



12-15-1990

## Gloomy Christmas Carol Equals Red Bicycle

Kyle Moran

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

---

### Recommended Citation

Moran, Kyle (1990) "Gloomy Christmas Carol Equals Red Bicycle," *Westview*: Vol. 10 : Iss. 2 , Article 14.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol10/iss2/14>

This Nonfiction is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu](mailto:phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu).



**GLOOMY  
CHRISTMAS  
CAROL  
EQUALS  
RED  
BICYCLE**



*-By Kyle Moran*

**F**OR AS LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER, my parents always sang the same carol beginning around December 1 each year: "Well, Old Santa Claus is gonna be mighty slim around our homestead this year."

By the time I was 12 years old, all of my siblings were already away from home. My two sisters had married, and my only brother had died in World War II; therefore, when my parents began to sing their carol that winter of my twelfth year, I felt more alone than ever with no one else of my age around to share my despair. My special problem was that I so badly wanted a maroon Monarch bicycle that I knew that I must have it. In fact, even in the middle of the carol one day I had blurted out my wish. I felt that I deserved it. After all, if I hadn't been expected to help them get their cotton pulled during my Harvest Vacation, I could have made some money of my own and bought that coveted maroon Monarch in the window of the OTASCO in town.

My older sister, Jeanette, lived in town, Arnett, a few miles away; I often visited her and her husband, Jerry, each time I was in town. Her husband had in a sense taken the place of my dead brother, and those visits were special to me.

I also liked to visit Emie, a boy my age who lived in Jeanette and Jerry's neighborhood. Although Emie was a town kid and I was a country boy, we got along very well together.

One day on one of my routine visits, I walked unannounced into my sister's kitchen. The room was a mess. Papers were spread all over the place, and Jerry was on the floor painting an old bicycle red. Thinking back later, I remembered that both of them looked flustered and Jeanette yelled at me, "Now you have to help us keep a secret. Grace bought this bike for Emie, and we're helping her out by painting it and keeping it for her until Christmas Eve. If you breathe a word of this, you'll have me to pay, Little Brother!" I promised to say nothing, and I kept my promise.

As Christmas Eve approached, excitement was afloat as usual, but I promised myself not to mention to my parents again what I wanted for Christmas. After all, wasn't that the price of martyrdom? And wasn't I a martyr?

It was our custom at that time to go to Jerry and Jeanette's house on Christmas Eve for a Christmas gift exchange. That year I received various gifts—sox, pajamas, gloves, a shirt or two, a winter hat and scarf, and a few other things—even shaving lotion not to be used for at least a few more months. And that seemed to be the end of the matter.

Suddenly Jerry said, "Excuse me. I'll be back in a minute. I need to take care of something outside." In a few minutes he came back into the living room pushing the most beautiful red bike I had ever seen. It was even equipped with speedometer, reflectors, a front light, and a horn.

My dad said, "Well, Son, it's not the maroon Monarch from OTASCO, but it's the best we could do this year. I hope you like it, and you need to thank Jerry and Jeanette. They're the ones who really made it possible."

I hurriedly thanked everyone, put on my hat and scarf, jumped on that bike, and rode out the front door oblivious of steps. I rode all over town stopping to tell every friend and relative I could find about the gift I knew I would never forget.

Secondhand bikes don't last very long, though, and two years later I was riding a souped-up version of the maroon Monarch at the OTASCO—bought from my very own money that I had saved from farm jobs.

There have been many materialistic highlights in my life since that Christmas of 1946, but none has quite equaled the joy I felt when I first realized that the red bike was really mine. \*

*(KYLE MORAN of Weatherford is a regular WESTVIEW contributor.)*