

A LIFETIME OF CHRISTMAS

Oh Honey, just what I need,
Holding my shiny white briefs.
She said throw out the others,
They have streaks good grief.

Do you think they will fit?
My Dad played the straight man.
Came from Columbus Tent and Awning
The biggest on hand.

So it went every Christmas,
I was the butt end of jokes,
Whether digged by my wife
Or from my own folks.

The kids had a ball,
Adults drank the wine,
The toys Santa brought
Suited young 'uns just fine.

All the abuse of December
Is a forgotten thing
When we journey to Geneva
And the joy it does bring.

The years passed by,
Tots grew to be teens,
They came to the party
With holes in their jeans.

Try buying them gifts
Brought moods of despair.
But I'm still happy
With more underwear.

Mom cooked the feast,
Ravioli at our place.
The teens ate and ran
At an alarming fast pace.

I was long from my youth,
Still the wine was so fine.
It became easy to nap
Shortly after we dine.

Found room for cheesecake
Or pecan pie,
Needed to loosen the belt
About ready to die.

Times may have changed
From those Christmas of past.

But we're still going to Geneva
And it still is a blast.

Our kids now have kids,
Energetic and loud.
Grandpa I am,
Boastful and proud.

The noise became bothersome,
It's a constant parade.
Thank God for technology,
Turn down the ear aids.

The chef has changed,
Recipes are the same,
Staying awake until dinner,
Has become my new game.

We've grown grouchy with age,
Our talks are now rants.
Today's Christmas presents
Are Incontinent pants.

I would not change a thing.

