Happy Holidays? No Way!



Sometimes it’s hard to find connections with people.

To have even a tiny bit of commonality is a powerful thing. You know, like the feeling you get when someone says, “Merry Christmas!”

But instead, what if they say, “Happy holidays”?

Does that work?

At first, when it became popular to say that, I thought, “Well, that’s okay, I guess.” But then it started to get to me.

It sounded just a little too noncommittal. I mean, doesn't it smack of big business seeking to satisfy a larger market while trying to sound inclusive? And isn't it politically correct?

You know I don't go for that, and my guess is neither do you. To me, the phrase "Happy Holidays" is watered down, insipid woke-speak.

But replace the Happy Holiday message that tastes like a microwaved burger and a Diet Coke with "Merry Christmas! Happy Hanukkah!"

Now, *that's* something we can sink our teeth into!

That's more like a golden, roasted free-range turkey, mashed potatoes swimming in grass-fed butter, a genuine yule log and homemade eggnog with raw cream and freshly ground nutmeg.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!!

It stands for something big and powerful and good.

So, for years now, ever since "Happy Holidays" came into style, I've dug in my heels and retorted, "No! It's Merry Christmas and Happy Hanukkah with all the provenance, the bold religiosity and the political gall that comes with it."

But then again, I do what all of us sometimes do. Since I often seem to be alone in this, I check myself. I wonder if maybe I'm wrong for thinking this way.

After all, isn't this a time to simply show kindness rather than insist on making a point?

Does it really matter what the words are if the greeting is intended with good will? Doesn't that count for anything?

Ponder. Ponder. Ponder.

Then I come back to my senses, and I make an internal (well, sometimes, *not* so internal) declaration and shout,

"NO!" And I let out another big "NO," and this time I stomp my foot.

The way I see it is that we need to *insist* on it. I'm not letting go of this one!

For every time we let go of something we believe in, a fairy dies (or something like that).

Maybe another way to say it is that every time we acquiesce a little here and a little there, something is weakened. We must be insistent or else our "insistence bone" atrophies and eventually dies.

So, now, every chance I get – at the grocery store, at the gas station, when I receive a delivery – I sing out in my mezzo-soprano voice,

"MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

It's powerful.

Why? Because it's an amalgamation of our morals, our yearning for the good in life and the unaffected that we uniformly understand.

Indeed, this is not just any holiday to be happy about. It's Christmas! And as songwriters Pola and Wyle wrote, "It's the most wonderful time of the year!"

So, join me and yell it out!

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Shout it from the roof tops! Be proud of your heritage. Be proud that you're not going to bend and become a politically correct, fearful, manger animal watered down to suit a corporate, government or political agenda.

Instead, shout loudly at the top of your voice,



And to all a good night.

Warmly,

