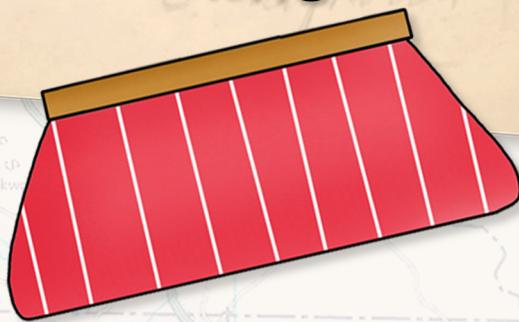


# Top 10 Priceless Gifts that Don't Cost a Dime

for each  
PURSE-onality



Downtown  
Los Angeles  
1:30 000

Scale  
0.25 mi 0.5 mi  
0.25 0.5 0.75 km  
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by Cheri Gregory

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[www.CheriGregory.com](http://www.CheriGregory.com)  
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# Let's Get PURSE-onal!

## **The Personalities and Me: 30 Years and Going Strong!**

Three decades ago, when I was 15 years old (please don't do the math!), my mother heard Florence Littauer speak on The Personalities for the first time. She came home, handed out Personality "tests" to me, my older brother, and my father. When we tallied the results, my mother's suspicions were confirmed: she was the only sane human being in a house full of crazies!

The Personality paradigm has been a literal life-saver for me. During my high school years, I nearly lost my life to an eating disorder. I had spent my childhood and teen years trying valiantly to become somebody that God never intended me to be. The Personalities gave me a glimpse into who God really created me to be. As I've learned, grown, and became free to be me, it turns out that I really *like* who I've turned out to be!

The Personalities have also been a marriage-saver. Daniel and I met during our freshman year of college and married between our junior and senior year, two arrogant, selfish 21-year-olds certain we knew everything there was to know about love! Although while dating I'd written to my parents that Daniel was "the male version of me," within days of the wedding, our opposite Personalities—he's Melancholy and I'm Sanguine—came out in full force. We would not be going on our anniversary (September 11, 2013!) without the practical guidance of The Personalities.

To further complicate (or balance!) our lives, I soon gave birth to a Choleric daughter and a Phlegmatic son. My knowledge of The Personalities helped me be the parent that Annemarie needed me to be and the parent Jonathon needed me to be so that each was able to develop her/his unique Personality gifts and grow according to God's plan for their lives.

When speaking at women's retreats, parent meetings, and educational conferences, I am passionate about sharing The Personalities because of all the "Ah-HA!" moments. I love hearing, "This explains so much!...Now I understand...I can't wait to tell...I've been interpreting \_\_\_ all wrong..." The comment I treasure the most from all my years of speaking: "I learned mercy."

## The PURSE-onalities

“What’s with the PURSE theme?” you may be wondering.

When I speak on the temperaments, I use four purses illustrate the four basic “PURSE-onality” types:

The fun bright yellow purse represents the **Sanguine**.

The classic neat blue handbag represents the **Melancholy**.

The compact functional red clutch represents the **Choleric**.

The relaxed casual green fanny pack represents the **Phlegmatic**.

For a quick introduction to the PURSE-onalities, you’re welcome to listen to my **free** message “[Let’s Get PURSE-onal!](#)”

## Gifts and Gift-Giving

Each PURSE-onality has specific strengths, or natural gifts. When we intentionally choose to give gifts that match or complement a PURSE-on’s God-given gifts, we demonstrate respect and facilitate their growth.

### **SANGUINE:**

humor  
enthusiasm  
friendliness  
creativity  
spontaneity  
forgiveness



### **CHOLERIC:**

confidence  
initiative  
motivation  
direction  
action  
independence



### **PHLEGMATIC**

patience  
calm  
support  
comfort  
relaxation  
authenticity



### **MELANCHOLY:**

analysis  
organization  
compassion  
devotion  
depth  
sincerity



# Top 10 Gifts for the **Sanguine** PURSE-onalities in Your Life

Keeping in mind that your **Sanguine's** *primary goal* in life is **fun**, and that her *primary emotional needs* are **attention**, **affection**, **approval**, and **acceptance**, a real gift from your heart could be...



## **Sanguine** Gift #10: Laugh Together.

Borrow DVDs of comedians, relax on the couch, and chuckle along. Our family loves [Ken Kington](#), [Michael Junior](#), [Taylor Mason](#), and [Ken Davis](#). We've watched them dozens of times, and they're funnier each time!

Read comic books together. When Daniel and I were expecting Annemarie, we devoured [For Better or For Worse](#) books.

As the kids moved through toddler and elementary years, we followed *Calvin and Hobbes* faithfully. Once they hit their teens, we became [Zits](#) devotees.

Listen to [npr](#) together. For years, Daniel and I had a weekly ritual of listening to *Car Talk* and howling together at the outrageous antics of Click and Clack, the Tappet brothers.

What other ways can you think of to tickle your Sanguine's funny bone for free?



## **Sanguine Gift #9: Laugh *at* Them.**

Audience laughter is a powerful opiate for a Sanguine.

When Jonathon was four months old, it took me thirty minutes to dress him because he had just learned to laugh. Every movement, every sound, every facial expression I made prompted fresh bursts of belly laughter. I couldn't get enough!

