

So Long, Worn Out Christmas Traditions

By Eydie McDaniel

An internet search for Christmas traditions worth forgetting, dug up greedy ads. Christmas, the birthday of a significant spiritual figure, seems more appropriately imbued with some holy, or spiritual, or at least happy traditions. Really! Now I loved the good old silver tinsel snagged upon real, pokey, pine needles. But the further we went into the glitzy, tinselly, the further we wandered from deeper meaning. The holy, spiritual, or happy part of Christmas flits away in gusts of impressive spending, coveting gifts from impressive spending, or self-doubt if we failed to perform impressive spending. I love this quote: "Materialism is spending money you don't have, on things you don't need to buy, to impress people who don't matter."

I imagine a big bon fire to burn up all that sham. Hey, I have a vision. Let's set a big cardboard box by our flag pole. Let's each plop a piece of paper in it with a word or two stating guilt, resentment, holiday jealousy, the amount we saved not being a commercial sap this year, around any unsatisfying silly conformity. I'm sure you get my snow drift. Then on a night the board decides, let's get a front loader driver to set that box on top of a snow pile in our auditorium parking lot and torch the thing.

This idea warms my heart. Oh gee, perhaps a no cost yet festive ceremony could ensue with the more athletic of us dancing in a socially distanced ring around our liberating freedom fire.

What songs? you may ask. There are plenty of dumb relics with at least a geriatric waltz beat. Santa Baby, I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Clause, All I Want for Christmas is My Two Front Teeth, I'm Getting Nothing for Christmas. I refuse to add the one about grandma and the reindeer.

But hey, maybe for old time sake we could bring back one or two traditions from our younger days. My dog boys would like fruitcake under the pillow. They would devour it crumbs and all. I have another thought, more naughty than nice. Surely we would enjoy giving somebody a lump of coal.

I've already started something more mature and fitting for this moment in time. I found quite a few hidden strips of red and green construction paper. Saint-Exupery made a point worth considering in "The Little Prince." The best way to make a person, or in this case a holiday, more meaningful could be to invest ourselves in it. I will take my time. Each red can represent a letting go or a forgiveness. Each green can be a hope or an affirmation. I will have the same old fashion paper chain we probably all made in childhood. Okay, okay, if you are laughing at me, meet me at the bonfire, and I'll toss it right in.