

'Twas The Week Before Christmas

'Twas the week before Christmas and all through the school,
Not a student was learning whose birthday was due.
No carols were sung on this day of all days,
In order to keep what's offensive away.

The windows were filled with bright snowflakes and trees,
But no manger scene with some shepherds on knees.
My students were nestled all snug in each seat,
With dreams of vacation the following week.

And I at my desk with my Bible at home,
In fear that my faith would be visibly shown.
When out in the hallway there came such a clatter,
I sprang from my chair to see what was the matter.

A group of adults from the ACLU
Were fussing and fuming on just what to do.
It seemed a young lass in Miss Simpson's fifth grade,
Had caused the commotion with something she'd made.

The head of our school with his hands in the air,
Was seeking to calm
the small group gathered there.

As I walked down the hall
and heard somebody cuss,
I looked up at the painting
which had prompted the fuss.

And there on the wall to each one's dismay
Was the little Lord Jesus
asleep on the hay.

-- Author Unknown

