

# *A Christmas Memory*



We lived in the poorest projects  
And I was only seven  
And when Christmas time  
came around  
I found myself praying  
to heaven

That my Mom and Dad  
would reunite  
Because they just couldn't  
get along  
And it really made me sad  
But I just carried on with a  
Christmas song

Christmas morning would  
come and I hoped  
That my Dad would walk  
through that door  
But it always ended up  
being Santa  
Leaving the presents on our  
linoleum floor

And of course it brought  
great joy  
For this boy at seven indeed  
And who still believed in Santa  
And all he would ever need  
But still my mother was sad  
And that made me sad as well  
Because there was always a  
trickle in her eye  
And that had told the tale

Now in thinking of those  
Christmas mornings  
Till this day I realize and see  
That my Mom despite my  
father's absence  
Made sure there were  
presents under that tree

**Rachel Ann Bovier**  
**( Xmas Cards Welcomed )**