

The Day After Christmas....Whew, what a Relief! What Peace!

The things I didn't get done are still undone. But now that the deadline is passed I can relax and write to you~who still haven't received your Christmas card from me, due to the hurly-burly of wrapping gifts for my three Angels & others, the Guild Christmas Tea & Bazaar, et al, et al. We're having the White Christmas of traditional cards and the temperatures in the 20s which are invigorating and brisk with the bright sunshine and blue skies. But as Glen said at breakfast, "I wasn't dreaming of a White Christmas because we never had them in Bellingham, the town on Puget Sound where we grew up." The first card will go to my cousin Kathleen Holiday whose card was the first received around Thanksgiving with her always wonderful long personal letter of adventures. The second to Betty Holiday Brooks whose dear Ed, always jolly and jokey and lovable, died on Dec. 11. Bonnie, Kindergarten teacher, and Holly, principal of an 800 pupil high school, Betty's high-achieving daughters who followed in "my" profession, will be her help and sustainers. Then came the card from my dear cousin Elma, whose Larry left us last summer. Elma has always been my Role Model whom I aspire to emulate in practicing the Christian ideals her father Guy embodied as a minister. As a child I used to think of Uncle Guy as God. Elma, Larry and their four boys were missionaries in Alaska among the native Eskimo peoples. What an interesting and good family the nine Holiday brothers and sisters were! Glee, Mirth and Joy--names my Grandma Annie gave some of her happy Holidays. She must have been a Romantic! Also Lulu Elmira, Sylvia Susannah, Viola Belle, Ray Edward, Guy Luther, Leo Stanley. My father Joy had the longest life of all -- 97 years. I imagine them all singing together in the Heavens! My shy cousin Buster is there too.

The Goodness passes on to the next generation. We are struck with pride for our son & daughter-in-law Nancy and their daughters. I have never heard Ted or any of the family "take the Lord's Name in Vain." Because Glen has never uttered a "swear word" and Ted has the same SAE goal of being a "true gentleman" and Rotary's motto of "Service above Self". Does this sound too "pious"? I assure you it is comforting to have 55 years as companion and helpmeet a husband of integrity, honor and kindness.

So I am blanking out the TV wars, violence and filth to enjoy hearth and home. (Glen has built roaring fires in our fireplace this December--lovely as we sit and read the NY Times). I used to be an "activist" in my youthful idealism but my Congregational minister in Kent, Ohio, Herb Van Meter, said, "Beverly, you can't save the world all by yourself." In the five (or 10?) years I have left I am happy to look about me and observe the wave of Love in action in Monica Bauer's civic concern, Kristin Nygreen's Jobs for Youth, Andrew Klemmer's help for the Homeless and Hungry, and more. The values of all the great religions will carry on and persevere in the hearts of those who come after us,

Beverly

P.S. unless we are foolish enough
to explode the nuclear Bomb! Abolish
W A R!

(Beverly's Maxim)

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