

320 words, column #35
Java Talk
(for December 20 to January 2, 2008)

Every Age Is The Best Age

Sluicing the Pay Dirt

This time of year is fraught with extremes. For some of us, being busy, and spending a lot, and eating too much, is the understatement; as is how much we are looking forward to finally get some rest, see where we are now, and reflect on our future prospects.

The title for this article is meant to be a metaphor about letting go of the old year, and separating what we want to keep from what we don't, as we enter the new year. I discovered the nugget in an e-mail from my mentor who lives up in the Yukon. It's the way some Klondike gold miners talk.

Meanwhile, around here, it still seems some people think that even asking anyone what they got for Christmas, or what Christmas means to them, are "politically incorrect" questions. To me, Christmas has infinite meanings, and I love to reflect on these mint conditions, even to throw light on the coming year. And when I tally all that I've received each year, my lists are filled with perfect gifts that could never be wrapped and that didn't necessarily arrive on December 25th. And there's no reason for them to not last forever and still be environmentally friendly. But now I am digressing.

I'd like to send special thanks to my long ago Canadian History professor who taught us to replace the dubious demands about being politically correct with the more appropriate idea to be politically aware. By the way, www.wikipedia.org explains how the pejorative originated as a "straw dog" or "straw man" or in other words, that using the term, politically correct, is nothing more than "a rhetorical technique (also classified as a logical fallacy) based on misrepresentation of an opponent's position to discredit progressive social change."

So, I will close here, wishing everyone a happy Christmas and wonderful New Year. May you find the Mother Lode, too, whatever that means to you.

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