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Merry Christmas

Remembering the Spirit of Christmas and Those We Have To Thank

Christmas is upon us again, and despite the efforts of the few who advocate diminishing the spirit of this time by changing the name of a Christmas tree to a “Holiday Tree” or saying “Happy Holidays” instead of “Merry Christmas,” Christmas has survived as what it was meant to be and what it will always be—a blessed day to celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ.

“Today in the town of David a Savior has been born to you; he is Christ the Lord. This will be a sign to you: You will find a baby wrapped in cloths and lying in a manger. Suddenly, a great company of the heavenly host appeared with the angel, praising God and saying, ‘Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men on whom His favor rests.’”
-- Luke 2:11-14

The true meaning of Christmas lies in the manger of our hearts. The garland, the strands of lights, the pile of gifts under the Christmas tree—while all of them serve to add splendor to the festivities, the real beauty is in the reason for the season. Christmas stands for family. It stands for generosity. And it stands for faith. No other day brings with it the magnitude of goodwill or excitement that Christmas does. The way each person chooses to spend their time with their families, show their generosity, and express their faith is up to them. In America, we are free to celebrate how we wish.

And because we are free to choose how we rejoice, let us not get so wrapped up in the hustle and bustle that we forget where our freedom comes from. The following poem was written by Lance Corporal James M. Schmidt in 1986. I ask that you take a moment to read it so that you may keep in your hearts and minds the thousands of brave men and women who will not be home for the holidays.

*’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 Mantle, Just Boots Filled With Sand,
On The Wall 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 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 Such Disorder,
Not How I Pictured A United States Soldier.*

*Was This The Hero Of Whom I'd Just Read?
Curled Up On A Poncho, The Floor For A Bed?
I Realized 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 Grownups Would Celebrate A Bright Christmas Day.
They All Enjoyed Freedom Each Month Of The Year,
Because Of The Soldiers, Like The One Lying Here.*

*I Couldn't Help Wonder How Many Lay 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 And 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."*

*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."*

I would also like to pass along to all of you a special word of thanks from my family and myself. Representing you in the State Senate is an honor and a privilege. I am grateful to you for giving me this opportunity. I hope that this Christmas is especially merry for all of you. I trust that it will be filled with warmth and meaning as you gather with your loved ones and reflect on the true meaning of this blessed holiday.

Fifth Important Lesson- Giving When It Counts

This week is the fifth story in the series entitled: "Five Important Lessons To Make You Think About the Way You Treat People." What an appropriate story for the Christmas season it is:

Many years ago, when I worked as a volunteer at a hospital, I got to know a little girl named Liz who was suffering from a rare and serious disease. Her only chance of recovery appeared to be a blood transfusion from her 5-year old brother, who had miraculously survived the same disease and had developed the antibodies needed to combat the illness. The doctor explained the situation to her little brother, and asked the little boy if would be willing to give his blood to his sister. I saw him hesitate for only a moment before taking a deep breath and saying, "Yes, I'll do it if it will save her." As the transfusion progressed, he lay in bed next to his

sister and smiled, as we all did, seeing the color returning to her cheek. Then his face grew pale and his smile faded. He looked at the doctor and asked with a trembling voice, "Will I start to die right away?" Being young, the little boy had misunderstood the doctor; he thought he was going to have to give his sister all of his blood in order to save her.

Contact Me

As always, I appreciate hearing your comments, opinions and concerns. Please feel free to contact me in Jefferson City at (573) 751-2459. You may write to me at Jason Crowell; Missouri Senate; State Capitol; Jefferson City, MO 65101, or email me at: jcrowell@senate.mo.gov or visit me on the web at <http://www.jasoncrowell.com> and <http://www.senate.mo.gov/crowell>.

Senator Jason Crowell proudly represents the people of Bollinger, Cape Girardeau, Madison, Mississippi, Perry and Scott counties in the Missouri Senate.