

Vater Family's Song

To: Vater Family

From: Kim Vater

Snowy roads to Pittsburgh, headlights cutting through the grey. Everyone is sleepy; Poppy drives us all the way. Aunt Emma's roast beef waiting, we're going to have a ball. Backyard sleds and laughter, who can stay up through it all? Stockings in the playroom, treasures hidden deep inside. Nobody's giving theirs up—no matter how we try. Poppy's on the sofa, dreaming in the tinsel light. While Mia's got her lists and worries: is the menu right? Red bags by the tree, grandkids' eyes shining bright. Cousins running wild, in the heart of Christmas night. Vater Family, stitched together like a patchwork quilt. Every laugh and hug, every story that we've built. When we gather close, every year feels brand new. Best memories are these—right here, with all of you. Engagements and weddings and moves across the sea, then babies and beach trips, how lucky are we. Claire and Tide and Ellis, sleepy faces Christmas morn. Unwrapping love and magic, memories reborn. Frost forms on the windows, every heart finds its place. Year after year, we're wrapped in this embrace. Vater Family, stitched together like a patchwork quilt. Every laugh and hug, every story that we've built. When we gather close, every year feels brand new. Best memories are these—right here, with all of you. No matter where we wander, no matter what we do. There's a light inside that pulls us back to you. Through every Christmas morning, every silent night. We're home in every moment shared, everything's alright. Vater Family, stitched together like a patchwork quilt. Every laugh and hug, every story that we've built. When we gather close, every year feels brand new. Best memories are these—right here, with all of you. The best memories are these—right here, with all of you. The best memories are these—Vater Family, it's true.

Swoonsong