

01-02-2012 The First  
by Harry Zirkelbach

The Writers assignment this first gathering 2012,  
to consider a Christmas letter.

Those preferring something original from friend or foe,  
some personal sentiment, not a commercial concoction, pious, silly, funny, or meaningless,  
welcome Santa's overworked Christmas helper,  
our mailman  
delivering tidings from a friend, near or far.

This year's letter reads like last years?  
Perhaps, for day does follow day repetitively, in every household.  
The Christmas Letter is in the retelling of chosen moments that created value to life,  
some possibly interesting. Here's one.

Merry Christmas to all.  
Years before Christ, the Psalmist wrote in one narrative  
"I am wonderfully made".  
With that in mind, this repeat of a story overheard.

Children playing were treated to this insight from one of the more imaginative girls. She explains the transformation of food to life. In brief, she gave each a cookie, asks them to eat, then explains that all food continues life for the individual.

"As soon as you swallow, an uncountable army of helpers in your upper stomach use small shovels to separate whatever arrives just below the throat, separating it for use in that place where it will continue providing energy needed for your life. How they know where to send it is a mystery, but their work keeps us healthy, wonderfully made.

"It's a lot like automobiles inside the city on the Interstate. Each auto seems unguided, follow a specific route, then take off at one or another intersection. Cars make no decision, they just do what they are told. Getting something useful done. That's like the work the small shovelers do for each of us, constantly.

"Your parents may not understand this, so it is best if you keep this information between us and if you have questions, we can talk about this part of life later."

The children departed not knowing there was a witness.  
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Here's the Zirkelbach report on our life's adventure.

Our family enjoyed every days of the Christmas Season.  
We appreciated your news., share in your joy. Thank you for sharing.

Our regular family gathering are complex, son Dave in California., the others here in Denver.  
We did have several Christmas gathering in 2011  
, and you can judge their health from a photo taken on that occasion.



For Barbara and I getting older is a snap. We just do nothing, try to laugh at the right times, hopefully continually. It has been another series of days for the Zirkelbach family generally enjoyed. Here's more.

In the spring while staying at Grand Lake with Dave and his family, Barbara fell, broke the large femur in her right leg. Recovery required months, continues today. Life is slower.

Another change, we exercise most days at Windsor Garden's Fitness Center, retain muscles kept alive by that army of helpers who dutifully still shovel whatever we eat into these forms you would recognize as the year older.



Harry and Barbara Zirkelbach

