

'Twas Twelve Days Before Christmas

By Paralee Eadie

'Twas twelve days before Christmas and all through the house
Everything was a mess, including my spouse.
He sounded like Scrooge as he put up the tree,
Getting tangled in lights, doing all grudgingly.
The stockings were thrown on the kids' bedroom floor,
Along with pajamas, coats, toys, books, and more.
Packages to wrap, and cards still not sent,
I wondered aloud where all the time went.
Then from the kitchen there arose such a clatter,
I ran from the den to see what was the matter.
"What happened?" I cried as I entered the door,
Green frosting and cookie dough splattered the floor.
As I fell to my knees to clean up the mess,
I complained to the Lord, "This is nothing but stress!"
Grabbing my keys, exclaiming goodbye to all,
I needed a break, so I drove to the mall.
I drove up the rows, there was no parking space,
But grouchy, rude people all over the place.
Then church bells were ringing, chiming out Christmas songs,
And I suddenly knew that my focus was wrong.
"I'm so sorry, Lord, for getting off track.
Please show me the way and I will go back."
Then I heard in my heart that still small voice,
"How you celebrate Christmas is fully your choice."
It wasn't the world that forced its view on me,
It was I who'd forgotten what was priority.
Off to my home I drove like a flash,
Then up the walkway I sped with a dash.
I grabbed up the kids and gave them all hugs,
Then poured out hot chocolate into everyone's mug.
My spouse grabbed his Bible, and sitting close to me,
He read the Christmas story by the light of the tree.
My house was not perfect, the kids were a sight,
But we celebrated Jesus together that night.

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1675 Pine Grove Road

Rogue River, OR 97537

www.applecreekpoetry.com