

>>>><< Twas the night before Christmas
>>>>>>>>He lived all alone
>>>>>>>>In a one bedroom house made of
>>>>>>>>Plaster and Stone
>>>>>>>>
>>>>>>>>I had come down the Chimney
>>>>>>>>With presents to give.
>>>>>>>>And to see just who

11/23/00

>>>>>>>>In this home did live.
>>>>>>>>
>>>>>>>>I looked all about
>>>>>>>>A strange sight I did see.
>>>>>>>>No tinsel, No presents,
>>>>>>>>Not even a tree.
>>>>>>>>
>>>>>>>>No stocking by the mantle,
>>>>>>>>Just boots filled with sand.
>>>>>>>>On the wall hung pictures
>>>>>>>>Of far distant lands.
>>>>>>>>
>>>>>>>>With medals and badges,
>>>>>>>>Awards of all kinds,
>>>>>>>>A sober thought
>>>>>>>>Came through my mind.
>>>>>>>>
>>>>>>>>For this house was different,
>>>>>>>>It 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
>>>>>>>>In this one bedroom home.
>>>>>>>>
>>>>>>>>The face was so gentle,
>>>>>>>>The room in such disorder,
>>>>>>>>Not how I pictured
>>>>>>>>A United States Soldier.
>>>>>>>>
>>>>>>>>Was this the hero
>>>>>>>>Of whom I'd just read?
>>>>>>>>Curled up on a Poncho,
>>>>>>>>The floor for a bed?
>>>>>>>>
>>>>>>>>I 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.
>>>>>>>>
>>>>>>>>I couldn't help wonder
>>>>>>>>How many lay alone,
>>>>>>>>On a cold Christmas Eve
>>>>>>>>In a land far from home.
>>>>>>>>
>>>>>>>>The very thought
>>>>>>>>Brought a tear to my eye,
>>>>>>>>I dropped to my knees

11/23/00

