

Amazingly it's Christmas time,  
Come upon us unannounced.  
This season of goodwill sublime,  
Stalked us through the year and pounced.

Perhaps we'd not be so surprised,  
If in the course of daily living,  
We saw that stores had advertised,  
Starting long before Thanksgiving.

We don't suppose it really matters,  
If we keep in mind that thought,  
And little children's pitter-patters,  
Mean much more than what we bought.

Which brings us to the nitty-gritty,  
Raison d'état, our cause celeb,  
This Watkins holiday rhyming ditty,  
By mail, Email and on the web\*.

At sixteen David (Binks) is driving,  
Seems so young and yet so old,  
And as a junior he's surviving,  
High school with its stress untold.

It's hard to think this hearty lad,  
Who's grown in size as well as knowledge,  
Is just about as tall as Dad,  
And soon will go right off to college.

Mary reached the big six oh,  
We gathered in a special way,  
Then she left us here to go  
For an extended Celtic stay.

To Scotland she went on her own,  
Iona holy on the shore,  
On retreat without a phone,  
A spirit's quest where less is more.

David S. and David O.,  
To learn more of the Gilchrist clan,  
Met up with Mary on the go,  
By jet, train, boat and then a van.

A chance to sing with his Aunt Nat  
Sent Binks and mom back to Vermont,  
Where with others they found that  
This was an important jaunt.

At the same time we were blessed,  
As dreams we had came within reach,  
Good fortune ours came manifest,  
As a new house down by the beach.

1930 Spanish style,  
More than just a place for three,  
Lots of work but in a while,  
To share with friends and family.

Perfect though in every way,  
For a girl back then thirteen,  
Now to have a special day,  
The 90<sup>th</sup> birthday of our Jean.

The cousins White from Washington,  
With Irina hopped a flight,  
And joined us down here in the sun,  
To their aunt's complete delight.

Friends and family in reunion,  
Filled with love and admiration,  
Experienced a fond communion,  
At Jean Roberta's celebration.

Perhaps we're now a destination,  
For relatives to have some fun,  
The Marks came out for their vacation,  
With Kayla Jane and Allison.

A visit from a special niece,  
Elizabeth with Michael who  
Brought fun and jokes that did not cease,  
We almost saw the Eastwoods, too!

We even lured another niece,  
San Francisco Sue came down,  
We all enjoyed a brief release,  
And had some fun out on the town.

Now the days are growing short,  
Our Christmas card has been delayed,  
But we are happy to report,  
Our spirit's good though somewhat frayed.

Like everyone we need a ration,  
All too rare it seems these days,  
Of love, forgiveness and compassion,  
So we relate in higher ways.

These are the gifts we wish for you,  
Not just today but all year long,  
And as life's travels take us through,  
Let's sing ourselves a joyful song.



Mary Bogie David O. David S.

\*members.cox.net/davidswatkins