

Twas the Night before Christmas

With apologies to Clement C. Moore

Twas the night before Christmas out there on the plains
and all Mama and Poppa talked of was rain
We knew things were bad, that we had a drought
but there were other things me and Bobby were thinking about

For tomorrow was Christmas and let it be said
we were in no hurry to get into bed
Our tree was just sitting there, bare as could be
it had decorations but not a present to see

We'd looked in the closets and under the beds
checked down in the cellar and out in the sheds
Now we'd had bad times before
But Santa brought presents, and candy and more

We heard Poppa say, "Hon, I'm just about through
If it don't rain in the next day or two
I guess we'll leave here, just pack up and go
We've done our best, and that's all that I know
We can go and stay with your folks for a while
And I can give that feed store job a trial"

We looked at each other and we were ashamed
All we'd been thinking or was presents and things
But Mama and Poppa, they were really hurting
We went to bed and one thing for certain
When we said our prayers, we didn't ask for things
We just asked God to please send some rain

We woke up and heard on the roof
What we knew must be Santa and his reindeer's hoofs
When we opened the door
We saw a sight we'd not seen before
Mama and Poppa were jumping and yelling
It took us a minute to hear what then were telling

"That's rain, kids, that's rain coming down
We won't have to leave here and move into town"
Poppa in his jamas and Mama in her gown
Were jumping in puddles and splashing around

There never was a prettier sight
Than rain coming down on that Christmas Eve night
Cause when you're happy and love's in the air
It don't even matter if presents ain't there

I'll tell my kids about Christmas out there on the plains
When God answered prayers
And Santa brought rain

Missy Jones
Comanche Texas