

I think that Christmas is a warm home . . .

This year Santa, I want to give you a present too.

*Elizabeth W.
King School
Kdgn. 5 yrs. old.*

Beaumont

Falling Snow

I think that I shall never know
A sight as nice as falling snow.
When God allows His trees to rest,
And winter winds are at their crest;
When leaves all curled and crisp and brown
Fall to rest upon the ground;
Then I know there soon will be
Some falling snow for me to see.

The first few flakes come slowly down,
Drifting, shifting, twirling round and round;
Falling first, then turn about,
Rise awhile and angle out;
Finally floating to the earth
Are swallowed up soon after birth.

Smaller now the flakes are growing,
Yes—yes—it's really started snowing;
Steadier, steadier—with greater speed,
No forces now will dare impede
The falling, piling, drifting mass,
Which no sight on earth could e'er surpass!

Soon all things begin to grow
With added layers of new snow;
And light reflecting from its face
Turns night to day and sin to grace.
What better sight could ever be
Than falling snow for me to see?
What nicer joy would you entreat
Than crunching snow beneath the feet?

When bedtime comes and lights are out,
I raise my shade to look about—
To see the heaven's fleecy lining
Coming still—yes still declining.
The street lamp's pale and mellow light
Illumes the most spectacular sight
Of soft pure flakes of glistening snow,
Swooping to this world below

Morning dawns—a great new births' revealed
All earthly sights are now concealed—
Clothed in robes of velvet white,
One giant mass is does unite.
What earthly joy would you suggest
Could put this to the slightest test?

I think that I shall never know
A sight as nice as falling snow.

*William G. Dryden
Beaumont Middle School*

Laugh at the birds.
Laugh at the weather.
Laugh at the clown who's losing his pants.
Laugh, and soon you'll be snappy happy.

*Tina Conner
6th Grade
Beaumont MS*

When I laugh, I giggle and wiggle.
I giggle and wiggle when I laugh.
I don't laugh like a grown-up lady with a "Ha, ha, haaa."
I don't laugh like a little girl with a "He, he, he."
I laugh like me.

*Helen Davidson
6th grade
Beaumont MS*

Christmas is almost Here. People Rushing around looking for the right gift
In the middle of the winter. Sweet smelling food in The house. Because Christ was born on this day.

*Sara Martin
6th Grade
Beaumont MS*

Oh my butterfly
Going from flower to tree
You are nice to see.

*Jeff Frey,
Grade 5*

The sun is golden
It warms the earth every day
That's what wisemen say.

*Daniel Stott,
Grade 5*

Oh Wiggly Worm

Oh wiggly worm, oh wiggly worm, who do you wiggle so? You don't have any legs and not much of a head. So why do you wiggle so? You're so long and round so close to the ground. So why do you wiggle so?

So that's why you wiggle so?! A bird will find you and you must run. So that's why you wiggle so.

*Jennifer Callison,
Grade 4*

IT'S THAT FAVORITE TIME OF YEAR

Christmas

I think that Christmas is a warm home that is full of Christmas things . . .

Sparkling Fires,
Hot cocoa with marshmallows,

Good smelling pies cooking in the oven,
Christmas trees that are green,
Holly that is prickly.

*Liz Vogel,
Grade 4*

Oh beautiful snake
You swallow mice in one bite
don't squeeze me, boa.

