That Time of Year
by Penny Callan Partridge

Once I read that Christmas can really can be rough if we in any way compare our own arrival to that still life of mother gazing kind man beside her opulent gifts of dignitaries calm chewing animals a star marks the spot.

I suppose this could be especially be true if we in fact scared the hell out of folks some not going to the prom some not even going home and what about instead of caroling on for centuries not speaking of it again what about the question of who would take care of us?

Of course there was that other arrival into the new family all ready willing and doing their best but that was later.

This season’s about birth those first days in the air those first days in the light those first days of being seen.

Don’t you think that as children we identified with that Baby? And can’t you imagine that as time went on we saw more and more difference? So you can see how I was in awe of the perfectly planned and elaborately celebrated birth of my Jewish grandson but also jealous?

What to do after we open a gift of consciousness? Be glad we can pass it around? Clean up the mess on the floor together? Then sit with each other if at all possible near flickering flame from candles or some other fire and talk about the meal about the music about the light?