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My Memories of Long Island by T. Trapanotto

Since I first moved out to Long Island with my family in 1954, the things I have seen, did, or got to enjoy, are all still imbedded in my mind. And I can recall them at any given time that I want too.

I was lucky enough to see then, my rock and roll idol, the King himself, the one and only - Elvis in 1974. My friend and I camped out overnight at the Nassau Coliseum parking field. We were lucky to get there early and was car number 74 in line of the parking field.

It was a lovely warm night as people there were either talking about Elvis or playing his music. The seats that we got were only eleven rows from the stage. We had a great view of Elvis.

Then there was the farmers market in Bethpage that my mom and dad always took us to every Saturday night. There was always a big friendly crowd there. There was always a lot of good buys and fresh farm products.

I also have many memories from the Meadowbrook Roller Skating Rink, that was right off Hempstead Turnpike. A place were all children and adults could go to have a night of fun and to meet people. There was always a nice crowd and wonderful music playing as we skated.

Then after the skating rink closed, the next stop was Jhan's ice cream parlor, which was right next to the skating rink. Their homemade ice cream was the best that the island had to offer.

They had on the menu, an ice cream item called the Kitchen Sink. The bowl was filled with enough ice cream, cherries, sliced bananas, toppings and whipped cream, for a party of six to eat. But my friend and I were only a party of two, it took us a while before we were able to finish the whole bowl, it was the first and last time that we bought that.

Then there was the Saint James General Store in Saint James, Long Island. A place that is still there today and open to the public. I was a teenager went I first went there with my mom and dad, and years later when I had children of my own, I took them there. And my children took their children there. The store was always filled with candy, gifts items, household goods and hand-crafted items. A place that the whole family could find something to buy.

We also had a place called Jolly Rogers, on Hempstead Turnpike on the corner of Hicksville Road. A great place to hang out with your friends on a Saturday night, refreshments were sold there and there was also a small amusement area.

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Who cannot forget the Carousel ride in Baldwin, a place that was a landmark for years. My family always stopped there as we passed through that town, just to have a ride on the carousel.

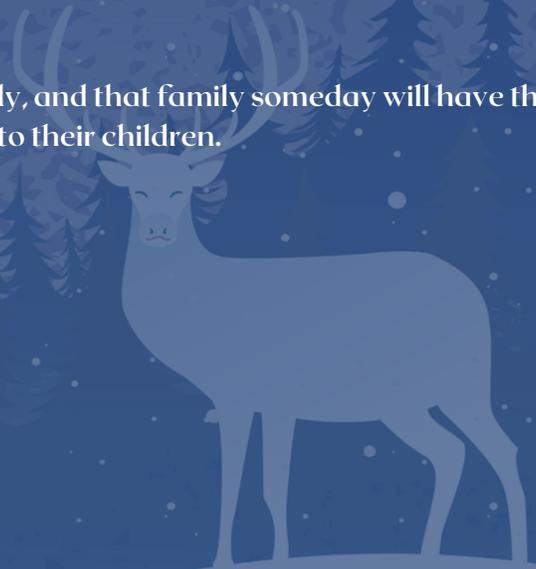
One of my favorite places, also on a Saturday night, was the drive-in movies, meeting your friends there, a place to socialize and of course, to be in the car with your girlfriend.

Then there were the family outings at Belmont State Park, where once a year all of our children, cousins, aunts, uncles and other family members would meet and enjoy the day. With cook outs, ball playing, row boating on the lake. We would get there about 9am and stay until the park closed. A fun place for all to enjoy, until next year.

We also spent many weekends at Jones Beach, what would summer be without a visit to Jones Beach. Even if you just sat on the sand or at least walked through the water getting your feet wet.

There was also the Port Jefferson Village, with its many stores, food places and the ferry. Which I took many a times on a Saturday night. They also had special Saturday nights where there was music being played from the 50's and you could dance all night to it. Then as the night ended and the ferry was pulling into port, you could see the whole village all lit up, such a wonderful sight to see.

Long Island, a nice and wonderful place to live, raise a family, and that family someday will have the memories like I have to pass down to their children.



Santa Sonnet

By R. B. Rose

He comes in the wee of Christmas morning
when all are asleep and counting their sheep
across rooftops and lawns; jangling Buckhorns
frolicking and taking one final leap

And with a HO HO HO leading the way
his beard of white and cap of red and green
Santa Claus rides on his magical sleigh
talking to reindeer in language of neigh

Balancing atop chimneys; they do stop
helping Kris bring gifts to good girls and boys
and stuffing so many colorful socks
a token of love; sweets, clothing and toys

Spreading love and joy he is on his way
vowing to return one more Christmas day

Grandpa and Me by T. Trapanotto

It was the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature was stirring,
not even grandpa mouse.

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, in hopes that grandpa would fill them
with cheer.

I was all snuggled in a warm winter's bed, with dreams of toys dancing in my head.

When all of a sudden, I heard a loud noise, I got out of my bed to see what was the cause.

And there was grandpa looking out the window, just laughing and smiling not saying a
word.

He didn't know I was there, as I got closer to hear, grandpa said with a big smile on his face,
look my child, do you see what I see.

My eyes were wide open, as I saw Santa in his sled, led by eight reindeers, what could I have
said.

As he waved to us upon leaving, with a smile on his face, saying Merry Christmas as he left
with a fast pace.

I hurried downstairs to the room of the tree, that was all decorated just for me.

All lit up and aglow, to find it filled with toys from the North Pole.

Just sitting there as pretty as can be, gifts all wrapped up just for grandpa and me.

While sitting with grandpa up on his knee, with a kiss he gave to me, saying now my child
do you believe.

With a smile on my face, arms arounds grandpa, I whisper softly as he looks at me,
grandpa, your the best gift I found under the tree.



What is Christmas by T. Trapanotto

Christmas is, the falling of snowflakes, cold crisp days, stars lighting up the night, magic in the air, the coming of a wonderful season, to be shared by all.

Christmas is, shopping for a tree, the excitement of decorating it, Christmas lights, candles all aglow, hanging a Christmas wreath on the front door.

Christmas is, hot cocoa, eggnog, homemade cookies, making a gingerbread house, hanging up the stockings over the fireplace.

Christmas is, family gatherings, turkey dinner, roasted chestnuts, mince pie, candy canes, fireplace crackling, Christmas caroling.

Christmas is Christmas.

West Babylon Writers by J. Fitzgerald

Tables shaped in a square
Different people seated in their individual chairs
Each Unique with a story to share

At first I was unsure
An imposter claiming a seat at the table
Not knowing what to expect
Can I write? I do not know

I listen to each and I am in awe
Each a different style beautiful, moving and unparalleled
You are inspiring me to write
Put pen to paper OR click the keys on the keyboard
Writing from the heart
Allowing the words of experience paint images in the mind
Exploring worlds unknown and giving words a place to play
Trying different styles with a cushion to land upon
No boundaries to abide
Creativity flowing

You support each other, guide, encourage and cheer
See the positive and celebrate each others authentic words
Your stories and poems have awoken and gifted me a place
To explore my own written word

My poems and stories are a cathartic place I didn't know existed
But here
Here with you
I discovered my writing can be my very own
Your ability to share your passion for writing is an extraordinary gift

On behalf of the West Babylon Writer's Club,
we wish everyone the happiest of holidays!

