

Colleen's Contemplations – January 2010

Why is it so hard to give a crap in January?

If I had any guts at all I'd leave that as my complete article, but alas, I know it will fester in my brain until I get the whole idea thought through. There's something about January that has me crawling under the covers. I'm tired, but not more tired than other months. It's cold outside, but that is true of far too many months. Is it a New Year thing? Do I look back on the past year and think of all the things I've left undone? Do I look at the rapidly filling calendar and wonder how I'll get it all done this year?

Given my history of excessive introspection, I'm guessing that I'm just sad. December was a lot of fun. I saw all my nieces and nephews and both my sisters at the same time. It was so happy and exciting. I spent time with all the little ones who are doing so many wonderful new things. They are all growing up so fast. I don't get to spend nearly enough time with them all.

Christmas, was really very good. So many families had their lives blessed by people in the community. There are still tears flowing around the store when they talk about things strangers bought for them. I had two little angels spinning around in their pretty new winter coats with matching boots, but it was the smiles that captured me. There are a lot of kids here who received wonderful gifts from strangers. I wonder what they think about that. Do they know how much they are loved? What about the adults? That's where most of the tears came from. They are so used to looking after themselves and going without so their kids can have more. One family was most excited about the big package of toilet paper they received, all wrapped up under the tree. So much thankfulness. Seems like an odd thing to feel burnt out on. In January I'm emotionally spent. I've cried so many happy tears with people and given and gotten so much love, that I'm exhausted. Or am I?

Maybe I have the January blahs because now it all goes back to normal. I'll see fewer family members, I'll get fewer volunteers, and the happy stories of giving will be greatly reduced. Sort of cynical, I know. But if I want that to change, I need to crawl out from under the covers. ("Be the change you want to see in the world."-Ghandi) Maybe we can keep the Merry Christmas going for a while, will you help me?

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