



# CHRISTMAS 1955

*By Howard C. Avril*

Crossing the Brooklyn Bridge  
in a 1955 Ford  
We were headed for Nana and Pop's  
the whole family was all aboard

The Scottish Nana was at the door  
with shopping bags overflowing  
Each year she looked a little shorter  
and it always seemed to be snowing

All the T.V. specials  
were broadcast in black and white  
But our house was filled with color  
and the outside was trimmed with lights

The arguments and fights abated  
we appeared to get along with each other  
That was the time of year  
we were really sisters and brothers

I love the Christmas season  
even though we are now apart  
Those times will live on forever  
nestled safely in my heart

*Howard C. Avril, 2000*