



'Twas the Night Before Amy's Christmas



Amy Clickner & Don Ryan



'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house
not a creature was stirring not even a mouse.

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that Santa Claus soon would be there.

And I in my kerchief and my hubby in his Cubs cap
had just settled down for a long winter's nap.

As we laid there nestled all snug in our bed
visions from the past year danced in my head.
It had been a tough year because of COVID-19.

For many it was the most difficult they'd seen.

And as I lay tossing and turning in bed

I recalled what my letter to Santa had said.

Dear Santa I wrote, this year is different indeed.

And the people in my community have so much they need.

We still wish for toys for the kids in our town,
especially for the families whose luck has turned down.

Many have lost jobs and are hurting this year.

When making your rounds please add extra cheer.
And Santa please keep our health care workers in mind.

They deserve the very nicest gifts you can find.

They have worked very hard to keep us safe as can be,
They deserve a merry Christmas I'm sure you agree.

And Santa remember our businesses in town.

For parts of the year many were shut down.

They found creative ways to serve the customers they see
so please place some special gifts under their tree.

There are many others Santa, like all frontliners and schools.
NMU, local governments and the workers with tools.

The people who work in our stores every day,
please have some nice gifts for them on your sleigh.

Don't forget our non-profits who serve above self.

May they find ways to maintain organizational health.

And Santa, while it's been a difficult year,
in some ways we've come closer with those we hold dear.
Our families have spent much more time with each other.

Our sisters, our brothers our father our mother.

But there are those we have missed as they live far away,
and it's just not safe to travel and meet up that way.

And there are friends and co-workers who once gave us bliss.

Now meetings, hand shaking and friendly hugs we miss.

Church, weddings and celebratory gatherings are small.

We're looking forward to the days when we can have them all.

Yes, Santa we are almost through it and it has been a tough year.
In the months ahead please grant us some good news and cheer.

And with that, sleep was coming and I drifted off to dream
of Christmas trees and Santa Claus and his flying reindeer team.

And in my dream I heard him say as he drove out of sight,
Happy Christmas to all and to all a good night.

