

## CHRISTMAS 2011

The time flies by at eighty-five, though there's not much to do,  
Just eat and sleep, and sleep and eat, and then the day is through.

But when its Christmas-time each year,  
When families all draw near,  
They all expect that Pop-Pop's pen's  
Been at it once again!

But maybe this will be the year when all will be surprised,  
And note that 'neath the tree, so green and bright, no poem meets the eyes.

But, maybe not! though difficult it's been  
To find the words - as in the past - to say what's on my mind,

So here we go - and once again, we gather 'round in Love,  
Revealed to us so long ago, the gift of God above.  
He sent His Son, His only Son, our sins He did forgive.  
And showed us by His life and death  
The way that we should live.

Our family meets again this year and wonders who is new,  
Recalling now just who that is,  
And who belongs to who?  
(Whom didn't rhyme!)

Two more were welcomed to our clan this year,  
With Andrew from afar,  
And Claire, with a song to sing,  
She does it with guitar.

A Special Day I'll not forget,  
When, walking through the door,  
I heard the word "SURPRISE! SURPRISE!"  
TODAY YOU'RE EIGHTY-FIVE!

And there they were, both young and old,  
With memories of the past,  
From church, from home, and neighborhood,  
True friendships always last.

Now, soon we'll go our separate ways, once more,  
Resume our labors as before;  
With grateful hearts so full of Praise  
To Christ the Lord, Whom we adore.

**MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE!**