



Dear Santa,

*I know Jewish boys and girls don't usually write you. And I bet you rarely hear from adults any more. So, I hope you'll forgive these variations in protocol but I wanted to put in my requests for the holidays.*

*I'm really not very good at asking for things; I tend to feel guilty if I get and something while others don't. I also know you're really busy right about now. So, I came up with a list that will hopefully make it easy on you too. You can give these to everyone, any religion or faith, any country or age; and I'm sure they'll like it. It's a one-size-fits-all thing. That seems to make shopping easier.*

*For Hanukkah this year (you can list it as "Christmas" if it complicates things to have a "Hanukkah" order in the system), I don't want a pony. I don't need an electric train; and no offense intended, although I've got some beauties, I really don't want any more ties. Here's what I'd really like.*



*Firstly, please give me continued good health. My body carries me faithfully from before my birth until my last days. I abuse it and overuse it. I overfeed it and undersleep it. I tense it and twist it. Yet rarely do I appreciate it. Nonetheless, whenever I need it to, it works for me. It doesn't seem to smile as much as I'd like, and it's not quite the size I wanted; but in all modesty, it's in pretty good shape.*

*My eyes enjoy the wonderful blue of a spring morning. My nose can smell the rich, deep, scent of a spicy stew simmering slowly in a crock pot on a blustery winter afternoon. My ears perk up to the reassuring tap-tap-tap of a light rain on my roof in the middle of the night. And the touch of a lover's hand on my skin, can in a moment, calm and excite me at the same time.*

*I am blessed with a remarkable machine that has yet to fail my commands. Too often I forget that.*



*Remind me that whatever else I have is worth nothing without the pleasure and joy of my body - at the best I can make it. When I bend without pain or breathe deeply without effort, add a smile to my face. Let me remember that this the truest, purest blessing of all. Through this miracle of life and health, I experience all the universe has to offer.*

*Secondly, please strengthen the connection to my family. There are those who came before me; and there are those for whom I am responsible that I will never meet. Yet we are all connected through histories, times, and countries I might never visit. In that chain, I am a vital link. I am the sum of all that has gone before me and the bedrock of generations still unborn. Each in that chain is a part of me as I am of them. We are all of the same stuff.*

*Through the ages and across the miles; today, yesterday, and tomorrow, we support each other when we need strength. We guide each other when we are lost. And we pick each other up when we fall. Everything I ever do reflects upon my ancestors and directs my children of future offspring. I am inextricably connected across time.*

When I feel alone, have Brandon open me up with some unusual story he always has to tell. Help me realize that his insights, talents, and sense of humor, come also from me. Remind me that Daniel's honor, intelligence, and integrity, are tributes to himself as well as me. Let me stop what I'm doing to enjoy a phone call to my mother or sister every now and then. Please slow Sunday mornings down long enough for me to linger in Mary Ann's arms a little longer. Remind me that each day was also made for family.

Thirdly, Santa, I could use some knowledge in how to be a better friend. No one ever taught me how to do that. Along my path, I have picked up lasting gems of beauty; some in the oddest and most unlikely places. They vary in color and shape and age. I'm a little embarrassed to admit it, but some have faded from memory. And I'm equally sure there are others I have yet to find. In common, they all share an inner beauty and spirit to which I find myself drawn. These are my friends.



For each, give me respect. Fill my heart with love at their sight. Let them always add to the rich texture of my life. Make sure I return to them what they so willingly lend to me. Remind me to tell them more often, that their lives have brought wonder and joy to mine.

Lastly, Mr. Claus, give me faith when I feel weak. Sometimes I get crunched in the rush and rumble of my chores. I anger a bit too quickly at the most ridiculous thing. I pound the walls in frustration over what seems like my inability to accomplish a tiny task. I feel so isolated.

At these times, point out that I am not alone; my focus has just narrowed for a short while. Remind me that all things in my life have always worked out for the best. Those things that seem so bent and twisted right now will soon straighten out too. Give me patience please to wait for that time. Remind me it won't take too long.

Send me a moment of quiet in the midst of a noisy day, paint a rainbow against the darkness of a late afternoon sky, or let me overhear the delighted giggly laughter of a baby girl overjoyed with the simpleness of a bright red plastic ball.



ep sending me reminders that I am never isolated from the universe. Sometimes I merely separate myself from its beauty, and force, and power. At those times especially, call my name a little louder and invite me back. Gently. Softly. And with patience. It sometimes takes me a little while before I listen.

Um, excuse me Santa . . . I just noticed my gifts are already here. I simply forgot to look for them. Sometimes, I do that too.

But as long as I wrote this long letter to you, could I ask for one more thing? Please don't ever let me stop believing in the magic of the season - 12 months a year.

