

Hello dear readers, now the holiday season has brought to us many laughs as we read the jokes and stories sent our way through this marvelous instruments; the computer!

Now granted, some of ye may not understand this one as ye may be just wee ones without the experience of life behind ya, but for many others, such as me self, it will ring true as something we may soon one day be living through; a Christmas Eve at the Rock-Away Rest Home. Oh Lord Jesus help us!

Nevertheless, read it with joy, you wee ones who are full of life, hope and walking in your youth, while us older one may read on with a shake of our heads and asking our dear Jesus to grant us mercy in our golden days. But still, all in all, one thing we must all do, and that is to enjoy life to the fullest, and leave em laughing

LEAVE 'EM LAUGHING

Twas the night before Christmas at Rock-Away Rest,

And all of us seniors were looking our best.

Our glasses, how sparkly, our wrinkles, how merry;

Our punch bowl held prune juice plus three drops of sherry.

A bedsock was taped to each walker, in hope

That Santa would bring us soft candy and soap.

We surely were lucky to be there with friends,

Secure in this residence and in our Depends.

Our grandkids had sent us some Christmassy crafts,

Like angels in snowsuits and penguins on rafts.

The dental assistant had borrowed our teeth,

And from them she'd crafted a holiday wreath.

The bed pans, so shiny, all stood in a row,

Reflecting our candle's magnificent glow.

Our supper so festive -- the joy wouldn't stop --

Was creamy warm oatmeal with sprinkles on top.

Our salad was Jell-O, so jiggly and great,

Then puree of fruitcake was spooned on each plate.

The social director then had us play games,

Like "Where Are You Living?" And "What Are Your Names?"

Old Grandfather Looper was feeling his oats,

Proclaiming that reindeer were nothing but goats.

Our resident wand'rer was tied to her chair,

In hopes that at bedtime she still would be there

Security lights on the new fallen snow

Made outdoors seem noon to the old folks below.

Then out on the porch there arose quite a clatter

(But we are so deaf that it just didn't matter)

A strange little fellow flew in through the door,

Then tripped on the sill and fell flat on the floor.
'Twas just our director, all togged out in red.
He jiggled and chuckled and patted each head.

We knew from the way that he strutted and jived,
Our social-security checks had arrived.
We sang -- how we sang -- in our monotone croak,
Till the clock tinkled out its soft eight-p.m. stroke.

And soon we were snuggling deep in our beds.
While nurses distributed nocturnal meds.
And so ends our Christmas at Rock-Away Rest.
'fore long you'll be with us, We wish you the best.



Sent to me from Bridget and Russ and as they say in Ireland,
mind yourself.

Slan agus beannachtai

May God grant you lightness in your step, a smile on every face
you meet;

Loved one gathered at your hearth, and at your door, good folk
to greet;

A holy hymn upon your lips, a window candle burning bright,

And may the Good Lord bless your heart and come to dwell
there Christmas night.

If you enjoyed this, visit Bridget and Russ on their web site

Bhaggerty@irishcultureandcustoms.com you will be blessed and their site is chock
full of great Irish reading. **Merry Christmas** to one and all!