

Lifestyle

THE DAILY HOME, Sunday, August 28, 2011 — 4A



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What a regatta!

Ho, ho, ho!

It's about this time of year I start saying it and dreading it.

"You know, it'll be Christmas before we know it."

And it will. My announcement always comes true.

For me, it's always too much to do, too little time, and too little interest.

I can't stay caught up as it is.

The bad part is, as some of you know, I am married to none other than Santa.

And that whole thing just sort of winds me out, always has.

There's not one single picture of me with Santa Claus when I was a kid. I hated him and would run screaming any time anyone tried to make me get near him.

The same went for anyone in some kind of "unfit" or being their normal selves. It didn't matter if it was Disney Land or some kind of mascot. I would have none of them.

Mimes are a special dislike, but I'm really talking about Christmas here, so never mind them for now. They deserve their own column, anyway.

So back to Christmas. It will probably happen at our house; there's not much you can do when Santa lives there.

The first thing I'll ask is can we forgo the south of the borderish neon Christmas lights. Gruffy got a couple of years ago.

I'll have to do any decorating. I prefer a traditional approach, not one that makes me think of cafes and sipping gigantic margaritas wearing sombreros somewhere out in the sweltering sun.

Not that there's anything wrong with that, it's just not a Christmas custom for me.

Why not just get a great big cactus for a Christmas tree, 100? Bet the cats would have a good time with that.

Sorry, I got carried away with the imagery there.

The next thing I would ask is not to do a traditional Christmas dinner.

Like a simpler approach, usually a one dish kind of thing, there's a gumbo like recipe I like to make.

A real Christmas dinner means loads of pots and pans and days of cooking to the point that it's barely enjoyable.

My dislike for Christmas probably has a lot to do with the type work I've always done not being conducive to being off work for a reasonable time to do everything.

In college, it was hotels and restaurants, and now, it's newspapers.

Neither usually shuts down for holidays, although we do get Christmas Eve off here.

I do have a little bit of a jump on this year, though. Against Gruffy's wishes, and I still don't know why he had a problem with it, I shaved the Christmas tree, decorations and all, into a spare room.

All we have to do is drag it back out, that is, if I'm forced to.

That reminds me of the year I got so fed up I threw a Christmas tree out the front door and down the steps, lights and all.

Well, I was about 25 years younger, and my feistiness has downgraded through the years. Call it a lack of interest, I suppose, or just getting tired of getting all fiked up over much of anything.

Well, anyway, here it comes, y'all.

In a matter of just weeks,



Things can get a little a little close out on the lake when the boats take off.

Cardboard boats take over Lakeside Park

Pirates and people in tropical dress, young people and old alike, there was plenty of festivity with the 2011 Float Yer Boat Regatta at Pell City's Lakeside Park Saturday. Hosted by the Pell City Civilians, the event is a fundraiser for Toys for Christmas for the group. Hundreds turned out to cheer on the dozens of boats made solely of cardboard and duct tape...ane more duct tape. As always, there were those who took a dip during the races.



Photos by Brian Schoenhals