Inside each Sanguine is a stand-up comedian dying to get out and find an audience, *any* audience. Laugh at me, and you'll trigger my inner Sally Fields euphoria: "You like me! You like me! You really like me!"

There's pretty much nothing a Sanguine won't do to get a laugh. After a recent women's retreat, I told my family how much the audience had laughed at an especially embarrassing story I'd told about myself.

"Mom," sighed Jonathon, "you'll share *anything* as long as it'll get a laugh, won't you."

Duh!

*(Caveat: I'm **not** advocating mockery. If you don't know your Sanguine well enough to sense the difference between "laughing at" and mocking, skip this one.*



## **Sanguine Gift #8: Speak Words of Affirmation.**

Your Sanguine's primary [love language](#) is words of affirmation.

I may have just kept 300 teachers laughing hysterically at a conference, but I still love hearing Daniel say, "You're so darn funny!"

You may be having a great day shopping with your BFF, but she still wants to hear, "I am so glad we're friends!"

If a husband is working through the "honey-do" list, he wants to hear, "I don't know what I'd do without you."

And a parent who's gotten the kids fed, bathed, read to, and tucked in bed *really* wants to hear, "You're an amazing Mom/Dad!"

Don't assume your Sanguine knows what you're thinking or feeling or worry about inflating their ego.

Say what's on your mind, and watch them thrive on your words!



## **Sanguine Gift #7: Self-Edit (Then Speak).**

The Sanguine is the most NTN Personality: No Test Needed. In-your-face. Over-the-top. Force of nature. Larger than life.

So it's easy to assume that you can cleverly "bring him down a notch" or teasingly "cut her down to size."

Yes, I laugh at put-downs disguised as jokes. They're a form of attention, after all. I will take bad breath over no breath at all, any day. I'll even join in, as self-deprecation is my type of humor; it's also my best cover for digs that go too deep.

But realizing the power of words, and choosing to leave hurtful ones un-said, is an especially generous gift for a Sanguine. He's already been called "motor-mouth," "dummy," and "nuisance." She's already been labeled "air-head," "pollyanna," and "pest."

Take care *not* to add your voice to the echo of wounding words.



## **Sanguine Gift #6: Invite Them.**

Multi-level marketing companies make millions of dollars each year by inviting Sanguines to *join*. And I've happily whipped out my checkbook at least a dozen times. \$200 for a kit is a small price to pay for instant membership.

You can remove the price tag from belonging: Just invite, no strings attached.

Invite her for a cup of hot chocolate and a chat. Invite him to borrow equipment. Invite her to run errands with you. Invite him to be part of the praise and worship team.

In a new social setting, Daniel often invites me to (re)tell one of my favorite "same old stories." Even though he could tell it word-for-word (and with greater factual accuracy!), he still listens and laughs, drawing me into the new group.

For a Sanguine, an offer of belonging is an irresistible invitation!



## **Sanguine Gift #5: Take a "Mystery Trip."**

The point of a "mystery trip" isn't the destination. The point is the excitement of having a trip planned for me and the anticipation of the fun we'll have along the way.

Keep things cheap and easy.

Fill a couple of thermoses with hot chocolate, hop in the car, crank up the Christmas carols, and drive down "Christmas Tree Lane" together.

Or pack a sack supper and go to the mall, cameras in hand, for some "Photo-Shopping" together. When you return home, make PowerPoint wish lists.

For non-Sanguines, remember that perfection and achievement are *not* the goals of a "mystery trip." *Having fun together* is the goal.

If things "go wrong", relax and roll with it. No parking spots? If you vent your frustration, you'll spoil the fun.

Daniel's best move at times like this? He reaches over, grabs my hand, and says, "This just means I get to spend more time with you!" (I've learned to ignore the clenched teeth!)



### **Sanguine Gift #4: Do a Chore *Together*.**

I am the world's worst homemaker.

I hate cleaning. I hate cooking. I hate having guests over.

Cleaning is dull, boring, solitary work. Cooking takes forever, which means my kitchen becomes an isolation chamber. Having guests over is a double whammy: I have to clean alone *and* cook alone.

All that said, I love *company*!

Join me in the cleaning, and we'll have a party! Join me in the kitchen, and we'll make Disneyland the 2nd Happiest Place on Earth! Bring a potluck dish and promise not to check for dust, and you're welcome in my home any day, any hour!

Partner with your Sanguine on a chore, and you'll turn *boring* into a *blessing*!



### **Sanguine Gift #3: Re-Fill Their Love Cup.**

Each Sanguine has a Love Cup...with a crack. For some, it's a hairline split; for others, it's a jagged gash.

So a Sanguine's Love Cup always has a leak, whether a trickle or a gush. They need constant re-filling.

This is a tall order. (Sanguines aren't for sissies!)

Years ago, I read about a man who ordered a dozen red roses to be delivered to his wife each week. No personal note, no loving words, no special treatment to accompany the flowers. Just a weekly regimen of red roses.

While this might sound like the ideal solution -- set up a routine and let it run -- it's the worst possible scenario. Far worse than a completely empty love cup is the sense of being such a burden that a system is required.

