

Christmas Past

*And so the season's over, the tinsel's all gone
The paper, the ribbons, the crèche from the lawn
What's left are the memories, stored deep in the heart
Cherished and treasured when we're long miles apart*

*Life returns, sadly, to its slow, daily grind
And loved ones beseem but illusions of mind
Oh, yes, they are there, and we can talk every day
But as warm as that is, they are still far away*

*So we keep in our hearts their smiles and their faces
Though we know they've returned to faraway places
Their hugs, their handshakes, their sweet loving smiles
Cheer us in memory over the miles*

*The tree, the wreaths, all the lights put away
Boxed up in attics 'til next Christmas Day
But not so the remembrance -- that lives where it ought
Full witnessed daily by word, deed and thought*