

A Silver Star

It was a quiet Saturday morning in the suburbs of San Francisco.
The children were easing out of bed as the newspaper thumped against the double doors.
I rolled over peacefully, hoping for a few more precious moments of sleep.
Lazy thoughts dominated my mind, perhaps a restful day watching college football.
However, I soon learned, the children had other ideas for today.
Christmas spirit had consumed their souls as they stormed into my room
Insisting today was the day to transform our house into Santa's workshop.
Reluctantly, I relented to their demands and within the hour
Entered our attic and searched through the clutter for our decorations.
Mountains of cartons greeted me as I pierced the narrow opening,
I grumbled softly as I attempted to organize the bulging boxes.
As I turned slowly toward the ladder, I noticed a tiny silver ornament lying atop an old trunk.
This silver star swept me away on a journey through my past....

Thirty years ago our house was bursting at the seams
As four little boys badgered their Dad to see if today was the day to prepare for Santa.
My father seemed to work endlessly in those days, but between jobs
He descended into the basement and gathered our Christmas decorations.
Mother placed her cheeriest Christmas record on the phonograph
As we slowly dressed the tree with brightly colored ornaments, angel hair and tinsel.
Strings of pearls, popcorn and tiny glowing lights accented the proud green tree.
Finally, the silver star, with five white lights beaming at each point
Was placed like a crown on top of the beautiful tree.
The holiday season united all of us in those days.
All our separate goals and dreams became one as we enjoyed the peace and unity of Christmas...

The calling of my children snapped me back into reality.
I gathered the boxes with a comforting glow, placed the star gently back into its wrapping.
Once again, a silver star became a beacon of shining visions.
I descended the ladder, spiritually renewed, and greeted the youngsters with enthusiasm.
We decorated our home with love and purpose,
And a commitment to family throughout the ages.
May your silver star of love and hope shine brightly throughout the holiday season
And guide you wisely throughout the new year.

Frank Allocco-Christmas 1988