**The Christmas Box**  
  
Oh, we have shipped his Christmas box with ribbons red 'tis tied,  
And he shall find the things he likes from them he loves inside,  
But he must miss the kisses true and all the laughter gay  
And he must miss the smiles of home upon his Christmas Day.  
  
He'll spend his Christmas 'neath the Flag; he'll miss each merry face,  
Old Glory smiling down on him must take his mother's place,  
Yet in the Christmas box we've sent, in fancy he will find  
The laughter and the tears of joy that he has left behind.  
  
His mother's tenderness is there, his father's kindly way,  
And all that went last year to make his merry Christmas Day;  
He'll see once more his sister's smile, he'll hear the baby shout,  
And as he opens every gift we'll gather round about.  
  
He cannot come to share with us the joys of Christmas Day;  
The Flag has called to him, and he is serving far away.  
Undaunted, unafraid and fine he stands to duty grim,  
And so this Christmas we have tried to ship ourselves to him.  
  
  
**Edgar Albert Guest** - (August 20, 1881, Birmingham, England – August 5, 1959, Detroit, Michigan) (aka Eddie Guest) was a prolific American poet who was popular in the first half of the 20th Century and became known as the People’s Poet.

WE ARE GOING TO READ MORE OF HIM AFTER THE NEW YEAR! DON’T YOU ENJOY POETRY! ☺