

## **Winter's Greatest Joy**

The barren trees will soon be covered deep in snow  
This time of year.  
Feet will slide, and lips will wither in the wind while we  
Shiver underneath our heavy gear.  
Watch as liquid water turns to flakes of snow and solid ice;  
Winter's here.

Watching children through the windows, Elves make lists  
For Santa's eyes.  
We make and buy and wrap our presents hoping we  
Can keep each one a sweet surprise.  
Days are fleeing quickly; all too soon 'twill be the evening  
Reindeer fly.

Listen as the children thunder down the stairs and  
Shout with glee.  
Feel the joy and love and magic as the papers tear and tumble  
From gifts no longer piled beneath the Christmas tree.  
Watch the child with care and patience placing baby Jesus  
In our nativity.

*Merry Christmas, Everyone!!  
Darlene Michaud  
Burlington, CT*

## **My Christmas Gift For Jesus**

Happy Birthday, baby Jesus,  
Take my gift of Love for You;  
I will make somebody happy,  
For that is what you said to do!

*Darlene Michaud  
Burlington, CT*

## Lord, You Come

Some Christmases are joyous and dear, and some too difficult, it seems, to bear.  
But whether our hearts fly light and free or are weighted and buried in deepest despair,  
You come to us, my Lord, You come.

One Christmas, as I lay losing my child, You silently sat with me the whole while. As I felt  
a part of me tearing away, though I could not hold my tears at bay, I knew  
You would take my child to the light where he'd wait for me till the time was right, for  
You had come to me, my Lord, and You'd come.

Many a glorious Christmas, too, I've spent with family and friends and You.  
We've opened presents from under the tree, admired our home and nativity,  
Sung and laughed and joked and played, then feasted together after we prayed.  
We've beamed with love and burst with joy, each adult each girl, each boy, for  
You came to us, my Lord, You came. Once again.  
Happy Birthday on this day when You are so very, very near to us all.

*Darlene Michaud  
Burlington, CT*

## My Little Tree

He sits alone, my little tree, all through the summer sun,  
His needles bright and shiny, and around him we have fun.

He sits alone in springtime and when leaves blow in the fall,

He sits alone and shows the world he doesn't care at all.

But I have been alone and felt the bite of winter wind,  
And though I can't let out the warmth or invite my tree within,

Each year I take the brightest lights and place them on my tree,

So he can **shine** and celebrate the birth of Christ with me.

*Merry Christmas, Everyone!!*

*Darlene Michaud*

*Burlington, CT*