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Can you remember it? "Could you sing me a line of it?" So I just hit up the first line. She sang every word of it. I was amazed at the memory. Far back her memory was great, but the present was--ppht. (But you know, it's not only memory, but it proves that the song was important.) Oh, yes. (The Nicholsons) were her neighbours. She lived there among them, dear.... Monica; Another thing. My home was so close to the church that many, many people who came a distance to church came to our house, and were often put up overnight on a Saturday night so that they could go to church on Sunday. And I recall--and I suppose everyone in my family would recall-- Christmas Eve, when people came from every? where around to go to midnight mass. My father would let the animals out (of the barn) to make room to put the horses in so they could keep them warm while people waited to go to midnight mass. And they sang then. (Before or after mass?) Before. Because they would come early in the evening. And when I think of that particular time, I remember beautiful smells in the house. Like Mum would be making either raisin bread or plum loaf, whatever you want to call it, and big, beautiful, thick molasses cookies--biscuits, they call them. Because she's going to serve a bit of lunch to all these people who are there. We'd have so many people come, we wouldn't have enough chairs. My father would go out and bring in the big blocks of wood before it was split. And Mum would throw a cushion or an old jacket--whatever was around--on that. And the men would sit on that. This is Christmas Eve, now. before church. I'd hear the sleighs coming in and the bells on the horses. It's a really, really nice memory that I have of all those people coming. It was exciting for us kids for all these people to come. "What do you mean?" "Going along with the crowd. Getting talked into that last drink. Or did you forget you were driving?" "I wasn't going to finish it." "So why take it?" "Good question. Why did I?" "To impress the others." "Maybe. And to impress you, I guess." "Thanks, but no thanks. I like you better when you're your own man." "It was dumb of me. Do I get another chance?" "Okay, but hurry up and grow up, will you? I'm getting too old to be dating a kid." Seagmm P.O. Box 847, Station H, Montreal, Quebec, H3G 2IV18 (You just said, "for the men to sit.") Well, the women would be busy around, chatting, maybe helping Mum with lunch. (Not singing. And not sitting there as part of the audience around your father.) Probably not. (Is this correct?) That's probably correct. Although sometime during the evening they would all be there. They would all be gathered while he sang. 23