

My Eightieth Christmas*

**A few weeks 'til Christmas and all through the house,
Not a creature is resting, not even a mouse.
All the wreaths on the windows are hung at a tilt,
For precise decor, we're no longer built.
The cat is attacking everything in sight,
Oh Lord help us make it through this plight.
Not a present's been bought nor a greeting card sent,
Ever since Thanksgiving we both have been spent.
Not even Rudolph can find us this year,
No presents, no problems, we still have our beer.
Miller and Ultra are chilled just right,
Seasons greeting to you and to all a good night!**

***Musings by Paul from the hot tub at Oak Hammock**