



HOW COVID ALMOST STOLE CHRISTMAS
2020
PLMcP+

The YOUs in YOUville were worried a lot.
They worried if Christmas was coming or not.
Some YOUS in YOUville were sick with a flu-like bot
And most people were urged to stay home quite a lot.
And worst, was that theirs who were dearest
Were NOT this year to be closest or nearest.

If Christmas did not come it would be terribly bad.
Could it be this year Christmas was not to be had?
Children in YOUville were getting so sad
Canceling Christmas was the bad of the bad.
Who was this red intruder who was creeping about?
His name was COVID, a spoiler, a selfish lout.

The children did not hang stockings by the chimney with glee
They were told St. Nicholas was under quarantine.
What? No shopping sprees in crowded malls?
This is no way to deck the halls.
Limited to gatherings only online
Some sneaky YOUs partied with indoor dines and wines.

So the governor issued a mandated call,
"Just wear your damn mask," he urged one and all.
"And stay physically distanced and wash your hands.
It's the only smart thing. So this is the plan."
Most YOUs were listening and wanted to be smart
But hospital nurses and doctors saw the worst part.

It appeared COVID successfully stole Christmas.
As a matter of fact, YOU's spirits were quite listless.
Now please don't ask why, no one quite knows the reason.
COVID was greedy and stole the whole holiday season.
Though pharmaceuticals promised a warp-speed vaccine
Holiday parties would be a viral crime-scene.

COVID laughed at the shutdowns, his red face exploding,
He started to dance, his viral strength reloading.
And just at the point when his genome was recoding
Some chewable Clorox tabs were uploading.
“Not to worry,” COVID thought, “if they turn on a dime.”
“I’ll just come around a second or third time.”

Then COVID saw YOUs decorating the Church.
He saw them hang evergreen YOUberry wreaths with mirth!
“How could they? It’s shuttered. It’s been closed for a year!
I must put a stop to this holiday cheer!”
Then COVID got an neuro-idea!
A terrible, disturbing, potentially eternal-deal!

“With distancing rules and contagion counting,
I’ll attack them while the numbers are mounting.
I’ll attack their pageants, their angels and shepherds,
Their wisemen, spitting camels, dumping donkeys and leopards
(Whatever it was that came from afar)
I’ll even attack their crazy falling star.”

COVID couldn’t stand the thought of YOUs smiling and singing
He couldn’t bear the sound of peace and justice ringing.
He mostly hated the part about wrapping gifts to bring
And planned to spread his own holiday thing!
“I’ll stop it, I will,” COVID coughed up some phlegm.
“It’s all nonsense, rubbish! I’m bigger than them.”

The more COVID thought of this YOU Christmas sing,
The more COVID thought, “I must stop this whole thing!”
“For two thousand and twenty years I’ve put up with this mess,
Finally, I’ll stop this ridiculous fest.”
Thinking in silence, as COVIDs are prone to do,
He thought he would go back and stop history, too.

“What if, what if the night sky angels never did come?
What if the watching, wondering shepherds played dumb?
What if the Eastern magi got lost?
And the desert camels and spitting thing just got tossed?
What if Archangel Gabriel never announced
And years of this tinsel-glad story were trounced?”

“What if, what if the stable and manger were bare?
And nobody came, and nobody cared?
What if Jesus hadn’t ever been born?
And Mary and Joseph were never adorned?
I could put an end to this now, I’ll place YOU a bet.”
And he puffed and he puffed on his stinky cigarette.

“With a bit of contagion and my poisonous pen.
I’ll erase this whole story, I know I can.
Their minds will be blank,
There will be no Christmas Day,
not yesterday, not tomorrow, not even today!”

So now, here we are, YOUs in YOUville on an empty stage,
With no actors or costumes, no scripts and no page.
No singing. No spotlights. Not even a sound.
And most of all, there are no people around.
Perhaps COVID successfully kept all YOUs
from YOUville away
But guess what, Christmas still happens,
in that old fashioned way.

There are some things that COVIDS and humans can’t stop.
Babies are born, no one cancels GOD’s plot.
Two little YOUs were born after all
With YOU’s hope and GOD’s promise, no matter how small.
Without an audience and without a star
We welcome two YOUs—Hunter and Alasdair!

When COVID heard, he hissed, slithered and slunk,
With a burp most unpleasant ‘round the stage he snuck.
With his gut so relieved, his red face it softened
And soap bubbles came out of his nose
and he stopped coughing.
He took one long look at the the babies and then,
More bubbles came out and he sneezed an “Amen.”

Then in those bubbles, COVID saw doctors and nurses,
caretakers, technicians, lots of hospital workers.
COVID saw teachers, first responders, and store keepers.
All risking their lives for the sake of the weepers.
COVID realized no matter how bad he could be,
His “worse” brought out the “best” in the YOU community.

Then COVID who thought he was much bigger than YOUs
Got smaller, and smaller, melted down into his shoes.
“Now if you’ll excuse us,” the YOUs pointed out,
“We’re got carols to sing and glad tiding to shout.
We’ve got songs to sing for the Fest and the Festers,
To God and to Christ who’s the Best of the Besters!”

*God rest ye merry people
Let nothing you dismay
Remember Christ our Savior
Was born on Christmas Day
To save us all from Satan's pow'r
When we were gone astray
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
Oh tidings of comfort and joy*

“What’s that noise?” COVID paused, and put his earbuds in.
There it was, joyful sounds on the ZOOM screen, though dim.
YOUs throughout YOUville, the tall and the small,
Began singing and ringing online, near and far.
In their little ZOOM boxes their volume detected,
Grew louder and louder as the host kept them connected.

COVID hadn't stopped Christmas from coming! It came!
Somehow or other, it came just the same!
It came without angels and tinsel and shepherds.
It came without magi and camels and leopards.
(Or whatever it was that came from afar.)
It came without that crazy falling star.

COVID puzzled and puzzled till his puzzler was sore.
Then COVID thought something he hadn't thought before.
Maybe Christmas is not all about me
Maybe it’s about love and a caring community.
And what happened then? Well, in YOUville they say,
COVID got even smaller and smaller that day.

The YOUs in YOUville were no longer afraid,
Even COVID down in his shoes knelt and prayed.
And YOUs in YOUville began to say,
“God in Christ got more real that day.
Welcome Christmas, this year and next,
Thank you God, for all that is blessed!”

The darkest night passes with Christmas morn
God is love and Christ is born.
YOUs in YOUville, rise up with glee!
'Cause all MEs are YOU and YOUs are ME.
Welcome Christmas while we stand
Hearts to hearts and masks in hand.

*God rest ye merry People
Let nothing you dismay
Remember Christ our Savior
Was born on Christmas Day
To save us all from Satan's pow'r
When we were gone astray
Oh tidings of comfort and joy
Comfort and joy
Oh tidings of comfort and joy*