



Newsletter

December 2025

Happy Holidays



A story about Christmas.... From us to you..





Christmas: The Season of Unfiltered Joy

Christmas is that rare season when the world loosens its tie and exhales. People gather not because they must, but because staying apart would feel like a personal offence to joy.

It is a time for playing (real playing) where laughter is loud, unfiltered, and slightly embarrassing. Smiles are worn carelessly, teeth fully on display, the kind of smiles that do not ask permission or worry about tomorrow's bills.

It is a season of unfiltered joy. Grown adults dance with the confidence of people who have misplaced shame, chanting lyrics nobody quite remembers, stepping on each other's feet and calling it choreography.

This is when roles are quietly suspended. The father, ordinarily allergic to nonsense, is suddenly skipping the rope. The mother, elegant and composed all year, is fiercely defending a football made of polythene, arguing rules of football she has invented mid-game. Children, miraculously cured of homework, bells, and timetables, forget that school ever existed and begin to suspect it was a long-running rumour.

Christmas is funny like that. It sneaks up and reminds us that joy does not require perfection, only participation. It thrives in noise, in silliness, in moments that make no sense but feel absolutely right.

That, precisely that, is the Christmas spirit.





Christmas: Feathers, Fate, and Festivity

One thing is certain: chickens are never lucky. One moment, the grains lie scattered in abundance, and the chickens strut around. The next moment, they are being called, shouted at, coaxed, chased, and herded.

They know, instinctively, that lingering is not an option. How I wish they understood freedom, that they could wander far from the yard, maybe even run off like the prodigal son and return only after the Christmas season, wiser, perhaps a little more philosophical.

But no. They do not know. Their fate is written in invisible ink from the first month of the year. Their growth is timed; their existence carefully numbered.

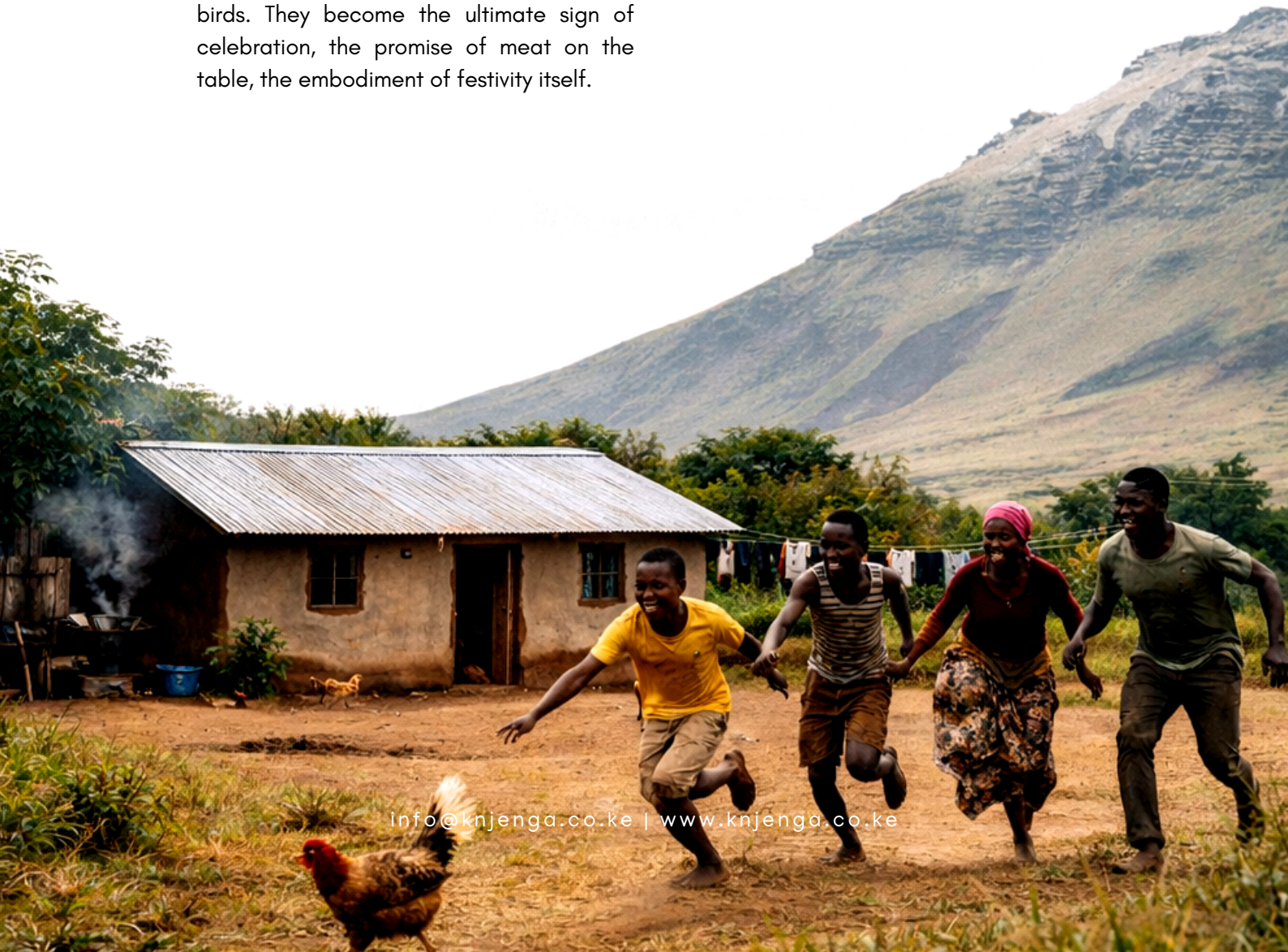
Every cluck, every peck at the ground, every impatient flutter of wings is, unknowingly, a countdown. And yet, in their ignorance, they become something more than mere birds. They become the ultimate sign of celebration, the promise of meat on the table, the embodiment of festivity itself.

