

The Spirit of Christmas

When you wake up in the morning just hoping that it's snowed
And rush to pull the curtains back to check out down the road
Wide-eyed, excited children keep on pulling at your clothes
And asking if he's been by now; not thinking how you'd know

When your home is like a fairyland of baubles and of lights,
The walls are hung with greeting cards and maybe some invites
When furniture's been moved aside to make way for a tree
Then that must be Christmastime – for what else could it be?

The house is filled with treats and food enough to feed the street
You'll be stuffed more than a turkey before you feel replete
Familiar songs are playing as they do most every year
And everyone is happy with the annual Christmas cheer

Great smells come from the kitchen as the roast begins to cook
Children dash through parcels with almost no second look
Your home is warm and cosy, no detail overlooked
“What time did I put the turkey in, it can't be undercooked!”

Somewhere through all that chaos, there'll come a quieter time
After all the presents and before the games of mime
Then spare a thought for those without the things that you enjoy
Families locked in poverty, the orphaned girl and boy

Countries wracked by civil war, or facing nature's wrath
No Christmas feast for many who'd be glad to get some broth
This is a time of giving, so please give what you can
To charity or in the street to that cold and homeless man

Raise up your prayers that Peace on Earth might finally arrive
That everyone is blessed with all that's needed to survive
A thought for all the people who won't be here this year
Across the globe as well as those you once held very dear

Enjoy your day with family and dear invited friends but
Remember that's not where true Christmas spirit ends
A little thought and charity can make this Christmas one
When Tiny Tim might well declare “God bless us, everyone!”