

Christmas Poem

*'Twas the night before Christmas
he lived all alone,
in a one-bedroom house made of
plaster and stone.*

*I had come down the chimney
with presents to give,
and to see just who
in this home did live.*

*I looked all about,
a strange sight I did see,
no tinsel, no presents,
not even a tree.*

*No stocking by mantle,
just boots filled with sand,
on the wall hung pictures
of far distant lands.*

*With medals and badges,
awards of all kinds,
a sober thought
came through my mind.*

*For this house was different,
it was dark and dreary,
I found the home of a soldier,
once I could see clearly.*

*The soldier lay sleeping,
silent, alone,
curled up on the floor
in this one bedroom home.*

*The face was so gentle,
the room in such disorder,
not how I pictured
a United States soldier.*

*Was this the hero
of whom i'd just read?
curled up on a poncho,
the floor for a bed?*

*I realized the families
that I saw this night,
owed their lives to these soldiers
who were willing to fight.*

*Soon 'round the world,
the children would play,
and grownups would celebrate
a bright Christmas day.*

*They all enjoyed freedom
each month of the year,
because of the soldiers,
like the one lying here.*

*I couldn't help wonder
how many lay alone,
on a cold Christmas eve
in a land far from home.*

*The very thought
brought a tear to my eye,
I dropped to my knees
and started to cry.*

*The soldier awakened
and I heard a rough voice,
"Santa don't cry,
this life is my choice;*

*I fight for freedom,
I don't ask for more,
my life is my God,
my country, my corps."*

*The soldier rolled over
and drifted to sleep,
I couldn't control it,
I continued to weep.*

*I kept watch for hours,
so silent and still
and we both shivered
from the cold night's chill.*

*I didn't want to leave
on that cold, dark, night,
this guardian of honor
so willing to fight.*

*Then the soldier rolled over,
with a voice soft and pure,
whispered, "Carry on Santa,
it's Christmas day, all is secure."*

*One look at my watch,
and I knew he was right.
"Merry Christmas my friend,
and to all a good night."*

This poem was written by a Marine.