

2020: Predictions & prognostications

by SHERALYN ROMAN

It's that time of year when folks spend a whole bunch of time navel gazing and trying to look like they are engaged in deep, meaningful thought. Those of us with ample time and a license to print ponder such life-altering questions as: 'Why do ketchup chips exist?? (They're gross) and 'Who dressed the stars at the Golden Globes this year?? (I guarantee there are some unemployed stylists in Hollywood this week!) Presumably we do this for the edification and enjoyment of our readers and to foster discussion around the water cooler. Whether or not said reader actually wishes to be subjected to such navel gazing is an entirely different matter! That said, why should I be any different from anybody else? Therefore, without further preamble here are my thoughts on 2020.

Prediction #1: Teachers will have no choice but to go out on strike to obtain what's fair and right. I don't care what the other pundits say ? this is not about the money and even if it was, a cost of living increase is reasonable. Rather, it's about class size and resources. If integration and accommodation of students is a good thing (and it is) then we must also provide the necessary support for integration and accommodation to be successful. It's that simple and the majority of parents understand this too. Mr. Ford and Mr. Lackey (oops, I mean Lecce,) you could make this a whole lot easier by simply clawing back some of that 14% wage increase you gave your cronies and applying it to school budgets instead.

Prognostication #1: About 90% of the privileged Western world will vow to lose weight, eat healthier, purchase a gym membership, walk more, take up a new hobby etc. etc. etc. Immediately after vowing to do so (or within 2-3 weeks at best) 90% of that 90% will walk to their car, head to their local source for coffee, go through the drive thru and order an extra large, extra hot, Caramel Calorie Dense Mocha Hot Chocolate with extra whipped cream. Meanwhile some folks would be happy simply to be able to walk and others are thankful that places like The Exchange exist.

Prediction #2: Similar to my December Christmas wish list column, file this under the category of 'some things never change.' Canadian drivers will NOT remember how to drive in the snow, nor even how to clear their cars of the white stuff, every ? single ? time ? it ? snows ? this ? winter.

Prognostication #2: Doug Ford will have to look up the meaning of this word. The rest of us won't.

Prediction #3: As a failsafe, some of us might enlist Google, the font of all knowledge, to confirm the meaning of prognostication. It basically means the same as prediction ? 'the action of foretelling or prophesying future events.'

Prognostication #3: You might be predicting that someone gifted me a dictionary or a thesaurus during the holiday season, such is my delight at occasionally employing 'unnecessarily prodigious script when a singularly unloquacious and diminutive linguistic expression would satisfactorily accomplish the contemporary necessity.' You would be wrong. I'm basically just a word nerd. (For the record, 'Never use a big word when a small one will suffice'.?)

Prediction #4: This one is not so much a prediction as it is an acknowledgement. An acknowledgment that no matter what we all think of President Dumb Dumb, have you noticed how no one is talking about impeachment anymore? It's funny how dropping a bomb on someone will divert the attention of your critics.

Prognostication #4: The Federal leadership race for the Progressive Conservatives has a chance to make history and to drag a major political party kicking and screaming, in to the 21st century, simply by electing a woman to the role. Yes I know the race hasn't officially begun, nor have more than three candidates officially declared their candidacy but there are some strong potential contenders from the gender that identifies as a female. Don't worry ? I'm predicting they won't make history. Sigh??

Go ahead. Talk amongst yourselves, gather round the water cooler and debate the potential for accuracy of these timely, relevant

and important prognostications. (Yes that's a word too.) I predict you'll take to Facebook, sharing lovely comments on how prodigiously prescient I am. I'm a regular Nostradamus. Or perhaps not. Predictions are silly and so is this column. Happy New Year!