Keep re-filling as honestly and spontaneously as you can. You don't need to *fix* the crack or *keep* the Love Cup full.

Just keep re-filling.



## **Sanguine Gift #2: Be All Ears.**

When Annemarie was old enough to walk and talk, I felt *stalked*.

She'd start telling me a story. As the story got longer, I'd try to escape upstairs with the laundry; surely, she wouldn't follow me up there?

But here she'd come, toddle, toddle, toddle, one-step-at-a-time, following me room-to-room, starting her story over and over again.

As a Sanguine, she's relentless. She will keep talking until she feels heard. And she won't feel heard until she has not just my ears but my eyes, too.

We finally compromised. I'd pile up the clean laundry between us -- so she could see my face -- and I'd sort and fold as she talked. Once she finally got me to listen to her entire story, she'd prance off.

I told this story while speaking to a MOPS group one day and then came home for lunch. Daniel was home, so I started telling him about how much fun the MOPS moms had been.

He finished his sandwich and headed to his studio, but I wasn't done talking, so I followed him. While I talked, he did what he needed to do in his studio and headed to the bathroom. (I did not follow him there!)

But as I sat on our bed, waiting for him to come out so I could keep talking, I realized: **Sanguines *never* outgrow the need to be heard.**

We *will* keep talking. We *will* follow you wherever you go.

If you listen, we will *finally* finish.

(And *then* we'll leave you alone.)



## **Sanguine Gift #1: Include Them.**

At 6:00 AM a few years ago, our cat, Dusty, leaped onto our bed, landing squarely on my forehead. I screamed, and she dug in, using my head as her launching pad.

I was lucky to escape with only one long, jagged, bloody gash down my forehead. Unfortunately, we had no neosporin ointment at home. I had four classes to teach before I could make a Target run, and I didn't want the wound to close up.

The red line down the middle of my forehead created quite the sensation all morning. Students pointed, gasped, and gaped. Colleagues kept asking, "Do you realize you're bleeding?"

I finally got neosporin, covered the offending red line with Band-aids, and life went back to normal.

A few days later, a faculty member approached Daniel with the idea of having all staff members draw red marker lines down the middle of their foreheads for that week's staff meeting.

Daniel, who as a Melancholy/Phlegmatic hates pranks, threw up a red light to the idea, afraid I'd be humiliated.

But I love, love, love just the idea, even though it never came to fruition. I love imagining a room full of my colleagues, red panned lines saying, in effect, "You're one of us!"

And I am thrilled that *They like me! They like me! They really like me!* enough to come up with a crazy idea like that...for me.

# Yes, These Really Are Gifts to the **Sanguine** PURSE-onalities in Your Life!

For non-Sanguine personalities, none of these may feel gift-worthy. Who cares about laughter or belonging or anticipation? Your Sanguine, that's who! These gifts send the subtle message,

*"I understand that fun, attention, affection, approval,  
and acceptance are vital to you.*

*Rather than ignoring these needs and hoping they go away,  
I'm choosing to find ways to meet them because I love you.*

*You're important to me, so what's important to you becomes  
important to me."*

This kind of support in action is a *fabulous* gift for a Sanguine!

# Top 10 Gifts for the **Melancholy** PURSE-onalities in Your Life

Keeping in mind that your Melancholy's *primary goal* in life is **to achieve perfection**, and that her *primary emotional needs* are **order, sensitivity, support, space, and silence**, a real gift from your heart could be...



## **Melancholy Gift #10: Organization of an Area of Disorder.**

Sometimes, this has been as simple as putting my shoes away "where they belong" instead of leaving them out.

(Other times, it's been as daunting as dealing with the garage, but we're not going there today!)

And when "where they belong" hasn't been well-established, I've researched solutions until we found one that works for both of us.



### **Melancholy Gift #9: Willingness to Hear What They're Really Saying.**

For years, my husband griped, "All I want is a clean knife, but noooo, they're all in the dishwasher! Why does everyone use so many knives? It's ridiculous. If you'd all just rinse it off after you use it..."

All I heard was the *complaining*.

Recently, I decided to screen out anything that evoked an emotional response in me; lo and behold, I heard him *really* saying "I want a clean knife."

I quickly bought a set of 4 new knives, which he chose to let us use (he prefers his "old faithfuls!")

No complaints since!



## **Melancholy Gift #8: Your Presence at Important Events.**

Daniel's gospel quartet practiced every Monday night for three hours in our home, 50 weeks a year for seven years.

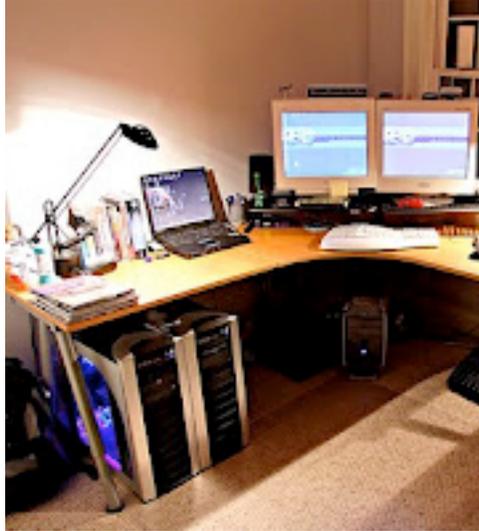
I'd heard every song they sang, multiple times...often the same short phrase over and over and over – "There's power in the...There's power in the...There's power in the..." – until I all but begged for "**blood!** Just give me **blood!**"

So I initially thought performances would be no big deal; I could just stay home with the kids rather than dragging them out to hear what we'd already heard.

