

The Golden Age of Christmas...

Each passing year is an adventure.

Just moments ago, we finished Christmas celebration number one for the year 2010. Today is December 13. For the kids, Christmas celebration number two happens at "school" tomorrow. We have family and friends spread around, so Christmas has staying power. Ahh, to be young again.

There are certainly a variety of reasons that people feel strongly about the holidays. For most of us, the trio of Thanksgiving/Christmas/New Years brings together old and new family and friends. If we are lucky, it is a time of celebration. If not, we are politely nodding at the political rants and off color jokes of Aunt Mildred. Either way, there's usually someone we love.

I am still infatuated with Christmas, always have been. There just seems to be something in the air where people tend to be a bit more polite and friendly for a month or so. This is a good thing.

At the ages of three and five, our kids have an abundance of Christmas spirit. So much, in fact, that we had a tree up before the Thanksgiving turkey was even fried. I'm not sure what tipped it off (maybe the displays at Home Depot and ads on TV), but the spirit of Christmas was upon them.

I have tried my best to sit them down and discuss the true meaning of Christmas. Seeing and appreciating family and friends, they get. Truth be told, they get it even more if said family and friends are willing to exchange gifts. Any discussion about Baby Jesus tends to wander far from religion rather quickly. Oh well, it's the attempt that counts.

For those of you who do not have kids or grandkids at this grand Christmas age, here is what life is like. Decorating is a family event. Every day gets marked off the calendar with a flourish. We pause and rewind commercials for the next great thing. Campfires and smores are an all night party. Santa still exists. Snow Day is a blast. The lighted park gets visited again and again and again. Gifts equal hugs and kisses. Santa gets another letter. The anticipation builds each day.

Perhaps our world might be a better place if we could all remember that five-year-old holiday spirit. Love hard. Hug thanks. Look forward. Enjoy each day.

I think Baby Jesus would be fine with that.

Until next week, keep smiling. Merry Christmas!

-Please send comments to Drs. Parrish at www.ParrishDental.com.