

December Poem



Suppose it were your birthday
And all your friends would come
And gather round your fireplace,
 There in your happy home.
They come with smiles and gladness,
 And bring their presents, too.
But when they start to share them,
 There's not a one for you.

They give them to each other,
 A grand and costly lot,
 But for the guest of honor,
 They somehow just forgot.
You say such things don't happen,
 Nor should it ever be,
It seems too crude and cruel,
 For folks like you and me.

But friends, have you considered?
 Just this .is what men do.
 Not, of course, to humans,
 But of our Lord, 'tis true.
We celebrate His birthday
With all our pomp and style,
 But give to one another
And grieve Him all the while.

'Tis Christ we claim to honor
 At this glad Christmas time,
Don't spend on friends the dollars
And give Him just one dime.
 To give to one another
 Indeed is very nice.

But best of all to Jesus,
 For Him let's sacrifice.
His cause too long has suffered
 By thoughtless, selfish men,
Let's bring to Christ the firstfruit,
 And give our best to Him.

Parent's Signature _____