



Santa of the Forest

A modern myth

After Halloween.

After all the leaves have fallen.

After all the mushrooms have come and gone,
comes the bitter cold season of Early Winter,
when living Earth becomes calm and sleepy.



The Sun wakes up late.
And Later.
And Later.

And goes to bed early.
And earlier.
And earlier.



There may be snow
in the air all around,
in the conifer trees,
or on the ground.

The first stirrings of **Christmas** come on the breeze.
The Humans may *get grinchy* after the work of the fall,
They also get hungry, so have great feasts for them all.
They begin looking for signs and cheer,
to give us a clue the future is near.

But, no fear: The warm Sun is gone for now, but it's return is now clear.

The Santa comes at the Sun's lowest hour,
to battle those Grinches,
To remind us to be jolly and notice the Finches.

There is still life in the ground,
just waiting for the Earth to go back around.
Santa comes in from the wood, looking horrid and tattered,
but happy and giving of all he has gathered.

When we return the sharing and ultimate caring
for our human story and place on Earth,
a gift you may find somewhere in your hearth.

But only from your heart and not from your wallet,
for the Santa knows that money and power
is the cause for our grinchy, early winter sour.



Thus, on the night before Christmas,
All through the forest,
Few creatures are stirring, accept maybe a mouse.

Santa's beard is long and looks like the stuff on a tree, not hair...
but I don't care! I'm lichen it, you see!
Though beards are on guys,
I can never quite tell,
if Santa is a boy or a gal!

Her cape is scarlet and flows in the breeze, with elegance, grace, giddy-ness and ease.
She also wears white, on her chest and waist, maybe to blend in with the snow in this place.
On the top is also the color red, but with white spots and a collar under the head.
It matches the mushroom that grows under the spruce.
The one that is toxic, may kill you, and of no use.
But The Santa picks them to dry in a tree,
not toxic to Reindeer who like to eat them, you see.
"To them the toxins are magick, taking me on a trip up high in the sky,
Santa exclaims, "because the reindeer, they FLY!
But remember the dangers so don't give 'em a try."
Though he seems quite shy,
to help us to find him the jingles of bells, shells, and nuts,
so we run fast through the forest to avoid freezing our butts!
Once I had asked "Isn't Christmas about the birth of our Jesus, the Lordy?",
To which he replied kindly "Yes, I guess, some tell this story:
A short time ago, 2 thousand or so, there was a neat man that believed in the people.
The son of Creator, a message of love,
born of the virgin, a story written in the stars up above.
Not born in the winter, but the new religion put him at the center.
So, the holiday of Yule was chosen
by Constantine, a Roman.
Already a time of grand celebration
it was easy for the locals to go along with the foe men.
Even before he was born,
folks took note of the Suns' omen,
and observed this great season for one very clear reason:



The air is cold and death could come easy,
it is important we take-care and bundle-up with a gifted fleecy.

The Christ may have come in one system of thinking,
but many world religions recognized the Sun's seasonal sinking.
In the past long ago there was once traditions,
of people picking Amanita to take to their kitchens.
Not for themselves, but for the clan's shamans.
they would offer them as presents in return for her knowledge.
In other traditions, the horned-god would come near,
to bring cheer to the people, rejoice,
and live another year.

So, each year we trek to see our friend in the forest,
to bring her red mushrooms and laugh at his non-sense.
He teaches us things about being a person:
to wonder
to observe
and to share what we have.

I like our Santa and not much the other,

For happiness does not come in a box or a bag,
she reminds us of the love we have for each other!



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For eight years our family has celebrated this alternative to the capitalist Santa in order to minimize our children's focus on commercial Christmas. They still get presents, if you are wondering 😊.