

# *My Father At Christmas*



He was the Christmas clown  
it's true

And here are the things  
he'd do

He'd toss the tinsel around  
the room

And dance like a crazy loon

He'd do funny little holiday  
poses

Put on a wig and pretend he  
was Moses

Take a couple more sips of  
the nog

And start singing to our  
family pet dog

And as a joke in trying to  
be funny

He'd give gifts of Monopoly  
money

And you talk about the fruits  
of labor

He'd leave apples for a  
crabby neighbor

When it came to comedy he  
was King

For he'd have us laughing  
so hard it would sting

My father was a gem at  
Christmas

Full of comedy laughter and  
blissness

**Rachel Ann Bovier**

**P.O.Box 16301**

**Pgh,PA.15242**

**(412) 921-3694**

**( Xmas Cards Welcomed )**