

Gifts of Love  
*by Marilyn Reeves*

As children we dreamed of the gifts we'd receive.  
Lying awake on Christmas Eve,  
Our hearts were filled with joy.  
Hoping that Santa would bring to us  
That bike, that doll, that toy.

But as adults, our focus shifts.  
And to please the ones we love  
Becomes our dearest wish.  
With each of them we seek to lavish  
Good cheer and wondrous gifts.

Will my sister like the scarf I knitted?  
Will my son be pleased by that book that he wanted?  
Will Mom like the pretty blouse that I bought?  
Will my granddaughters enjoy  
All their shiny new toys?  
Oh, I hope they'll all like  
All the things that I got!

After all the shopping and searching  
And planning and wrapping,  
I hope these are things  
For which they've been wanting!  
And I shall receive the pleasure of giving.

For these tokens, like our love,  
That most precious gift when given,  
Even more than being loved  
Does our hearts fulfill.  
For 'tis the act of giving love  
That brings us close to Heaven.  
For in the giving we are receiving  
The greatest gift of all.