



Yule Tijd Season

December has been such a whirl-wind of activity and I am overdue for posting a blog on abbey happenings. This Sunday before the Winter Solstice (Dec 22nd) and this moon cycle's full moon (December 25th), I decided to write our December in lyrics to the twelve days of Christmas.

It should be noted that [the Sisters](#), tired of the fake war on Christmas touted by Faux News, decided to give them their badly wanted and needed war on Christmas (else they wouldn't talk about it so much) and this year, we are celebrating Yule Tijd – Yule Season. We still have a Yule Tree and wreaths, pre-cursors to the Christian-created holiday. We still have gifts and candles and we still sing songs and over-indulge in all our favorite things.

We still gather round the candle-lit table, hold hands, bow our heads and give thanks. It was a good year for the Sisters. We have worked hard and deserve [a holiday rest](#).

My picture blog. The twelve days of Christmas at the abbey.

On the first day of Yule Tijd, my true love gave to me,
One Zrina smiling carefree.



On the second day of Yule Tijd, my true love gave to me,
Two travel mates,
And my Zrina smiling carefree.



On the third day of Yule Tijd, my true love gave to me,
[Three bags of CBD](#),
Two travel mates,
And my Zrina smiling carefree.



On the fourth day of Yule Tijd my true love gave to me,
Four activist events,
[Three bags of CBD](#),
Two travel mates
And my Zrina smiling carefree.





On the fifth day of Yule Tijd my true love gave to me:
Five college kids back home!
Four activist events,
[Three bags of CBD](#),
Two travel mates
And my Zrina smiling carefree.



On the sixth day of Yule Tijd my true love gave to me,
Six structures on a farm,
Five college kids back home,
Four activist events
[Three bags of CBD,](#)
Two travel mates
And my Zrina smiling carefree.



On the seventh day of Yule Tijd my true love gave to me,
My first college graduate,
Six structures on a farm,
Five college kids back home,
Four activist events
[Three bags of CBD,](#)
Two travel mates
And my Zrina smiling carefree.



On the eight day of Yule Tijd my true love gave to me,
An eight hour workshop,
(It was social media)
Seven smiles for college grad,
Six structures on a farm,
Five college kids back home!
Four activist events
[Three bags of CBD,](#)
Two travel mates
And mijn Zrina smiling carefree.



On the ninth day of Yule Tijd my true love gave to me,
Nine gathered for a feast
Eight hour workshop,
Seven smiles for college grad,
Six structures on a farm,
Five college kids back home,
Four activist events
[Three bags of CBD,](#)
Two travel mates
And mijn Zrina smiling carefree.



On the tenth day of Yule Tijd my true love gave to me,
Ten kinds of cookies,
Nine gathered for a feast.
Eight hour workshop,
Seven smiles for college grad,
Six structures on a farm,
Five college kids back home,
Four activist events
[Three bags of CBD,](#)
Two travel mates
And mijn Zrina smiling carefree.



On the eleventh day of Yule Tijd my true love gave to me,
Eleven vegan dishes
(Blessed be Sister Darcy)

Ten kinds of cookies,
Nine gathered for a feast.
Eight hour workshop,
(It was social media)
Seven smiles for college grad,
Six structures on a farm,
Five college kids back home!
Four activist events
[Three bags of CBD](#),
Two travel mates
And mijn Zrina smiling carefree.



On the twelfth day of Yule Tijd, my true love gave to me,
Twelve candles burning,
Eleven vegan dishes
Ten kinds of cookies,
Nine gathered for a feast.
Eight hour workshop,
Seven smiles for college grad,
Six structures on a farm,

Five college kids back home!
Four activist events
[Three bags of CBD](#),
Two travel mates
And mijn Zrina smiling carefree.