
THE DAILY SPARK

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SPOOKY SEASON SPECIAL



WHAT'S NEW

A SPARK OF LIGHT IN YOUR DAILY LIFE

OCTOBER VIBES



October arrives with a playful autumn spirit: cooler evenings, colorful leaves, pumpkin-lit porches, and the excitement of Halloween just around the corner. It is a wonderful month to enjoy cozy traditions, get creative with seasonal decorations, and savor the simple fun of costumes, treats, and crisp fall days.



This month's "Spark of Light" includes extra pages with a special edition Halloween story (family friendly). The story is a fun take on "A Visit from St. Nicholas" by Clement Clarke Moore. It's spooky with a pinch of humor. Enjoy!



"SPOOKY SEASON
IS HERE"

By M.L Woods

'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE HALLOWEEN

'Twas the night before Halloween, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The pumpkins were sitting by the chimney with care,
In hopes that Sir Jack O'Lantern soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds;
While visions of gumdrops danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long October nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen leaves,
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below,
When what to my wondering eyes did appear,
But a ghost in a white robe holding a root beer,
A suspicious companion looked creepy and stern,
I knew in a moment he must be Sir Jack O'Lantern.



More rapid than eagles his ghost companions they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Monster! now, Salem! now Casper and Spooky!
On, Raven! on, Spider! on, Twilight and Ghoulie!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now scare away! scare away! scare away all!"

As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the housetop the ghosts they flew
With the group full of boos and Sir Jack O'Lantern too—
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The creeping and crawling of each little spook.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney Sir Jack O'Lantern came with a bound.
He was dressed all in black, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of treats he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his smile, how dreary!
His cheeks were quite plumpy, his nose was most eerie!
His crooked mouth was drawn up like an arch,
And the stem on his head was as rough as tree bark;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and arms that were scary
But then when he laughed, a tooth fell on the telly.
He was as slim as a twig, a right jolly old creature,
And I laughed when I saw him, despite all his features;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the treat bags; then turned with a smirk,
And laying his finger aside of his nonexistent nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He gathered with his companions, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.



But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight—
“Happy Halloween to all, and to all a good night!”

