

IF YOU THOUGHT OF YOURSELF AS A TRUE SCOT ~~AND~~ AND HAD MISSED ALL THE LOCAL COMMUNITY BURNS NIGHT SUPPERS, WHAT WOULD YOU DO? ALTHOUGH I HAD TO TURN DOWN AN INVITATION TO THE ANNUAL BURNS NIGHT SUPPER AT THE UNITED CHURCH I FELT GREATLY RELIEVED UPON LEARNING OUR OWN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH WAS PLANNING TO HONOUR THE FAMOUS BARD THIS YEAR ONLY TO FEEL GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT A SECOND TIME WHEN SOMETHING MORE PRESSING CAME UP.

HOWEVER A CAMERON NEVER GIVES UP MY FATHER CONSTANTLY REMINDS ME SO OFF I GO TO THE TOON (DUNCAN) TO PURCHASE THE ELUSIVE "GREAT CHIEFTAN O' THE PUDDIN' RAGE" A HAGGIS TO THOSE OF YOU FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS O' BONNIE SCOTLAND. AND CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? I TRIED ALL THREE SUPERMARKETS AND NO HAGGIS TO BE HAD. "WHEN IS ROBERT BURNS NIGHT?" THEY ASKED IN THE SAFEWAY. "DOESN'T EVERYONE KNOW IT'S TOMORROW?" I REPLIED "OH NO NOT TOMORROW THEY SAY, 'IF OURS DOESN'T GET HERE IN TIME WE'LL BE STUCK WITH IT' THEY TELL ME. 'WHAT DO YOU MEAN STUCK WITH IT' I ASK. 'WELL, NO ONE REALLY EATS 'DO THEY'?. 'HMPH! I SAY TAKING MY HIGHLAND PRIDE IN HAND AND STOMP OUT OF THE STORE.

I'LL BET THEY KNOW THE DATE OF THE CHINESE NEW YEAR AND IT EVEN CHANGES EACH YEAR. THEY'LL PROBABLY HAVE A WONDERFUL DISPLAY OF CHINESE FOOD-STUFFS AND MAYBE EVEN A RAFFLE AGAIN THIS YEAR. I MIGHT EVEN WIN ANOTHER CHINESE TEA SET LIKE I DID LAST YEAR. AND THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW WHEN ROBBIE BURNS DAY IS.

BUT WAIT, THERE IS AN INDEPENDENT BUTCHER JUST BEHIND THE SAFEWAY AND SURE ENOUGH, THERE THEY WERE, SITTING PROUDLY IN THAT BEUTIFUL GLASS CASE. SO HOME I COME WITH MY ELUSIVE PRIZE TO MAKE SOME HASTY ARRANGEMENTS. A PHONE CALL TO MY LITTLE SCOTTISH AUNT TO COME SHARE IT WITH ME AS MY UNKNOWNLEDGABLE HUSBAND HAS DECREED HE'LL NEVER EAT that. A TARTAN TABLE CLOTH HASTILY MADE BY SPREADING MY FAVORITE CAMERON TARTAN STOLE ACROSS

THE TABLE, A FEW SPRIGS OF HEATHER IN THE CENTRE AND THE STAGE IS SET.

NOW FOR THE ACCOMPANIMENTS. BASHED KEEPS AND CHAPPIT TATTIES OF COURSE, SOME PEAS AND PLENTY OF HOT THICK GRAVY AND THEN OF COURSE THE SMALL PORK ROAST FOR THE ONE WHO SAID HE'S SURE HE WONT LIKE THAT.

WE HAD NO PIPER TO PIPE IN THE HAGGIS BUT WE DO HAVE THE PIPES AND DRUMS ON A RECORD SO IT WOULD HAVE TO DO.

~~I DON'T KNOW THE SELKIRK GRACE AND ALL I CAN REMEMBER OF THE TOAST IS, "O GREAT CHIEFTAN O' THE PUDDIN RACE" BUT THAT WILL NEVER STAND BETWEEN ME AND MY HAGGIS. OH HOW HARD~~

BUT WHAT TO DO FOR A DIRK? I'VE HAD TO GIVE UP WEARING ONE OF COURSE. HOW CAN YOU STICK A DIRK IN A PAIR OF PANTY HOSE? BUT WAIT! THERE IS THAT ANTIQUE GURKHA KNIFE MY HUSBAND HAS IN HIS DEN. AND THE GURKHA'S, THEY WERE FEARLESS FIGHTERS WEREN'T THEY? I THINK EVEN THE CAMERON'S CAN RESPECT THAT REGIMENT.

I DON'T KNOW THE SELKIRK GRACE AND ALL I CAN REMEMBER OF THE TOAST IS, "O GREAT CHIEFTAN O' THE PUDDIN RACE" BUT THAT WILL NEVER STAND BETWEEN ME AND MY HAGGIS. OH HOW HARD IT ~~IS~~^{WAS} TO KEEP FROM GRINNING A WICKED GRIN WHEN MY SKEPTICAL HUSBAND ASKED FOR SECONDS. "HEY, THIS IS NOT BAD" HE SAYS "IN FACT IT'S DARN GOOD." EAT YOUR WORDS ROY ENGLISH. OF COURSE WE EAT IT AND REALLY LIKE IT TOO.

FINALLY WITH THAT WONDERFUL SATISFIED FEELING THAT CAN ONLY COME FROM EATING YOUR FILL OF HAGGIS WE RETIRED TO THE CHESTERFIELD TO ENJOY OUR BUTTERED OAT CAKES AND TEA TO THE STRAINS OF KENNETH M'KELLAR SINGING, 'SHOULD A BODY KISS A BODY COMMIN' ~~THRO~~ THROUGH THE RYE', FOLLOWED BY SOME LIVELY SCOTTISH COUNTRY DANCE MUSIC, TO MAKE EVEN MORE ELABORATE PLANS FOR NEXT YEAR.