

## Christmas Poetry

### A Politically Correct Christmas Poem



Twass the night before Christmas and Santa's a wreck...

How to live in a world that's politically correct? His workers no longer would answer to "Elves", "Vertically Challenged" they were calling themselves. And labor conditions at the North Pole, were alleged by the union, to stifle the soul.

Four reindeer had vanished without much propriety,  
released to the wilds, by the Humane Society. And  
equal employment had made it quite clear, that Santa  
had better not use just reindeer. So Dancer and Donner,  
Comet and Cupid,  
were replaced with 4 pigs, and you know that looked stupid!

The runners had been removed from his beautiful sleigh,  
because the ruts were deemed dangerous by the EPA,  
And millions of people were calling the Cops,  
when they heard sled noises upon their roof tops. Second-  
hand smoke from his pipe, had his workers quite  
frightened, and his fur trimmed red suit was called  
"unenlightened".

To show you the strangeness of today's ebbs and flows,

Rudolf was suing over unauthorized use of his nose.  
He went to Geraldo, in front of the Nation, demanding  
millions in over-due workers compensation.

So...half of the reindeer were gone, and his wife who  
suddenly said she'd had enough of this life, joined a self  
help group, packed and left in a whiz, demanding from  
now on that her title was Ms.

And as for gifts...why, he'd never had the notion  
that making a choice could cause such  
commotion. Nothing of leather, nothing of fur...  
Which meant nothing for him or nothing for her.  
Nothing to aim, Nothing to shoot,  
Nothing that clamored or made lots of noise.  
Nothing for just girls and nothing for just boys.  
Nothing that claimed to be gender specific,  
Nothing that's warlike or non-pacifistic.



No candy or sweets...they were bad for the tooth.  
Nothing that seemed to embellish upon the truth.  
And fairy tales...while not yet forbidden,  
were like Ken and Barbie, better off hidden,  
for they raised the hackles of those psychological,  
who claimed the only good gift was one ecological.

No baseball, no football...someone might get hurt,  
besides - playing sports exposed kids to dirt.  
Dolls were said to be sexist and should be passe.  
and Nintendo would rot your entire brain away.

So Santa just stood there, disheveled and perplexed,  
he just couldn't figure out what to do next?

He tried to be merry he tried to be gay,  
but you must have to admit he was having a very bad day.

His sack was quite empty, it was flat on the ground,  
nothing fully acceptable was anywhere to be found.

Something special was needed, a gift that he might,  
give to us all, without angering the left or the right. A gift  
that would satisfy - with no indecision,  
each group of people in every religion.  
Every race, every hue,  
everyone, everywhere...even you!  
So here is that gift, it's price beyond worth...



"MAY YOU AND YOUR LOVED ONES, ENJOY PEACE ON EARTH"

## Santa Magic

On Christmas Eve a young boy with light in his eyes  
Looked deep into Santa's, to Santa's surprise, And  
said as he nestled on Santa's broad knee, "I want  
your secret. Tell it to me."  
He leaned up and whispered in Santa's good ear,  
"How do you do it, year after year?"



"I want to know how as you travel about,  
Giving gifts here and there, you never run out.  
How is it, dear Santa, that your pack of toys

you have plenty for all of the world's girls and boys?  
Stays so full never empties, as you make your way  
From rooftop to rooftop, to homes large and small,

From nation to nation, reaching them all"

And Santa smiled kindly and said to the boy,  
"Don't ask me hard questions, Don't you want a toy?"  
But the child shook his head, and Santa could see  
that he needed the answer. "Now listen to me." He  
told the small boy with the light in his eyes,  
"My secret will make you sadder, and wise.

The truth is my sack is magic in side.  
It holds millions of toys for my Christmas Eve ride.  
Although I do visit each girl and each boy  
I don't always leave them a gaily wrapped Toy. Some  
homes are hungry, some homes are sad, Some homes  
are desperate, some homes are bad. Some homes are  
broken, and children there grieve.

Those homes I visit, but what should I leave?"



"My sleigh is filled with the happiest stuff,  
But for homes where disappear lives,  
toys aren't enough. So I tip toe in, kiss  
each girl and boy,

And pray with them they will be given the joy  
Of the spirit of Christmas, the spirit that lives  
In the heart of the dear child who gets not, but gives."

If only God hears me and answers my prayer,  
When I visit next year, what I will find there  
Are homes filled with peace, and with giving and love  
And boys and girls gifted with light from above.  
It's a very hard task, my smart little brother,  
To give toys to some, and to give prayers to others.  
But the prayers are the best gifts, the best gifts indeed,  
For God has a way of meeting each need.

"That's part of the answer. The rest, my dear  
youth, Is that my sack is magic. And that is the  
truth. In my sack I carry on Christmas Eve Day  
More love than a Santa could ever give away.  
The sack never empties of love, or of joys

'Cause inside it are prayers, and hopes, not just  
toys. The more that I give, the fuller it seems,  
Because giving is my way of fulfilling dreams.

