

A Canadian Soldier's Christmas

"It's Christmas day, all is secure."

*T'was 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 the 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 Canadian 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 honour,
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 peace keeping soldier
stationed overseas. The following is his request.
I think it is reasonable. Please.*

*Would you do me the kind favour
of sending this to as many people as you can?*

*Christmas will be coming soon
and some credit is due to our Canadian
service men and women
for our being able to celebrate these festivities.*

*Let's try in this small way
to pay a tiny bit of what we owe.*

*Make people stop and think of our heroes,
living and dead,
who sacrificed much
and sometimes themselves for us.*

Please, do your small part to plant this small seed.