

# CHRISTMAS 2003



*Merry Christmas From The Jones'*

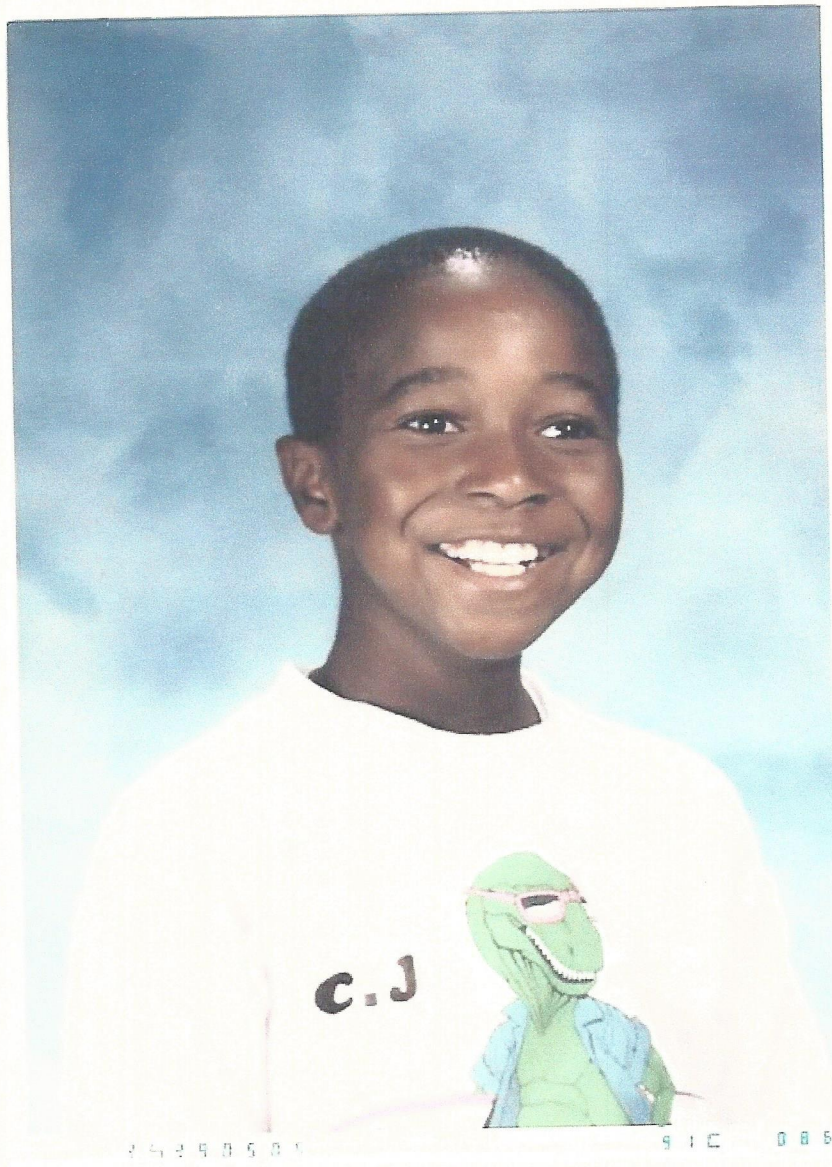
BY CARL JONES

I awoke very anxious, not knowing where I was  
My brain a little rattled, trying to figure out the cause

A frantic voice was pleading, "Get up, Get up, it's time  
My confusion was complete, When I found the voice was  
mine



I jumped out of the warm bed, My feet landing on cold  
wood  
Slowly my mind began to clear, And vaguely I understood  
At the ripe old age of seven, I know nothing of how it  
works  
That inner alarm that's in my head to me its just a quirk



It happened on my birthday, The first day of school  
And other special times I've had, it seems it's just the  
rule

Now my brain is clear and sharp, its focus has come back  
So off I run to Mommy's room, oneness of mind in tact



I remember what she said last night, when time had  
come to sleep

“Don’t you dare go to the living room, while Mommy and  
Daddy sleep !



So down the hall I'm bounding, feet barely touching the floor  
Inside my head is pounding, and I know not just what for  
All I know is I can't breathe, and my stomach is in knots  
A tingling has come over me, and I'm sure I can see spots



Now, in my parent's room I go, and on the bed I jump  
"Mommy, Daddy, Get up, it's time", how do I wake these  
two big lumps

Suddenly there's movement, the bed sprouts two strong  
arms

Daddy lifts me from the sheets, and hugs me nice and  
warm



He passes me to Mommy, she kisses me on the cheek  
And kisses me, and kisses me, until I'm feeling weak

"Merry Christmas Little One", as I grin from ear to ear  
"Let's go see what Santa's brought, for our little one this  
year!"





So, now it's to the living room, I enter it like a shrine  
The tree glistens and sparkles, the smells boggle the  
mind

There are fruit and nuts in boxes, each labeled with our  
names

Under the tree from Santa, there are Sweaters, Sox, and  
games



Mommy puts on a Santa hat, and plays as Santa's elf  
Handing out the presents, putting aside those to herself

Daddy looks somewhat angry, I know not the reason why  
As he puts together my spacemen, from hundreds of  
pieces, Oh my!





The doorbell rings and once again, as relatives come in  
Mommy plays as Santa's elf, more presents to dig in

Daddy now seems happier, as more spacemen I give him  
As if he knows my time will come, I can see it in his grin



Now I am in my forties, and my “little one” is twenty-one

But I still remember Christmas, from my eyes when I was young

