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Calendar

December 6

GPS Meeting at the High School Chorus Room

6:45 refreshments

7:00 business meeting

7:30 entertainment

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December GPS Update

By Bonnie Donnan

The holiday season is approaching, and so is winter. The celebrations of the former help to offset the chill of the latter. I do admit that retirement has given me a new appreciation for winter. Now that I am no longer compelled to venture out in all weather, driving my weekday trek to Albany, I can look out my window and admire the beauty of the pattern of the edges of snowdrifts. Being in the middle of a whiteout on the road, white knuckled hands on the wheel, doesn't give much opportunity to admire the beauty of it all.

Our November meeting was an interesting program by Park Ranger Joe Craig, from Saratoga National Historical Park, on the world wide effects of the battles of Saratoga.

The December 6th meeting will be at the High School, in the chorus room, near the auditorium. The refreshments will start at **6:45**, the business meeting at 7:00, and the entertainment, in the auditorium, at 7:30.

We are continuing the custom of collecting contributions for the community Christmas basket project. We are continuing our custom of collecting contributions for the annual Christmas Basket project. Nonperishable food, paper

products, new toys, toiletries, and monetary contributions will all help to brighten the season. The project, supported by many community organizations, the area churches, the school, and Greater Galway Community Services Association, is headquartered at West Charlton United Presbyterian Church. Checks may be made out to WCUPC Basket Fund. Donations will be collected at the meeting. Volunteers are always needed, and schedules will be available.

Remember our pewter watering trough ornaments. They would be great for your tree, or for a gift.

Special Christmas Occasions

By Mildred Follett
From The Glowegee Scroll
 December 1983

I remember the Christmas tree in the corner when I was four years old. It was shiny and bright. In the middle of its branches was a white cradle with a lovely doll. It was for me. Then a box of white was handed to me. When I opened it, there was a pretty little white fur bonnet. My sister who was four years older said, "That is my bonnet!" She wouldn't believe it was mine until she got a chair and climbed up to look on the clothes press shelf and found her own there.

Another special Christmas was when I was six years old. My grandmother Kissinger died during Christmas week so we couldn't have a tree. Instead we hung our stocking up on the blackboard. My heart was set on having a large fish-pond game, a game about eighteen inches wide by twenty-four inches long. I eagerly emptied the contents of my stocking; to my despair, the fish pond game wasn't in it. I was so disappointed! Then I looked and the desired treasure stood up on the floor under the stockings.

A third special Christmas was the day before we were married. My sister entertained the family. That year some of my gifts had a double purpose. One gift

was a silver cake fork which was a combined Christmas and wedding gift from my aunt Alice whom I adored.

My little nephew Everet was two years old. He remarked he didn't like mince pie because it tasted too fuzzy.

One Christmas morning in the early forties, Art, my mother, and I were invited to spend Christmas day with my sister and family. Art was carrying the big roaster which contained two of our large Rhode Island Red roosters that had been cooked by my mother. It was also half filled with chicken broth. As Art approached the car, he skidded on the ice and fell. The roaster careened wildly on the ground.

Mother yelled, "Oh there goes our chicken dinner!"

However, the roaster landed right side up and gallantly skidded toward the car, the cover still intact when it stopped. Our dinner was saved, but Art had a few bruises but no broken bones.