



A Silver Christmas

Wrapped in her blanket she patiently waited like
she did every year

To see Santa Claus with his big bag of toys and
all his reindeer

A plate of his favourite cookies and a glass of milk
waited lit by the warm glow of the firelight

And the Angel atop the tree was silent as the rest
of the Christmas lights twinkled bright

She remembered waiting year after year each and
every Christmas Day

Only to awaken to see the milk and cookies gone
and many presents in a colourful array

Now wrapped in her blanket and warmed by her
memories she sat alone in her rocking chair

The little girl once again waited up for Santa
forgetting her age and her now silver hair

We are never too old to believe in
the Magic of Christmas...

WindWalker®