future ATVBC events. We will be rolling out more information on this new program soon.

Summary & Call to Action

Can a Minor (Under 16 years of age) Ride?

Minors under 16 cannot ride on an active Forest Service Road (FSR) as per the Motor Vehicle Act.

Minors over the age of 12 and under 16 can ride on Designated Trails on Crown Land as per the Off-Road Vehicle Act.

Minors over the age 12 must carry valid government issued ID.

Minors over the age of 12 can ride with adult supervision and on an age-appropriate machine.

We kindly request that you immediately distribute this safety bulletin to all your club members through your newsletters, social media channels, and at your next club meeting.

Emphasizing this distinction is vital for preventing a serious incident, protecting our members from fines, and ensuring our continued privilege to ride on Crown land.

Thank you for your immediate attention to this critical safety matter.

Sincerely,

Padraig Tedford 2nd Vice President Safety Committee Chair, ATVBC

12 - ISSUE 287 - December 2025 - TRI-VILLAGE BUZZ

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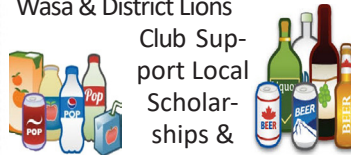
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Ever notice how we call it "wildlife invading our neighborhoods" instead of "humans destroying theirs"? We've gotten so used to concrete and convenience that we forget who was here first.

Every patch of grass was once a meadow.

Every cul-de-sac was once a forest full of life — foxes raising kits, owls hunting in the dark, raccoons teaching their young which berries were safe to eat.

And every time we bulldoze, spray, mow, or light up another acre, we erase a home that someone else de-

pends on. Then we act surprised when they wander through ours. A deer in the road. A raccoon by the trash can. A hawk perched on a telephone pole.

But they're not lost — they're adapting. They're doing what they've always done: surviving.

Maybe instead of calling them pests, we can start calling them neighbors.

Maybe we can plant native shrubs instead of imported ornamentals. Maybe we can leave a pile of leaves at the base of a tree instead of bagging it up.

Maybe we can remember that balance isn't found in control — it's found in coexistence.



SUDOKU

answer on page 18

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RDEK NEWS

RDEK NEWS



By Area E Director Jane Walter

The RDEK is still working on the Accessory Dwelling bylaw. We will be having one more activity at Wasa on November 27, from 4 to 6.

If you have any questions you can call the RDEK and they will answer your questions. You can also call me at 250-427-2577.

The RDEK is also looking into using a drone for spreading the mosquito treatment. This would decrease the cost for the Mosquito treatment.

It is hard to believe that the year is coming to a close. Time seems to fly by so very quickly.

I have made the decision that I will not be running for a Director next year, so if any one wants any information about the Directors role Please give me a call.

The Lions Christmas dance and supper is on December 6. Winterfest will be on December 28.

I hope that everyone can come out and visit with friends and enjoy the Bannock.

I hope everyone has a great month.

Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for 2026.



Jane Walter

250-427-2577

s.janewalter@gmail.com



Tips for Holiday Safety

- When buying a real tree, make sure it's fresh (you can tell if the needles are hard to pull off). Water the tree daily once you bring it indoors for decorating.
- Place the tree away from high traffic areas and doorways. Make sure the tree is well-secured in a sturdy stand.
- Place the tree away from heating vents, radiators, stoves, fireplaces and burning candles.
- Keep metal, sharp or breakable tree ornaments with small removable parts away from young children.
- Use lights that have the mark of an accredited certification agency such as CSA, CUL or cETL. Check the Healthy Canadians Recalls and Safety Alerts Database before buying or using lights to find out about the latest recalls.
- Never run electrical cords and extension cords through or across doorways where they may be pinched or trip someone, or under carpets where they can be damaged or overheat.
- Avoid plugging too many lights and decorations into an outlet. Overloaded circuits can overheat and start a fire.

<https://www.canada.ca/en/health-canada/services/home-safety/tips-holiday-safety.html>

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What Brought Me to Wasa, and Why I Stayed

continued from November issue

by Rhonda Berger

As I was getting ready for our second date, I was a little apprehensive. This man has a BA/MA in political science. Politics, science and I don't see eye to eye... AT ALL! If it were for my intellectual conversation regarding that, he wouldn't have called back, and he did.

So, gazing at myself in the mirror, I wondered what he saw in me.

I stared until I saw ... I saw me through his eyes. What a novel expression..(--experience?)

Another new experience for me was going without makeup. Since I was about 16, I rarely went a day without it, so I was deciding whether or not to do it. After much deliberation, I chose to go without.

He'd met me with a naked face, and so it wasn't going to be a shock to him. Talk about hurdles! That was a scary jump!!

We had planned to go to the Arts Center in Kimberly for a slide show on India, and I had a trip planned to go there in Sept, so I was excited to see what I was in for. In more ways than one!

It was a cold and blustery night, and Emma would have to wait in the car again, so we decided to for-go the slide show and stay in. We read to each other. Out of our journals! I thought going without makeup was hard. There's something pretty intimate about sharing our innermost and private thoughts with another. WOW!!

A year ago, I wrote a list of what I wanted in a man. I pulled it out to see how many boxes this guy checked off. On it I wrote, is aligned. I wondered what I meant by that. Chakras aligned? Aligned with the universe? I didn't know, and was going to cross it out, but it sounded right, for some reason. Oh! You can imagine my surprise, when I realized we met under the stars, the night the planets aligned!!

It was meant to be!!

So that's my story on "What Brought Me To Wasa, and Why I Stayed", and I'm sticking to it.





**Wasa & District
Lions Club**

CHRISTMAS

Light Up

Drive our beautiful community
and enjoy the Christmas lights on
display.