And so do you know something "You've got a sack, too.  
It's as magic as mine, and it's inside of you.  
It never gets empty, it's full from the start.  
It's the center of lights, and of love. It's your heart.  
And if on this Christmas you want to help me,  
Don't be so concerned with the gifts 'neath your tree.  
Open that sack called your heart, and share  
Your joy, your friendship, your wealth, your care."



The light in the small boy's eyes was glowing.

"Thanks for the secret. I've got to be going." "Wait,  
little boy," said Santa, "don't go. Will you share? Will  
you help? Will you use what you know?" And just for a  
moment the small boy stood still, Touched his heart  
with his small hand and whispered, "I will."

### The Spirit of Christmas



I have a list of people I know  
All written in a book  
And every year at Christmastime  
I go and take a look  
And that is when I realize  
That those names are a part  
Not of the book they're written in  
But of my very heart  
For each name stands for someone  
Who has crossed my path some time  
And in that meeting they've become

A treasured friend of mine  
And once you've met some people  
The years can not erase  
The memory of a pleasant word  
Or a friendly face  
So when I send a Christmas card  
That is addressed to you  
It's because you're on that list  
Of folk I'm indebted to  
And you are one of many folk who  
In times past I've met  
And happen to be one of those  
I don't want to forget  
And whether I have known you for  
Many years or few  
In some way you have a part in  
Shaping things I do  
This, the spirit of Christmas, that  
Forever and ever endures  
May it leave it richest blessing  
In the hearts of you and yours.

The Wreath is on the Door



The wreath is on the door  
And the snow is on the tree  
God has laid His holy hands  
On all that we can see.

Be quick to raise your voice

And praise what He has brought.  
Keep now His love in every choice  
And Christmas in every thought.

## The True Meaning Of Christmas by Brian K. Walters



In today's day and time,  
it's easy to lose sight,  
of the true meaning of Christmas  
and one special night.

When we go  
shopping, We say "How much will it  
cost?" Then the true meaning of  
Christmas, Somehow becomes lost.

Amidst the tinsel, glitter  
And ribbons of gold,  
We forget about the child,  
born on a night so cold.

The children look for Santa  
In his big, red sleigh  
Never thinking of the child  
Whose bed was made of hay.

In reality,  
When we look into the night sky,  
We don't see a sleigh  
But a star, burning bright and high.

A faithful reminder,  
Of that night so long ago,  
And of the child we call Jesus,  
Whose love, the world would know.

## Christmas Time



Its Christmas time again  
The season of renewal  
Love, faith, charity  
And all that is beautiful  
Chimes greatly in to every heart  
Beating in celebrations  
Of Spirit, togetherness, and affirmation.

## Wonder



There is faint music in the night,  
And pale wings fanned by silver flight;  
A frosty hill with tender glow  
Of countless stars that shine on snow.  
A shelter from the winter storm,  
A straw-lined manger, safe and warm,  
And Mary crooning lullabies,  
To hush her Baby's sleepy sighs.  
Her eyes are rapt upon His Face,  
Unheeded here is time and space;  
Her heart filled with blinding joy,  
For God's own Son--her little Boy!

Christmas Long Ago  
by Jo Geis





Frosty days and ice-still nights,  
Fir trees trimmed with tiny lights,  
Sound of sleigh bells in the snow,  
That was Christmas long ago.

Tykes on sleds and shouts of glee,  
Icy-window filigree,  
Sugarplums and candle glow,  
Part of Christmas long ago.

Footsteps stealthy on the stair,  
Sweet-voiced carols in the air,  
Stocking hanging in a row,  
Tell of Christmas long ago.

Starry nights so still and blue,  
Good friends calling out to you,  
Life, so fact, will always slow...  
For dreams of Christmas long ago.

The Christmas Night  
by Lucy Maud Montgomery

Wrapped was the world in slumber deep,  
By seaward valley and cedarn steep,  
And bright and blest were the dreams of its  
sleep; All the hours of that wonderful night-  
tide through The stars outblossomed in fields  
of blue, A heavenly chaplet, to diadem  
The King in the manger of Bethlehem.

Out on the hills the shepherds lay,  
Wakeful, that never a lamb might stray,

Humble and clean of heart were they;  
Thus it was given them to hear  
Marvelous harpings strange and clear,  
Thus it was given them to see  
The heralds of the nativity.



In the dim-lit stable the mother mild  
Looked with holy eyes on her child,  
Cradled him close to her heart and smiled;  
Kingly purple nor crown had he,  
Never a trapping of royalty;  
But Mary saw that the baby's head  
With a slender nimbus was garlanded.

Speechless her joy as she watched him there,  
Forgetful of pain and grief and care,  
And every thought in her soul was a prayer;  
While under the dome of the desert sky  
The Kings of the East from afar drew nigh,  
And the great white star that was guide to them  
Kept ward o'er the manger of Bethlehem.