

## *A Gift of Love*

He arrived on a bitter cold December day,  
The frozen teardrops reflected his pain.  
His tattered coat enveloped his body,  
This anonymous stranger touched me that day.

An eternity passed as I waited to meet this gentle man from another era.  
When we finally spoke, he shared his lonely existence with me,  
He extended his trembling hand, and with a weakening handshake.....  
We became friends.

As the months flew by, we talked of the past;  
Of family, of friends, of teaching;  
He reminisced so well.

He spoke of the great love he had, and the grief he still felt years after her passing.  
We visited her daily throughout those December days  
And this ritual of pain, taught me of love.

He spoke of the summer, of fresh picked flowers,  
Of a simple wooden cross he planned to construct.  
As the Christmas season approached, I brought him a sweater.

The warmth it gave was never enough  
For the lessons I learned  
From the Anonymous Stranger who touched me that day.

Years have passed since that memorable time.  
A Christmas season does not pass without  
The memory of a gentle old man kneeling to wipe the freshly fallen snow  
Off the resting place of his beloved wife.

I can still see him clearly through the falling snowflakes,  
And even though he is now gone, I fondly recall  
The Christmas Gift of Love  
From the Anonymous Stranger who touched me that day.

**Frank Allocco-Christmas 1984**