

Stifling our yawns about ten o'clock, we perked up when we heard that the ice cream was frozen. We all gathered round for a slice of ginger-bread with a big spoonful of vanilla ice cream. We thought of it sliding down to join those slippery oysters we had eaten. Everyone shouted "Happy New Year!" Mom escorted us upstairs, tucked us in, and wished us happiness. We soon fell asleep listening to the grown-ups play card games while they waited for the old year to bow out, and another to begin.

Time Passes

Time passes, farm chores fewer.
Harvests gathered, farm pace slower.
Thanksgiving celebrated
With family and friends.

Through bustle and wonder
Of Christmas festivities,
Peace, Joy, and Love
Enter hearts and home.

New calendar hung
For fresh New Year.
Time for annual
Neighborhood gathering.

Babes held snug in Grannies arms,
Children play childhood games,
Grown-ups shuffle decks of cards,
Friendly chatter fills the air.

Big boys crank the ice-cream maker,
Others fix the festive fare,
Birthday cakes with glowing candles,
Grace and Alice blow them out.