

A Slimmed-Down Christmas

Not so jo-ho-ho-vial a festive season for me this year, said Santa. The doctor has put me on a diet. Not exactly the glad tidings I was hoping to hear!

“That’s crackers”, I cried, “Don’t you know I’m famous for being larger than life; for bringing indulgence, jollity, and ho-ho-ho-liday fun to everyone. Plus I must fuel up for the holiday rush – Christmas dinners galore with all the trimmings, it’s not only the turkey that’s in need of some stuffing. We can chat again later, when Twelfth Night is past.”

“Forget Christmas Present” he quickly replied. “It’s Christmas Past-It for you”, plus some even worse news! Your sleigh licence renewal isn’t wrapped up yet, and won’t be at all with your ‘pudding’ on this weight.

So then I knew things had to change; those Christmas deliveries MUST be made. No waiting for New Year for resolutions. An advent epiphany! My dieting began.

Through the dark days of winter I tried so hard to be good. No wassailing, feasting or gluttony this year; no chocolates or other ‘naughty list’ picks. No sherry and mince pies while Rudolph ate carrots. Getting in shape for my Christmas Eve dash needed w-ho-ho-ho-lesome eating plus portion control.

But that’s when I saw what Christmas is now. Just a feast of temptation, binging, excess! No wonder my outfit got tighter each year, or that seasonal memories weren’t quite so clear.

I tried to shop wisely but every store had just aisle after aisle of festive-themed junk. Sausages and cheese, pudding and cake – variations galore of each Christmas time treat. Mince-pie flavoured gin and gin-flavoured mince pies. Booze, chocs and nibbles, with more packaging than food. One-upmanship, novelty, tv chefs and more ... all undoubtedly with ‘healthiness’ NOT at its core. Or thriftiness. Or cutting back on packaging ...

Yet forced to step back, take a different view, it somehow felt good to plan Christmas anew.

There’ll still be a roast, veggies, cranberry sauce - but more selective and savoured, plates not piled so high. Not stocking up so madly, buying more ‘just in case’. Trying to compete just increases the waste, and donating to foodbanks feels far more rewarding.

Christmas Spirit, don’t mind if I do, just not quite so boozy, no hangovers due. A more traditional gathering with family and friends, conversations and catch-ups, a chance to relax; enjoying a chance to stay ho-ho-ho-home. This year can be different, but better start now. Tune out the adverts, stay away from the rush, ditch the competitive frenzy to over-indulge.

Let’s focus instead on quality and ease, and all start the new year in better shape, please.

Wishing everyone a peaceful and healthy Christmas Season.

Signed
Santa.