

At Home Alone December 26th, 1958

My Dear All,

Again Christmas is passed and we are in “the week between” days. It has always seemed to me such a “let down” season as it were because we had reached and passed the crux of excitement leading to the drama that unfolded in the Stable of Bethlehem, when at the Midnite Mass, before the crib we received Him in Holy Communion.

The hustle and bustle of buying gifts for all ages and stations of life had finally subsided and the singing of Christmas Carols that were ardently indulged for several weeks past, had culminated in the wee hours of Yule’s dawning with the most appropriate song of all, “Silent Night, Holy Night”, and the exultant Gloria in Excelsis Deo (Glory to God in The Highest). Christ the Saviour is born.

What invariably followed upon returning home from Church was reunion of all the family who, within the realm of possibility, would attend, to reminiscence in the feelings of togetherness with which we are so richly endowed.

Since Santa had come on Christmas Eve and exchange of gifts had been duly administered, what was left before the break of day on Christmas Morn was spent in the usual rounds of Tom and Jerry and dancing to the music of records.

When exhaustion had finally called a halt to festivities, tired bodies finally sought a welcome bed for a brief period of resuscitation in order to be able to cope with the ~~task~~ desire to do justice at the banquet table in partaking of the “festive bird” and all of the trimmings so deftly prepared in anticipation of the event that was to highlight the dwindling of a perfect day -Christmas dinner.

Since noone had to “catch a train” as it were, everyone just sat tight leisurely munching tempting tidbits while exchanging humorous anedotes, until the time had arrived to move the leavings Kitchenward. So while the children busied themselves with their toys, the adults did the dishes -men not excepted. And then engaged in a few round at cards until it was time for all who lived within a radius of 30 miles to pack up and say their good-byes.

At times there was a young couple who wanted to be alone- alone together that is- and so they drove to a near city to attend a show where with

the lights turned low, holding hands was the union of amorous hearts. It also happened in some instances, that even the young married couples would go out driving and a babysitter was required in which I was always a volunteer while I sat in the easy chair by the fire to enjoy reading my Christmas cards while I would visualize the sender finally and recall some episode of the past to relive in happy memories.

-----written by Henry Lorang.





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