

“What can Santa Claus bring to you?” he asked as I squirmed for a more than comfortable position on his lap.

After I fought the urge to pull on his long white beard, I checked my carefully calculated list. I cleared my throat and began reading my list. “I want”, no, that sounds too petulant, “I desire”, no, not that either. “Get me”..that sounds great. “Get me a caravan of comprehension.” I have always struggled with how to connect the stars to make the constellations. It would be great to see and understand how the stars meet to form the belt of Orion, and to actually see the stars meet each other as they form a big bear and then a little bear. I can comprehend the big and little dippers, however. They each look like the measuring tool that I use each morning to fill the coffee filter. “Comprehending the “Milky Way” would be a great gift, Santa.” It would be an Aha Moment.

“Next, if you would, get me a bundle of those “Aha moments”, I said as I continued down the gift list. Santa’s eyes were glazing over as though he was trying to remember the definition of an Aha Moment. Actually knowing the correct order of colors in a Pacific Northwest Rainbow would be a perfect Aha Moment. A rainbow of colors is good to know, however, knowing which order they follow would put me in high regard in the eyes of a four-year-old granddaughter. That would be my pot of gold.

“And right along those lines,” I continued without taking a breath, “I would like a better Memory.” Remembering how to use the 45 degree angle ruler would be a quilter’s dream. My husband’s words to me would change from: “What are you doing with that ruler, dear?” to “Congratulations dear, your memory is working. You remember how to use the 45 degree angle ruler.” My Seminole angles now would become “right on” or as crooked as they should be, even correct.

Santa took a deep breath and let it out slowly. His moustache quivered or perhaps his upper lip twitched. He tried to move. My weight held him to his Santa chair as if glued there for a fortnight. I understood. Sitting for that length of time paralyzed my hips. With difficulty, I put one foot out to take a step. Slowly, I stepped out of my sitting position. Sweat appeared on his forehead. Mine was furrowed.

“Finally,” said the tiny person waiting in line. She must have been a four-year-old. She didn’t have a cheat-sheet. How could she? She probably didn’t read, yet. Perhaps that would be on HER list.

Santa mumbled something like, “I have a right to take a break” or perhaps, “I think my right leg has a break.” Anyway I ducked away as I folded my carefully constructed Santa list and stuffed it into my purse. I was ready for a lunch break. “Hey, maybe that was what he mumbled.

No matter. My holiday was already turning out great. I would soon comprehend all that is needed. I would have a boat full of Aha Moments and my memory would return as if I were a four-year old waiting to talk with Santa.

Oh, my hips are slow to move. I should have put those down on my list, I though. Oh well, there is another Santa Clause. I’ll just stand in line after my lunch break.

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