

The first 2/3 of your life you tend to acquire “stuff” and the last ¼ you need to find a good place for all the extra belongings. So it is in our house. The past few months we have been sorting and snorting thru all our possessions to pare down the inventory.

Yesterday I was going thru a box of old Christmas decorations and ran across a little plastic church, maybe 5 inches tall. It was more than 50 years old, the white plastic had aged to a grotesque yellow, the brittle walls and roofline sagged because of being stored somewhere too hot during one summer, the music box was “frozen”, the electrical cord was frayed and the light socket was corroded. After pulling out anything non-plastic, I tossed it into the recycling bag.

This morning at the recycling center, when Jim pulled the bag from the backseat, that little church peaked over the edge of the bag and seemed to stare at me. Don't you just know I “lost it”?

It is gone now but the memories of my beloved five cranking up the music box (It played Silent Night.) and their excitement of plugging in the light so the house was alive with “pretties” are so precious. The little church even showed up in the 1967 family Christmas letter...see the first paragraph. Also, see it atop the TV in the 1972 picture.

All of this will stay in my memory bank until the day when I no longer remember. Even then, it will still be deep inside my very being. Don't ever be so busy that you can't make memories of your own.



CHRISTMAS 1967

The windows are all atwinkle with tiny colored blinking lights and the hues of the color wheel are dancing across our silver tree. Every window has a santa or candle and the tiny church atop the TV is chiming out "Silent Night" so the scene is set for Christmas at the Faist's. Four little blonds are busy learning their lines for their Sunday School program. Even little Sandi has a 3 word piece to say this year but it is doubtful if she will remember that night.

Again this year we have added another name to our family roll call. Randy Ray was born January 27 and, to say the least, he is a growing boy. He outweighs Sandi (age 2) by about 5 pounds and has developed a strong attraction to our tree. Whenever Randy is missing, he can always be found standing against the hassock, watching the tree. Once in a while he gets brave enough to yank off a ball and try to taste it!

Sandi is a small bundle of energy. She never walks as then she can't keep up with the "big three". Sandi's biggest joy of the year came November 11 on her 2nd birthday when she received a bright blue trike just like the "Big Red" have.

Our Cindy, who turned 3 in May, is still a mischievous flirt. She can get into more trouble than the others combined and still flash those 2 dimples at you when you catch her in the worst of it.

Loni, age 4, is Mommy's right hand helper and does so many things to help keep the house in order. Her favorite pastime is coloring and she does a very neat job of it.

Larry, age 5, spends most of his days with his Daddy outside. He never hits the house except for food and dry gloves. Actually, he is quite a help and saves Robert a great many steps. Larry can chase pigs like a pro but usually needs a complete change of clothes when he gets done. Good thing Mommy has a sturdy washer!

Robert and several friends have been coon hunting every chance they get. The funny thing is, each time they come home, they claim they are just too tired to move. The next night, you would never recognize them as they don their hunting gear and plot which creeks they are going to hunt that night.

Linda has been having a lot of fun writing anonymous stories for a local C.B. club newspaper and has also been molding plaster figurines and painting them. It was a big relief to get all the canning and freezing done this past summer but it tastes good this winter when you can't run out to the garden for fresh produce.

The world has dealt well with us this year and we are thankful to have our family and loved ones happy and healthy. Life can be so short that we feel we must enjoy each other while we can. It won't be so many years until our family will be all grown up and the glow of Santa will fade. We hope our friends and relatives are happy and healthy as we are - and wish we could see all of you more often for a good old gab-fest.

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM THE FAIST FAMILY