

Reflections

On a glorious San Francisco afternoon, the sun shines benevolently upon the gently rippling bay.
Multicolored joggers weave their way through the tourists crowding the Fisherman's Wharf.
Christmas carols play softly, accenting the perfectly decorated scene.
Boats purr contentedly as they float upon the water.
Helicopters whirl noisily as they slice through the warm air.
Sea gulls swirl frantically around the tiny fishing boats.
As I stand quietly, gazing across the water
A lone duck drifts silently, bobbing upon the water....
I drift off into an island of reflection.

Twenty five years ago the winter wind bristled cruelly through the New Jersey air
The snow drifts grew higher and higher as they framed the icy roads.
Trees stooped tiredly as they struggled to remain erect beneath their icy coats.
Colonial churches chimed ceremoniously and the cars eased gently along the whitened road.
The shrill school bell sounded and I began my trip home to prepared for Christmas.
I struggled quietly, plodding through the deserted field,
The trail seemed to extend forever as my footsteps punctuated the stillness of the air.
The life that stretched out for me beyond that horizon looked endless in those carefree days
I dreamed of my future as I weaved through the frozen trail
My mind danced excitedly as I dreamed of all the things I would be.
The thrill of my lofty goals and ambitions kept me warm on that frigid journey of my youth
Upon my arrival home, the warmth of our house and
The love of my family thawed me back into reality.
I remember that time fondly with a delight in my wonder....
Christmas then was a time of hopes and dreams.

The fog horn blasts abruptly as my memories quickly fade
Twilight is born and the bright lights of the city by the bay
Sparkle amidst the darkened sky
Boats of all shapes and sizes outlined with Christmas lights sleep quietly along the pier
The evening winter chill scatters most of the holiday shoppers
My family finally appears looking for their husband and father
They talk excitedly of their hectic Christmas shopping....
As I gaze upon my children's glowing faces, I see their hopes and dreams,
I feel their excitement and fascination with life.
And now, as time passes and the days grow shorter,
I happily realize that their lives have become my hopes and dreams.

Frank Allocco-Christmas 1986