

CHRISTMAS JOY

By Paralee Eadie

Once upon a time there was a little boy
Who wasn't exactly what you would call a joy.
When he didn't get his way, he would cry and whine.
His parents couldn't stand it and gave in every time.
Each new trinket brought him fun, but then he would find
It broken or boring and want another kind.
Christmas time filled his folks with a new sense of dread
As every commercial filled their child's head
With unrestrained desires for bigger, better toys,
Convincing him this would make Christmas day a joy.
With a sigh they would fulfill their child's every whim,
Not one thought of others did they require of him.
Nor did they take the time to open up God's Word
And tell of baby Jesus and what the shepherds heard,
Or how the Wise Men came from the East afar,
Looking for the Christ child, following His star,
Or most importantly, why God sent His Son.
They were so busy shopping, this never got done.