GOODIES AT THE GILBERTS

CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE GILBERTS IN EIGHTY-THREE
AS FONDLY RECALLED BY THE WILSONS AND ME:

OUR HOSTS WERE THE MOST (no exaggeration)
GUESTS ELECTED THEM BY ACCLAMATION.
THE TICKET BORE THE RESPECTED NAMES:
Wife Betty, Son Gregg, Good husband, James.

AH! TASTY HOT CIDER BY OAK LOG FIRE
PULLED ALL IN THE MOOD FOR WHAT DID TRANSPARE.

WE TREKKED UP THE STAIRS AND GASPED WITH SURPRISE
WHEN A SCENE OF FANTASY MET OUR EYES:

I'LL DO MY BEST, WHO FRANKLY UNABLE,
TO DESCRIBE THE ELEGANT TABLE--

The Center-piece, charming with novel invention.
Arrestingly rustic...no modern pretension.
Silver and crystal, romantic light
Made an atmosphere...exactly right. ...
Huge "strawberry plates, each with its candle
Bore delicious food...all a body could handle.
- Thou'gh wasn't watching, if all copied me...
Accepted two helpings...and possibly three)

DINING COMPLETED, IN LOOKING A ROUND
WE DISCOVERED BEAUTY INFREQUENTLY FOUND...--
Fruit, foliage, flowers...strange nuts and such.
Saying: nature unblemished is treasured much.

THERE WAS BRISK CONVERSATION...IN DEPTH AND FUN...
GENERATION GAP?...ABSOLUTELY NONE!

TUS...HERE WERE FED BODY AND MIND AND SOUL...
A INTRICATE MAN, THE EXQUISITE WHOLE.

"GOODBYE, MERRY CHRISTMAS"...WE DID JOYFULLY SAY.

AT THE END OF A TRULY PERFECT DAY.

(Eva Jessye, December 26, 1983)

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