



From the Editor

Luxury, or luxe as my friends in Europe seem to prefer, means something different to everyone. To some it's a sprawling mansion in the country with purebred horses cropping emerald fields. Others may prefer to race across the Autobahn in a Maserati, or spend endless sun-kissed days having their every need catered to at a private island resort spa. Maybe it's a bank balance of a long string of zeros like pearls on a necklace, or shopping at exclusive designer boutiques.

Now I'm no stranger to being pampered, "I've been to Nice and the isle of Greece and I've sipped champagne on a yacht (cue the song by Charlene), but I actually found this issue a challenge. I'm not the biggest fan of consumerism and I'm not overly fond of shopping. I know, shocking isn't it? But before you take away my gay card, I will admit to getting glassy eyed with desire in the vintages section of the LCBO; I've seen the champagne Scott mentions in his article. There are also a few rare Scotchs and Armagnacs in the same section I'd love to bring home for a taste, while relaxing by a fire in my library. Don't even get me started on collecting rare first edition books—I'm still trying to hunt down a hardcover original print run of Neil Gaiman's *Preludes and Nocturns* from his Sandman series.

So each of us has a different idea of what it feels like to live a luxurious life, but I don't think you have to be rich to do so. Being a writer has afforded me many once-in-a-lifetime exotic experiences that I'd never have been able to enjoy if the bill hadn't been footed for me. On the same note, a glass of my favourite wine (a Malbec for \$8) while relaxing with a great book curled up on my comfy couch and a handful of candles, is just

as enjoyable an experience, one that I'm not fighting to pay off on my credit card a year after the trip is nothing more than fond memories and bunch of photos in an album on my shelf.

Fancy vacations and glamorous shopping trips are a treat everyone enjoys, more so when we only get to splurge on them once in a while. So how do we enjoy luxury every day if our paycheques seem to evaporate the moment they are deposited into our accounts? When I spoke to Bill Williams of the B4 Group on the secrets to success for "Looking Back," he mentioned one of the ways he augments his life is through the relationships he forms with the people he meets. Shelley offers more great insights as she discusses how to balance the material with the spiritual in her column "From the Heart."

So luxury is more than the material, it's life enhancing experiences, sharing your abundance with people important to you and discovering the bounty inside. And let me tell you, whether it's champagne on a yacht, or a cup of coffee at home, the experience is ultimately more satisfying the more friends you have to share it with.

So as you nestle away from the frigid weather, remember to share the most luxurious commodity you have—the wealth of your time—with those that enrich your life.

Have a fantastic New Year and we'll see you in the spring!

Jeff Harrison