

## **December Events and Happenings**

Christmas Morning at Point Lobos

I opened the cabin - I hung up my hat -

Not a creature was stirring, not even a bat.

And Christmas? No presents, no tinsel, no tree,

No bright shiny faces, no squeals of glee.

A room full of old objects, and long-ago names,

And that diver just standing there mute;

Quock Moi and Pop Ernest gazing out from their frames,

The big cypress intruding its root.

Read on as Rick Pettit reflects on Christmas Morning at Point Lobos

A Rainy Day at the Reserve

December brings the winter rains and, while many prefer to stay dry inside, Mark Wangsness reflects on the beauty of a rainy day, especially when it is spent at Point Lobos.