

THE MAGIC OF CHRISTMAS IS HERE



Annie And Willie's Prayer



'Twas the eve before Christmas, "Good-night" had been said,
 And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
 There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
 And each little bosom was heaving with sighs,
 For tonight their stern father's command had been given
 That they should retire precisely at seven
 Instead of at eight—for they troubled him more
 With questions unheard of than ever before:
 He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
 No such a creature as "Santa Clause" ever had been.
 And he hoped, after this, he should never more hear
 How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
 And this was the reason that two little heads
 So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
 Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten,
 Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
 When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
 And whispered, "Dear Annie, is 'ou fast as'leep?"
 "Why no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replied,
 "I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes
 For somehow it makes me so sorry because
 Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus'.
 Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
 For he came every year before mamma died;
 But, then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
 And God would hear everything mamma would say,
 And maybe she asked him to send Santa Clause here
 With the sack full of presents he brought every year."
 "Well, why tan't we p'ay dest as mamma did den,
 And ask Dod to send him with p'esents aden?"
 "I've been thinking so too," and without a word more
 Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
 And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
 And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.

"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
 That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
 You must wait very still till I say 'Amen.'
 And by that you will know that your turn has come then,"
 "Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
 And grant us the favor we are asking of thee.
 I want a wax dolly, a tea-set, and ring,
 And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring.
 Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
 That Santa Claus loves us much as does he;
 Don't let him get fretful and angry again
 At dear brother Willie and Annie. Amen."

"Please, Desus, 'et Santa Taus tum down tonight
 and b'ing us some p'esents before it is light;
 I want he should div' me a nice 'ittle s'ed,
 With bright shinin' 'unners, and all painted red;
 A box full of tandy, a book, and a toy,
 Amen, and then, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."

Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
 And with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds.
 They were lost soon in slumber, both peaceful and deep.
 And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French clock struck ten,
 'Ere the father had thought of his children again:
 He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
 And see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
 "I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
 "And should not have sent them so early to bed;
 But then I was troubled; my feeling found vent,
 For bank stock today has gone down ten per cent.
 But of course they've fotgotten their troubles ere this,
 And that I denied them their thrice-asked-for kiss:
 But, just to make sure, I'll go up to their door,
 For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
 So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
 and arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers;
 His Annie's "Bless papa" drew forth the big tears,
 And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.
 "Strange—strange—I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,
 "How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh."
 "I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
 "By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
 Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,
 Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown,
 Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out on the street—
 A millionaire facing the cold driving sleet!
 Nor stopped he until he had bought every thing,
 From the box of candy to the tiny gold ring;
 Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store,
 That the various presents outnumbered a score.
 Then homeward he turned, when his holiday load,
 With Aunt Mary's help in the nursery was stowed.
 Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
 By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
 A work-box well filled in the center was laid
 And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed,
 A soldier in uniform stood by a sled

"With bright shinning runners, and all painted red."
 There were balls, dogs, and horses, books pleasing to see
 And birds of all colors were perched in the tree!
 While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
 As if getting ready more presents to drop.
 And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
 He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid,
 And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
 "I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year;
 I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before,
 What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent more!
 Hereafter I'll make a rule, I believe,
 To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas Eve."
 So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
 And tripping down stairs, retired for the night.

As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
 Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
 Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
 And at the same moment the presents espied;
 Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
 And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
 They laughed and they cried, in their innocent glee,
 And shouted for papa to come quick and see
 What presents old Santa Clause brought in the night
 (Just the things that they wanted), and left before light:
 "And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low,
 "You'll believe there's a 'Santa Claus', papa, I know;"
 While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
 Determined no secret between them should be,
 And told in soft whispers how Annie had said
 That their dear blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
 Used to kneel down by the side of her chair,
 And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer.
 "Den we dot up and prayed dust well as we tould,
 And Dod answered our prayers: now wasn't He dood?"
 "I should say that He was if He sent you all these,
 And knew just what presents my children would please.
 (Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
 'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself,")

Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent,
 And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
 'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up stairs,
 And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

— Mrs. Sophia P. Snow



Christmas All Around

'Tis Christmas Eve and all's aglow,
 The trees are decorated with red and gold,
 The things outside are white with snow,
 Yet all is so wonderfully crisp and cold.

'Tis Christmas morning and people are cheering,
 Everywhere people are giving and giving,
 Mother is peering at the paper mess,
 Through all their new toys the children are sieving.

Please do remember this days special meaning,
 For Christ our Savior was just beginning.
 by Sharon Leinthall 6
 Lake Elementary



Christmas Poem

We're making cookies at our house and candy and some cake
 For we are doing all of it for Jesus' precious sake

For we are doing all of this for folks who are alone
 And Jesus will be happy for the love for him we've shown

Why don't you share your Christmas with other folks this year?
 You'll have a heart just glowing with wonderful joy and cheer.
 by Linda Darlean Krowkowski 5-A
 Lehman Elementary



At Christmas

At Christmas time the world seems aglow,
 With children's laughter that we all love so.
 Just a bit of holly,
 And a wreath upon the door,
 Fills our heart with the Christmas season
 That we all adore.

by Cindy Culver 5
 Ross Elementary



Christmas

Christmas is a glad and mighty time
 And everyone has much fun,
 But when we're done what do we get?
 The stairs we have to climb.

So in the morning, we go downstairs
 And our little feet are bare,
 We stand and stare with our eyes aglare,
 For Santa's brought us toys.

Dolls and planes
 Oh! look at the trains,
 Santa's brought us many toys.
 Some for girls and some for boys.

Oh! Christmas is a lovely day,
 When all the children jump and play.
 Oh! Christmas is a lovely day,
 It wipes so many tears away.

by Joleen Kay Shaw 6
 Ross Elementary



Christmas Thoughts

Christmas is a holy day,
 A time to be thankful,
 A time to pray.
 A day to think of the baby dear,
 Who was sent into the world to save us from fear.
 He came to teach us of his love.
 Now he watches over us from heaven above.
 So let us celebrate his birthday this year,
 With hearts full of love, thanks and good cheer.

by Doreen Davis 5-A
 Lehman Elementary

Under the Tree on Christmas Day

On Christmas Day under the tree
 I wonder what I will see
 Maybe a red and white candy cane,
 Or maybe a great big Dane
 I wish my wish would come true today,
 Under the tree on Christmas Day.

by Sherry Anne Snell 5-A
 Lehman Elementary



Christmas Time

Christ was born on Christmas day, I think you all know,
 He was born in a stable;
 Where the cows did low,
 His father not able;
 To get them a room,
 Went into a stable;
 Where the babe was born soon.

Shepherds soon came,
 To adore the babe;
 While there in the manger he lay,
 Not crying or doing a thing;
 Just laying there looking at the people,
 Adoring the little king.

by Kathleen Borr 5-206
 Gate of Heaven

Christmas Eve

The Night before Christmas, we're all merry and gay,
 For Santa is coming in his old-fashioned sleigh.
 If I listen, I'll hear what he has to say
 About the cookies and milk that I put on a tray.

Bells are ringing all over the town;
 Santa will come without making a sound.
 Our gifts he will leave on this special day,
 "Merry Christmas," we're sure to hear Santa Claus say.
 by Peggy Disque 6-A
 Lehman Elementary



Christmas

Christmas comes but once a year,
 That is a time for gifts and cheer.
 Clothes and food and Christmas trees,
 We thank God for all of these
 by Sharon Kusiak 5-207
 Gate of Heaven

