

# A Christmas wish to give ones(elf)

I want to be Santa for Christmas. Plump my rump, whip me up a hoary head and white whiskers, bedeck my body in red and white and tickle my tummy for a hearty Ho Ho Ho! Give me the gift of gift giving. I know my first gift and I'd fly into it like down off a thistle:

A recipe; Santa's Recipe – and I'd give it away.

Here is the skinny on portly St Nicholas' boundless joy. Over the past few millennia, Santa has honed his expertise as a culinary critic of how to prepare a bountiful buffet banquet of living. I have it direct from none other than Rudolph that the Merchant of Mirth knows the secret to put the sizzle in your stake in life.

The ole bearded Marquis of Meriment has a cooking show. If you tune your hearts and minds just right, close your eyes and wish the most selfless ever Christmas wish, you'll find yourself there.

Of course, no iPods, cell phones, TVs PCs, CDs or DVDs allowed. Their frequencies tend to interfere with the recipe, as well as Rudolph's nose.

Mrs. Claus assures me that Santa's kitchen is not one of those wham bam, conspicuous consumption scams that simply pack on the empty calories of pounds of mere possessions.

As I learned from Dancer and Prancer, Santa knows who's been



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sleeping and who's awake through the Christmas song of their days.

So, hark! – Take a load off your heart, gather up faithful friends who are dear to you and bring them near to you because here comes Santa Claus's recipe.

Since every recipe needs a list, before we start be sure to check it twice.

The ingredients are no farther than the cupboard of your heart and the only expertise needed is a pulse.

Start with a pound of purpose. Have a reason and rationale to your life that does not start and end by looking in the mirror.

Then, add a pinch of productivity. Just get your hands dirty and make something, anything more than it was to start with. Dirty hands can clean minds.

Stir in cream of creativity. Simmer, not dwell-simmer.

Quite a concoction ya got brewing eh? Sort of like life. The joyous jambalaya of life is always better than the sum of its parts.

Next, lightly flour with forgiveness. Understand it, get it and give more than you receive.

Pass giggle, move straight on to Ho Ho Ho and add two to three heap-helpings of humor.

Then, randomly caramelize the entire concoction with kindness. It's best that way.

Now, strain the sauce through a

smile collector; biggest size they make.

Close your eyes and savor the aroma, especially when the stink of suffering or boredom chills your nose.

Of course, you have to have tunes. Make music with your eyes, your laughter and your love.

Now run around the kitchen twice. Wow the world with your energy. Toss a tomato, juggle a ju ju bee and assault the pits, be they cherry or life. No matter what, do it with flare and keep moving to your groove.

If you get a scratch or two, singe a hair or burn your tongue, good for you! Every elf worth their weight in mistletoe knows there's no fun cooking in life's kitchen without bumps.

Now then, head for a window of your heart and listen, listen carefully and you'll hear it; children laughing, people passing, meeting smile after smile.

So, are you now dreaming of a white Christmas and need to see snow even here in sunny California? Not a problem. Disconnect the cable TV.

Finally, turn up the heat of your heart in your life. There's no need for frigid Jack Frost nipping at your soul. Keep cooking in the kitchen, and soon you too will be a jolly old elf, laughing, in spite of yourself.

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