A few days late, but…

it was an almost perfect Christmas.

The day started with going to a movie with my grandchildren, their parents and my youngest daughter. The movie was not my first choice, but it did impress my grandchildren, and I was happy to be there.

Then came dinner with my wife's family, with all of my daughters and their respective husbands (if any), my grandchildren. Dinner was very good. Turkey, hot and cold vegetables, bread, stuffing, jello, pie, cookies, cake were all shared. Good talk with wonderful company.

Presents were unwrapped and almost everyone enjoyed themselves. One young man did not want to be part of the Christmas festivities, but that comes with his age. My day was filled with family and good times.

Feelings of loss also were in the house. Parents who lost children, a husband who lost a wife, the loss of a good friend, and the loss of grandchildren. These losses colored the gathering, but did not overwhelm. Colors that enhanced and shadow the picture. The colors give everything depth and meaning.

What is life, if not sharing good times and loss. That makes a very Merry Christmas indeed.