pact's point of view
The newsletter for adoptive families with children of color

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That Time of Year

by Penny Callan Partride

Once I read that Christmas can
really can be rough if we in any
way compare our own arrival
to that still life of mother gazing
kind man beside her
opulent gifts of dignitaries
calm chewing animals
a star marks the spot.

I suppose this could be especially
be true if we in fact scared the hell
out of folks some not going to the
prom some not even going home and
what about instead of caroling on for
centuries not speaking of it again
what about the question of
who would take care of us?

Of course there was that other
arrival into the new family
all ready willing and doing
their best but that was later.

This season's about birth
those first days in the air
those first days in the light
those first days of being seen.

Don't you think that as children
we identified with that Baby?
And can't you imagine that as time
went on we saw more and more
difference? So you can see how I was
in awe of the perfectly planned and
elaborately celebrated birth of my
Jewish grandson but also jealous?

What to do after we open a gift of
consciousness? Be glad we can
pass it around? Clean up the mess
on the floor together? Then sit with
each other if at all possible near
flickering flame from candles or
some other fire and talk about the
meal about the music about the light?