



A Lament for Christmas Past

I wonder if, like me, you can remember
When Christmas didn't start until December?
Back when the stores weren't filled with festive shopping
Until the autumn leaves had finished dropping.
I think of how things used to be and how our tastes have changed:
Those Christmas customs out of fashion, lost or re-arranged.

For Example:

*Did you wait for Santa's Grotto in a queue so slowly moving?
Then sit upon his lap to chat—and no-one disapproving?*

*Was there a candle in your window, or homemade decorations?
These days your house is lit up like Blackpool Illuminations.*

Advent calendars were fun, with doors revealing scenes.

But now they must be chocolate-filled to show what Christmas means.

*The Christmas post brought a ten bob note - back then what gift was better?
Now it wouldn't pay for the postage stamp on the flipping Thank You letter.*

*Folk took a Christmas break from work, but no workplace fuss or banter.
Now its Christmas Parties, Meals and Drinks - AND the dreaded Secret Santa!*

*Did you leave a snack for Santa? Or a note penned by yourself?
Modern children want the chaos of that damned Elf on the Shelf.*

*Once, kids received a stocking filled with nuts, coins, a satsuma.
Now it must be at least an iPhone to keep them in good humour.*

*Mums slaved for hours on Christmas lunch so all of us could tuck in.
Now its frozen veg and bottled sauce and the aptly named Turducken.*

*And homemade cakes have been replaced by various foreign phonies
Like Florentines and Stollen bread and those pointless Panettones.*

*On TV at 3 we watched **The Queen** - no chats allowed, no napping.
Everyone's too busy now, on Facebook or Whatsapping.*

*We had our simple family parties with pork pies, ham and jelly,
Now it HAS to be a Fantastic Feast - like the Tesco ads on telly!*

Well I've said my piece and had my moan, I hope with a touch of humour,
So I'm sending Christmas wishes from a Grumpy Baby Boomer.

Derek Sheasby