Wrong.

When I didn't show up, Daniel was crushed.

Conversely, when I spent a wedding anniversary tending the group's table at Redlands Market Night, I earned big points with my man!



### **Melancholy Gift #7: A Room (or Space) of His/Her Own.**

When we first moved into a four-bedroom house, I took over the spare bedroom and crammed it full of my sewing and crafting supplies (which I visited now and then.)

One day, while at my brother and sister-in-law's home, I found Daniel sitting on the floor reading in Karen's lovely office.

He looked up and said, in a voice of longing, "She has a room of her own!"

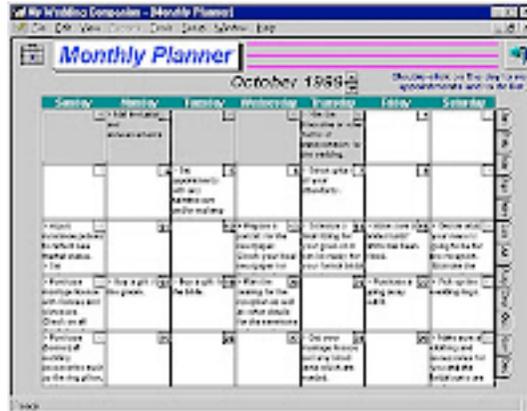
It took me two hours, after we got home that night, to shift all my stuff from storage in my "craft room" to storage in the garage, freeing the space for Daniel's office / studio / cave (complete with a door that opens, shuts, and – when necessary! – locks.)



### **Melancholy Gift #6: Protection of Quiet Time.**

When a Melancholy in the house decides it's nap time, I crate the dog (so she won't bark at stray air molecules!), un-plug the phones (and remove the batteries!), and tape a "do not disturb" sign on the door.

And then I remove myself so they're free to enjoy complete silence.



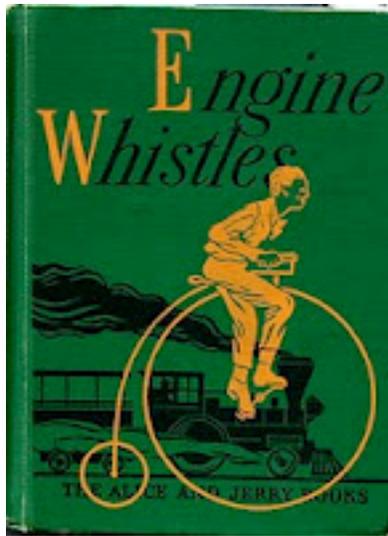
## Melancholy Gift #5: An Advance Plan.

For both Melancholy males in my house, "spontaneity" means anything less than three weeks' notice. Their favorite surprise is no surprise.

My most notorious failure to give this gift was the night I called home to tell Jonathon, "We're not there."

"I noticed," he said gloomily. "I've been noticing for the last several hours. It got dark, but nobody told me anything or left me any notes or even called."

He wasn't afraid to be home alone – he was 16 at the time – but he was bummed that nobody had bothered to clue him in on their plans.



### **Melancholy Gift #4: Attention to What Matters.**

Almost ten years ago, I was wracking my brain to think of a meaningful gift for my mother. I tried to recall anything she'd ever mentioned needing or wanting, but for weeks I drew a blank.

Finally, a light bulb moment!

Any time she talked about her five years as a sixth grade teacher, she spoke fondly and longingly about the reading book she'd used: *Engine Whistles*. Thanks to eBay, I hit the jackpot that year.

She held the book reverentially, stroking it in wonder, asking over and over, "How did you get this?"

What other meaningful gifts I could have given her throughout the years, if I'd only listened more and made note of what mattered to her?



### **Melancholy Gift #3: Unobtrusive Companionship During/ After a Difficulty.**

When things go wrong, a Melancholy is reminded that she has, once again, failed to achieve perfection. She may take this failure to heart and become very discouraged for a while.

Trying to "cheer up" a discouraged Melancholy is like trying to nail Jell-O to the wall: lots of effort with no results.

You'll end up frustrated that your attempts aren't appreciated, and your cheer-ee will become further discouraged because nobody understands the gravity of the situation.

While it's tempting to just leave her alone (and if you ask, you may even find out that's what she needs at the moment), staying alongside her *without* trying to "fix" her is often the most healing thing you can do.



## **Melancholy Gift #2: Respect for Solitude.**

When we were first married, Daniel used to take off for a walk, a trip to a bookstore, even a backpacking trip without inviting me.

It took me years to understand that his need for solitude was not a reflection of his commitment to me or his enjoyment of my company.

As an introvert, he needs time alone, away from anyone who knows or needs him.

