

Santa's Renewal

Christmas 2012

Santa sat in his favourite chair (well padded) in his favourite room (kitchen) next to his favourite household appliance (fridge). Life was good for the man in the big red suit. His beer was frosty cold, the mince pies were crumbly good and the leftover turkey salad for lunch had been crispy perfect. He was content.

Santa had been around for aeons (if you included the times when he was better known as Odin or Sinterklaas) and it had taken a while for him to get used to the "current version" of Santa Claus complete with western style consumerism, presents, parades and all the rest – but it felt great now.



Of course things weren't perfect - in fact his young nephew Nick (who he was bringing into the family business) had been teasing him just last week about moving with the times – but right now any concerns seemed like tiny ripples on a big placid lake of happiness.



Leading up to Christmas 2013

"Stupid bloody Santa App!" he yelled, "and they should make these smart phones so you can put them down without breaking them"

Santa's desk was littered with papers and the pieces of his Hi-Ho WAP 4G mobile phone. He was feeling his age and generally frustrated with life. Why couldn't children send their Christmas wish lists in on paper like they used to - did everything have to be on line?

And this stupid tweeting to #Santa, what a waste of time. As far as Santa was concerned tweeting was the electronic equivalent of shouting random thoughts out loud in the middle of a crowd - and people who did it deserved to be called "twats".

And why couldn't they leave him alone about being a little on the well proportioned side – cardio health role model indeed!

Chief Elf Dobby had been no help when they had last sat down for a long chat. Waffling on about things changing, not holding on to the past, the need for working through confusion and finding renewal – blab, blab, blab.

Christmas was Christmas and that was that! The important thing was to stick with the tried and true ways of doing things and let traditional values prove their worth again.

The Dream

Santa tossed and turned in bed and tried to settle his mind.

It was no use denying it – he just wasn't enjoying this Christmas at all. To be honest things had been changing gradually for a number of years and he just couldn't ignore it for any longer.

Santa fluffed up his pillows and counted reindeer until he finally fell into a troubled and dream ridden sleep.

In his dream he found himself in a dark room, filled with mirrored corridors. Which way should he go, where was the way out or even just a way back?

Exit signs appeared in the distance and then frustratingly vanished as he approached them, he felt himself becoming more confused and angry as the dream progressed.

Hadn't Dobby said something about needing to move through confusion to find renewal – something about you can't move forward until you give up the past, even something about needing to make a realistic choice and having the courage to act on it?

But he liked being big fat Santa, just as he had liked being Sinterklaas and even Odin before that, was it really time to move on and let young Nick have a chance at the big job....



What Dobby had said - the Four Rooms of Change

Dobby's talk with Santa had been about the Four Rooms of Change, a theory that deals with change, with what happens with people and organizations in transition and with how they can influence the change process by taking responsibility for their emotions and actions.

The Four Rooms of Change describes how change can be seen as a progress through four different but linked rooms, Contentment, Self-Censorship/Denial, Confusion and finally Inspiration/Renewal.

Renewal

Aaah, this was the life. Since making his big decision Santa felt like a new man – invigorated, positive and ready for the challenges of the world. Once he had stopped worrying about how things used to be it had become clear pretty quickly that the key thing for him was the children – not so much the presents. Mrs Claus was enjoying the change as well – particularly the more regular hours and a chance to see what December was like in the

Southern hemisphere.

It was even fun watching young nephew Nick doing what he called “the santa thing” – he certainly looked the part!



Santa took one more look in the mirror, smeared some more zinc cream over his nose and headed out of the change rooms to the main pool area. It was a clear, warm morning and the children’s pool wasn’t going to supervise itself, plus the kids would be expecting his patented “nuclear cannonball” dive to start the morning off.


“Hi Ho Hi Ho – its off to work I go” he sang under his breath as then ran outside and launched himself into the pool.




Best Wishes (and Merry Christmas)

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