

## DIME STORE ANGEL

It was just a Christmas Angel that my Mom put on our tree.

She bought it at a five and dime, when I was only three.

Each year we'd trim our Christmas tree, with lights and ornaments.

Then Mom would always tell me what the Angel represents.

The Angels came to tell the shepherds of the Christ Child's birth.

And Angels are still here with us, to guide us here on earth.

The Angel on our Christmas tree was made in such a way.

That if the light inside burned out, you just threw it away.

The light burned out when I was twelve, the Angel would not shine.

But, Mom would not throw it away, she said it looked just fine.

She loved that little Angel that she put upon our tree.

She said it didn't need a light, for anyone to see.

Then I grew up, and I moved out to start my family.

And, I'd go home at Christmas time, to help her trim her tree.

My wife and children went with me to mom's house every year.

The house was filled with love and joy, as we shared Christmas cheer.

The kids would always say to her, "The Angel is burned out."

Then, she would smile and tell them what the Angel's all about.

She told another reason, for its specialty.

Your daddy picked that Angel out, when he was only three.

My mother passed away this year, early in the spring.

And then I had the painful task of going through her things.

The beautiful old house she owned, was left me in her will.

We moved back in the summertime; we feel her in it still.

Early in December, we brought out our Christmas tree.

I went up to the attic, just to see what I could see.

I saw a cardboard box, with markings, "Ornaments and stuff."

And in it was the little Angel, that she loved so much.

I brought the cardboard box downstairs and showed the family.

Then they persuaded me to put the Angel on our tree.

We trimmed the tree that weekend, and we talked of Christmas past.

Then when the tree was finally done, the Angel went on last.

Every night till Christmas, all the lights were burning bright.

Except the little Angel, that had long burned out her light.

Then on Christmas morning, I arose before the rest.

I had to have my coffee, to be at my very best.

I walked into the living room, my coffee cup in hand.

Then what I saw, so puzzled me, I could not understand.

I just stood in silence, as, my eyes filled up with tears.

The little angel was all aglow, that had been dark for many years