

The Definition of Christmas

by Esme Jensen

There are lights so many lights.
There are gifts and bows and music.
People shopping for just the "right" thing,
And searching for the red stockings.
This is Christmas?
Artificial trees and shining ornaments
laced with colored lights.
Mechanical Santas with tasty candy canes
dressed in red and white...
This is Christmas?
There are sounds so many sounds.
There are bells and cars and buses.
Windows displaying just the "right" thing,
But revealing just the "wrong" price.
This is Christmas?
Exhausted parents and crying children
hunting for the display of reindeer.
Confused fathers with unbalanced accounts
hoping their checks will clear...
This is Christmas?
After the shops close down,
And after the noise dies away,
There is a light in the distance
Which shines on and on
Wise men follow it closely,
And they watch for the twinkling light.
There is a star in the distance
Which shines on and on.
This is Christmas.

Always- Forever

by Jackie Tomlin

Always-forever,
These are the words that filled our
minds.
Can there be any truth in them
Or was it all just another line?

You went away—
We both went our own way,
Maybe always and forever
Shall return some day.

I still love you
I know you won't make me blue—
Because you said you loved me too.

When you return
You shan't be surprised to learn
Always and forever wasn't all a line—
It was in our hearts and minds.

Now we are one—
We both have won.

Your lover is right beside you

by Paul Lau

See me and hold me
Your lover is right beside you
Whom you care the most

See me and hold me
Your lover is right beside you
Whom you care the best

You said the sky is clear
The moon is full
The stars are bright
The view is beautiful
Love is for tonight.

Tomorrow is another day
I may not be around
See me and hold me
Your lover is right beside you
Whom you care the most

Just a Vision

by Pat Stroup

As I wander through time
in a peaceful state of mind
I can see a distant star
it's the future and it's me
Just a Vision not reality

Just a vision
of days to come
Just a Vision
of goals to reach
As I'm searching for my dreams
life is harder than it seemed.

Just a Vision not reality
As I wander through my life
With past, present and future on my
mind
I know I've gotta change my ways
I've gotta live for all not just for me
Just a Vision not reality.

Just a Vision
Of days to come
Just a Vision of goals to reach.

Always Upward

by Carol Grandy

I walk the steps of life,
one by one.

With each step I take
one more goal is achieved.

Suddenly I reach a platform,
thinking I've reached the top.

But looking ahead
I see many steps to go.

I realize now that this has only
been a place on which to stop
and catch my breath.

A Song from a Christmas Tree

by Debra D. Johnson

Merry Christmas to the woods where I used to grow,
The home of the lonely owl and crow.
I spread my arms to shelter all,
The creatures shy, both large and small.

I sing for joy to the friends I knew,
The sunshine, rain and the sky so blue.
Merry Christmas to the forest and the beautiful hills
Who protected me from terrible chills.

Merry Christmas to the hall where I now hold sway,
The home of the happy children who joyfully play.
I spread my arms with gifts for all,
From father big to baby small.

I sing for joy to these hearts that glow
With gracious love for the Child we know.
Merry Christmas to all and a happy new year,
In hopes that God's love will always be near.

Merry Christmas!

The Day after Christmas

by Melanie Pederson

'Twas the day after Christmas
and all through the house,
The toys were torn and strewn about.
The Christmas tree sagged with age,
And the house was in quite a rage.
The tree ornaments were on the floor,
And the wreath was not on the door.
The children were not in sight,
They disappeared like a flash in the night.
On the floor were wrappings and ribbons,
Left by the little demons.
Mother was cleaning up the place,
And all I could do was stand and pace.
Then I heard a noise out in the yard,
I began to pray and hope real hard.
I got in a flash, but fell in a crash.
I quickly scrambled to the window,
And what should I see,
but none other than he.
I knew in a minute
It must be Saint Fix-it.
He fixed the toys and cleaned the mess,
And what he said you'll never guess,
'Merry Christmas to all, and to all a
Happy New Year.'

Christmas

by Pat Stroup

Spring has been here and gone again
The same as summer, then autumn.
Winter's arrival has left designs
Upon the earth and on my mind.
Winter's not over, it's just begun,
The skiing and singing and fun.

Winter's the season for Christmas.
Christmas is the season for love,
Families, friends and fun.

Charlie comes down to earth

by Deann Schroll

As Charlie the Snowflake
came floating gently down
through the sky, he was
thinking about all the things
he could do, see and be.

He was thinking about
being one of the many
snowflakes in a snowman. Or
he could even be in a
snowball. Then he thought
about being able to watch the
children have snowball
fights, go sleighing and even
go riding in the sleigh right
over the top of him.

"Boy, that would be
great!" he exclaimed.

He just couldn't wait to get
to the ground. Then suddenly
he thought of one of the worst
things that could happen to
him. He could land on
someone's tongue and get
away then slither down the
throat. He, then, thought
about landing on a chimney
of a house while the fire was
burning and getting melted
away and falling down into
the fire itself.

