

## WHAT I LIKE ABOUT CHRISTMAS

I like the green of Christmas trees,  
The white of drifting snow,  
The yellow of a winter moon --  
A candle all aglow;  
I like the rainbow lighting up  
The windows everywhere  
Or clinging to the evergreens  
On lawn and village square.



I like the sound of silver bells  
A-jingle on the sleigh  
Or booming from the cross-crowned towers  
A song on Christmas Day,  
I like to hear the wrappings tear —  
As gifts are brought to view,  
And listen to the laughter of  
A child with something new,

I like the tingling touch of wind,  
The brush of falling snow,  
The soft, encircling arms of warmth  
From embers burning low,  
I like the feathery, silken feel  
Of fur inside a glove;  
The moist kiss from steaming cups  
Is something that I love.



I like the tangy, clinging smell  
Of pine in home and hall,  
And gay, confused aroma from  
The candy, fruit, and all,  
I like the outdoor smell of smoke  
From chimneys in the town,  
The indoor smell of pumpkin pies  
And turkey basted brown,



I like the turkey, spicy stuffed,  
The sweet-sour sauce, like jam;  
The savory dressings, puddings, and  
The gravy choked with ham,  
I like the cakes, the pies, the fruit  
That go beyond desire,  
And then the sweets and nuts to munch  
Beside the open fire.



I like to close my eyes and go  
Beyond an ancient inn  
To where a quiet stable stands  
Removed from crowd and din;  
I like to bow with rich and poor  
Before the new-born King,  
And sensing all that Christmas means,  
Present Him everything.



-- Edmund E. Wells © 1964