

CHRISTMAS LETTER
By Kathryn Cubalo

As we approach the Christmas season,
(I don't write without a reason!)
I'll take this opportunity
To tell you of our family.

The event of the year - (we hoped for a boy!)
But the third of July - another girl joy.
We don't complain 'cause she's good as can be.
She's won our hearts completely, you see.

Pert four year old keeps things in a whirl.
Thinks without doubt she's the prettiest girl.
Laces and frills, a ballerina she'd be.
An artist's temperatment she has, certainly!

Who loves a joke, is cooperative, mild?
That'l Lynn, now six, our first grade child.
She colors, reads, dances, cuts-out, and further--
Plans to entice Daddy away from Mother!

Father dear, long hours still
Is driven to work at his chosen skill.
Terminal managers don't rest, you see.
"It'll ease up some next year," says he.

Hunting's still his favorite sport.
No buck this year can he report.
He's happy still -- it's worth the fare
To breathe that fresh pure country air.

Yes, Mother's busy as a bee --
Dishes, diapers, and children, now three.
Church work, committees, childish chatter --
Mother, now what is the matter!

"Lloyd, I'm tired," I'll complain,
"Too much to do -- I'll go insane!"
And with a chuckle he'll reply,
"You should have shopped way last July!"

And so we find at Christmas time,
As you can see, we're all just fine.
We know now as we contemplate,
Our problems are small, blessings great.

Daer friends, we give this gift to you --
Our prayers for joys, all year through.
Best wishes too we send your way,
And have a Merry Christmas day.

December 1961