

## Candle Glow

To --- Dad and Mother – Christmas Long Ago

And what of candles flickering glow?  
What memories do they bring to mind?  
Of mittens caked hard with snow,  
Of hunting boots we could not find.  
Of sweaters, - maybe two or three  
Beneath a bulky woolen coat.  
The laughter coming full and free.  
From out a scarf encircled throat.

I still can feel the old sled rope,  
That once had held the family wash.  
Can trudge again the endless slope,  
To wait my turn in ice and slosh.  
How many times I cannot add  
Did tree lights need to be re-checked,  
As one by one a bulb went bad  
There on the tree we had be-decked.

And then there were the cookies too.  
The smell that many years can't dim.  
And always some were tried anew.  
Made to satisfy a whim.  
How Dad did struggle with the trains.  
The transformer would spark and die.  
And he would go to utmost pains,  
Though many times his heart would sigh.

We changes the platform every hour,  
And moved the houses here and there.  
We were the giants with great power  
To build a city out of air.  
Remember how we gathered 'round  
And read the "knockers" out with glee?  
And all of us joined in the sound  
Of happiness and laughter free?

So burn on candles once again,  
Blend with the Christmases I know.  
For Mom and Dad with naught to gain  
Did plan and work to make it so.  
Now we with children of our own,

Pass the traditions on, and plan,  
We bake, give gifts, and decorate,  
That Christmas may stay part of man.