



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 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.*

*It soon put a new spark into my life
Being a small part of this great team;
I am willing to help out in any way
Because I hold them in high esteem.*



*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.*

*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.*



*Eila Webster
December 2015*



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

