

Missionary Christmas

Christmas was special when he was a child,
food and presents and carols and smiles.

Tree decorating was great family fun,
and cold nights by the fire watching old reruns.

But then one day God spoke to his heart,
and he gave up his culture to make a new start.

Now taking the Gospel to far off lands,
his Christmas is different than what he had planned.

The weather is sticky, with stench in the air,
the needs that surround him are terrible to bear.

Instead of carols and Christmas bells,
he hears chanting and the casting of spells.

The childhood dream of Christmas in the snow,
was left at the altar when he decided to go.

If only the ones who he left behind,
would remember his face during this special time.

And send him a note, or a word of thanks
or maybe even something he could put in the bank.

Then Christmas would not be so tough this year
and even for the missionary it would "*good cheer.*"