



Day 1



Make The
Season

It certainly has snuck up on us,
this last month of the year
That time of celebration,
of joy, and of cheer
But in all the hullabaloo,
in all the crazy scene
Let's take a breath and look
at what it all really means.

It's not about the presents,
though they can certainly be nice.

It's not even about the
chocolate, all the sugar
and the spice.





It's about that special magic
that can come in many forms.
It's in getting and giving feelings
so fuzzy and warm.

And it's for each of us to decide
what fills our souls with joy.
It's up to every man and woman,
every girl and boy.

It may be the parties,
all the music and the lights.

It may be some cocoa
on a snowy winter's night.

It may be an escape
on a tropical holiday
Or hitting the slopes
on a hill
not quite so far away.





So, if they try to tell you how to holiday right,
you have my permission to groan.
Remember that the magic is yours
and make the season your own.



Day 2 Party Prep

Hours spent in preparation

What to wear? What to wear?

Can't be overdressed nor underdressed

Just the right amount of sparkle
to make a statement

The winding of two -and-a-half feet of hair
around electric rollers

Highlights, color, shadow,
the obligatory crimson lip

Glitter is overkill for this
particular occasion

The selection of a coordinating face mask
as safety still requires

Attempting to be elegant in winter parka,
boots, and hat

As said hair wraps itself around your scarf
like an unruly octopus's tentacle

Sigh

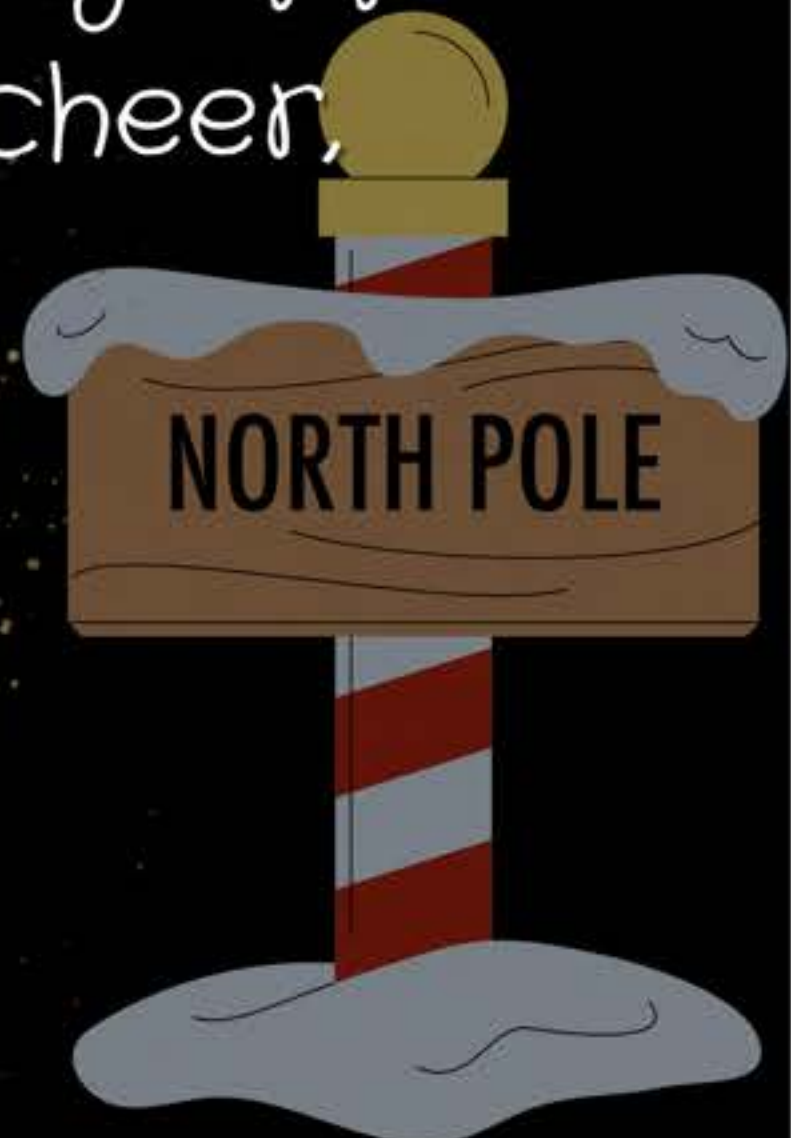
So much for the curls!

Welcome to the return of holiday parties!



