## Subject: the soldier

```
>>> << Twas the night before Christmas
>>>> >>> > He lived all alone
>>>> >>> > In a one bedroom house made of
>>>> >>>> > Plaster and Stone
>>>> >>> > In a come down the Chimney
>>>> >>> > Nith presents to give.
>>>> >>> > And to see just who
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>>>> >>> >In this home did live.
>>>>>>>>>
>>>> >> > l looked all about
>>>> >> > A strange sight I did see.
>>>> >> > No tinsel. No presents.
>>>> >> Not even a tree.
>>>>>>>>>
>>>> >>> No stocking by the mantle,
>>>> >>> > Identification and the sand of 
>>>> >>> On the wall hung pictures
>>>> >>> > In the second secon
>>>>>>>>>
>>>> >>> With medals and badges.
>>>> >>> Awards of all kinds,
>>>> >> > A sober thought
>>>> >> Came through my mind.
>>>>>>>>
>>>> >>> For this house was different.
>>>> >>> lt was dark and dreary.
>>>> >> I found the home of a soldier.
>>>> >>> Once I could see clearly.
>>>>>>>>
>>>> >> > The soldier lay sleeping,
>>>> >>> Silent, alone.
>>>> >> Curled up on the floor
>>>> >> > hn this one bedroom home.
>>>>>>>>>
>>>> >> The face was so gentle,
>>>> >>> The room in such disorder,
>>>> >>> Not how I pictured
>>>> >> A United States Soldier.
>>>>>>>>>
>>>> >>> Has this the hero
>>>> >>> Of whom I'd just read?
>>>> >>> Curled up on a Poncho,
>>>> >> The floor for a bed?
>>>>>>>>
>>>> >> > l realized the families
>>>> >> That I saw this night.
>>>> >>> Owed their lives to these soldiers
>>>>>>> Who were willing to fight.
>>>>>>>>>
>>>> >>> Soon round the world,
>>>> >>> The children would play,
>>>> >>> And grownup would celebrate
>>>> >> A bright Christmas Day.
>>>>>>>>>
>>>> >>> They all enjoyed freedom
>>>> >>> each month of the year.
>>>> >>> >Because of the soldiers,
>>>> >>> Like the one lying here.
>>>>>>>>>
>>>> >> > l couldn't help wonder
>>>> >> > How many lay alone,
>>>> >>> Pon a cold Christmas Eve
>>>> >>> In a land far from home.
>>>>>>>>>
>>>> >> The very thought
>>>> >>> Brought a tear to my eye,
>>>> >> I dropped to my knees
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>>>> >> > And started to Cry.
>>>>>>>>>
>>>> >> The soldier awakened
>>>> >>> And I heard a rough voice.
>>>> >> > This life is my choice."
>>>>>>>>>
>>>> >> The solider rolled over
>>>> >> > And drifted to sleep,
>>>>>> l couldn't control it,
>>>> >> > l continued to weep.
>>>>>>>>
>>>> >> l kept watch for hours.
>>>> >>> So silent and still
>>>> >> And we both shivered
>>>> >>> From the cold nights chill.
>>>>>>>>>
>>>>>> l didn't want to leave
>>>> >>> On that cold, dark, night,
>>>> > > This guardian of Honor
>>>> >>> So willing to fight.
>>>>>>>>>
>>>> >> The solider rolled over,
>>>> >>> With a voice soft and pure,
>>>> >>> SWhispered, "Carry on Santa,
>>>> >> > It's Christmas Day, All is secure."
>>>>>>>>>
>>>> >>> One look at my watch,
>>>> >> > And I knew he was right.
>>> >> > > iMerry Christmas my friend,
>>>> >> > And to all a good night."
>>>>>>>>>
>>> >> > This poem was written by a Marine stationed in
>>>> > hokinawa Japan. The
>>>>>>> following is his request. I think it is
>>>> > reasonable...
>>>>>>>>
>>>> >>> Please. Would you do me the kind favor of
>>>> > sending this to as many
>>>> >> People as you can? Christmas will be coming soon
>>>> > and some credit is
>>>> >> bull to our U.S. service men and women for being
>>>> > > able to celebrate these
>>>> >>> festivities.
>>>>>>>>>
>>>> >>> but of
>>>> > Make
>>>> >>> people stop and think of our heroes, living and
>>>> > dead, who sacrificed
>>>> >>> themselves for us. Please, do your small part to
>>>> > plant this small
>>>> >>> seed.
>>>>>>>>
>>>>>>>>
>>>>>>
>>>> >>
>>>>
>>>
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>
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