

MY CAREGIVER'S CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house
My wife was scurrying to take care of her spouse.
My stockings were placed on my feet with great care
In hopes that my comfort and warmth would be there.

Our children were coming at first sight of dawn
With visions of decorations all out on the lawn.
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap
Had just settled down for a five minute nap.

When right in our room, there arose such a splatter
She sprang from our bed to check on my bladder.
The bed sheets were stripped, then a clean set was on
I felt so embarrassed; she just smiled, then she yawned.

Did she sign up for this when we both said "I do?"
"For better, for worse, or when you feel blue?
Then what to my wondering eyes did appear
My caregiver wife with a hug and a tear.

She talked of past Christmas's though my stroke kept me quiet
She counted her blessings and recalled our "friend diet"
"No Turners! No Dixons! No Jones's! No Halls!
Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!"

She laughed with forgiveness and humor to cover
Our once vibrant life with friends, church and each other.
And then, her eye twinkling, we heard in the drive
Old friends and our family had already arrived!

They took the night shift so mamma could rest
They started the turkey, cleaned house – they're the best!
They spoke not a word, but went straight to their work
Filling the ice box with meals – what a gift – what a perk!

When morning arrived we read the True story
Of Christmas, the manger and all of God's glory.
And just like the manger, when life gets messy and stinks
We can remember that Jesus is our true joy link.

For true joy is serving in His name without ask
Perhaps help a caregiver with an everyday task.
And to say to your loved one as you drive out of sight
"Merry Christmas to all - We'll be back Friday night!"

Christine Brisco – 2015