

"Getting Ready For Christmas"

by
Dr. Claus

Dedicated to: Allison

It all began one afternoon when I came home for **lunch**.
Something strange was happening and I thought I had a **hunch**.

Outside my home were colored lights where none had been **before**.
And on the porch a big green tree was placed beside the **door**.

I put my bike onto the ground without making much **sound**.
And oh so very carefully I took a look **around**.

Each window had a candlestick whose light at night would **glow**.
And cardboard Santas and snowmen were tape to each **window**.

Knowing at once what all this meant, I ran straight for the **house**
And as I raced into my home I squealed just like a **mouse**.

“It’s Christmas time! It’s Christmas time! That special time of **year!**
When Santa Claus brings presents on a sled with eight **reindeer.**”

I quickly dodged into the kitchen where my mother **ate**
A sandwich and potato chips were waiting on my **plate**

And then a smell from heaven found me, there upon some **racks**
Mountains of the freshest cookies, arranged in tidy **stacks**

The gingerbread men were piled high, each with a happy **face**.

The night before, I heard a story of one in a **race**.

I washed my hands off with green soap and made sure they were **dry**.

My little kitty licked my dog. The dog began to **cry**.

I climbed onto my kiddy chair and sat down in my **seat**.
My mom poured me a glass of milk to make my lunch **complete**.

The chips were good, the milk tastes great, the bread a little **stale**.
My dog was looking at me and he was wagging his **tail**.

I gave the dog my sandwich as he licked my **fingertips**.
That silly dog had peanut butter all over his **lips**.

My mom gave me a macaroon, which I thought was **dandy**
There was coconut in it and it taste just like **candy**.

“I'm finished Mom.” I said, as I went looking for my **dad**.
He was outback in the tool shed to get as saw he **had**.

My Daddy wore his winter coat and he looked very **wise**.
Together we walked to the tree to cut it down to **size**.

I held firmly onto the tree as he sawed on the **stump**.
He sawed and sawed and sawed and sawed and then the stump went
thump.

The two of us then pulled the tree into the living **room**
And as we did, pine needles fell; I clean them with a **broom**.

We leaned the tree up in one corner but mother said **no**.
She pointed to another place and that's where it would **go**.

The Christmas tree was wrapped inside a very tight fish **net**.
The kind that fishermen would use to catch big fish I **bet**.

We put the tree stand up and then we placed the tree **inside**.
“Getting ready for Christmas is a lot of fun!” I **cried**.

The Christmas stand had four knobs on it that I had to **twist**.
They looked to be the right size to fit into my small **fist**.

So while my father held the tree, I knelt down on one **knee**
And turned each knob until it went into the Christmas **tree**.

Now finally the Christmas tree was standing tall and **straight**.
The next step was to decorate and I could hardly **wait**.

As soon as the fish net was cut the tree started to **sprout**,
With nothing left to hold it back the branches all popped **out**.

“Hooray! Hooray! The tree is up!” I shouted with **delight**.
“We need the pretty ornaments to make the tree look **right!**”

I looked to see my mother bringing boxes down the **stairs**.
I took another look and all the boxes were in **pairs**.

In one box I found Christmas balls and lots of tinsel **strings**.
Another held a pretty angel with heavenly **wings**.

While I was going through each box, my dad sat in his **chair**.
Rings and things were everywhere and music filled the **air**

I found some Christmas stockings in a box with two gold **locks**.
I put them on my feet and had a funny pair of **socks**.

I also found a Santa's hat and put it on my **head**.
“Ho! Ho! Ho!” I merrily laughed. “Merry Christmas!” I **said**.

Then my father began to wrap the Christmas tree with **lights**.
The multitude of colors there would brighten up the **nights**.

When he finished wrapping the lights, I went and plug them **in**.
The Christmas tree lit up so bright; my face had a big **grin**.

“Hey mom, come see, the lights are on!” I shouted out with **glee**.
That's when the kitty ran past me and scurried up, the **tree**.

“Get down you silly cat!” I cried. “You don't belong up **there!**”
The only thing my kitty did was look at me and **stare.**

I found my water pistol and I gave my cat a **squirt.**
The water went right past my cat and onto my dad's **shirt.**

Taking another squirt I watched my kitty scurry **out**.
“You silly willy Christmas kitty.” I just had to **shout**.

With that over, I looked around, where did my parents **go**?
That’s when I saw them kissing underneath the **mistletoe**.

Then I began to put the Christmas balls on one by **one**.
Hanging the Christmas balls on this green Christmas tree was **fun**.

Up went a red ball and silver, a purple and **gold**,
I wondered how many round balls a Christmas tree would **hold**.

I decorated from the bottom to the tippy **top**.
When we were out of Christmas balls, I thought it time to **stop**

But I remembered that there was something that I **forgot**.
How would I get to the treetop and cover the bare **spot**?

I looked at Mom and looked at Dad and they both looked at **me**.
My Mom gave me a golden star as big as big could **be**.

My Dad put me up on his shoulders and he held my **hand**
And carefully I crowned the tree now resting in the **stand**.

He lowered me down to the floor and said a job well **done**.
Love is the reason for this season when were having **fun**.

We stepped back from the Christmas tree and it was all a **glow**
With colored lights and Christmas balls and even **mistletoe**.

There's always something magical about a Christmas **tree**.
Maybe the reason is, is it's so wonderful to **see**.

The tree was very beautiful standing there in one **place**.
Presents would soon be under it with bows made out of **lace**.

I started dreaming of the presents that Santa would **bring**,
I thought of a few Christmas carols that I love to **sing**.

“Oh Santa Claus. Oh Santa Claus. You big round jolly **soul**.”
“I'm waiting for the presents that you bring from the North **Pole**.”

“I’ll be good just like I should and I’m praying for the **day.**”
“When children all across this land will have new toys to **play.**”

“And one more thing dear Santa Claus, I think that you should **know.**”
“We’ll have some milk and cookies waiting here before you **go.**”