

Things in Motion ...

All things are in motion and nothing is at rest...you cannot go into the same (river) twice. --Heraclitus (540?-480?)B.C.

AFTERMATH

Thanksgiving Day has come and now is history; the huge platters of turkey and ham, sweet and mashed potatoes, beans, corn, coleslaw and cranberry sauce, various breads and far too many sweets are consumed and slept off by now—and this year was especially wonderful because of the presence of loved ones who were not present last year. The traditional family gathering ushers in the spirit of togetherness that Americans and much of the world's population hold dear. My own life is punctuated by the precious memories of long ago holidays and I find it easy to cast aside the harsh unpleasantness that reveals real life circumstances and to see life temporarily as a child again—free from worry and filled with the wonder of tradition.



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Merry Christmas!

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Dinner was over and the family was gathering around the fireplace in my parents' bedroom, which also served as a sitting room for small groups—on this night, it was just my parents and me, plus my sister and her husband; plenty of room without the need to build a fire in the living room down the hall. It was Christmas Eve and it was cold!

Then came the dull jingle of the old doorbell, a device operated by twisting the ringer—electricity had not yet reached homes in the area. My Dad strode up the long hall and opened the front door. There stood two of my older cousins with their mother, my Aunt Maggie—come to visit on Christmas Eve! After the customary hugs and cheerful greetings, my Dad built a fire in the living room fireplace and everyone settled there, where the firelight reflected off the shiny ornaments on our Christmas tree in the corner. My mother soon headed for the kitchen to make eggnog and then everyone was spooning the thick mixture and telling my mother how good it was. I was too young for eggnog, but I had a glass of chocolate milk which was much better and didn't have that bad smell of whiskey. I saw my sister and mother getting their heads together and then they disappeared into another bedroom to find and wrap gifts for our visitors so everyone would have a present to unwrap in the morning. They were all still talking and laughing when I fell asleep and my sister hustled me off to bed. It was a typical Christmas in the country, and it was grand!