

*My Dear Son,
You're not here this Christmas as we celebrate holiday cheer,
But we drove the lit-up neighborhoods and sang songs again this year.
You're not here this Christmas- I made candy, fudge and pies,
I hung stockings, including yours, with misty tear-filled eyes.
You're not here this Christmas; we shared memories so dear,
for that's what keeps you close to us and your life so very near.
You're not here this Christmas but we're learning to adjust,
Not that it's been easy... we just know we must.
You're not here this Christmas, yet all the gifts are wrapped,
the tree is trimmed, carols play, and all the plans are mapped.
The camera stands so ready to capture memories we'll keep,
And though I miss you desperately, this year I did not weep.
You're not here this Christmas as we gather for the day,
But yet I know that where you are, you're much better than OK,
I love you, Mom*

*Dear Mom,
I'm not there this Christmas, as you end another year,
But I just had to let you know what it's like up here....
Angels sing these awesome songs, Oh mom, wish you could hear,
It's music like you've never heard- so pleasing to the ear...
The colors are spectacular; the scenery is so grand,
Earth has nothing to compare so you can't understand.
The stars, they are so glorious, and water runs so clear,
Oh mom, the beauty of it all... You cannot fathom 'here.'
I'm not there this Christmas- but I'll join with you in song,
Mom, please keep remembering, our parting's not for long.
God has a plan for each of us; I wish I'd lived mine through,
But mom, you have to understand, it's not too late for you.
In the distance I can hear a harp that sounds so sweet,
How I long for you to know the peace at Jesus' feet.
I'm not there this Christmas as you gather to celebrate,
But I know one day I will see you crossing Heavens gate.
Love, your Son*