

Christmas Symbols and Santa Clause

“Teach the children”

Twice the night before Christmas and all through the town,
not a person was praying, not one could be found,
Their scriptures were on a shelf, just sitting there,
while gifts by the dozens were spread everywhere.
The children had long since gone off to bed,
not once ever kneeling or bowing a head.
As I looked at the scene and was turning around,
I heard a small noise, and then a strange sound.
As I peered in the room, trimmed with ribbons and bows,
I was startled by Santa Clause blowing his nose.



“What are you doing?” I started to ask,
but the tears in his eyes somehow took me
to task.
The sparkle of the tears in his eyes, how
they glistened,
then his finger he placed on his lips and
said “Listen”.

He motioned for me to sit down on the couch,
then he sat down beside me and pulled out a pouch.
From the pouch he pulled out a small shining star,

“Teach the Children” he said “what Christmas really is
for”.

He said that the star was set atop the tree,
to remind us of one who came from Galilee.

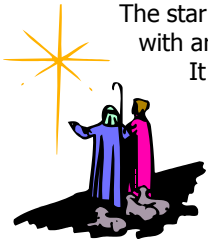
It signifies Christ’s light is over us all,
that he watches over us, both large and small.

It’s a sign of a promise that long was foretold,
given by holy men, “prophets”, of old.

It’s a sign of the light of Christ, the light of the world,
that shouldn’t be hidden but held outstretched, unfurled.

The star has a shape of light glinting on snow,
with arms like a compass showing which way to go.

It points the way to find truth and find light,
and wise men still seek him with all of their
might.



I sat there in wonder at what I had heard,
all choked up by Dear Father Christmas’s
words.

I realized that I had got caught in the trap
of thinking that Christmas was gifts, bows and wrap.

He seemed to be able to sense what I thought,
that I’d forgotten what Christmas was for, and got caught.

Santa then rose from the couch to the tree
and said

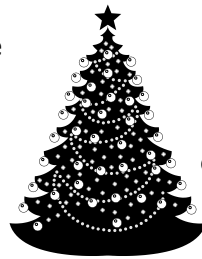
“Won’t you please teach the Children about this, for me?”.

Could Evergreens symbolize life everlasting?,
you see, they don’t die, he seemed to be asking.
While other tree’s leaves fall soft to the ground,
the evergreen’s color stays all the year round.
It’s branches reach up toward the light of the sun,
as we should look upward to God’s perfect one.
It has sheltered us, warmed us, and given us
beauty,

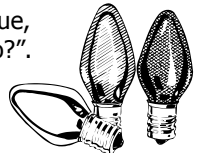


given hope and protection from nature’s raw fury.
It’s shape draws the eye towards heaven, the light,
It’s deep, deep dark green forms a darkness like night.

Green is the second of Christmas’s colors,
it’s mindful of nature and life that it harbors.
It’s darkness reminds us of space God created,
providing a backdrop to lights unabated.
The twinkling stars mid the branches are like,
our incredible universe seen on mid-summer’s night.
These lights are reflections of starlight’s that shine
throughout the known universe for all of mankind.



The lights on my tree had each color and hue,
and I listened to Santa, “What else could I do?”.
He said “Teach the children the lights that
they see,
are symbols of Christ’s light, examples to be”.
“Let your light shine, as they say in the book,
and glorify God who in heaven does look.



Christmas tree lights, used to be candles,
their small but bright flames chase away all the shadows.
The light from one flickering flame held aloft,
may guide home a loved one, who was all but lost.

I thought of my own light, had it gone out?
My light was diminished, of this was no doubt.
Had I shared of my light to my children and
neighbors,

this night might be different, one to be
savored.

But rather I found myself torn and
conflicted,

I wanted to know how I got re-
directed.

I wanted to know how that
Christmas became,
presents and parties, a kind
of strange game.



"Teach the children" Santa's voice jerked me back from my dread, "the first color of Christmas is what is called **red**".
 "Intense" and "vivid" describe red as a color,
 it's meant to remind us of the blood of our savior.
 His precious blood was shed for us all,
 that every man might have God's gift when we fall.

"Speaking of **gifts**, that is my specialty,
 you see without gifts now just what
 would I be?"



I give each one gifts tied with
 ribbons and bows
 to help them remember what gifts
 God bestows.
 For God's my example of giving
 you see,
 because he gave the gift of his son
 for everybody.

This gift is the greatest and grandest of all,
 it's given to everyone, not like a doll.

The things that I bring make a child's face bright,
 but it's God's son named Jesus that makes everything right.
 For he is the reason we have Christmas time,
 Oh Please Teach the Children, while there is still time.

A pain in my heart shot through as I pondered
 the time spent on meaningless things I had squandered.
 Was it too late to rescue this life filled with sin?
 Not what I should be, but what could I have been?

Santa continued by speaking of gifts,
 how they are symbolic of ways that God lifts,
 for each of us can show our love for our
 brother,
 by the giving of gifts from one to another.
 And as gifts formed the base of the tree in
 my room,
 my life should be based on the gift of his
 son.



He taught me the **wreath** which was hung
 just above,
 our mantle's a symbol of never ending love.
 There's no start, there's no stop, nor is
 there an end,
 to the love that is shared by each woman
 and man.
 For all of God's love is one that abounds,
 a wreath's like his arms, encircled around.



A warmth in my heart settled deep as I felt,
 the marvelous things Christmas is really about.

I started to realize the things that I heard,
 these symbols of Christmas, were they all that absurd?
 Why hadn't I found other symbols that showed,
 the love of my savior to me, like the bow?

The **bow** is made from just one strand of ribbon,
 encircled about us like God in his heaven. It represents love
 for all of mankind, we are all truly bound to each other in time.
 Like the bow we are tied in the brotherhood of man,
 with the bonds of good will we should each take a stand.



And what about **shepherds**?
 what more could be meant?
 than watching o'er the flock of our fellowman
 sent?

For watching the flock for our master I'm told,
 helps all to return to the Good Shepherds fold.
 Yes I should be diligent in watching his flock,
 and gather his sheep although others may
 mock.



The shepherds crook, or **cane** it is called,
 is used to bring wandering sheep to the fold.
 So likewise a cane made of candy reminds us,
 That being our brothers keepers, is timeless.
 A shepherd relies on his crook or his cane,
 to lean on when he is weary from strain.



Bells? What do bells have to do much
 with Christmas?

They only had something to do with old
 churches.

What purpose have bells in Christ's
 birth after all,
 they only annoyed me when heard at



the mall.

That sound that annoyed me, when tied to a lamb,
 might help a poor shepherd to find and save them.

For each one is precious in the Lord's eyes,
 the sound of a bell travels both far and wide.

It's clear sound is heard by all that will listen,
 and is used to gather in all of God's
 children.

It's been placed in tall towers and
 even in steeples
 to warn and to gather in all of
 God's peoples.



With this thought I found that I had awoke,
 I looked all around me, it wasn't a joke.

I knew that my dream had not been in vain,
 tomorrow, and Christmas will have come again.

And this time I knew that I would not blow it,
 for after the presents my children will know it.
 Cause after the gift wrap and presents are through,
 I knew just exactly what I had to do.

I'll gather my family, my spouse and my children,
 we'll open the scriptures and then we will listen,
 to learn of the teachings of Christ and his gospel,
 to learn the true meaning of being a disciple.
 And maybe, just maybe, when Christmas day's through,
 these symbols of Christmas will mean more to you.
 And you'll teach your children the only true reason
 we have so many symbols to celebrate this season.

By Rod Meldrum
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