Oh, how they strut, how they flap, oblivious to destiny, blissfully unaware that they have been drafted into the grand narrative of Christmas.

Their very presence signals abundance: there will be warmth, there will be laughter, there will be a feast. The children may squeal, the adults may stress over the cooking, but somewhere in all the that, the chickens stand as silent, unwilling mascots of joy, a reminder that even in their misfortune, they carry the spirit of the season on their wings.

Yes, chickens are never lucky. But perhaps, just perhaps, they are the most honest witnesses to Christmas: clumsy, unavoidable and strangely essential.

That, precisely that, is the Christmas spirit.





Christmas: Feast, Folly, and Fickle Vegetables

And then comes the feasting. Oh, the feasting!

Tables groaning under platters that seem to have been conjured by some festive magic, dishes stacked like tiny towers, smells so powerful they could negotiate peace treaties. There is food everywhere, glasses clinking, sauces spilling, laughter echoing over the sizzle of roasting, the steam curling like little Christmas clouds.

Some people stare longingly at the mountains of roast, the mountains of sweets, and murmur to themselves: if only we could carry this into *Njaanuary*, into the new year, like some sort of portable joy, a stockpile of indulgence to make the post-holiday sufferings less cruel.

We could say that plates overflow. There is soda also, there is chicken (poor chickens, still blissfully unaware), there are puddings. Even the salads, in their green innocence, seem to be competing for attention.

And then, of course, there are the vegetables, standing there on the table overlooked. Nobody reaches for them

And yet, amid all this abundance, the true magic is not in the food itself, it is in the shared glances, the elbows nudging in conspiratorial delight, the quiet thrill of knowing that for just this season, there is more than enough.

Yes, some wish they could smuggle it into *Njaanuary*, to cheat the calendar, to keep the taste lingering a little longer. But that is the cruel beauty of Christmas: the feast is glorious, overwhelming, fleeting and that fleetingness is what makes every bite, every crumb, every clink of a spoon against a plate, feel like pure celebration.

That, precisely that, is the Christmas spirit.





Christmas: The Portrait Ritual

And then comes the hour to create memories. The deliberate, slightly ceremonial kind.

Sure, smartphones are everywhere now, but for those who really honor the spirit of Christmas, this is a sacred pause. They dig out the clothes purchased months ago, wrapped and preserved, kept aside for this very day. Men in oversized suits that make them look both important and absurd, women in vibrant dresses that flutter like flags of joy, and everyone sporting shiny, plastic-colored sunglasses because if Christmas isn't a little colorful, is it even Christmas?

Then comes the photographer. Not the quick-snap kind, but the patient, knowing kind.

The children are persuaded, sometimes bribed to smile without squirming, the parents are nudged to laugh genuinely rather than politely, and the dog, who is obviously called *Bosco*, is bribed with treats to look vaguely majestic instead of chewing the nearest ornament.

Everyone poses, arranges, jostles, wiggles, and then.....click!.....a perfect disaster is captured.

Times have changed, yes, but traditions, for those who care, must be preserved. And so the photographer, tucks the images away, refusing to reveal them immediately. They sit for another two months in anticipation, carefully printed only when the magic has matured: images on sturdy paper, tangible proof of laughter, awkward poses, gleaming sunglasses, and hearts full of joy.

Because in the end, Christmas isn't just a season.

That, precisely that, is the Christmas spirit.





Christmas: Gladness Anchored in Christ

Above all, Christmas is about Christ—about why He was born, and why His coming altered the weight and direction of the world. He was born not into ease, but into humility; not into applause, but into purpose. A Savior arriving quietly, wrapped in flesh, so that humanity might understand love not as an idea, but as a life lived among them.

And so, we celebrate. We dance, not out of excess, but out of gratitude. We laugh because redemption gives permission to joy.

The family goes to church dressed in their very best, stepping into a sanctuary dressed even better. The church glows with decoration: lights soft and warm, flowers arranged with care, colors speaking of renewal and promise.

Hymns rise and fall, familiar and faithful, sung with voices that may not be perfect but are sincere. Children sway, elders hum, choirs lift the room until even silence feels holy.

Around them, other families gather, smiling easily, greeting warmly, sharing in a happiness that feels communal rather than private. This is celebration anchored in meaning, joy rooted in remembrance.

That, precisely that, is the Christmas spirit.

Merry Christmas our readers- it has been a wonderful year- enjoy your holidays!!