Now, I actively protect my husband's solitude by call screening, running interference when someone shows up unannounced on our doorstep, and even holding his cell phone for a few hours when I can tell that he's "peopled out."



## **Melancholy Gift #1: A Good Old Fashioned Shuttin' Up.**

I used to regale Daniel with the novel-length version of my day, every day. I ignored the glazed-over look in his eyes, determined that we were going to build a more intimate relationship via sheer volume of words.

In time, I shortened my end-of-day commentary to the blog-post version. Suddenly, I no longer had to chase him around the house to get his attention. He started voluntarily asking me, "So, how was your day?"

In the last couple of years, I've edited myself down to Facebook status update length. Amazingly enough, Daniel now asks insightful questions, wanting to hear more. He recently startled me by asking, "And how did you *feel* about that?"

But my greatest successes have been Twitter-sized comments, the carefully thought-out one-liners. This school year, Daniel has stopped what he was doing, looked at me in wonder, and said, "That was profound!" more than a dozen times.

Clearly, less really can be so much more!

# Yes, These Really Are Gifts to the **Melancholy** PURSE-onalities in Your Life!

For us non-Melancholy personalities, none of these may feel gift-worthy. Who cares about shoes or rooms or quiet? Your Melancholy, that's who! These gifts send the subtle message,

*"I understand that order, sensitivity, support, space, and silence are vital to you.*

*Rather than ignoring these needs and hoping they go away, I'm choosing to find ways to meet them because I love you.*

*You're important to me, so what's important to you becomes important to me."*

This kind of compassion in action is the *ideal* gift for a Melancholy!

# Top 10 Gifts for the **Choleric** PURSE-onalities in Your Life

Keeping in mind that your Choleric's *primary goal* in life is **control**, and that her *primary emotional needs* are **responsibility**, **achievement**, **appreciation**, and **loyalty**, a real gift from your heart could be...



## **Choleric Gift #10: Offer to Take Orders.**

Welcome any time, this gift is especially valuable when a Choleric is feeling overwhelmed. Bossing you around will give him a small sense of control; he'll feel more hopeful immediately.

Annemarie often helps in my classroom. It's amazing how much "stuff" she can de-clutter, how much trash she can throw out, and how many books she can re-organize in 60 minutes...and how much better I feel when she's done!

So if you're willing, say, "I have an hour during which I will do whatever you tell me."

If he's too overwhelmed to even know what he needs, try #3; or invite him to think it over, and then come back later.



### **Choleric Gift #9: Request “Expert” Help.**

When I considered attending the [Desire Conference](#), I asked my dear friend [Kathi Lipp](#) if I could help her in any way. Attending alone, I knew that I’d feel – and look! – purposeless and foolish.

Kathi graciously invited me to help with her book table, “because you know my books so well!”

Armed with a clearly defined role, I happily registered, arrived early, fulfilled my purpose, and never once felt foolish!

A Choleric wants to feel needed in a social setting. Give her a specific responsibility, preferably a task she is especially qualified to do.

She will be far more at ease than if all she's supposed to do is “show up” (and then what?)



### **Choleric Gift #8: Share Time-Saving Tools.**

Do *not* accidentally imply that your suggestion is necessary due to your Choleric's ineptitude! Be clear that you're making the suggestion because they are *so* capable and *so* busy.

Try something like, "Because I know you \_\_\_\_\_, I thought of you when \_\_\_\_\_."

I've said to fellow teachers, "Because I know that you like to teach vocabulary in context, I thought of you when I ran across [VocabProfile](#). Copy and paste any text into it, and it'll tell you which words are in the 1st K, 2nd K, on the Academic Word List, and which are Off List."

I've just started using [Evernote](#), and I'm going to suggest it to all my Choleric colleagues who collect articles, images, comics, etc. Multiple tags for individual items means powerful storage and sorting!

(*Caveat*: No matter how certain you are that your suggested tool will revolutionize a life, simply share and back away. It's virtually impossible to create a "teachable moment" with a Choleric. Your gift is in the sharing...not the results!)



## **Choleric Gift #7: Public Acknowledgement.**

I'll never forget walking on stage to receive a major award during a [Discovery Toys](#) Convention.

The company founder looked me in the eye, smiled broadly, and said, "I am so proud of you!"

As I hugged the Vice President of Sales, he said, "When you look out at the audience, you'll see what a standing ovation looks like!" He then grandly led me to center stage, gestured forward, and I saw thousands of women on their feet, cheering and clapping, for me.

None of them knew me. All they knew was that I had worked hard, very hard. And instead of resenting me, these women stood to say that what'd I'd done *mattered*.

Not all Choleric like the spotlight. But most crave to know that their efforts *matter*.

"We couldn't have \_\_\_\_\_ without \_\_\_\_\_!" is sweet music to Choleric ears.



## **Choleric Gift #6: Stand Up For Me & Stand By Me.**

Because of their driven nature, Cholerics can come across as independent, even arrogant. Acquaintances frequently watch for moments of weakness to “show them they’re not all that.” Even friends often back away at the first signs of difficulty, letting them trip, fall, and get back up on their own.

Almost nineteen years ago, I walked far too calmly into the Labor and Delivery ward. Nobody called my doctor; Daniel was sent downstairs to the Admitting Department.

