

BOOK AGAIN

NEWSLETTER

November/December 2005

May this Christmas Season bring you Peace, Happiness and Good Books!

Our Holiday Gift to You!
 During the month of December, Book Again will pay the sales tax on all Gift Certificates!
 And with every \$50 purchase, you receive a free Book Again Book Bag!

And join us in December for a very special
HALF-OFF CHRISTMAS SALE!
 One weekend only – Friday, Saturday & Sunday
 December 9th, 10th and 11th
 All books inside the store will be
 HALF-OFF our already low prices!

Sheryl's News

It is time to give thanks and I have so much to be thankful for this year. I am especially thankful to be able to enjoy my time at Book Again. I can't imagine a better retirement than my involvement at this bookstore!

Thanks to the help and friendships of Diana, Barbara, Carol and Arly and also to my sons for their contributions. Special thanks to each of you for your continued support of Book Again and for the many ways you brighten our days.

October's Sale was a great success and we are working now to replenish our stock, especially the recent fiction.

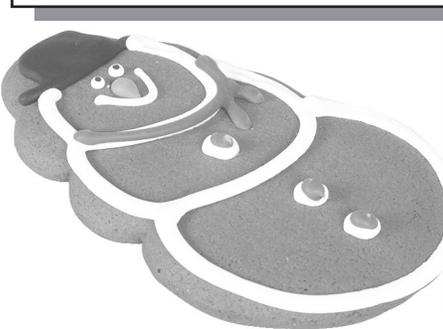
—Sheryl

Darlene's Pecan Sweet Potatoes

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|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| ◆ 6 medium yams | ◆ 1 tsp. salt |
| ◆ 2 eggs, beaten | ◆ 1 tsp. vanilla |
| ◆ ¼ C heavy cream | ◆ ¾ C chopped pecans, divided |
| ◆ ½ tsp. cinnamon | ◆ ½ Pinch of salt |
| ◆ ½ C unsalted butter, melted | ◆ ½ Pinch of salt |

Toast pecans. Reserve 1/4 C.
 Bake yams until soft.
 When cool enough to handle, mash and add remaining ingredients.
 Put in casserole and sprinkle with reserved pecans. **
 Bake at 350 for 30 min. or until heated through.
 Serves 10-12

**Dish may be made 1 day ahead and refrigerated. Bring to room temperature before baking.



BOOKS WANTED

- ✓ Classics in good condition
- ✓ Elm Creek Novels by Jennifer Chiaverini
- ✓ books by Wilbur Smith
- ✓ popular General Fiction within 6 months of publication



Detectives for Barbara

I have some of our customers at Book Again to thank for several hours of great reading. Based on their recommendations, I have found three authors that I really enjoy:

■ **James Patterson** has written dozens of books, but I enjoy his series about Alex Cross, a Washington D.C. Detective, the most.

■ The series of books featuring Harry Bosch, a rather unorthodox L.A.P.D. detective, are my favorite **Michael**

Connelly books, although he has written many other great books as well.

■ **Stuart Woods** has written a series of books featuring Stone Barrington, former detective, now attorney/investigator, that are also very good.

As you can see I like reading novels featuring police detectives. I always find it fun to start with the first book in the series and read them all in order. If you enjoy this type of fiction, I would recommend any of these authors.

⊗ Christmas Tree...

by Joe Nolte

As we all know, and indeed as I am almost certain to have reported in some such column at some point in time in the last twenty years, it was Martin Luther who first brought an evergreen into the house, and, decorating it, invented the Christmas Tree. This is an oft told and beloved tale, particularly beloved, one assumes, among Lutherans and Germans. Having both in my background, I would naturally hesitate to cast any aspersions on the story.

However, truth and folklore must out, so I must now confess that the custom of decorating trees for the holidays dates back at least to an English monk now known as Saint Boniface, who around the year 722 introduced the fir as a symbol of Christianity to the then-pagan Germans. It is a matter of public record that at least by the dawn of the 1300's the Germans had a well established tradition of bringing a large evergreen into the village square and decorating it for the season. (In the spirit of charity, one may suppose that Luther inaugurated the concept of bringing a smaller version of the thing indoors, however.)

Anyway, as we also all know, this now-German concept remained unknown to England (and, by extension, America) until the mid 1800's, when Prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria, introduced the Christmas Tree to the royal palace.

Ahem.

By the time of the American Revolution there were, of course, numerous German settlements in the New World - my own ancestors date from this period. It would in any case be odd if the tradition of the Christmas Tree had not followed these settlers to America, especially as the fir tree was so plentiful in this new land. It is at the very least a matter of public record that, at the time of the Revolution, German soldiers brought over by the English officially introduced the tradition in New Jersey.

Now, in less-than-German areas the concept was not so quick to catch on. As late as 1851, a minister in Cleveland attempted to further the charming custom by erecting a Christmas Tree inside his church. The outraged parishioners proceeded to throw both tree and minister out into the snow.

So, a lot of possible "origins" for this wonderful little Yuletide custom, and I've barely scratched the surface. For myself, however, I prefer the following legend, discovered in an old monastery in Sicily:

"And it came to pass that, when the Christ Child was born in a manger, a long procession of humble folk came to give honor to the newborn babe. And this procession was not limited to humankind, for even the animals, yes and the very trees of the forest joined the march toward Bethlehem.

"And among these trees were those who held themselves as perhaps greater than their brethren - the olive tree, the palm tree, the apple and other fruit bearing trees - for they bore in their very branches wonderful gifts to bring the Child. And at the back of this procession, very humble and not so great at all, there stood a little fir tree. All it had in its branches were thorny needles - hardly appropriate offerings. The poor fir longed to see the infant, but was pushed to the back by its self-acknowledged superiors, who did not want to embarrass the assemblage with the sight of their inferior needled cousin. And so the little fir tree remained at the back, humblest perhaps of all the humble creatures now gathered.

"And it happened that an angel was hovering nearby, and took pity on the poor fir tree, and persuaded a few stars to leave their berths in the heavens and for a time come and sit amongst the fir's boughs. The Christ Child looked up, and saw this now magnificently star-adorned tree, and smiled His first smile..."