

Santa Flips His Disco

'Twas just the other day at the KRBS/FRRPD Christmas Craft Faire and Plant Sale at the Muni Auditorium that I saw my old friend Santa Claus (Kris Kringle). It's always fun to see him, and I haven't seen him for a while. When we get together we just love to talk. I like being around him because he's such an optimist, and he knows everybody and knows everything. When he drove up (yes, he drove up) in his red and white Prius, he saw me in the plaza in front of the Auditorium selling plants with Jan Hill. The proceeds from the sale will go into a tree fund. Santa came over and sat down on the concrete ledge that surrounds the plaza.

"Ho, ho, ho, little Bobby," he said. "Have you sold many plants yet?"

I told him we were doing pretty well.

"Ho, ho, ho!" he said. "I hope it's for a mutual *fun* portfolio."

"It's always fun at Feather River," I replied.

He started to laugh and his stomach was like a bowl full of jelly. It's just great to be around him. I feel good just listening to him talk.

"Santa, what's with the Prius?" I asked. "Where's the sleigh?"

"Ho, ho, ho! Yes, little Bobby. I left the sleigh in Chico with Rudolph and the other reindeer. They're at Bidwell Park where they're going to play reindeer games with their local reindeer friends," he replied. "But unfortunately, one of their favorite games – disc golf – can no longer be played there," he said in a more serious tone. I noticed there was no "ho, ho, ho" when he said it.

Today he reminded me more of a cross between Dumbledore, Gandalf, Jerry Garcia, and Chico State President Paul "Zinggy" Zingg. He had a more stoic tone about him but was still mellow.

"Santa," I asked, "Why are you so concerned?"

"Ho, ho, ho, little Bobby. It's about the diversity of recreation," he replied. "I have always had many boys and girls ask me for baseballs, footballs, basketballs, jump ropes, sleds, and bikes. But now I get more and more requests for soccer balls, skateboards and discs for disc golf. Ho, ho, ho! I like when I can give them something to play with outside, to keep them active and healthy. Sure they love computer games and indoor games. They're all fun. But there needs to be balance and diversity in their mind and body. Ho, ho, ho!"

"Gosh, Santa. I can still remember when I got my first baseball glove and bat. You also gave me some skates. I loved you so much, and I still do."

"Ho, ho, ho! I love you, too, little Bobby. But I don't know that I'm too much in love with the people that made the decision to keep all the little boys and girls and big boys and girls from playing disc golf in Bidwell Park. Ho, ho, ho. But it will be okay. Everything will work out just right. That's one of my big projects for this year."

"Gosh, Santa," I said. "I think so, too. Well, Santa, all of them can come over to Oroville. We have 36 holes of disc golf at Riverbend Park. But to be sustainable they need to keep their own course in Chico just the way it was."

"The reindeer feel the same way as you, little Bobby," said Santa. "Ho, ho, ho! You know, little Bobby, that Mrs. Claus plays disc golf in the North Pole. She plays with Yukon Cornelius, the Bumble and Hermey the Misfit Elf. She has a pretty good handicap."

"Gosh, Santa, where is Mrs. Claus?"

"She's down the street talking to Sue Corkin about doing some interior decorating at the North Pole," he chuckled. "Then she's going to talk to Rudy Marcozzi. You know, diamonds are a girl's best friend. Ho, ho, ho!"

"Santa, are you still going to be coming down to Riverbend Park on the 12th for the lighting of the Christmas tree?"

"Ho, ho, ho! I would never miss it. I can't wait to see all the girls and boys and hear what they want for Christmas this year. And I know, little Bobby, you want your Ford farm tractor fixed. I've got Jim Gollihar working on that."

"Thanks, Santa. You still didn't tell me why you're driving a Prius."

"Oh, it's Rudolph," he replied. "He's concerned about global warming, as we all are. It's something that's important to all of us in the North Pole. Lately he's had us put solar panels on the village rooftops. He's working with the elves on it. You know, Bobby, it's all about that nose thing of his. And the Prius can fly, too. That's all about my magic dust. Ho, ho, hooo!"

Quote

"There is a road, no simple highway, between the dawn and the dark of night, and if you go, no one may follow, that path is for your steps alone" ~ Jerry Garcia

"We have an obligation to help people understand how to live responsibly in a global environment." ~ Paul Zingg and Scott G. McNall, *Sustainability: Building Community and Creating Distinctiveness*

"We used to say that Frisbee is really a religion — 'Frisbyterians,' we'd call ourselves. When we die, we don't go to purgatory. We just land up on the roof and lay there."
~ Steady Ed Headrick (*inventor of disc golf and the modern day Frisbee, as well as the founder of the Professional Disc Golf Association and the International Frisbee Association*)

Fun Facts

July is the North Pole's warmest month, when the mean temperature rises to a freezing 32 degrees Fahrenheit. In frigid February, the average plummets to -31 degrees Fahrenheit.

The North Pole spends half the year in darkness and half in light.

What is Santa's address?

Santa Claus

1 Reindeer Lane

North Pole, 99705

Upcoming Events

Dec. 12 - **Christmas Tree Lighting** at Riverbend Park, 5:30 p.m. Santa will be there!

See you in the parks!