After a torturous solo hour of transitional labor without epidural and moments from an emergency C-section, I cried to the attending physician, “I *can’t* push!”

“You *have* to!” he yelled.

“If my wife says she can’t push,” Daniel thundered, striding into the room and elbowing through the hastily-assembled crowd of specialists, “then you *will* accept that she can’t push!”

Jonathon was born moments later. But I remember December 13 as the day Daniel stood up for me and stood by me when I could do nothing for myself.



### **Choleric Gift #5: Allow for More than One Right.**

When our Fontana house was being built, Daniel and I got into an argument over the spelling of our street name.

He knew it was Toulumne while I insisted it was Toulumme. I had practiced the spelling aloud hundreds of times, specifically so I would not get it wrong.

We finally drove to the development, simultaneously shouted, “*See!?!?*” in triumph...while pointing at different signs.

Daniel became even more upset, because two different signs with two different spellings should not exist. I, on the other hand, was vastly relieved that I was not wrong.

Instead of going toe-to-toe with a Choleric, consider that she may be looking at a different street sign, spelled a slightly different way.

Allowing for more than one right allows for two winners and no loser.



### **Choleric Gift #4: Laud Their Lists.**

A listless Choleric is a contradiction in terms.

Show me a Choleric, and in her purse, on her refrigerator, in her notebook, or on the back of an envelope she *will* have a list.

I like knowing what's expected of me, and I *love* knowing I've fulfilled – and preferably exceeded! – those expectations. Making and checking lists helps me make sure nothing falls through the cracks.

Protect your Choleric from ignoramuses who think calling someone "anal-retentive" demonstrates comedic talent.

Such a label misses the point entirely.

I don't keep lists because I'm hypervigilant about details. I make lists because of the adrenalin rush I get each time I put a "check" next to a completed task!

(And, of course, when I do a task that's not on the list...I write it in so that I can check that one off, too!)



### **Choleric Gift #3: Be a Sounding Board.**

With several projects going on simultaneously, a Choleric will often get bogged down but not readily recognize why.

Many Cholerics are auditory processors; they don't need to see a flow chart, but they do need to hear their own train of thought as they explain it to someone else.

When Daniel says, "So, tell me about everything you've got going," he demonstrates powerful, selfless generosity.

And within minutes, I'm saying things like, "So *that's* what I should do next!" and "I knew there was a hang-up I wasn't seeing; that's it!"

Your listening facilitates your Choleric's self-discovery of clear thoughts and next steps.



## **Choleric Gift #2: Detailed “Thank You.”**

Many people find a Choleric so intimidating that they make the excuse, "Oh, he already knows what a great job he did; he certainly doesn't need to hear it from me!"

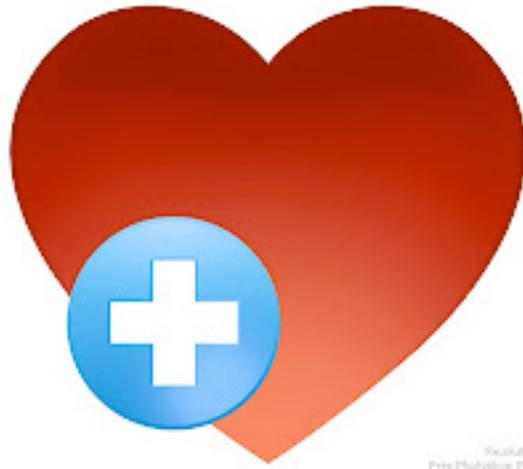
Oh yes, he does. More than you can imagine.

He doesn't actually need to hear about the "great job" he did; he needs to hear about how his efforts impacted you, specifically.

I keep thank-you notes from former students in my wallet. All I have to do is open one up and read the words, "I'm writing to say 'thank you' for..." and I am re-energized. Not because the student "liked" me but because they reminded me that I do make a difference.

Jot down few sentences detailing the difference a Choleric's influence has made in your life. Deliver it via e-mail, USPS, or face-to-face over a mocha at Starbucks.

(For everything else, there's Master Card.)



## **Choleric Gift #1: Assume Positive Intent.**

My daughter Annemarie read through the Choleric gifts as I was brainstorming and gave a hearty "Amen!" to this one, saying:

*"I'm really not a horribly witchy person. I **mean** for things to go well and have no idea how they go so terribly wrong.*

*I'll be all proud of what I've done and then find out that everyone else is ticked off and hurt. Then it's all terrible, just terrible, and I don't even know why."*

Poor child, she comes by it honestly! I frequently become so task focused that I simply don't see the wake of dead bodies behind me.

When your Choleric has "bull-in-the-China-shop" moments (or days), trust that the original plan only involved action, not collateral damage.

# Yes, These Really Are Gifts to the **Choleric** PURSE-onalities in Your Life!

For non-Choleric personalities, none of these may feel gift-worthy. Who cares about recognition or lists or time-savers? Your Choleric, that's who! These gifts send the subtle message,

*"I understand that control, responsibility, achievement, appreciation, and loyalty are vital to you.*

*Rather than ignoring these needs and hoping they go away, I'm choosing to find ways to meet them because I love you.*

*You're important to me, so what's important to you becomes important to me."*

This kind of understanding in action is a *validating* gift for a Choleric!



