

The Gingerbread Village Poem

A village was built by our small family group.
The secret was kept so that no one would snoop.

On a hill stood a church, with glass candied windows,
Below it, a town with unique innuendos.

The town hall played "Love Makes the World Go 'Round"
A farm with a barn where the Christ child was found.

A store filled with cakes and pies you could eat.
Arranged upon shelves stacked so pretty and neat.

Another store heralded instruments to play.
With bassoons, horns and flutes shown in stunning array.

There were elves painting houses, each one of them lit,
So people'd see inside, not missing a bit.

Neco wafers were roofing tiles, pretty as you please.
And candy-made paths wound through cookie-made trees.

An ice-skating reindeer slid by on the pond,
Which was made out of hard candy (of which we'd grown fond).

All this was set up in great secret one night.
Twas the Night before Christmas and Oh what a sight!

Adults stood by in silence as they gathered around.
Feeling like children at what they had found.

Which was the whole purpose of what had been done
To remember...how it was to be young and have fun.

A gift from our family and blessed from above.
May your Christmas be filled with God's grace and His Love.