

## On the Last Day of Christmas

by:

Lance Stanford

© 2020 Lance Stanford

Love languages, people talk about them all the time. I read an article explaining their differences and I still don't understand. Someone could talk to you with kind words, or devote time to you, maybe just hold you. Acts of service isn't near as sexy as I had hoped it would be. Any of these would have been better than my ex's love language. They believed in gift giving. The bigger the gift the more love came with it, or so they thought.

Over the years I would come home to a dozen dozen roses. For Cinco de Mayo they flew in a Michelin star chef for a taco buffet with a rotating deep freeze tequila bar. I didn't even know that was a thing! It would get more extreme as time went on. There were cars, celebrity cameos and that one time with the baboon and tortoise.

Growing up that was how the family showed loved and so I guess it was just a genetic thing. I can't be there so here is a fancy gift. I was thankful, I don't want to seem like I wasn't, but that was before my love for Christmas leaked.

Gifts or no gifts, Christmas is my favorite time of the year. Despite the anger and greed you see in the stores, when people get home there is a loving calm about them. The whole holiday really does bring out the best in people.

Most people.

Not my ex.

I got excited after Halloween. That's where I went wrong. I started looking online at the newest lights, the ones that changed colors and danced with the songs you played. They were on our doorstep after two day shipping. I searched for local arboretums to get a tree. I came home to a sixteen foot pine in the living room. That's how things went.

I was still happy. I was ready for the holiday until my jingle bells got rocked on December fourteenth. It was a day like any other. I came down for breakfast, made my eggs and grabbed the paper and that's when I heard it. A scratching cry that chills me to the bone. I look up from my paper and notice something new in the living room. There, right smack in the middle is a tree with a bird hopping around on the bottom. I look closer and notice the pears in full bloom ready to fall from the tree.

They couldn't be serious.

Over the next twelve days my morning routine was breakfast, paper, absurd gift in the living room. Everyone thinks the song is cute but by the end of the first week there were twenty-three birds roaming my house. Not to mention the people! I don't know what they were offered but sixty people were leaping, dancing and piping in our house. There is love and then there's this. By the new year I had a restraining order and a new love for Arbor Day.