From: Don Poss
To: Poss Don L.
Subject: Poem - This Christmas Day
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Poem - This Christmas Day
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Two thousand and more Christmases have passed and round the world Christians have paused to consider its meaning.

As a boy, Christmas was presents and family and great food, and Silent Night. A happy time. Even joyous.

As a young man, Christmas was away from home in service to our country. Friends, good food, a little homesick.

Then came the war where scores of thousands would die. A foreign land, language, people. Still, we tried to regain the memories of Christmas past. C-rats sprinkled with Christmas cheer. Shared cookies from home. Silent night sang nearby, drifting on the wind. Everyone listened, remembering better times, with family, loved ones, and the Christmas tree even then decorated at home.

And we remembered those fallen, whose last Christmas on earth was last year. And wondering, knowing, this would be the last Christmas for many. A deeper meaning and understanding of life and Christmas was felt by all.

Nearly a half century has passed since the Vietnam War, and as many Christmases. But the Christmas of 1965 is the one I most remember...in that foreign land where even the faint shadow of Christmas past was a living reminder of old times...and a prayer to just survive and once more share joy at home, with family, fireplace, great food...and for times to come with children and even grandkids to be...on the day the world joins in holiday and Christians celebrate the birth of our Savior, Jesus Christ on this Christmas Day.

Thank you,

Don Poss
Sent from my iPhone=