

## *Time*

The fireplace flickered quietly as the last string of lights  
Weaved their way up the noble tree.  
With the decorations now in place, I rested peacefully amidst a roomful of memories.  
As sleep fought to overtake my reluctant eyes, I struggled to listen to  
The Christmas figurines, and the ornaments on the brightly colored tree,  
Each softly whispering their private tale.  
The ticking clock hypnotized my soul as I wandered through the visions of my past...

Soothing Christmas carols resurrected reflections of my children.  
In the distance, I could hear their squeaky voices struggling to seize the spirit.  
I enjoyed their infant faces captured for eternity in the framed ornaments,  
And I recalled the wonderment in their youthful eyes as  
Christmas morn dawned much earlier than sleepy parents would have liked.  
Books and blocks cluttered our suburban home as young children rubbed  
Their awakening eyes to the wonder of Santa.

As Christmases of the past rushed by in the journey of my mind,  
Books and blocks transformed into toys and games.  
Chaos reigned supreme as the children's energy infected everyone around them.  
I watched with amusement as the young parents stumbled over half played games  
And patiently picked up puzzle pieces seemingly abandoned everywhere.  
The youngsters sped quickly like wild bees dancing from flower to flower  
Pausing briefly to taste each of Santa's treats.

As the brass pendulum continued to sway hypnotically,  
Toys and games turned into clothes and tapes.  
A deepening sense of love and respect prevailed throughout the home as  
Christmas morn now began at a normal hour.  
The shrieks of excited children now gave way to deepening voices.  
Hearts, once so eager to receive, now yearned to give  
As I enjoyed the metamorphosis of children becoming young adults.

As the grandfather clock sang his gentle tune,  
I rustled uneasily beneath the colored quilt that once warmed me as a boy.  
The flickering flames had been reduced to smoldering embers.  
As I stirred slowly, the voices of the past returned to their peaceful slumber.  
My heart ached for the past, but in the distance  
A quiet voice soothed my awakening soul: "Seize each and every day" it called.  
"Appreciate the past, but love the unique journey of each new day."

May each of us appreciate the gift of life we share,  
And dedicate ourselves to use it to enhance the lives of others.

**Frank Allocco-Christmas 1990**