

*Bacon Scrapins are the little bits of meat left in the greasy fry pan. They're tasty, but the 'nutrition' sometimes needs searching for. This tale is a bacon scrapin.*

## **'Twas The Week Before Christmas – 2024**

With apologies to Clayton Moore.

'Twas the week before Christmas, in Castle Kilbride,  
The creatures were all huddled-up cozy inside;  
Four-ty-five scribb-lers were planning with care;  
Know- ing that bud-get time soon would be there.

The statues have quickly been dug from their beds,  
Hi-d-den away in some cold stor-age shed;  
So, LUR-A was hired to connect with the folks,  
To see if sug-ges-tions, pos-i-tive, evoke.

When out in the press there arose such a clatter,  
It seemed that the farmers still didn't matter?  
Away to the lines went tractors and wagons,  
Vocal pro-test-ors their signs they were draggin'.

The sun on the breast of the new fallen snow,  
Showed Alfred of Lowrick still leading the flow;  
When what to Ms. Redman's weary eyes did appear,  
But Trump saying Canada - will soon disappear.

With Clark at the helm, so lively and quick,  
Defining the terms of debate quite the trick.  
Now Council must beg for permission to talk,  
With ci-ti-zens - questions, all answers be balked.

"Common ground has been found, trust issues all drained,  
I'm ready to lead us!" they proudly proclaimed.  
"The citizens' tax bills, soon out they will go, (and)  
We'll build us an ed-i-fice, no staff in the snow."

We lifted our heads, and were looking around,  
To see if a way, for in-put, be found;  
The rules of procedure restricting one's say,  
It's easier to mumble and just stay away.

The roads are all plowed, and drive-ways all filled,  
Shovelling exercise, residents are thrilled  
To get out and chat with a neigh-bour unseen,  
Since the clouds of our win-ter rolled over the scene.

Kaitlin took off-ice to en-thused applause – we'll  
See how she runs it, is she really the Bos?  
How-ie pushed hard for small spa-ces placement,  
He wanted his kids, out quick from his basement.

Olga takes 5 bucks, receipt with a smile,  
For each FOI re-quest form that you file.  
E-laine is the face of this place - so ten-der,  
A Bender, call sender, surr-ender, be-friend 'er.

The guy was too big, to confine to this place,  
They needed a station in which he could grace,  
Us all with safe homes, through ev-er-y season,  
Three stations, one man, it's gotta be Leeson.

We hear of the re-serve, that fund it is empty,  
Just give up some o-ther, then soon we'll have plenty,  
But give up 2 million in charges ain't dandy;  
Take back a made promise, so others get candy?

As dry leaves be-fore the wild hurr-i-canes fly,  
December's grey clouds force our eyes to the sky;  
With some folks a-mazed, dri-vel by the doz-en,  
Ward 2 sends its "Thanks!", to Kris Wil-kin-son.

And then in a twinkling I heard at the table.  
The pounding of gavel, the meeting's enabled;  
Na-tasha she's pushing for only the facts,  
But getting straight info's like herding 12 cats.

This del-e-gate clo-ses this tale at Road Sny-der,  
With wi-shes for peace, and a New Year that's wiser;  
But let us exclaim, 'ere we drive out of sight,  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

We live in a diverse community. Not all of us have cultural ties to Christmas.

I'd like to send, to all of my fellow Wilmot citizens, my wishes for cohesion and solidarity - as we seek ways to have our voices heard, not just by Council, and its hired administration staff, but also by each other. The community consultations for the PMP project may help that journey.

Seasons' greetings to those who, at this time of year, celebrate:

Hanukkah

Kwanzaa (kwaan'-zuh)

Bodhi

Yule

Sahibzade (sawhib-zawda)

And others I'm not aware of.

But let me exclaim, 'ere I walk off this site,  
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

I'll send Kaitlin a copy for inclusion in the official minutes.

It'll also be another Bacon Scrapin posted on [www.thisiswilmot.ca](http://www.thisiswilmot.ca)