

Gift of Christmas

It was Christmas time
There were blankets of soft snow and trinkets of icicles on every gate post
There was a sharp crispness in the air
I drove carefully down the icy road
The street lights flicker as carolers sing merry tunes gleefully
As I pull up to the house with the red door
I sense a homely warmth
Children's laughter in harmony with the flashing lights and sweet aroma of freshly baked cookies
I open my car door to see an audience of smiling faces
A piano melody as we exchange introductions
This welcoming truly erupts as more people engage with this chorus
A hundred hugs and dozens of handshakes
Finally unladen my baggage from the car
Entering the threshold of my new home
The next few days pass
Pleasantries and surfing hands over the fence
Forever offering help and sharing kindness
Breaking bread and drinking tea
My greatest Christmas gift
Wasn't the presents under my tree
It was the new family and neighbours I got to share it with

Matt Loat