

## The Grinch Who Tried to Steal My Christmas

*By Marilyn Reeves*

Back in the mid-90's traditional print shops and typesetters were rapidly being replaced by the ever-increasing number of do-it-yourselfers. I was trying to hang on by supplementing my income with part-time jobs, and worked for two Christmas seasons at a place called Colorado In A Basket. My hours were from 10:00 till 2:00.

We would stuff baskets with colorful shred and then fill them with cheese, crackers, cookies and candy, surround the back half of the display with spiky folds of tissue paper, wrap the finished basket with sheets of crystal-clear cellophane, pulling the ends up to fan out on top, secured like a pony tail with multiple strands of colored curling ribbon.

Then we would tie on a pretty bow made with two or three colors of wide rayon ribbon, fluff it out, and then curl the curling ribbons into a festive cascade. Lastly we would affix a label with the customer's name onto the side of the basket and it was ready to go. It was fun, creative work, and I enjoyed it.

As we arrived for work each day, we would hang our coats and purses on a coat rack near the back door. One afternoon, as I was getting ready to leave, I walked into the back room to get my coat and purse. My coat was still there, but my purse ... wasn't. *Panic!* Everyone stopped work to help me search every nook and cranny for my missing purse, but it was not to be found.

Well, what to do? First I called my son Tom, who had to leave his own job to come bring me his set of keys to my house. Then I called a locksmith to come make me a new set of car keys so I could drive home.

As soon as I opened the door to the house, the phone was ringing. "This is May D&F calling to confirm a \$2,000 purchase of a fur coat being placed on your credit card. Shall I put the purchase through?"

"No! Absolutely not! My purse was just stolen, and whoever is trying to make that purchase stole my credit card."

Thanks to the quick-thinking clerk at May D&F, who signaled security, the thief was caught red-handed, arrested, and sent to jail.

But I was still faced with having to replace the locks on my house, my credit cards, my driver's license, my social security card, and all the contents of my purse, including a new billfold and a new make-up kit, not to mention the purse itself.

With each replacement, I wished that Grinch who stole my purse a very merry Christmas in jail!