

Twass the Night B 4 Christmas

Twass the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon will be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds.
With no thought of the dog filling their head.
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap.
Knew he was cold, but didn't care about that.

When out on the lawn there arose such a chatter.
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Figuring the dog was free from his chain and into the trash.
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow
Gave luster of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But Santa Claus – with eyes full of tears.

He unchained the dog, once so lively and quick,
Last year's Christmas present, now painfully thin and sick...
More rapid than eagles he called the dog's name.
And the dog ran to him, despite all his pain;

"Now DASHER! now, DANCER! now, PRANCER and VIXEN!
On, COMET! on, CUPID! on, DONNER and BLITZEN!
To the top of the porch! To the top of the wall!
Let's find this dog a home where he'll be loved by ALL!

I knew in an instant there would be no gifts this year,
For Santa Claus had made one thing quite clear,
The gift of a dog is not just for the season,
We had gotten that pup for all the wrong reasons.
In our haste to think of the kids gift
There was one important thing that we missed.
A dog should be family, and cared for the same
You don't give a gift, and then put him on a chain.
And I heard him exclaim as he rode out of sight,

"You weren't given a gift! You were given a LIFE!"

-Author Unknown