

Generations of Christmas





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*Half a century ago, a young boy gazed through a wintry window in his New Jersey home,
Mesmerized by the floating snowflakes cascading through the deep, dark night,
Following their frantic freefall as they safely wound their way
To the freshly fallen, comforting blanket of snow that softened their spiraling journey.
The visions of uncertainty that floated before him that Christmas night
Challenged him, called him to his path, to trust in the current,
To weave the winding, uncertain journey of his youth, to learn and leave
A legacy of family, commitment, and devotion in every step, challenge, and decision.*

*Nearly twenty years later, his two young children knelt together, peering out that same window
In awe of their first snow, swiftly falling, covering the brown lawns that lay before them.
Their faces, freshly kissed by the icy flakes and reddened by the bitter New Jersey wind,
Now pressed gently against the frost stained winter windows as they watched
The shadows of night illuminate the frozen footsteps they had made in the freshly fallen snow.
Surrounded by the warm memories of their parents' Christmases past,
They began to create their own, the comfort of cousins, aunts, uncles, parents, grandparents
Embracing them, guiding them from the cold, uncertain night and days that lay ahead.*

*And now, those two young children are grown, but still chuckle at the fading memories and
Repetitious renditions of the ever expanding tales of their father and family.
Young couples lovingly decorate their own homes, glowing with their own new traditions but
Never straying from the comfort, security, support, and love of generations of family.
Little voices punctuate one home as young children excitedly recall another day at school,
Their excitement for the holidays too difficult to contain as they burst with enthusiasm and exploration.
Just minutes away, across the golden hills, a new baby's deep, dark, penetrating eyes
Slowly search to find his way, his place, a new son absorbing all the love and life that is offered.*

*Days later, that young New Jersey boy who grew too swiftly to become "Papa"
Walks thoughtfully through his own brightly decorated Christmas home.
He and "grandmom" recall the story of each special trinket respectfully placed to tell their own story,
To remember the precious memories of four generations of a proud past and exciting present.
Lively Christmas Carols provide a beautiful background to the bustling holiday scene but
The real music is their four year old grandson carefully counting the Santas in the room,
Their granddaughter creating Christmas crafts, humming songs from her first Christmas Pageant while
A new grandson gingerly finds his voice, his gentle coo in correct cadence to the perfect music of the day.*

*Frank Allocco
Christmas, 2012*