

Christmas Cards *by Junne Cañizares*

1. Reflection

*It was beginning when I wrote this.
I mean the Christmas program.
My seatmate looked what I was doing
And I hurriedly put the paper in my pocket
But the words remained in my head:*

*This Christmas I cannot be a giver
For nothing have I to be charitable for.*

*If one likes to do good to me
And let me choose between this and that,
I'll tell him I always find it hard
To ask for the thing I love to have.*

*Only the Lord knows
My need and thirst and hunger
And how long and how much
I wait and pray ...*

*If they are not fruits of selfish thoughts
Or objects of vanity
Sooner or later, they shall be granted to me.*

*To acknowledge the existence of God is one thing
To believe in His infinite mercy is another.*

*(Mark 11:23. Amen, I say to you that who-
soever say to this mountain, Be thou removed
and be cast into the sea, and shall not stagger
in his heart, but believe that whatsoever he saith
shall be done; it shall be done unto him.)*

*Although I do acknowledge and believe...
I am not sure I am not lacking
Because there are many parts of my essence
To go together in these mental acts.*

*So, it will be perfectly all right
If the Lord will merely make me stronger
To discipline myself.*

2. Canzone

*The pasture is greener than what is usual
And roses are white and red in the heart.*

*Perhaps, in other lands it is falling snow
And sleigh-bells ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling.
Such is not the case here in the Philippines,
Because while their sun is getting soft,
Ours is always shining bright.*

*But the difference does not count
When the talk turns to Christmas,
Because the gospel is:
This season is for the souls,
Spiritually alike in all men in all places.*

*Now it is good to light candles in the night
And read the Bible, a chapter or two.*

*That shall be profitable to the brain,
The accomplice when we commit our sins.*

*Christmas gives us the singular opportunity
To simultaneously be ourselves
Mutually erase wrongs, misdeeds, offenses,
And ugly signatures in the minds, till
We are clean enough
To see blessing in the air.*

*Our songs are holy, inartificial again,
And roses are white and red in the heart.*

*The music's are divine the wordings homelike,
They tell as well as praise...
And the belts zoning the globe
Are annulled
By the poetry of Jesus.*

The carols haunt us like a perfume.