



From our family to yours.

HelpMyMama.com



Who's keeping track anyway?

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2025 was to be the year,
Of Santa's fitness goals becoming clear.

To get motivated to do more,
Would require an evolution,
Something much greater,
Then another broken new year's resolution.

As Santa looked out his window,
The sky full of fresh snowing,
He hollered for Rudolph,
"Bring the sleigh, let's get going!"

"Rudolph, my good friend,
Every year I ask kids to be nice.
So they all put out cookies,
To secure their status on the list I've checked twice.

But those cookies add up,
To an amount this belly can't hold,
I'm ready to try something new,
Perhaps something bold."

Rudolph smiled with glee,
For he knew of a nearby challenge,
An activity Santa had never seen under a tree.

"Off to the gym for some sit-ups!"
Rudolph started shouting.
Quickly Santa stopped smiling,
Patted his belly, and even began pouting.

Santa replied, "You know,
There may be a few more cookies in my sleigh,
A few more I can tuck in,
Who's keeping track anyway?"