Bringing Back the Magic of Santa

Do you know how you felt on the first Christmas when you learned that there was no Santa? That feeling of exhilaration because of the festivities, family and gifts, but then a let down from the reminder that the kindly old fellow didn't really exist.

Well, that's the way I felt at the Weston A. Price Conference last weekend in Dallas.

The camaraderie, the astute and inspiring speakers, and then the recollection of the cold reality that we have a mountain to move to get our voices heard regarding food and health freedom.

Then again, the pure delight of meeting so many able people. This was often followed by sadness when my glance met the eyes of moms who were suffering remorse when they realized they had previously made questionable choices for their families.

Up, down, up down.

It was almost dizzying with intellectual and arousing shifts. I needed to put it all straight in my head.

After pondering it on my flight home, I came away from it all with three ideas:

1) That this freedom movement will be arduous, but possible and even quite probable.

2) That what we *had* given our children and what we had allowed them to be subjected to, compared to what we give them

now involves an important path that is practically necessary to a newly acquired thought process. For, we'd probably not be interested in any of this, if it hadn't been for someone we love who has suffered at the hand of industrialized foods and chemical medical methods.

3) That we're not alone; each in our own cities and towns, with joined hands around the world in one of the most riveting movements of our times.

I met and dined with a wonderful 70+ year old architect from Australia, a young father from England and a woman from South America. I met Conservative Jews, Amish, Bible-based Christians, Roman Catholics, New- Agers, Conservatives, Liberals, and Libertarians. And we all agreed on one thing…..health freedom is a commanding movement in our world.

I've been interested and involved in this philosophy for nearly 30 years. It has shaped the posturing of my mothering skills, professional choices and political positions…. even my religious affiliation.

Yet, until I experienced the depth and breadth of this conference with over 1500 participants, it had never occurred to me in most of those years that this could be a full-fledged faction of such proportion.

Surely there is a Santa. I know, because I've met his elves.

They were all bustling at the Weston A. Price Conference in Dallas and they're making their place in American and world history.

Real food, family farms, drug free medicine and empowerment to families is real.

Santa lives!