

*Christmas Eve*: by Brittany Jean

Christmas Eve, and one last gift to find  
I don't mind—I might've planned it this way  
To take in the lights at night before Christmas Day tomorrow  
Frosted front windowpanes, street lamps are candy canes, and... anyway

The store I'm looking for is closing  
Just hoping I can make it in time  
Bringing apple cider with cinnamon spice for someone  
My thank you for staying, for waiting, for holding this gift of mine

Red kettle ringers remind me again  
Of sweet peace on earth and goodwill toward men  
With each note, my heart beats warmer  
As carolers sing on the corner,  
“Silent night...”

Racing now to make it to the church  
Then I'll search for my dear friends and family  
Children are standing at the door to hand me a candle  
Lighting my way to join in praise and the beautiful story

Handbells and church bells remind me again  
Of sweet peace on earth and goodwill toward men  
With each note, my heart beats warmer  
As the Christmas choir sings in the corner,  
“Silent night...”

Home again, we'll trim the bannister  
And hang there the stockings on Old St. Nick's Day  
A whispering snowfall is here—well, better late than never  
Moonbeams and new dreams with Christmas now moments away

Chimes on the mantle remind me again  
Of sweet peace on earth and goodwill toward men  
With each note, my heart beats warmer  
I turn out the lights with a murmur  
“Silent night...”