

True Gifts

Thirty years ago, the pillows of white snow rested gently upon the tips of the evergreens.
The brisk winter nights chilled the soul as another Christmas morn dawned ever so slowly.

I recall the smiles on their youthful faces
As they watched the glistening eyes of their children
Gasping in amazement at the wondrous gifts of Santa.
Too young to know, I never saw their struggle to provide the best they could.

As the turbulent teens tumbled down,
They had matured comfortably into their roles.
The spirit of the time dashed by as Christmas traditions changed with age.
Their stern hand carefully guided fleeing souls as
Their lives, totally focused, seeming too busy at times,
As they worked overtime to provide everything we took for granted.
Time flashed by as their young children spread their wings and
Established roots in lands once thought so far away.

And now, their loving faces, softened with age,
Smile in appreciation of their family.
Calloused hands, tendered by time, tousle the hair of their grandchildren.
Still providing, so unselfish, they spread their love throughout their extended family.
Unburdened by the years, they appreciate each and every day.
Once hastened notes of greeting become letters of love
As the years go by.
With each passing Christmas season,
I appreciate their guidance, their vision and sacrifice.
Taught by time, I finally understand the true gifts they have bestowed on us.

May this Christmas season bring a greater appreciation of their everlasting gifts.
Let us take a moment during this holiday season
To reflect upon their wisdom and sacrifice,
Remembering them with a word of thanks or a gentle prayer of love,

Frank Allocco-Christmas 1991