

## THE TRUTH HURTS

For twenty years I've waited—  
For twenty long years in vain.  
But now, at last, the time has come,  
I can buy an electric train!  
Of course, I'm buying it for my boy  
Please don't misunderstand,  
A father would be an awful champ  
If he didn't lend a hand.  
Although he's only six months old,  
I'm not one to deny him  
And so I say to the wife I say,  
"An electric train I'll buy him!"  
She kinda grinned a bit at first  
And tried to hide her face.

I felt a little sheepish  
But I put her in her place  
As I went on to tell her  
How you never learn too small  
The engineering feats and things  
And he should know them all.  
But, to tell the truth about it,  
Although my conscience stings,  
I've always had a yearning  
To run one of those magical things  
And, now, I'm going to buy one  
Since I've got an alibi.  
This Christmas Eve at my house  
It's a train for the boy—and I!

Lloyd M. Pelton



## Christmas Spirit

I searched and thought every way I could,  
It had to be near—I had to be good.  
I stretched my brain, fretted and worried  
I just couldn't decide what to give you.

As hours passed by, I just kept thinking,  
It was all becoming so commercial, so dry.  
The feelings were expectant, even though they faded—  
I became so frustrated I could have cried.

I would have got something expensive,  
that I couldn't afford—I could have made  
something silly  
but you would have roared.

Then I realized more and more,  
it was just a competition, becoming a chore.  
As minutes drew near—  
it was all very clear,  
the most beautiful thing right under my  
nose, was simply LOVE—and that's what I  
chose.

Deborah Nymback

## Reflections

I see myself in what they do,  
Those memories of a younger day  
Are brought to mind, and feelings, too;  
Their laughter and the games they play.  
I see reflections in a tear  
And disappointments bursts anew.  
I say, "I know just how you feel,"  
And saying it, I really do,  
Such tragedy in shattered pride,  
Such mystery in secrets told,  
Such confidence when they confide.  
A treasure in my heart I hold.  
It seems like only yesterday...  
I'd run and roll through drifts of snow.  
I watch them from the window now—  
It's much too cold outside, you know.  
I mingle with them in my mind,  
I share delight from that I've known.  
Their laughter echos laughter past.  
Remembering... how time has flown!

Joanne Zuroff

## The Week After Christmas

'Twas the week after Christmas, I said to  
my spouse  
You would never believe all the mess in  
this house  
Yule stockings prostrate on the family  
room floor.  
Tread lightly, black cities crackle needles  
and more.  
Crushed candy canes rest in our davenport's  
creases.  
With cherry pie puddles in five hundred  
pieces.  
Slepped on skate boards, theme dolls date  
and full bars.  
Assorted cream centers—outer space mod-  
ulars.

A discount Noah's ark, we slightly re-  
semble  
With two of everything you have to as-  
semble  
The books of instructions read EASY TO  
DO.  
Ninety detailed instructions to mis-  
construct.

I had just settled down for a hot cup of  
tea.  
Went deep in torn boxes filled with Yule-  
tide debris.  
When out on the patio, an ear-splitting  
roar. One brand new toboggan through  
one sliding glass door.

"I wanted the house built into a hill."

Away to the basement, I raced down the  
back stairs.  
Screaming "now you know why I frost all  
my gray hairs!" I conditioned myself for a  
blood curdling sight.

Praying dear Lord, please let their in-  
juries be slight.  
A few hugs and band-aids, we retired to  
the den.

Proceeding to clean house and sort out  
things again.  
I vacuumed the carpet, hot rollered my  
pajama boy.

Wondering if I could succumb from good  
will and joy.  
When what to my tired Max Factored eyes  
should appear.

But a faint green truck. "Hey mom, pick-  
up is here."  
A uniformed driver complained as he qu-  
ivered.

"I am now taking back everything I deliv-  
ered.  
How I dread these returns that don't work  
or fit right.  
With sixty more stops I will be working all  
night."

Bank Americard. Master. we had over-  
charged.  
Our assets were frozen—our credit en-  
larged.

I adored my cologne, the signed IOU's  
I could hand out KP's to whomever I  
chose.  
Dear father sits lounging in his favorite  
chair.

He is reading Ann Lander in gft under-  
wear.  
Twelve cylander son found no spoke wheel  
Jaguar.

Santa solaced him with an electric guitar.  
The girls, creating vibrations with word  
O&E.

cassette tapes  
While practicing Yoga to reconquer their  
shape.  
Leather boots I received put me on the de-  
fensive.  
Took them back to the store, they were  
too expensive.  
I read Norman Vincent Peale to help  
carry me through.  
On top of all this was a New Year to face  
too.  
Just how many ways can one rebash a left  
over?  
For yesterday's food my family is no push-  
over.  
Chocolate bin-bons and egg nog, epicurean  
treasures.  
All wanted no time overdeveloping our  
teeth.  
Also the divine fudge dear Grandmother  
made.  
While Grandma extolled the virtues of  
being self-made.

Our bare Scotch pine discarded, it is irrele-  
vent.  
Papa checked on his checkbook. We are  
now indigent.  
Extraneous travel from my curly wig by  
Gibson.  
I retired to my room. DO NOT DISTURB  
on the door.  
Muttering Bah, humbug, no more holidays  
for me.  
But then, I promise this every year, an-  
nually.

(Don't worry if you phone, we may not an-  
swer your ring  
With the kids and their music who can  
hear anything.)  
To paraphrase Santa with Ekedred bed-  
light...  
"Hope you had a great holiday, to all a  
good night!  
Have a happy New Year!"  
Trudi Blake

## What Do You Think?

Crumbs on the floor,  
Dishes in the sink!  
Sometimes I despair,  
Sometimes I think  
That I will never, ever see  
Time to develop the REAL me—  
The person I would like to be.  
Time to do what I want to do—  
When I start something, to follow through!

And then I wonder if some day,  
"When our ship has come in" as they say—  
When I'm not tied down with children and tasks—  
Footloose and fancy free at last—  
(This is my dream—a game I play  
When after a long and trying day  
I'm just too tired to go to sleep—  
More interesting than counting sheep!)  
Will I be too old, too tired, too bored  
To enjoy what before we couldn't afford?

When I have that precious time  
Will I wish, then, do you think,  
For crumbs on the floor—  
And dishes in the sink?

Bea Scaglione

The  
**LIVONIA MALL**  
SNOWMAN IS  
BLOWING UP  
SOME  
**BIG  
BARGAINS**

**Sales!  
Sales!  
Sales!**

YOUR ONE STOP SHOPPING CENTER  
Plenty of Free Parking

**Livonia Mall is Your Family Mall**  
**LIVONIA MALL**  
7 Mile at Middlebelt  
HOURS-DAILY 9 A.M.-9 P.M.-SUN. NOON-5

33 STORES  
AND SERVICES

**LIVONIA  
MALL**

7 Mile Road  
at Middlebelt