

The little yellow house is full of light, again. She smiles. A front mat offers welcome.

Two years ago (see Loose Threads Dec. 2018) all the huff and puff went out of her windows. Her fireplace smoke scattered from the rooftop chimney as night air chased away the warmth. The gloom of a winter wind had surrounded the little yellow house in darkness. She was empty. No laughs, no warmth.

This holiday season, however, the gleam of warming light from the table top lamps fill the darkened corners of the family room and bounce back and forth on the window glass singing a refrain of "The Gangs all Here." The little yellow house is a home, again. Toys decorate her front yard as if saying "hello" to passersby. "I am a home again, I am needed," she hollers to whomever can hear her. "Honk if you can," she pleads.

This is happiness. Movement from behind drawn shades cast shadows of playtime, of dinner preparation, of "Hi, Honey I'm home," from out of the bedroom office. Work mode comes off, the ease of family comfort settles in and the house becomes a home.

Soon, a Christmas tree may twinkle near the front room window signaling a special time or the flames from the Menorah candles may quiet the noise or the antique Nativity set may replay a moment of long ago. For some homes this is a renew of life.

Warm light in all of our homes is abundant this time of a Covid-19 quarantine. There may be less joviality, less family visiting, less holding of little ones. We are to accept a new way of celebrating a traditional time of year and of greeting a new year with perhaps a healthier time ahead.

Perhaps, we will find a way to see our family from afar, perhaps singing the mealtime grace with each other on our electronic device. And, there is the old-fashion way of singing with them through the telephone lines. The holiday may not be the same as before 2020 intercepted our normalcy. However, we will virtually take what we can get.

For now, the lights are on and everyone is home.

Lana Russ