

Eila's December Reflections



It's December and I am remembering The promise that I made last year To write a special poem about each month For the Westmuir Web Page here.

I always tried to make them interesting Touching on things you may not know; Yet keeping to the appropriate season And how country folk fared long ago.



Far different from days when I was young We still worked here on Christmas Day; *In Scotland there were no holidays then* till we stopped off on Hogmanay.

Things gradually changed after the war years Soon more breaks became common place; But the true meaning of this festive month has gone without leaving a trace.



I found it was a really big challenge A bit of research, much thought, but fun; The great feeling too of achievement When I saw the finished article spun.

It soon put a new spark into my life I am willing to help out in any way Because I hold them in high esteem.



It could be the result of modern traits Living the fast life never stopping a minute; There's so much out there every day To see and do and cram in it.



Being a small part of this great team;

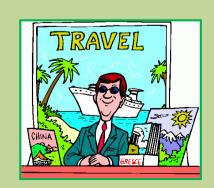
Long before December month arrives Shops were stacked with Christmas fare; Soon Santa sits in all his splendour Beside a large mountain of toys there.



No time to ponder, relax and reflect As the years keep speeding on their way; Still grasping at the Earthly pleasures Lacking the Celestial joy of Christmas Day.



Posters appear - 'Book your Holidays' Time to jet off and soak up the sun; Celebrating your winter break now Being pampered and having fun.





Eila Webster December 2015