December 21, 2025 6-8pm.

Prizes to be won!



A Christmas Carol When Love Opens the Doors to the Invisible: The Puppy from a Christmas Dream

For our last article of the year, here is a tale inspired by a broken heart, a quiet miracle, and a wish that even reason could not prevent. Because the Magic of Christmas cannot be proven... it can only be recognized. Sometimes, Christmas magic doesn't descend on the streets, or in shop windows, or even in songs. It descends where no one is looking: deep in a heart that has stopped hoping.



Elise wasn't expecting anything this year. Still devastated by the loss of her gentle dog, the silence of her house seemed too vast. Christmas, once so warm, now seemed unreal, almost cruel. One evening in December, in a moment of sorrow stronger than reason, she took a piece of paper and wrote to Santa Claus. Not to ask for a gift, no, but to attempt the impossible.

"Santa, if you exist... and if somewhere souls continue on their journey... allow my dog's soul to return in another body. Not to defy life, but because I loved him."

The words trembled, too heavy to bear. Ashamed, afraid she had

dared ask too much, she crumpled up the letter and threw it in the trash without signing it. (That's how prayers we think are unworthy of being heard are erased.)

At the same time, in the North Pole, far from preconceived notions and postcards, the elves of the Unfinished Wishes Department prepared to embark on their travels around the world. Their mission was simple: to collect Christmas wishes that had not been asked for, what people had wanted to wish for but didn't dare ask, abandoned letters, torn confessions, and crumpled dreams. On arriving in Elise's home, Elf Lior unfolded her letter. It wasn't really a wish; it was a sigh from the heart. He immediately took it to Santa Claus, who remained silent for a long time as he read the letter. He then said softly, *"Some prayers don't ask for a miracle. They ask that love not be lost. Those prayers deserve an answer."*

That night, Elise had a dream. She was walking through a workshop of glowing snow where toys breathed without being alive. Santa Claus stood waiting for her in the middle of a circle of twinkling lights. Without a word, he handed her a small, unfinished, fragile white stuffed puppy. *"Elves know how to create wonder,"* he said, *"but only humans can express love."* As Elise hugged the stuffed animal to her chest, something stirred beneath her fingers. The fabric grew warm, a heart began to beat, and a light breath lifted the fur. The puppy blinked its eyes, alive. Its forehead gently touched hers, just as it had done before. Then everything faded away.

In the morning, Elise woke up with a heavy heart and empty hands. A dream, she thought, just a dream

born of longing.

At that moment, her phone vibrated. A close friend, her voice hesitant, said, *"I wasn't sure if I should tell you... but there's a little puppy looking for a family. I think he's meant for you. Would you like to come and see him today?"* Later that day, Christmas Day, when Elise entered her friend's home, the puppy gently raised its head. The look in his eyes, the tilt of his muzzle, the way he waited, confident, without impatience... it was all there.

One could have sought explanations, analyzed every detail, tried to make sense of the miracle. But some moments don't need to be understood... only welcomed. Elise knelt down in wonderment, the puppy rushed joyously toward her, their foreheads touched, exactly like the dream: it was just like before, like it had always been. Then, quietly, she whispered: *"I recognize you, thank you for coming back. Thank you for staying close to me."*

* * *

It is often believed that the Magic of Christmas lights up the world, when in fact it mainly illuminates what the heart no longer dares to hope for. The Magic of Christmas is not about bringing back what is gone but about bringing back what was loved. And when love is true, even a wish thrown in the trash finds its way to the stars.

Merry Christmas to everyone and may all good things be granted to you.

With love and blessings in the Supreme Lord!

OM OM OM

Venerable Gurudev Hamsah Nandatha





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from all of the WLLTD Board Members

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- Have fun and be safe!



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Rod at 250.422.3253



Let's get the most out of our gym. If a group of at least 3 people are interested in using the gym other than Mon-Wed-Fri 8-9 am, when a group already goes, or evenings, & willing to commit for at least 3 months, contact Sonia with the time & she will arrange a key & let others know the time for more to be able to go too.

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December 2025

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1	2 Wasa Lion's Mtg 7 pm	3	4 INTERNATIONAL CHEETAH DAY 	5 	6
7 Church 10:30 am	8  Toilet Paper Appreciation Day	9	10	11	12	13 
14 Church 10:30 am	15	16 Wasa Lion's Mtg 7 pm	17 Wasa Coffee Social 1-3 pm	18	19  Look For An Evergreen Day December 19th wasalions.com	20 
21 Church 10:30 am	22	23	24 It's Christmas, Eve! 	25 	26	27 
28 Church 10:30 am	29	30	31 			

*To appreciate the beauty of a
snowflake, it is necessary to
stand out in the cold
Aristotle*



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January 2026

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
				1 	2	3 
4 Church 10:30 am	5	6 Wasa Lion's Mtg 7 pm	7 	8	9	10 
11 Church 10:30 am	12 	13	14 WLLID Mtg 7 pm	15 February submissions due!	16	17
18 Church 10:30 am 	19	20 Wasa Lion's Mtg 7 pm	21 Wasa Coffee Social 1-3 pm	22	23	24 
25 Church 10:30 am	26 	27	28	29 	30	31

LEGEND

Church Service 10:30 a.m. Lions 7 p.m.
Quilters 10 - 4 Tops; wednesday 9 a.m.
Lion's meetings 1st & 3rd Tuesday of every month



**SPECIAL
EVENTS**

and Days Down the Road

- TOPS every Wednesday morning at the Wasa Hall. Weigh in at 9 - 9:30 AM - mtg 9:30 to 10:30
- Pickleball - every Monday & Wednesday 9 - 12, in the Community Hall
- Next WLLID Board mtg in January



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