



## 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