## **First Christmas**

**Stan Rogers** 

This day a year ago he was rolling in the snow With a younger brother in his father's yard Christmas break a time for touching home the heart of all he'd known And leaving was so hard

Three thousand miles away now he's working Christmas Day Making double time for the minding of the store Well he always said he'd make it on his own He's spending Christmas Eve alone First Christmas away from home

She's standing by the train station pan-handling for change Four more dollars buys a decent meal and a room Looks like the Sally Ann place after all in a crowded sleeping hall That echoes like a tomb

But it's warm and clean and free and there are worse places to be At least it means no beating from her Dad And if she cries because it's Christmas Day She hopes that it won't show First Christmas away from home

In the apartment stands a tree and it looks so small and bare Not like it was meant to be Golden angel on the top It's not that same old silver star you wanted for your own First Christmas away from home

In the morning they get prayers then it's crafts and tea downstairs Then another meal back in his little room Hoping maybe that "the boys" will think to phone before the day is gone Well it's best they do it soon.

When the "old girl" passed away he fell apart more every day Each had always kept the other pretty well But the kids all said the nursing home was best Cause he couldn't live alone First Christmas away from home

In the common room they've got the biggest tree And it's huge and cold and lifeless Not like it ought to be and the lit-up flashing Santa Claus on top It's not that same old silver star you once made for your own First Christmas away from home