

## A Stitcher's Night before Christmas

Twas the night before Christmas and, Oh, I was weary,  
My stitching unfinished, my eyes getting bleary,  
The stockings weren't finished, the chimney was bare.  
I knew that the morning was soon to be there.

My children and husband were tucked in their beds,  
But visions of backstitches ran through my head.  
I'd stitched on the stockings and gifts by the ton,  
And now, I was almost yes almost, just done.  
As I took up my needle for one final stitch,  
I heard a noise outside that made my hand twitch.  
I jumped up from my stitching, and flew to the door,  
Pressed my eye to the peephole, my toes off the floor.

My stitching forgotten, I peered at the night.  
I heard myself gasp, I had got such a fright.  
On my porch appeared Santa, retying his sack.  
He knocked and he listened, I took a step back.

I unlocked the deadbolt, and let Santa in,  
He entered and gave a mischievous grin.  
"Hope you don't mind if I come in the door?"  
"To come down the chimney can be quite a chore."

He said "You're up late. Still working I see".  
"Do you know just how tired you're going to be?"  
"I know, my dear Santa", I said with a sigh,  
But I'm still backstitching the stars in the sky".  
"And the fields on that stocking look blobby you know,  
I still need to backstitch the drifts in the snow.  
I've been stitching and stitching and stitching, no rest.  
My eyes were too big for my needles, I guess."

"I know what you mean," he said with a smile.  
"Its my busiest time of the year, by a mile"  
He stooped by the tree and he opened his sack,  
And began to pull presents from out of his pack.

"I've got some things here I think you might like,  
An oak stitching frame and a brand new Ott-light.  
A bundle of floss and a great big mat cutter"  
I smiled and I felt all my heart go a-flutter.

He had gifts for us all, then he waved his right hand.  
"Go to bed", as he gently removed my floor stand.  
He gave me a wink, and he stepped out the door.  
And I stood there a moment, just glued to the floor  
Then turning around to head back to my chair,  
I picked up the stocking, and started to stare.  
The stitching was finished! I wanted to cry.  
There on my son's stocking the stars lit the sky!

I ran to thank Santa for this final gift,  
And I saw through the window his sleigh glide and lift.  
I heard him exclaim as he pulled out of sight,  
"Merry stitching to all, and to all a good night!"