# Top 10 Gifts for the **Phlegmatic** PURSE-onalities in Your Life

Keeping in mind that your Phlegmatic's *primary goal* in life is **peace**, and that her *primary emotional needs* are **self-worth**, **respect**, **lack of stress**, and **comfort**, a real gift from your heart could be...



## **Phlegmatic Gift #10: Together Time.**

Just “hang out.”

No plan. No agenda. No expectations.

Phlegmatics love “doing nothing” with friends and family for extended periods of time.

For non-Phlegmatics, “doing nothing” is an oxymoron: if you’re doing *nothing*, you’re **not** actually *doing*!

Embrace the paradox.

“Doing nothing” with a phlegmatic is a gift that gives back to the giver. You’ll receive the gift of learning to be a human *being* -- even for a little while! -- instead of such a human *doing*.



## Phlegmatic Gift #9: Spotlight Strengths.

Because the Phlegmatic is the most balanced Personality, she is often overlooked.

The Down-to-the-Last-Detail Melancholy outdoes Martha Stewart with holiday home decor. The I-Won't-Play-if-I-Can't-Win Choleric receives year-end awards for outstanding work achievement. The Life-of-the-Party Sanguine keeps everyone howling with laughter at the New Year's Eve bash.

And what is the Phlegmatic's claim-to-fame? Exactly what does the Phlegmatic *do* best?

Um...er...well... Why is it so hard to come up with a quick answer?

Because it's the wrong question. The Phlegmatic's greatest contribution to his relationships is *not* what he **does**; it's who he *is*.

In a world which sings praises only for measurable accomplishments, your Phlegmatic needs you to reflect back to her the invaluable qualities you see in her and the inestimable contribution she makes to your life.

Give your Phlegmatic her red carpet moment. A few words from you will mean more than any public ceremony. After all, the only audience she cares about is you.



### **Phlegmatic Gift #8: Accept Answers.**

For years, I just knew Daniel was holding out on me.

I'd ask, "So, where do you want to go to dinner?" and he'd respond, "Whatever you want" or "I don't care." For the next hour, I'd badger him relentlessly, trying to pry out of him what he really wanted.

Since Phlegmatics possess a will of iron, I never successfully cracked his encrypted communication. We'd end up at dinner with me silently fuming because I just knew he hated my choice but still refused to tell me what he really wanted.

Turns out, what he *really* wanted was for me to quit trying to decode non-existent secret meanings and take him at his word. He really did. not. care.

So, when you ask, "Where do you want to go for dinner?" and your Phlegmatic says, "I don't care," you can happily say, "Okay, then let's go to Panera Bread!"

Enjoy your soup and bagel...and trust that he's enjoying his!

DECEMBER 2011						
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

## Phlegmatic Gift #7: Clear the Calendar.

The holiday season brings myriad options for places to go, things to do, and people to see.

Christmas concerts; Scrooge plays; Santa Claus Lane. Classic movies to watch; cookies to bake; gifts to wrap. Friends; family; work associates. None are likely bad choices -- most are actually good or even excellent!

But for a Phlegmatic, the best place to go is nowhere. The best thing to do is nothing. And the best people are beloved family members and friends who come to the house to visit.

Crammed calendar = a **distressed** Phlegmatic.

Cleared calendar = a **de-stressed** Phlegmatic.

*(Note: While this was written specifically for the Christmas season, it applies any time of the year!)*



## **Phlegmatic Gift #6: Favorite Foods.**

My mother's holiday menu always honors my father's Armenian heritage: tebulah, rice pilaf, cheese barek, and falafel.

My husband's family has mid-western roots, so for the last two decades, every time Daniel and I have spent a holiday at my parents' home, I've brought along mashed potatoes and stuffing.

And every time, my mother has masked her horror by asking, "Are you sure that's necessary? We already have so much food!"

Even though Daniel is the only one who eats the mashed potatoes and stuffing, I respond every time, "Yes, they're absolutely necessary!" For my phlegmatic husband, it wouldn't be Thanksgiving (or Christmas or Easter) without them.

Phlegmatics so rarely express needs, let alone wants. When they let you know what they like, follow through...even when it doesn't fit the menu.



## **Phlegmatic Gift #5: Commitment to Calm.**

For many Phlegmatics, the emotional ups-and-downs of the holiday season feel like being in a small boat -- with no oars, no sail, no motor -- on choppy seas.

I'd come home from shopping, excited about finding a special gift, but mad about rude treatment from a cashier.

After school, I'd gush over a gift from a student, but complain about the petty arguments about what we should and shouldn't do for our class Christmas party.

Getting off the phone with family members, I'd anticipate our upcoming holiday feast, but fret about someone's unrealistic expectations.

It took me years to realize that my responses to typical holiday situations made my Phlegmatic husband downright nauseated. (And it took many more years to learn how to "just let it go!")

"Let there be peace on earth" is every Phlegmatic's Christmas song and plea. I give a gift of infinite value when I "let it begin with *me!*"



### **Phlegmatic Gift #4: Esthetic Expression.**

In my twenty years of teaching, I've noticed that my Phlegmatic students are often drawn to musical, artistic, and/or kinesthetic involvement.