Day 3 No Rhyme or Reason

Is it too much, in
 this Christmas season,
 To ask for some magic
 without rhyme or reason?
 Can we be whisked away for a spell
 Where tribulations vanish
 and all is well?
 A Candy Cane Lane,
 a Gingerbread Inn,
 A place where dreams you didn't know
 you had could begin,
 Where angels in human form may appear,
 Rekindling all lost holiday cheer,



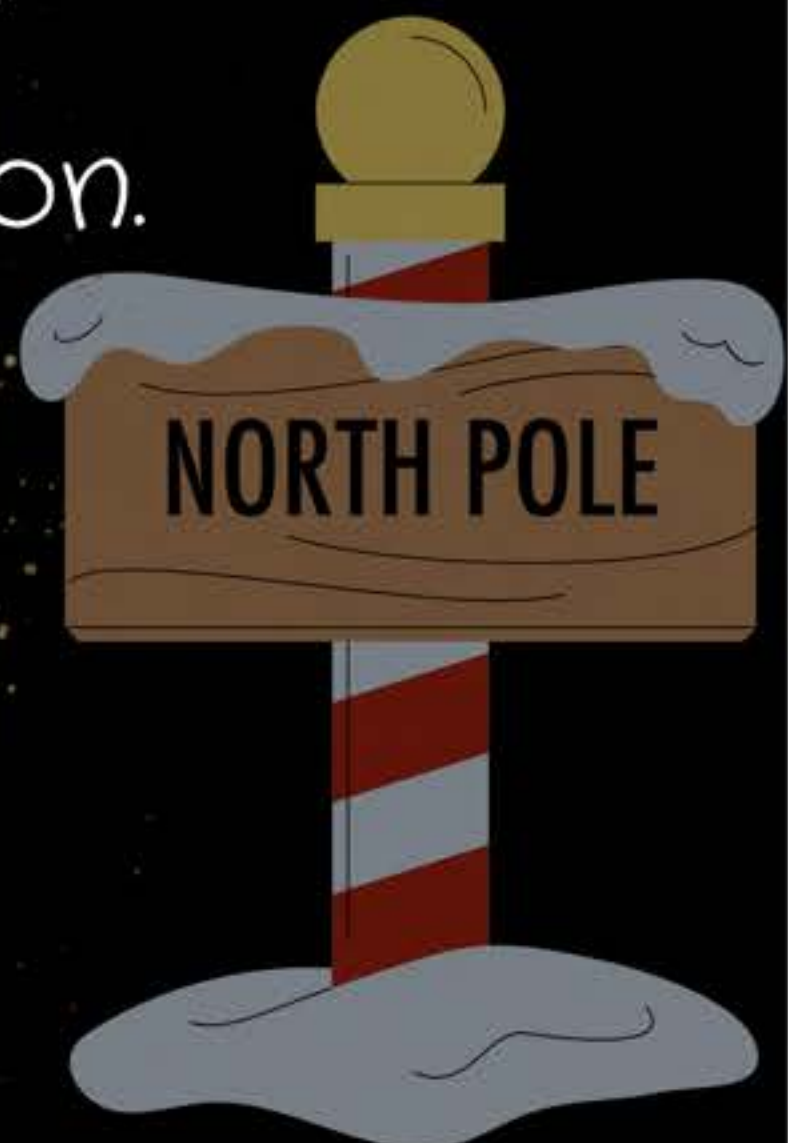


Where the most monumental
decision to be made
Is who will play Santa in the
Christmas parade.

The soul can get weary,
the spirit beaten down,
Leaving one to wonder if there's
any hope to be found.

But we have to have faith.
We have to believe
That any lost hope can still
be retrieved.

So may we be blessed
in this Christmas season,
With just a little magic
without rhyme or reason.




Day 4
Snow?

Snow is beautiful, yes,
gently floating through the air,
A flake to catch on your tongue.

Snow is beautiful, yes,
adding a glow, a brightness
to the darkest time.

Snow is beautiful, yes,
gazing out a window on a
Sunday afternoon
or gliding your skis along the trails.



But snow is not so beautiful, no,
when you must get from A to B
in vehicle or on foot.

Snow is not so beautiful, no,
slipping and sliding hither and yon
or, worse, being unable to
move at all.

Snow is not so beautiful, no,
dragging carts through parking lots,
nearly blinded by the sideways
attack.

But all is well now.
The cupboards are full,
the cocoa bemarshmallowed,
the fireplace lit,
And the snow is beautiful
once again.