

Miller's Musings

About 15 years ago, my grandson said he couldn't read my handwriting. He is 23 now and he still has difficulty but is getting better. Granted, I may not have the best handwriting, but it's legible. I realized then that he couldn't read cursive. Well, I'm not going to change to block printing or type all birthday cards on the computer so he can understand them. I still like the personal touch that a hand-written card presents.

Cursive writing is not emphasized in elementary school anymore, especially in the upper grades. How do doctors learn their prescription writing form?!? That's not the point here, but they must have learned it somewhere!

Cursive writing is a lost "art". Maybe it's not even an art. An article in the Journal of Academic Therapy stated that writing words in a continuous fashion promotes an understanding of complete words better than writing separate letters. Writing notes by hand is preferable to typing because, when we write, we have to be more selective and the brain has to process information enough to write down. Cursive may help improve motor control, too. It will also make you a better speller yourself. These were all conclusions from the article.

Who knows, it may improve your penmanship and make your writing more expressive. Your signature is yours and yours alone, as far as we know.

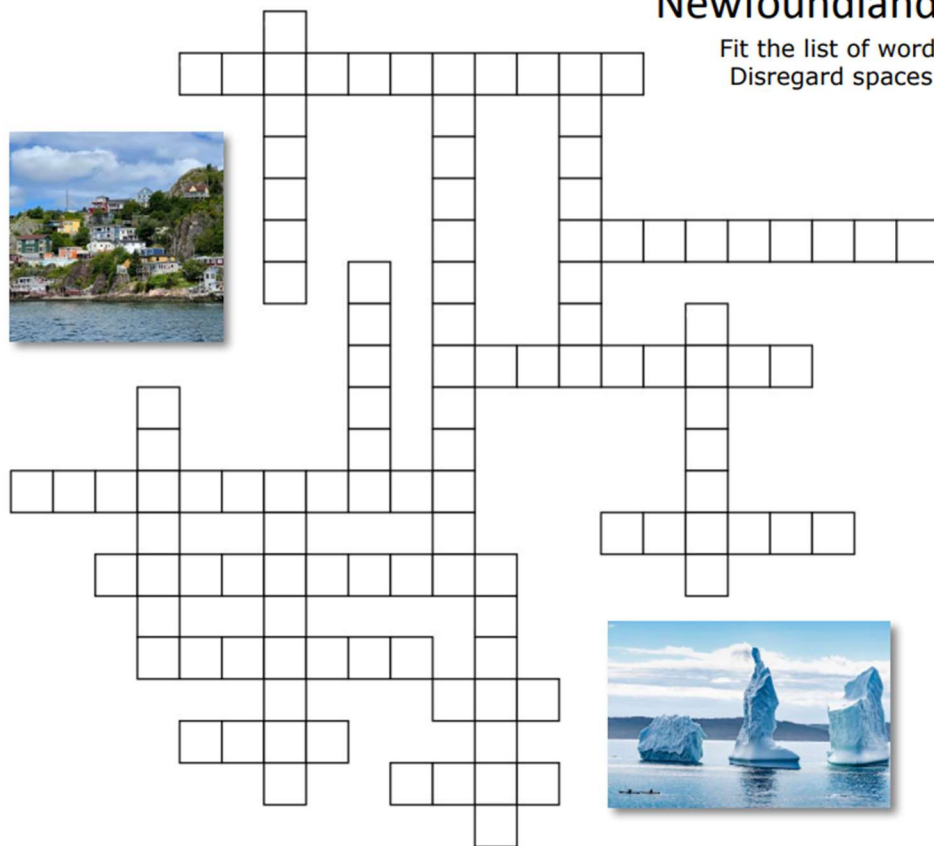
Keep writing!

P.S. My grandson has gotten a lot better at reading my handwriting!



Newfoundland and Labrador

Fit the list of words into the puzzle.
Disregard spaces between words.



COD
DOGS
PONY
GANDER
WHALES
POUTINE
PUFFINS
SCREECH
ST. JOHN'S
VIKINGS
ICEBERGS
TRAWLING
DOUGHBOYS
LABRADORS
WILDERNESS
LEIF ERIKSON
TWILLINGATE
NEWFOUNDLANDS

Baiba's Babble



Happy New Year!

I always looked forward to New Year's Eve. As children, my sister and I would go with our parents to friends' homes to enjoy festivities, eat great food, spend time with our friends, and stay up way past midnight.

One activity that was a tradition and enjoyed by young and old was divination. It is a variation on fortune telling. My father would melt lead or zinc in a ladle, hand it to us kids and we would pour it into a bucket of ice water. It would harden immediately. Whatever form the molten substance would take was the direction of one's life for the New Year. Each little hole or crevice had a story to tell. There was always a creative lady who could see all sorts of things in that hardened piece of metal.

As I grew older, I looked forward to going to parties, dances and night clubs and to dance the night away with abandon. The music, noise and crowd added to the excitement and merriment.

Two years into my Chicago adventure, the teacher I taught school with invited me to spend Thanksgiving with him. I was reticent because I wanted to go back to Michigan to be with my parents, sister and relatives. Fortunately, or unfortunately, the weather did not cooperate with me. I was unable to drive to Michigan because of a severe winter storm descended on Chicago and the Midwest. So, I spent Thanksgiving with him. We had a long weekend ahead before school started again on Monday. He wanted to look at new ski equipment, so we hit all the ski shops on Chicago's north shore. I was interested in the latest ski equipment as well because I had been skiing for many years and the only thing I owned was a pair of old ski boots. I tried on the latest "comfortable" ski boots, looked at bindings, skis and poles and ski clothes.

Christmas was around the corner, and he invited me again to his house. On Christmas morning he brought out a big burlap bag tied up with a large red ribbon. Inside that bag was a pair of skis with bindings, ski boots, poles and a lovely sweater.

"Happy Hanukkah, Baby," he said. "I want you to go skiing with me over New Years."

And so, I kicked off my dancing shoes and put on a pair of ski boots. We spent many memorable and exhilarating years of skiing on New Years.



KEYSTONE HOLIDAYS!

