

## *Christmas 92'*

Christmas Ninety-two is near  
and I would like to say,  
a word to friends and relatives  
about this joyous day.

You see to me it's not about  
the things that you can buy.  
Toy trains that run around the tracks,  
or trains that fly real high.

The gifts that we will get and give  
all pale when they're compared,  
to the greatest gift there ever was  
and the love of he who dared.

Yes, Christmas is a time for us  
to kneel and thank this stranger,  
who's father gave him willingly  
to start life in a manger.

To grow and see the ills of man  
greed selfishness and bigotry,  
and to wash away those sins that day  
on a Dogwood cross in Galilee.

¶ Love thy friend and neighbor¶  
one thing that he did ask,  
This world has found it very hard  
to abide by this small task.

He said no thefts or killing.  
It would seem this would be easy.  
Yet thefts and killing do abound,  
so much it makes me queasy.

Yes, Christmas is a happy time,  
let's celebrate, no, sing!  
For it is the Birthday of  
the greatest King of Kings!!!

I hope this poem finds you and yours  
speeding on your way,  
to a happy holiday season,  
and a joyous Christmas day.

By Carl Jones