

WAIT FOR CHRISTMAS

If you would bless yourself and us
By calming down a nagging dread,
Or breaking up a needless fuss,
Or drying up a tearful bed,
Whatever be the threat or doubt,
Speak forth an early Christmas gift:
“Leave this with God, and sit it out
Until December twenty-fifth.”

If you have slipped or messed things up,
Assist your worried soul to cope:
Forget the spilled and empty cup,
And bathe your spoiled plans in hope.
For all concerns you’ve ever owned
Are lightened by this little lift:
“Just pray, and let it be postponed
Until December twenty-fifth.”

When loved ones leave, not to return,
No heart is doomed to drown in grief,
Nor must we fret, despair, or burn,
When friends act cold beyond belief.
In time God heals all wounds, and more. . .
His presence spans the broadest rift:
You’ll know the grace He had in store,
When it’s December twenty-fifth.

If difficulties try your strength,
Or worries plague your search for peace,
Remember: trials end at length,
And daylight causes night to cease.
The Advent of God’s Son brings near
Our godly goals and dreams that drift.
Procrastinate your anxious fear:
Await December twenty-fifth.

So, if you tread in trouble’s tide,
Or feel that you might lose your mind,
Or toy with thoughts of suicide,
Or need some space just to unwind,
Mark down December twenty-five
And count your blessings, as you wait
To see what burdens still survive,
When Christmas Day you celebrate.

— *David L. Hatton, 3/15/2003*