"How horrible!" he
whispered.

Charlie then thought about
getting closer to the ground
and suddenly he bumped into
something. It was Santa's
sleigh. He looked around and
saw Santa popping up out of a
chimney.

"Wow!" cried Charlie. "I
must be on the roof of a
house."

Then Santa climbed into
the sleigh and off they went
through the sky. Charlie was
so interested in everything in
the sleigh that he didn't see
all the houses they passed.
As Charlie played with toy
drums, dolls and stuffed
elephants, Charlie and Santa
went all over the world
together that night.

At the end of the evening,
Charlie the Snowflake called
'Merry Christmas and
Happy New Year to
everyone' as he happily
melted into a tiny puddle of
water.



The gift money can't buy

by Rick Bohr

It was early Christmas
morning, about 2 a.m. Kim
and Kenny Bradley, 8-year-
old twins, were sleeping, and
they heard a sound. Both
awoke, sat up in bed.

"It's Santa. I know it's
Santa," Kenny whispered,
and Kim agreed. Out of bed
they popped to investigate.

Down the stairs very
quietly they went, hand in
hand, ready for anything.
After all this was Christmas
morning. The trip down the
stairs revealed nothing, but
as they entered the hallway,
they heard a sound.

"Sounds like daddy," Kim
said. They listened and
watched through the slightly
ajar bathroom door. They
could see their father, put-
ting on a Santa suit. They
realized that Bob, their
friend next door, was right
about the fact that there was
no Santa. They were
disappointed but the
disappointment wore off

quickly. They watched to see
what he would do next.

The door began to open
slowly, so they quickly hid in
a closet. They heard a
BANG! "What's that," Kim
asked. "Daddy calls it a
damper," Kenny answered.
They entered the hallway
and peered into the living
room. There was daddy in his
Santa suit, carefully placing
the presents under the tree.

The tree was beautiful with
its ornaments gleaming from
the red, green and blue lights
shining on them. The angel
on the top enhanced the
appearance of the tree and
all combined into a beautiful
picture.

As the twins watched their
father, he would stop, occa-
sionally, and look up,
listen and make sure that the
children were not up, not that
it really mattered. After all,
he was wearing the Santa
Claus suit, just in case.

When all of the presents
that had been hidden in the

guest closet were placed
under the tree, their father
turned and at this gesture,
the twins quietly but
hurriedly crept down the hall
and up the stairs into their
bedroom. They hopped into
bed, pretending to be asleep.

They heard their father in
the bathroom again,
probably removing the Santa
suit. Minutes later their door
opened, and he came into
their room, just to make sure
they were asleep. He kissed
them both on the cheek, and
as he walked out they heard
him say, "Merry Christmas,
children. Merry Christmas,"
quietly to himself, and then
he walked out shutting the
door behind him.

The twins slept very
soundly after their escapade,
and at about 8 a.m. Kim
woke up and realizing it was
now Christmas, woke up
Kenny. They ran down the
stairs. The tree was so
beautiful, sparkling and
shining, in the morning sun

rays. Its limbs gleamed,
covered with ornaments,
lights, candy canes and
tinsel.

They scurried down the
stairs and counted their
presents. Kim had nine and
Kenny seven. He didn't
complain though because he
was sure that one of these
packages was the race set he
had wished for. Kim was
very excited also. She had
accidentally torn the
wrapping on one of her
packages, revealing the B A
and the B O U on what she
hoped to be the doll she
wanted, Baby Bouncer.

Looking at their packages,
they thought about how their
friend next door had tried to
convince them that Santa
Claus was not real. They
realized that he was right,
but they also realized that
their parents must love them
a lot to buy a Santa suit just
in case they saw their daddy
putting the gifts under the
tree. They also realized the

great amount of money their
parents had spent for
presents when they would get
very little in return.

The twins had a very
mature talk, an unusual
thing for 8-year-old children.
They figured the love that
their parents had shown
them by buying them all the
presents was unrepayable,
but they had one great
present they could give their
parents—their love!

The parents had wakened
by this time and walked into
the living room and wished
them a cheery Merry
Christmas. Kim and Kenny
shouted "Merry Christmas
Mom and Dad" in reply.
They began to open their
presents, most of them
saying, "Merry Christmas
from Santa" on them. They
perked up and shouted, "He
was here." Puzzled, their
parents asked "Who was
here?"

"Santa was here. We heard
him coming down the
chimney," they replied.
Their father realized that it
was the damper being shut
that they heard, and secretly
so did they, but their parents
knew nothing of this and
were delighted.

As the Christmas tree
sparkled and the smell of
Christmas breakfast filled
the air, all was peaceful. The
eyes of Kenny and Kim's
parents sparkled from the
joy of their children
believing in Santa,
something they had hoped for.

Everyone was very happy
and all was well. Kim and
Kenny had just given the best
gift they possibly could, the
gift of love, and it was
gratefully returned by their
parents.