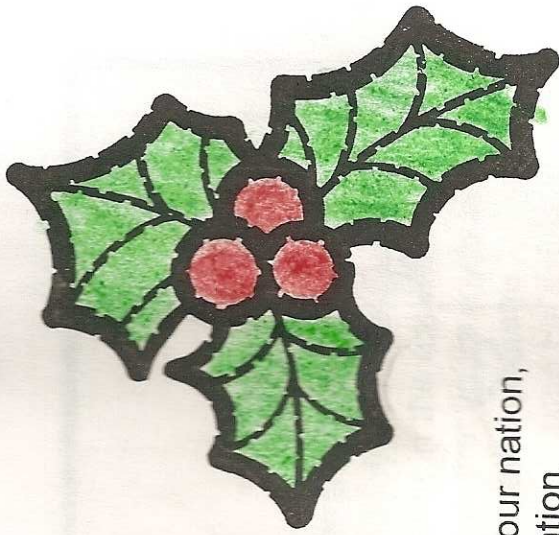


Some people talk loud
Some people talk proud
Some people speak soft and warm
Some who speak like a storm
Others who bellow like all the time
Some of course talk all the time
But me, you see, I talk in rhyme



Historically, about now all across our nation,
There is but one topic of conversation.
Outcome all the trappings', trimmings', and all the gear,
A phenomenon that happens every year.
Oh! It'll be a grand holiday, one you'll long remember,
And it always comes in late December.
There's a look that comes to people's faces,
As they greet friends and relatives from far away places.
And in the hubbub, excitement, the kissin' and squeezin',
We often forget the reason for the season!

Mary had a little Lamb,
His father was the great "I Am."
He was sent to save us,
This gift that God gave us.
Born of a virgin He came to earth,
This is when we celebrate His birth.
We run from store to store and shop and shop,
Buying gifts for aunts, uncles, mom and pop.
Bright lights are really twinklin',
The snow is really sprinklin'.
And we sure hope our gifts are truly pleasin',
But please let's not forget the reason for the season!
-Don Husted-

