



A Christmas Poem by Yvonne Morgan

---

The holiday pies baking  
The stockings now hung  
The sweet smell of spice  
Floats up through our home

The tree stands in the corner  
Decked with baubles and bows  
Presents wrapped brightly  
Await the Christmas morn

Lights twinkle in the darkness  
The fire warmly glows  
Dreams of a holiday together  
Kissing beneath the mistletoe

The manger awaits the baby  
The animals bellowing low  
The star shines the way brightly  
As the world waits below

A royal birth is heralded  
By angel choirs on high  
Christ, the loving Savior  
Was born on Christmas nigh

The joy on Christmas morning  
Is not from presents galore  
Our joy is the lowly birth  
Of the Savior of our soul

I wish you a Merry Christmas  
Joy to the family far and near  
Christ's Blessing upon you  
And peace in the coming year

