



I recall out on a long country drive with a friend when we came upon a young spritely looking man on the side of the road who it seemed had parked his car on the opposite side of the road, I wondered why he looked so excited, as he carried what looked to me like a small Christmas tree....

Then it hit me. "Ahha!" I started. "There is another car ahead with a lady in it with straight bobbed hair in the passenger seat, her hair looks a bit like "Prue and True" off Kath and Kim, and the husband is driving, ever so carefully so as not to

break their prized tree. They have been out and drove the extra distance just to get THIS particular Christmas Tree, and it is absolutely huge..."

My friend and I described all the things we could see about the people in the car ahead that we were yet to come across. We decided they would normally matching jumpers at Christmas, have matching tea towels, aprons, serviettes, cutlery and glasses, all planned out stringently. There was a gingerbread house cake, the roast, the potatoes, the boiling sweat coming off them as they cook a winter dish in the middle of the amazing heat of the Australian summer. The visions of these people kept coming, what the husband looked like, the dynamic was between this couple.

My friend and I kept talking, we perceived what kind of car they drove and what kind of house they lived in. We weren't really judging them, we were just picking up on their energy, and following it to where it came from.

We kept driving for over half an hour before finally, there it was ahead.

The station wagon, with the gigantic Christmas tree on the roof. Except that the tip had been pointed backwards over edge of the back of the car, and, yes, the top of that Christmas tree had snapped right off top, completely gone, and now with our earlier young man on the side of the road who now had a christmas tree, and might not have had one before.

And because of the sheer size of this tree, and where on the tree the top had been snapped off, it would be extremely noticeable for our couple driving the wagon.

We went to overtake them, and sure enough the car's inhabitants looked exactly as I had said and even in the same seating positions, and they had that really smug look of satisfaction at what they had chopped down and thought they were hauling home. Their fixation on creating the perfect christmas about to be in tatters.

They clearly had no idea they only had half their Christmas tree left after the car went yet another of those one too many bumps. We could see ahead of time their shocked faces

When they would pull into their driveway at their home, only to find their triangular shaped plant was now more of an isosceles trapezoid. It was as sad as it was comical.



But, what we kept thinking back to was the expression of that young man, so innocently delighted to have a tree of his own to take back to his car and possibly put in his home when he might not otherwise have done so.

In a way I guess it's a reminder that your frustrated snapped Christmas Tree could well

be making a complete stranger very happy, and to avoid building pressure towards Christmas Day that everything must or will be perfect..

Try to keep it simple, enjoyable, and really something about celebrating what is really important in your life.

Blessings and love
Jacqueline Close Moore