

# A Soldier's Christmas

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,  
CURLLED UP ON THE FLOOR  
IN THIS ONE BEDROOM HOME.

THE FACE WAS SO GENTLE,  
THE ROOM IN SUCH GOOD ORDER,  
THAT'S HOW I PICTURED  
A UNITED STATES SOLDIER.

WAS THIS THE HERO  
OF WHOM I 'D JUST READ?  
CURLLED 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 HOME."

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."



An unnamed Soldier wrote this poem.