

Christmas Eve

by David Clark Brand

'Twas the night before Christmas
seventeen-seventy-six.
Washington knew it was then or never,
if ever their cause they'd fix.
In small boats and fog
they crossed the Delaware
and transferred to those Hessian troops
their patriot nightmare.

Now tables are turned
on this Christmas eve.
Reid's Senate has spurned
what we believe
is the heart of republic
patriots conceive.
Under the guise of health concern
and carbon pollution,
they redistribute the wealth we earn
and scorn the Constitution.

'Tis the night before Christmas
and all through the House
no creature is stirring
whether man or mouse.
Who had anticipated
Pelosi's temerity
or the plan now hatched
with all its severity?

'Twas the night before Christmas
and statist's knew
they had bought a majority
and away they flew.
While visions of sugar plums
dance in statist's heads,
tyranny advances,
and we're still in our beds.

On Schumer, on Rangel,
on Dodd—keep blitz'n.
Deliver the goods,
gone is Reagan and Nixon.
Dash away, dash away
into the night,
as we thank the Republicans
all so polite.

“And to our fellow citizens
who follow us so blindly--
the politically correct,
we thank you very kindly.”

On the day before Christmas
many abominated,
while rested, merry gentlemen
nicely accommodated.
No one at this season
a scrooge wants to be;
in a time of great deception
many a stooge are we.

And while we sing, “O Come, Emmanuel,”
the one called Rahm, a fox—
now guards the corporate chicken coops--
hail to the corporation Santa Claus!
Are we merely an Obama nation—
or a nation of the nincompoops?
This ought to give us pause.

In this Christmas season,
neither mild nor meek,
they undid what reason
knew required but a tweak.
Health care, ladies and fellows,
will come from Uncle Sam
while our executive bellows,
“Behold the Physician I am.”

The magi, it is written,
saw Messiah's star arising.
When Herod learned of this,
he found it quite surprising.
If he could not destroy
the babe born a Jew,
this babe born to reign
would Herod undo.

Tyrants still fear
the babe born King,
and purge his name
from everything.
In American democracy
such tyranny is subtle.
Equality of outcome
turns republic into muddle.

And so a White House-sponsored curse
went forth
to east and west and south and north,
by Hindu priest in name of Hindi gods,
as if to settle the score,
and bring Obama justice 'gainst
th' Incarnate Son who long held more
of Americans' attention,
by popular convention,
on this shore,
as if religions like men
were all created equal,
by some mysterious, dictated,
democratic invention
in this innovative White House sequel.

Will the White House stay the same,
or must it now yield its name
to Obama velour
or to the Queen--
How obscene!--
or become the House of Green
in the interest of equality of color?

Americans now anticipate
the end of liberty
as politicians plot their fate
behind lock and key.
A clandestine operation
along party lines
belies the President's word.
Such strange cooperation
to establish healthcare fines
never before was heard.
To question sworn transparency
once seemed so obtuse.
That promise apparently
was nothing but a ruse.

The healthcare benefactor in
this government plan
can hardly be described
as a "jolly old man."
A long white beard
he does not bear,
nor a "little round belly."
And those who will receive his care,
shake "like a bowlful of jelly."

Where is Patrick Henry,
the Adamses and kin?
Where the men of Valley Forge
determined their freedom to win?
Our troops fight in the Afghan land
while we watch the culprit hand
his mandate, and the White House band
sings "Hail to the Health Command."

As Paul Revere on midnight ride
sounded the alarm,
so by this poem I now confide
concern that statists do us harm.
Their manual Saul Alinsky wrote,
and now they force it down our throat.
Wake up! Wake up! Put on your coat,
or you'll be standing in the cold
like Hessians who, we read of old,
because they partied in the night
were caught off guard by patriots quite.

They were not ready for the fight.
It was Christmas Eve when
their courage turned to sudden fright.
Many thought the General had no prayer
in that cold December air;
yet George Washington and company
put them all to flight
on that bitter, cold December night.

While this sounds well and good, you say,
we don't know what to do—
we call our Congressmen, we pray,
and Congressmen pursue
behind closed doors we know not what.
Our government's askew.

The Tenth Amendment may hold the key—
Jefferson thought it so!
To underscore state sovereignty
can keep the feds in tow.
A grass roots movement underway
is doing this very thing.
So, keepers of the republic,
don't hesitate to sing.

When states refuse to play the game
which bureaucrats shove down their throat,
they render tyrants' efforts lame,
though now the D.C. statist gloat.

The founders of this republic
knew that men are vain
and formed the Constitution
that vanity to restrain.
When we follow the Constitution,
and develop civic pride,
we're standing in good company
with co-patriots at our side.

Let's find worthy candidates,
and hold Congress to its oath.
Election will remove those who
the Constitution loathe.

A "nation under God" we are,
quote Lincoln, if I may,
and to our Pledge old Ike did add
words atheists gainsay.
Let's not recoil but dare recall
that God holds sovereign sway.

For to us a child is born,
to us a son is given;
and the government shall be upon his shoulder,
and his name shall be called
Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God,
Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.

Of the increase of his government and of peace
there will be no end,
on the throne of David and over his kingdom,
to establish it and to uphold it
with justice and with righteousness
from this time forth and forevermore.
The zeal of the Lord of hosts will do this.

-Isaiah 9:6-7 (ESV)