

Hey!

I'm sitting in a condo in Branson, Missouri freaking out. There's a wasp in our fridge. The wasp is in our fridge because I didn't know what else to do with it. It was flying around, the fridge was there, I don't know – it just happened. So there's a wasp in our fridge. And I'm thirsty. For root beer. Also in the fridge. With the wasp. That's in the fridge. Maybe I can go get a popsicle, those are in the freezer which is part of the fridge but separate at the same time. Different doors. Yeah, maybe a popsicle, which is in the freezer which is different from the fridge. Because there's a wasp in the fridge. Did I mention that the fridge - is where the wasp is?

Overkill. It's pretty common around this time of year. If you see a light show with enough lights to stretch to St. Louis and back, you'll get into the Christmas spirit. If you get that new iPod (which I had *better* be getting), you'll get into the Christmas spirit. The right kind of pie, the right kind of turkey, the right kind of music, the right kind of concert, the right kind of presents and as much of all of that as is possible – then you'll finally be in the Christmas spirit. Commercials! Advertisements! Billboards! WE GET IT! Macy's is having a sale Saturday!!! With so many points to get, it's possible we've missed many an important one. Besides the more obvious "reason for the season" point, the point I'm referring to is obviously the oh – so – important wasp question. Just kidding.

Yesterday, I was sitting in a sort of open, tram type thing in Silver Dollar city. My immediate family and I were bundled up on one bench of said tram, freezing. It was super cold. It was foggy. The wind was blowing. It was ridiculous. It was a moment full of things to wish for. I could have wished I was back on the equator where I used to belong. Or I could have wished for a quilt. Or a heater. Or a closed in tram. But as we huddled together for an extremely entertaining employee to take our picture, I wasn't wishing for anything. I had my family, and I was chill. Literally. You see when I look back at that picture years from now, I won't sigh over the pain of how cold it was, or gripe about it being taken in the wrong location, it's the magic of that moment I'll remember. Because it's the faces in the picture that matter. The ever elusive "Christmas Spirit" is an attitude of love. No matter where you are or what your circumstances are this Christmas, may you always have more than enough of that, to go around.