

Changes

The city lights quietly awaken, sparkling upon the darkening horizon
As the brilliant sun swiftly begins its descent.
A December day upon the gently rippling bay fades to twilight,
Slowly making its journey toward night.

The chill of the grey fog drifts in
From the icy ocean enveloping the rolling hills
Which silently undergo their annual metamorphosis
From lively green to their slumbering brown.

Thousands of sparkling cars weave their way slowly through the city
Beaming headlights illuminating their paths through the darkness.
The weary drivers prepare to shift gears
From the uncertain pressures of work to the familiarity of family.

The certainty of change remains a constant all around us.
Spinning uncontrollably as the world turns the page to a new millennium.
With each passing decade, dreams have become a reality
As the unthinkable emerges into the commonplace.

It seems like yesterday that uneven cobblestone streets, echoing the footsteps of the horse and carriage
Evolved into highways smoothly ushering in the Golden Age of the automobile.
Flickering candles, once a staple in the home, were slowly extinguished with a whisper
And became the overpowering illumination of electric lights.

Close knit families that once huddled around the words of radio dissipated
To the colorful images on multiple television sets in separate rooms.
Once tentative drifts of experimental air travel rocketed into supersonic space voyages
While paper, pen and pencil gave way to spreadsheets, calculators, and computers.

The myriad of change and uncertainty swells around us as our world
Expands every day, impersonalizing interactions, squeezing us in its grip,
Pulling us further from the basic truths.
Values that have been constant since the beginning of time now often fade in the quest for improvement.

In simpler times, the desire to serve others transcended personal gain.
The warmth and security of community support provided assurance as
People paused on street corners greeting each other,
Exchanging pleasantries, actually caring about the responses.

Church bells summoned souls for a reflective respite from their journeys
While children played together on neighborhood teams in homemade uniforms
Developing friendships and learning skills to support them throughout their lives.
A time when Discipline, Love, Respect and Sacrifice were more than just words.

Families assembled regularly, the home a gathering place
As generations bonded together as one.
The elderly held in esteem as the wizened elders while
Young children were never left alone, always assured of the support of relations.

As we approach the dawn of a new era with rapid change and unfathomable improvements before us
We must always remember that these modern enhancements will never replace the
Beauty of a loving mother quietly humming a gentle lullaby as she nurses her newborn child
Or the simple pleasure of a young father playing catch with his children.

As the clock ticks and the clarion's call summons us to a new millennium,
We must promise to always pause to hear the silent whispers of an elderly man
Longing to be held in his final days
Or the crying of a child in need of the simple guidance, support and love of the community.

May this Christmas season of change and uncertainty kindle in each of us
The awareness and understanding of the need for stability, tradition and love.
May it beckon us toward a basic truth; that we alone hold the key to
Our future, our happiness, and the well being of others.