When I was a teenager, my Phlegmatic grandmother loved nothing more than for me to play "Oh Holy Night" on the piano while she sang along in German. Tears would twinkle in her eyes when we were through, and after she went home, I always found a dollar bill on the piano keyboard.

Although my singing makes angels weep, I still pull out my Christmas music this time of year. Daniel brings down his guitar (or ganjo or mandolin or harmonica or...!) and we sing to his heart's delight.

Your Phlegmatic might appreciate your participation in an arts or crafts project: making new holiday decor or building a Christmas display. A walk or workout together; slow dancing under the mistletoe.

(A word of caution: Dabble. This isn't the time to "dive all the way in." Avoid activities that involve terms like "competition," "renovation," or "marathon" -- see #7.)



### **Phlegmatic Gift #3: Champion Choices.**

In October of 2010, my Phlegmatic son, Jonathon, wracked up almost 30 hours of flight time when he helped fly a small aircraft from Milwaukee to Monterey.

He had a wonderful experience and determined to earn his pilot's license before his driver's license. As of today, he has neither.

Jonathon completed private pilot ground school in June of 2011. During the summer, he had lots of free time – and plenty of money – to pay an instructor and rent a plane. He did neither.

Every now and then, I checked in with him, knowing how much more expensive it would be if he waited until college.

But wait, he did. So bite my tongue, I did. And still do.

Yes, it's tempting to drop hints: "Wouldn't it be great if..." To offer to help: "How about if I..." And to outright question his judgment: "Don't you realize..."

But even though I disagree with my son's choices, I choose to respect him. By not meddling. By not questioning. By getting out of the way. By letting him make – and live with – his own choices.



## **Phlegmatic Gift #2: Decelerate & Desist.**

This gift can overlap with #10, 7, and 5. But it's so specific – and so vital – that it deserves a number all its own.

Ruthlessly eliminate hurry from your life, especially during holy-days.

Saunter, especially when you're with that special Phlegmatic in your life. Stop and smell the pine needles together.

Slow down.

***Stop.***

Meander through the mall. Pause for a cup of hot chocolate together.

Slow down.

***Stop.***

Give yourself plenty of time to prepare the big meal. Linger over the table to enjoy every morsel of nourishment and conversation.

Slow down.

***Stop.***



## **Phlegmatic Gift #1: Easy-going Environment.**

When I saw Daniel bee-line toward a hideous old chair at a rummage sale years ago, I knew I should have left him at home. My protests were futile; he loved the chair, and he was going to have the chair.

Over the next twenty years, he lounged in that behemoth daily. When it deteriorated beyond use, he mourned as if he'd lost a dear friend.

In a way, he had. He'd lost his "soft place to fall" at the end of each hard day. Realizing the importance of the comfort chair, I suggested a shopping trip, and we returned home with a new favorite chair.

You don't have to buy a new chair. Find what equals comfort and comfortability for your Phlegmatic.

Ideas: Comforters. Quilts. Blankets. Over-stuffed pillows. Bean-bag chairs. Fuzzy throw rugs. Cushiony couches. Sweatshirts. Oversized T-shirts. Elastic waistband pants. Leggings. Slippers. Moccasins. The World's Softest Socks.

Make them available and encourage their use.

When you show a Phlegmatic that you understand their need for comfort, you signal that when needed, you'll be a safe "soft place to fall," too.

# Yes, These Really Are Gifts to the **Phlegmatic** PURSE-onalities in Your Life!

For us non-Phlegmatic personalities, none of these may feel gift-worthy. Who cares about calm or clear calendars or comfort? Your Phlegmatic, that's who! These gifts send the subtle message,

*"I understand that peace, self-worth, respect, lack of stress,  
and comfort are vital to you.*

*Rather than ignoring these needs and hoping they go away,  
I'm choosing to find ways to meet them because I love you.*

*You're important to me, so what's important to you becomes  
important to me."*

This kind of acceptance in action is an *affirming* gift for a Phlegmatic!

# Make it PURSE-onal

**Take The PURSE-onality Challenge:** *31 days of replacing "baditude" with God's word and gratitude*

We'd love to have you join us in taking The PURSE-onality Challenge!

- ❑ Check out The PURSE-onality Challenge [Facebook page](#)
- ❑ Subscribe to follow The PURSE-onality Challenge [blog by e-mail](#)
- ❑ Learn how to get your own The PURSE-onality Challenge [journal](#) (several options, including **free!**)
- ❑ Check out your options for the [31 Bible verse cards](#) you'll want to have during The PURSE-onality Challenge (one option is **free!**)
- ❑ If you haven't yet heard my message "[Let's Get PURSE-onal!](#)" it's **free!**

## Keep on Giving

If you enjoyed my message "[Let's Get PURSE-onal!](#)" you might also like:

- ❑ "Personality Puzzle for Parents of Preschoolers"
- ❑ "Healthy Marriages Major in History (Not Math)"
- ❑ "De-LIGHT-full Giving in a Weighty World"

Check out my website for details on purchasing the CDs and/or booking me to come speak to your group!

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