A Christmas Interpretation…

Posted on Dec 20, Posted by Webmaster Category Telling Tales

T'was the night before Christmas and all through the house

Not a gift had been purchased without the click of a mouse.

The stockings sat upright on the living room floor,

No chimney meant Santa would be using the door.

The children complained about going to bed

And because the XBOX controller batteries were dead!

Mom and Dad in work clothes, trying to wrap

Not believing that once again, they bought all of this crap

2011 was a tough year for most

That American Dream seemed to be toast.

Unemployment was high and moral low

Home values were falling, instead of the snow

But along comes Christmas and with it brings hope

That things will get better, and somehow we cope

So back to my story about Christmas Eve

I promise it gets better so please don’t leave

So around 2am we heard a loud clatter,

Unless the house was on fire I say it didn’t matter.

But dad got up just to be sure

How much more of this season could he possibly endure?

The gifts and parties and store after store

The happiest season had turned to a bore.

When he rounded the corner he saw the living room tree

But you'll never guess what else he did see.

It was a jolly old man in typical dress

Eating the cookies and making a mess

"Am I dreaming?" he thought but just couldn't move

He was the only one watching, so this would be tough to prove.

The jolly old Santa he wrote letters to

Asking him for Tonka, Star Wars and super gross Goo

He'd given up on Santa a long time ago.

But now his Christmas spirit was starting to grow

Of course he was dreaming and woke up just in time

To see the kids wrestling and laughing, that dream was a sign.

So please give up worry and keep fighting the good fight.
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."

Email Becky at This e-mail address is being protected from spambots. You need JavaScript enabled to view it

Tags: Untagged