

the LAMBSON family

A A R O N . C A T . T A N N E R . H A N N A H . A N D A L L I S O N

we need a little
Christmas



Greetings, Family and Friends!

So... it's that time of year again. Have you been practicing your feats of strength?

What am I talking about? Oh, did you miss the memo? Truthfully, the only reason I'm prepared is because a few years back the kids came home from school full of excitement about the holiday celebrations afoot at school. They started babbling about the songs they were learning and the crafts they were making, all, "Yeah, so we're making all these cool decorations for Christmakwanzukkah, and-"

"Wait. Who in the what now?" I said. "The heck you say? Christmawho'sitcalled?"

Of course my kids rolled their eyes, all, "Um, Christmakwanzukkah? Duh?" like it was the most ridiculous thing in the world that I had no idea what in the Sam Hill they were talking about. But seriously. I had no idea what in the Sam Hill they were talking about.

Truthfully, I was confused. I mean, could any three celebrations BE any more different, and there we were, just lumping them together all willy-nilly like? All portmanteau-esque and whatnot? At the time I wondered, "Hey. Why so exclusive?" What about Omisoka? What's up with leaving out the Japanese holiday? So rude. And what about the Muslims? Hello? Eid ul-Adha? (For fun, say it aloud: "ah-eed al-adHHHA!") Also rude! And a pilgrimage to Mecca ain't no small thang, either. I read The Canterbury Tales. I KNOW. Oh, and the Hispanic community. What about the

them? Huh?! Break out the piñatas, it's time for the Posadas! What about the POSADAS?! I'm only saying.

That's right, friends. Forget "Merry Christmas." So passe'. And "Happy Holidays"? YAWN. Nope. This year I will wish you a happy Christmakwanzukk-omisokaposadeidul-adha!

Now excuse me. I've got to jot down my grievances for the year before I head out to pick out my Festivus Pole- FESTIVUS! I knew I forgot one. A Festivus for the rest of us! How could I forget? I will refrain from adding it to the holiday greeting, however. I don't want it to become too unwieldy.

Well, I'm off to practice my feats of strength. This year? Aaron and the kids are going DOWN.

In other news, my family and I are quite full of the holiday spirit and are feeling extraordinarily thankful for the *blessings* we have received this year. And thinking back, we have compiled a list of *lessons* we have learned in 2008.



be merry





be merry

Lambson Lessons of 2008

Allison

“... and a bag of chips.”

Allison learned that she has a keen eye for the subtle nuances of social interactions. To illustrate, one weekend, she cuddled up on the couch with me to watch Sydney White, a modern retelling of the Snow White story. As “the fairest of them all”- a beautiful sorority girl (because, come on, who better to play an evil witch, eh Disney?)- strutted onto the scene, Alli leaned over and tapped on my arm. With an unladylike snort of disgust, she whispered, “Momma, that girl thinks she’s all this and that, doesn’t she?”

Hannah

How to Gracefully Handle Pet Store Shenanigans.

Hannah learned that quick thinking and humor are essential when an innocent outing to the pet store becomes-- oh, how shall I put it?-- AWKWARD. Our family discovered this when we inadvertently stumbled upon an intimate moment between two cockatiel residents at our favorite pet store. Now, listen... I don’t care what anyone says, NO PARENT is prepared for this. And animals, well, they’re shameless exhibitionists, all, “Oooh! Look at me! Look at me!”, openly exulting in braggy displays of lust which everyone knows is NOT appropriate for public and/or mixed company because it’s exposed and embarrassing and gross, like karaoke.

“Look, Daddy!” Hannah said, pointing at the cage.

So Aaron looked. Then looked again. It was one of those amusing little television moments where you could practically hear the double-take sound effect. Then Alli turned toward the cage, and then in an ah-HA! tone of voice exclaimed, “Oh, I know! They’re mating!”

Hannah grabbed her red-faced daddy’s hand and skipped alongside him as he quickly shepherded us toward the exit. “Hey, did you see the smiles on the birdies’ faces, Daddy?” she asked, while Tanner quickly scoffed at her ignorance. “Birds don’t smile,” he told her.

“Those ones were. Did you see, Daddy?! Those were happy birdies!”

See? That wasn’t awkward at ALL.

Tanner

“You did it, Charlie!”

Not to brag, but a certain young man whose name rhymes with “Shmanner” was sensationally awesome as Charlie Bucket in a certain Willy Wonka Jr. musical at a certain elementary school! Hey. I call it like I see it. I will admit to a moment of doubt as we were leaving for the show, when Tanner rushed past me on his way to the car belting out Think Positive, complete with wild gesticulations that I hoped were part of the choreography. Because if not? EMBARRASSING. But he worked hard and it showed, and he learned that the lyrics “You’ve nothing to lose so why not choose to think positive?” are words he can live by.

Aaron

Think before pressing “send.”

Aaron learned that when some rotisserie chicken gets stuck in your throat, the key is to STOP EATING THE CHICKEN. This was a huge breakthrough, guys. HUGE. Also, he learned that friends don’t let friends take pictures in the ER and send said pictures to unsuspecting family and friends via cellphone, especially when the friend is coming off anesthesia from surgery during which some rotisserie chicken was forcibly expelled from his throat. Also? You should chew your food REALLY well.

Cat

Consciousness = GOOD.

Here’s what I learned this year. If you can avoid a situation in which there is a possibility you might lose consciousness, by all means, do so. Whatever you do, do not pass out. Especially if you, while high on Percocet due to a broken backside, foolishly locked yourself in an ER restroom where no one can find you until you come to, drag yourself up from the floor, and stagger out to find a nurse. Or, you know, anyone who will make the world stop spinning. It is NOT fun. Not fun at all. Trust me. Just FYI.

So... there you have it. Oh, no, don’t thank me. It was my pleasure.

We wish you all the joy of the holiday season. May God bless you and yours in 2009.

Love, the Lambson Family

