

Hello everyone!

Today, while I was doing my pre-snack time, mid-afternoon CandyCrush-themed yoga exercises, I began thinking about all of the stuff I still had to get done before Christmas arrived. As I assumed the “Get As Many Points As Possible In 45 Seconds” pretzel-knot pose I thought about how miserable the traffic was going to be with so little time remaining. My muscles tightened as I thought of the hours of standing in the long checkout lines at the stores. Plus, I knew that I would have to get up at 4am so I could be in the first wave of panicked people lining up at the mall for the “Last-Minute-Rip-Off-Gift-Sales-Event.” My face started twitching while the spasms in my back intensified. I began to feel that my chakras were “out of alignment” and that I had lost my “vision.” It was only after my “choked spirit” told me that I had forgotten to “breathe” that I aborted the pretzel pose and decided to start again.

Standing up, I threw my leg around my neck and transitioned into the erect, “Collect All Orders” stance.

Then a bright light flashed before me.

It might have come from a spiritual awakening or from the release of a suppressed sensibility or from the pain that I had from throwing my leg around my neck. It didn’t matter. I had the revelation that I needed.

Now.

Now is what’s important. What do I have in my life right now that is important? My wife and children are the greatest parts of my life. Do I need to buy gifts for them to show them that I love them? I don’t think so. Isn’t the time that I spend with them so much more valuable than a gift acting as a material substitute for love? Of course it is! Unfortunately, some people, such as my children, say “No”. But no matter how many times they say it to my face I know, deep down inside, that they value my presence more than some bauble or a pair of dark-blue, J. Crew Chelsea boots which have been marked down 30% and can be marked down another 20% if the code phrase GULLIBLEFATHER is used at checkout. Plus, they are just children. What do they know about life? They will look back and thank me for not buying them the Mega-Madden 2017 Football Simulator that all the other kids have

and will cherish my vintage 1982 Electronic Quarterback that I will pass on to them. They will think of me constantly as they spend hours frantically pressing the button that makes the red diode move down the field to score a touchdown! Oh, how it warms the heart!

I brought up the idea of “No Gifts” to my beautiful wife as she laid out the second course of our nightly family dinner. When she heard my words she stopped, looked me directly in the eye and said “What?” After we had our conversation /tête-à-tête/power struggle on the topic of materialism and how it lessens the true meaning of Love, she eventually agreed with me that tangible gifts were not necessary. She said that she really didn’t want or need anything from me. She added that the deafening silence in our bedroom would be more than enough of a gift for her (actually, she used the term “payback” but I know what she meant. She’s such a little scamp!).

But something still was missing.

I transitioned into the balanced-kneeling “Clearing-All-The-Jelly” cleansing position. After I found my center over my knee caps I had another revelation. I saw the question that needed to be answered.

How do I balance “Now” with “Love”?

I felt that I still needed to get them something NOW to show that I had made an effort in the name of the LOVE that I hold for them. If I focused on the LOVE during the NOW, my labors would lessen. So what if I was stuck in traffic? If I kept the LOVE in the NOW, I should rejoice in the fact that I have a car that gives me the opportunity to be in traffic at all! If I’m stuck standing in a line, I should cherish the fact that as of NOW, I can stand in a line! If I have to get up at 4am to get to the store, I should be elated that NOW I have been given the greatest gift – another day during which I can help out others! Yes, keeping the LOVE in the NOW was the answer! I came out of my posture, stood and did the Happy-Tiffi Dance to complete my yoga session.

As I got ready to go home for the holiday weekend, a warm feeling came over me knowing that sharing LOVE in the NOW was the place to be. I walked past the front desk of the office to the door when my excellent receptionist Mercedes stopped me.

“Dr. Lauren just called,” she began as she handed me a note. “She said she needs you to pick up a few things on the way home.” I glanced down at the items on the list. Yogurt. Frozen berries. Vanilla extract. [How to Sublimate Your Sexual Desires Through Using Fruit Smoothies and Yoga](#). I looked up at Mercedes.

“Did she say why she needed me to get these things?” I asked.

“I don’t know,” she replied shrugging her shoulders. “She just mentioned something about ‘deafening silence’ and that you were going to need to find something to do with all the quiet time you were going to have this Christmas.” I looked back at the note and then back at Mercedes. “Are you going somewhere boring for the holidays?” she asked.

“I don’t think so,” I answered.

“She also mentioned that if you check your email you would find a link that could make your Christmas louder, whatever that means,” she said with a questioning look on her face. I shrugged my shoulders and started to walk to the door.

“I don’t know,” I said opening the door. “Well, have a Merry Christmas!”

“You too,” she replied and then added, “By the way, she said that if you get thing in the link sent by next day delivery, things could get a lot louder a lot sooner.” I nodded and then walked out the door and headed for the stairs.

I started to think about Lauren and what a great person she is. She cares for me so much that she wants me to get healthier by drinking fruit smoothies instead of milk shakes! Plus she got me another book on yoga that I can do in my quiet time!

Yes. Love. Now.

This will be the greatest Christmas ever!

We wish you and your family the love of this holiday season and hope that everyone has a great New Year!  
- Mercedes, Donna, Elizabeth, Lauren and Vincent