The Christmas Tree

All across this country stand old community halls,
built as social beacons, within corrugated walls.

The locals came together, to celebrate and share.
They'd rally round when times were hard, to show how much they care.

Better than the weddings, the parties and the rest,
Of all events held at the hall, The Christmas Tree was best.

The ladies brought their dishes, which made a lovely spread.
The men, they hung around the bar and waited to be fed.

The Christmas tree took pride of place, rising up toward the roof.
Santa would be coming soon. Presents under it, were proof.

Around the tree, the kids all sat and waited for Saint Nick.
No snow, no sleigh to get him there, a Ute would do the trick.

The memories of that time and place are etched into my mind
And bring a sense of fondness that now is hard to find.

