

Christmas Past and Present

As a youngster, the cold wind swirled the white snow
Against the frost stained winter windows.
The church bells rang in the distance
On those bitter December nights
As I gazed across the white blanket into my future.
Ah, the carefree dreams of a young boy
Fascinated by the silver icicles
Hanging precariously from the frozen gutters.
Hypnotized by the glistening snow and the star filled sky,
I awaited Christmas and the happiness it brought to my family and me.
On that special day, I hopped out of bed
To the sounds of Christmas carols, ringing of bells
And the shrieks of excited children.
Carefree days, but now I am older and
The young boys are now men and scattered about the country.
In their places stand their starry eyed children;
Waiting in great anticipation, peering out windows
Some seeing snow, others seeing flowers, yet
All sharing the same hopes and expectations of
Their fathers so many years ago
As they traced their names in the snow
Awaiting the joys and comfort of another Christmas day.

May our Christmas wish be the fulfillment of all
Of their adolescent dreams,
And a hope that we may always see Christmas
Through the eyes of the children.

Frank Allocco-Christmas 1980