

## **CHRISTMAS SHOPPING**

*In Memory of My Mother*

Along a gaily festooned street,  
I walked amid a happy throng,  
And with them listened eagerly  
To puppets sing a Christmas song.

In crowded shops I purchased gifts,  
Recalling wishes I once knew,  
A watch, a ring, a silver vase,  
And then, Beloved, I thought of you.

You always asked for little things  
Like thimbles – scissors – mending thread;  
And instantly my poor heart broke –  
Remembering that you were dead.

Then I bought toys and gave them out  
To urchins round me, sad of face;  
This was my Christmas gift to you,  
Filling, as best I knew, your place.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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