



Campbell Chiropractic Newsletter - December 2011

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Welcome to our Health Centre

Guy	Jen	Yizhe
Trevor	Nicole	Bryon
Sheila	Xiaohu	Benjamin
Carmen		

Thank You to the following for referring to our Health Centre

Elvie	Huayang	Larry
Charles	Matthis	

Your referral is the greatest compliment we can receive!

Chrysalis House Donations for Stockings

WOW! Can you believe that it is time to start thinking about Christmas? We at Campbell Chiropractic would like to do as we did last year and fill up stockings again for the Chrysalis House. If you are interested, we are NOW accepting donations. Some of the women and children who end up at the shelter arrive there with nothing but the clothes on their backs! The Chrysalis House is a first stage emergency shelter for women and children who are in violent and abusive situations.

The dollar store is a great place to start!

The Giving Trees

I was a single parent of four small children, working at a minimum-wage job. Money was always tight, but we had a roof over our heads, food on the table, clothes on our backs and, if not a lot, always enough. My kids told me in those days they didn't know we were poor. They just thought Mom was cheap. I've always been glad about that.

It was Christmas time, and although there wasn't money for a lot of gifts, we planned to celebrate with church and family, parties and friends, drives downtown to see the Christmas lights, special dinners, and by decorating our home.

But the big excitement for the kids was the fun of Christmas shopping at the mall. They talked and planned for weeks ahead

of time, asking each other and their grandparents what they wanted for Christmas. I dreaded it. I saved \$120 for presents to be shared by all five of us.

The big day arrived and we started out early. I gave each of the four kids a twenty-dollar bill and we reminded them to look for gifts that cost about four dollars each. Then everyone scattered. We had two hours to shop; then we would meet back at the "Santa's workshop" display. Back in the car driving home, everyone was high in Christmas spirits, laughing and teasing each other with hints and clues about what they had bought. My younger daughter, Ginger who was about eight years old was unusually quiet. I noted she had only one small flat bag with her after her shopping spree. I could see enough through the plastic bag to tell that she had bought candy bars, fifty-cent candy bars! I was so angry. What did you do with the twenty dollar bill I gave you? I wanted to yell at her, but I didn't say anything until we got home. I called her into my bedroom and closed the door, ready to be angry again when I asked her what she had done with the money. This is what she told me:

"I was looking around, thinking of what to buy, and I stopped to read the little cards on one of the Salvation Army's Giving Trees." One of the cards was for a little girl, four years old, and all she wanted for Christmas was a doll with clothes and a hairbrush. So I took the card off the tree and bought the doll and hairbrush for her and took it to the Salvation Army booth.

"I only had enough money left to buy candy bars for us," Ginger continued. "But we have so much and she doesn't have anything."

I never felt so rich as I did that day.

- Kathleen Dixon

5th Portion of Chicken Soup for the Soul

Owed to Joy

The year my youngest daughter, Shelly, was four, she received an unusual Christmas present from "Santa."

She was perfect age for Christmas, able to understand the true meaning of the season, but still completely enchanted by the magic of it. Her innocent joyfulness was compelling and contagious and a great gift to parents, reminding us of what Christmas should represent no matter how old we are.

The most highly prized gift Shelly received on that Christmas day was a giant bubble-maker, a simple device of plastic and cloth the inventor promised would create huge billowing bubbles, larger than a wide-eyed four-year-old girl. Both Shelly and I were excited about trying it out but it was dark outside so we'd have to wait until the next day.

That night, after all the gifts had been opened, I read the instruction booklet while Shelly played with some of her new toys. The inventor of the bubble-maker had tried all types of soaps for formulating bubbles and found Joy dishwashing detergent created the best giant bubbles. I'd have to get some.

The next morning I was awakened very early by small stirrings in the house. Shelly was up. I knew in my sleepy mind that Christmas Day would be held back no longer, so I arose and made my way toward the kitchen to start the coffee. In the hallway I met my daughter, already wide awake, the bubble-maker clutched in her chubby little hand, the magic of Christmas morning embraced in her four-year-old heart. Her eyes were shining with excitement. She asked, "Daddy, can we make Bubbles now?"

I sighed heavily. I rubbed my eyes. I looked toward the window where the sky was beginning to lighten with the dawn. I looked toward the kitchen, where the coffeepot had yet to start dripping its aromatic rewards for early-rising Christmas dads.

"Shelly", I said, my voice almost pleading and perhaps a little annoyed, "it's too early. I haven't even had my coffee yet."

Her smile fell away. Immediately, I felt a father's remorse for bursting her bright Christmas bubble with what she must have seen as my own selfish problem, and my heart broke a little.

But I was a grown-up. I could fix this. In a flash of adult inspiration, I shifted the responsibility. Recalling the inventor's recommendation of a particular brand of bubble-making detergent, which I knew we did not have in the house, I laid the blame squarely on him, pointing out gently, "Besides, you have to have Joy."

I watched her eyes light back up. "Oh, Daddy," she beamed. "Oh, Daddy, I do."

I broke records getting to the store, and in no time at all we were out on the front lawn creating gigantic, billowing, gossamer orbs, each one conjured of purest Joy and sent forth shimmering in the Christmas sun.

- Ted A. Thompson

Chicken Soup for the Father & Daughter Soul

May the spirit of giving and goodwill to all, bless you and your loved ones now and throughout all of 2012. From the staff at the Campbell Chiropractic Health Centre we'd like to wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

