

This poem's written in memory of my Mom,
who's spending Christmas up above.

She's spending it with Jesus and others that she loves.

I can't imagine the celebration with our Father by her side.
Through death she got to live again though her body had to die.
She was gone in such a hurry that she left some things behind.

They're the things that I will cherish.

They're the things this life will bind.

She forgot to take her love that she'd share with us each day
and the many words she said to God
as she bowed her head to pray.

She left behind the lives she touched
through the kindness that she showed.

She taught us to be humble so we'd reap the things we sowed.

I pray that those who read this poem
will search their heart inside

and remember today is Christmas and rejoice with those who died.

Their souls lives up in heaven
where they're free from earthly pain.
No more will sorrow touch their hearts.

No more will tears remain.

There are still so many blessings
when you're in our Father's care.

If you trust the birth of Jesus,
then you'll know he's always there.

My prayer for you this Christmas is to cherish every day.
Live your life with lots of laughter and don't forget to pray.

Go out and smell the daisies. Look up and see the sky.

Treasure all your friends and family
and forget the things you buy.

Play like you're still in grade school.

Dance like you're only two.

Share the love inside your heart
and give life the best of you.

Merry Christmas with Love
and the Happiest of 2009!

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