
A soldier's poem - Christmas Day, all is secure

Posted by dws - 2007/11/21 10:27

This poem was written by a soldier on peace-keeping duties stationed overseas. The following is his request:-

Please would you do me the kind favour of sending this to as many people as you can?
Christmas will be coming soon and some credit is due to our British Servicemen/women for our being able to celebrate these festivities.

It's Christmas day, all is secure

'Twas the night before Christmas, he lived all alone,
In a one-bedroom house made of plaster and stone,
I had come down the chimney with presents to give,
And to see just who in this home did live.

I looked all about a strange sight I did see,
No tinsel, no presents, not even a tree,
No stocking by the mantle, just boots filled with sand,
On the wall there hung pictures of far distant lands,
With medals and badges awards of all kinds,
A sobering thought came through my mind.

For this house was different it was dark and dreary,
I'd found the home of a soldier once I could see clearly,
The soldier lay sleeping, silent, alone,
curled up on the floor in this one-bedroom home.

The face was so gentle, the room in disorder,
Not how I pictured a lone British soldier,
Was this the hero of whom I'd just read
curled up on a poncho, the floor for a bed?

I realised the families that I saw this night
owed their lives to these soldiers who were willing to fight.
Soon round the world the children would play,
and grown-ups would celebrate a bright Christmas Day.

They all enjoy freedom each month of the year,
because of the soldiers like the one lying here,
I couldn't help wonder how many alone
on a cold Christmas Eve in a Land far from home?

The very thought brought a tear to my eye,
I dropped to my knees and started to cry,
The soldier awakened, I heard a rough voice:
"Santa, don't cry, this life is my choice."
"I fight for freedom, I don't ask for more,
My life is my God, my Country, my corps"

The soldier rolled over and drifted to sleep,
I couldn't control it, I continued to weep,
I kept watch for hours, so silent and still,
and we both sat and shivered from the cold night chill,
I didn't want to leave on that cold dark night,
This guardian of honour so willing to fight.

Then the soldier rolled over with a voice soft and pure
whispered "Carry on Santa, It's Christmas Day, all is secure"
One look at my watch and I knew he was right,
"Merry Christmas, my friend and to all a Good Night"

If any service personnel can read this, you are appreciated.

Our thoughts are with you, May God protect you and have a good Christmas when it comes.

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