

Belonging at Christmas

By Glenn and Helen Currier

You may have noticed and you may see
there are no presents from us under the tree.
We have been busy and we have been rushed
and by our work we have felt crushed.

But that's not the reason
for no gifts from us this season.
We thought of some neat and wonderful things
we thought of perfume and books and games and rings.

But none of these things seemed right this year;
they didn't really make us feel near
in our relationship to you and each other,
to you, the Dal Curriers, Genie, Dad and Mother.

And so we decided to write you a poem instead
of wrapping our packages in green, gold and red.
But that's not all we decided to do
to bring our meaning of Christmas to you.

To us it seems that Jesus was born
in that lonely stable on that cold morn
to teach us the meaning of loving and caring:
accepting each other and suffering and sharing.

We want to make God's message real;
we want in some way to begin to heal
the hurts perhaps caused by our neglecting,
by our pride or selfishness, by our not accepting.

Before our Christmas poem is through
we want to announce our gift to each of you:
we promise to give a gift of time
it may be a letter or it may be a rhyme.

It may be a visit, or it may be a call;
it may be in spring or it maybe be in fall.
Whatever the date, be not the worrier
you'll hear from Helen and Glenn Currier.

And for now, let us say how special you are
as we remember that Christ is not very far;
He is in us, and we are with Him
as surely as he was born in Bethlehem.

And just for tonight, let our worries cease!
Merry Christmas! Love! Joy! and Peace.

Undated poem