

extended vacation.

On Christmas Day, which is a big day, Father Christmas arrives in the morning.

We would then be served the traditional meal: a goose stuffed with sausage meat and stuffing, a stodgy bread sauce, made with crumbs and onions, instead of cranberries, and roast potatoes and parsnips, brussels sprouts, and peas.

At mid-day, boiled pudding which had been bubbling

country by my family. My wife, who joins efforts with my mother, cooks the traditional Christmas meal, except we eat turkey. We can't get a big enough goose.

Watching For Santa

By THOMAS PARSONS
Civic Leader

I grew up in Yonkers, N.Y. during the early '20s. We lived across from an impressive monastery situated on a hill. My dad used to be the soloist and he sang every year at midnight Mass.

As far as my young mind could figure, Santa and his sleigh and reindeer had to arrive at my house by flying over the hill above the church.

Every year I would beg my father to let me attend the midnight service. I figured if I could stay up, I could watch Santa come over the roof of the church.

Finally when I was six, my father let me attend the Mass.

Much to my amazement, after I waited very intently, Santa didn't come over the roof.

My faith wasn't shaken. I just figured he must have had another route, but I couldn't figure out what it was.

There were six of us kids all small together. Regardless of Santa's route, we used to get lots of candy and we really enjoyed that.



*Citizens of Milford, I thank you -
Patti Calistro*

CORRECTION

SHOP & SAVE

AD APPEARING IN THE MILFORD
REPORTER DEC. 23, SHOULD
READ SPECIALS FROM DEC.
17th-27th.