

Peninsula Diary Mayo Hayes O'Donnell

December 21, 1962

A Loving Letter At Christmastide

Dear "Children,"

Last year I had you all around, midst turmoil and confusion, and yet this year we'll be alone - I still have an illusion.

I see you all before the fire - when you were all so small; my red head, and my blonde, and my baby - now so tall.

One year you all got dolls I see - tho' Marilyn was too old - and then she found one, just for her . . . dressed in green and gold!

Patty had a red robe, and slippers just to match, and Sharon blue, and Sister green . . . why can't those years just last?

Now I have more pictures . . . of Susie, Kathy, Anne . . . and Lisa, Teresa, Tommy, and of course our "Little Man." All of you so beaming, so full of honest pride and wishing you had more to give those children by your side.

Just give them lovely memories, and happy hour's galore, and fill their stockings with such love that they won't want for more.

Fill your hearts and minds with them and store them all away . . . for all too soon they will be gone and maybe far away.

Remember Tommy's cowboy boots, and the smile upon his face . . . and Susie, as she came downstairs at such a careful pace -

Kathy, Anne and Lisa - their eyes so big around . . . the lights upon the Christmas tree . . . for a minute, not a sound.

Awe and wonder and surprise and then began the din as each and every one of them found what Santa left for him.

Boots and dolls and rubber toys and pretty little robes . . . games and balls and guns and all . . . for Santa quite a load.

And little "Manny" six weeks old and really, not a care...

But oh how grateful I could feel that he was there to share!

I doubt if ever once again since you are all grown up, will I have the house so full,

Will I "taste that flowing cup" . . . and now that you are parents, I know you'll sometimes feel,

The same love and pride and joy I knew and yet just can't reveal.

How deep inside you hurt with it, and hate to see it go . . . The Special days, and Memories . . . the things that time will show!

So - just for me, just once this day, please stop and think and look.

Put away each smile of joy - each kiss, each murmur and each squeal.

Store them in your "memory book" and save them through the years,

And someday you will make them real . . . will see them all through tears.

We rush along and don't take time - you're small - and then, you're grown and suddenly we realize just how those years have flown.

We play at being Santa Claus and sometimes it's a chore -

And for such a short time - why couldn't it be more?

We love you so and yet we think it foolish if we told,

And you grow up and never know, till now, when we are old.

So give them love, and tell them so, and watch their happy time . . .

Enjoy your children - all of you - You that once were mine!!

To Marilyn and her Tom - and Suse and Tommy too - and Annie and our Kathy, a Merry Christmas all for you -

To Patty and to Gene - Teresa, Lisa too - and even to the new one - not yet here, just have a Happy Holiday, all of you, Tricia dear!

And to our Sharon and her Darell, and her little "Man" - Our first year without you - your first with just your "clan"

The Best of Christmas wishes . . . and . . . a New Year that is Grand!

To all of you, in all your homes . . . just say a little prayer
. . . and look at each and everyone . . . and be thankful,
you are there!

-Eloise McClelland,

Monterey Peninsula,

Country Club.