*Doug Starr,
Grade 5*

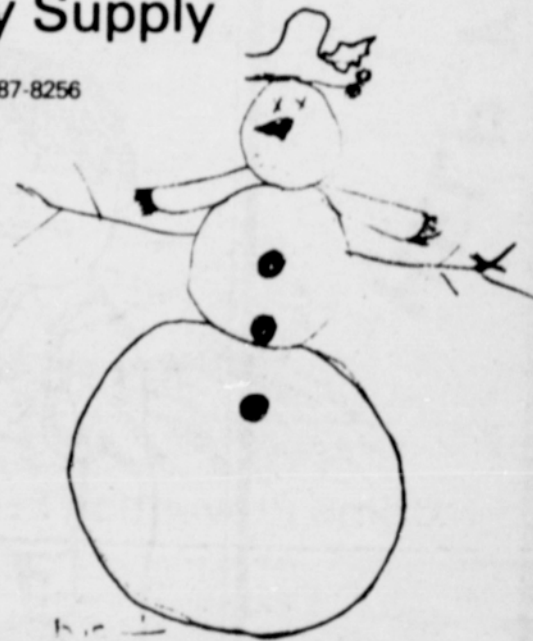
How I Celebrate Christmas

On Christmas Eve my little brothe and I open our presents. We hang up our stockings, and we say, "It better to give than to receive." We go to our grandma's and sh has candy canes on her Christmas tree.

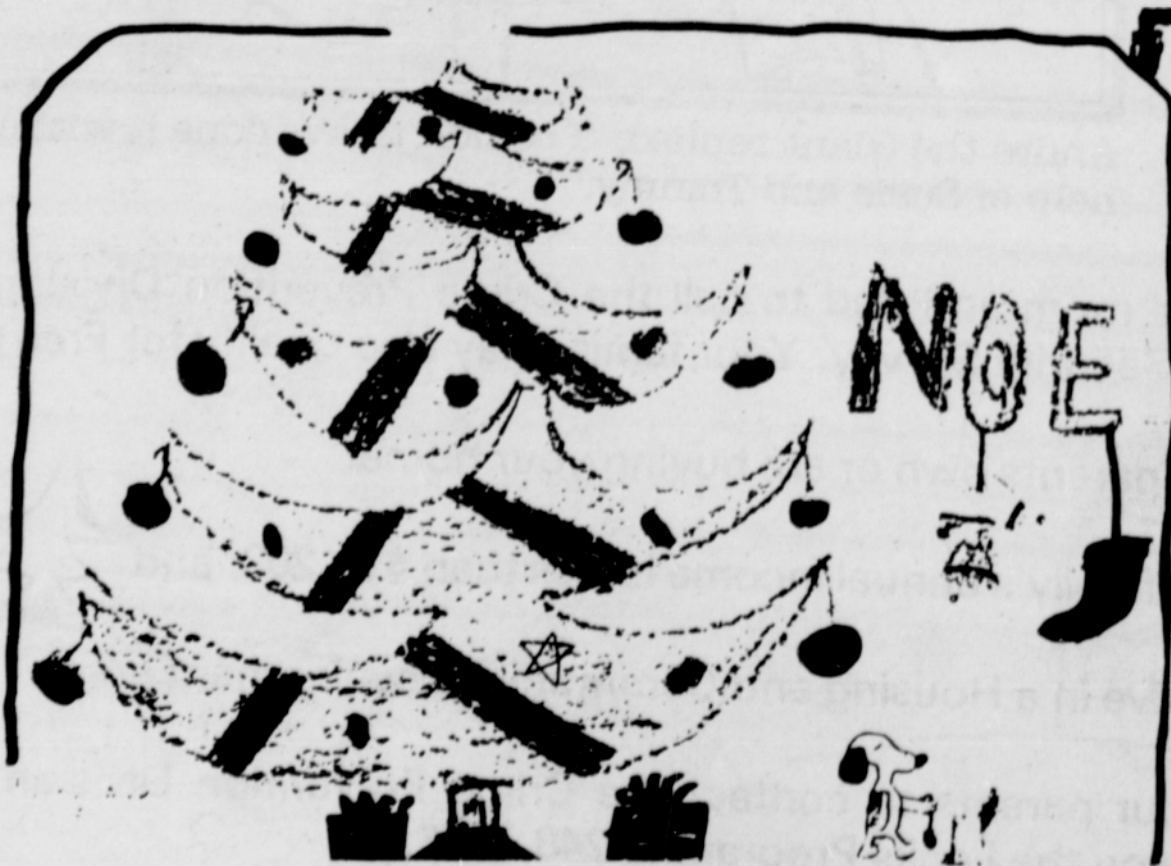
*Aaron Mohteith,
Grade 3*

Friday Beauty Supply

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