

## SOLDIER'S CHRISTMAS

T'WAS 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,  
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 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 DISORDER,  
NOT HOW I PICTURED,  
A BRAVE BRITISH 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 GROWNUPS 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,  
AND STARTED TO CRY.

THE SOLDIER AWAKENED,  
AND I HEARD A ROUGH VOICE,  
"SANTA DON'T CRY,  
THIS LIFE IS MY CHOICE;

I FIGHT FOR FREEDOM,  
I DON'T ASK FOR MORE,  
MY LIFE IS MY GOD,  
MY COUNTRY, MY CORPS."

THE SOLDIER ROLLED OVER,  
AND DRIFTED TO SLEEP,  
I COULDN'T CONTROL IT,  
I CONTINUED TO WEEP.

I KEPT WATCH FOR HOURS,  
SO SILENT AND STILL,  
AND WE BOTH SHIVERED,  
FROM THE COLD NIGHT'S CHILL.

I DID NOT WANT TO LEAVE,  
ON THAT COLD, DARK, NIGHT,  
THIS GUARDIAN OF HONOR,  
SO WILLING TO FIGHT.

THEN THE SOLDIER ROLLED OVER,  
WITH A VOICE SOFT AND PURE,  
WHISPERED, "CARRY ON SANTA,  
IT'S CHRISTMAS DAY, ALL IS SECURE."

ONE LOOK AT MY WATCH,  
AND I KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.  
"MERRY CHRISTMAS MY FRIEND,  
AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT."

This poem was written by a soldier stationed overseas but I think it says it all.