

7 January 2011

Completely unprompted, and out of a deep sense of public duty, I have come up with New Year's resolutions for an assortment of people living in the City of Westmount, its suburbs, and beyond:

For Westmount real-estate agents: to stop referring to Murray Hill Park - it's called Murray Park; that is, unless you feel sovereignist - then it's King George Park.

For my stockbroker: to stop using the term "correction" in the same way a dog owner uses the word "accident."

For Dr Arthur Porter: to ensure the MUHC is not too MUCH to bear, to be a CHUM: think of the patient suffering during construction, not just the suffering patient after.

For Serge Losique: to stop wearing your baseball cap with a black-tie dinner-jacket - it makes you look absent-minded, not cool.

For verbicides: to say "I feel bad," not "I feel badly" - unless someone has sanded off your fingertips, that is. And say "I'm well," not "I'm good" when greeted - unless while entering a seminary. And, please, why have you let a grammatical term - "gender" - replace "sex"? Moreover, "kudos" is singular, "grow" is intransitive, and I'm losing patience.

For my wife: to deal with the seemingly spontaneous propagation of jars of hand cream on the nightstand, pillows on the bed, and candles around the bathtub.

For me: to make younger acquaintances; I get more news of my friends in the obituary column than in the social column.

For drivers on cell phones: to realize you do a patently miserable job of monotasking; multitasking is clearly beyond your ability.

For diners on cell phones: to understand that the people at the table next to you want you to eat your words. And choke.

For advertisers: to realize that "classic" refers to antiquity. The word has nothing to do with credit cards, soft drinks, and dental floss.

For Louise Harel: to admit that "amalgumation" was a mistake. Forced city hall marriages did not result in welded bliss.

For Premier Jean Charest: to admit the demergers amounted to one massive suburban maul. In fact, they're still a work in egress.

For Westmount recyclers: To avoid unintended airborne distribution of the contents of your blue box. Unlike at the grocery shop, put the heavy stuff on top.

For the AMT's Joel Gauthier: to continue to come up with imaginative explanations why suburban trains are late. A city de-icing truck threw sand into a switch? *Du sable dans l'engrenage?* Right.

For Westmount contract gardeners: To get rid of your polluting, noisy leaf-blowers and bring back the naked besom. (A besom, I quickly add, is a broom made with twigs.)

For students in the metro: to unsling your backpack. The nubby fabric scratches, the buckles catch, and its weight can pack the wallop of a punching bag.

For Marc Garneau and Jacques Chagnon: to realize that at least some of us know how much time you guys put in. Westmounters are well represented in both Ottawa and Quebec City.

