

An Asbury Christmas  
By Sam Santrock

In a blink of an eye, it's that time once again,  
when the world is at peace among all good-willed men.

Though folks near and far will be jolly and merry,  
no joy compares to that felt down at Asbury

The last day of chapel was upon us once more.  
We cheered for the speaker, then flew through the door.

A blizzard ensured this Christmas'd be white.  
We students built snowmen and had snowball fights.

Garland was hung from the railings of Hughes,  
at which point, my pals and I heard the good news.

A sleigh of 4 reindeer and a red hatted man  
would deliver us gifts—indeed, I was a fan.

With this revelation, we put up the tree,  
with wreaths and stringed lights in the new CLC.

On the following morning, us students would wake  
to find our tree covered with presents we'd take.

Glide Crawford sang carols, as they tried to bake  
gingerbread cookies and massive fruit cakes.

Johnson strung lights on their building with ease,  
then proceeded to ravage the folks of Trustees.

Kresge made sure that their candles looked great—  
Inflatables strung throughout all Aldersgate.

Stockings were hung with the upmost of care  
The excitement of Christmas, I could hardly bare.

We laid out the annual plate of baked goods  
And wrote the man letters— the best that we could.

Then the students all climbed in their small wooden beds  
We prayed and read books (the Wi-Fi was dead).

Though most closed their eyes and fell fast asleep.  
Nothing could keep me from leaving my sheets.

I climbed to the roof and I sat their to wait  
With all of my fellow classmates still awake.

And then in a flash, a bright light appeared  
A sleigh full of toys and a man with a beard.

Straight from a workshop in North Christmas Town,  
came the star of the night— Ol' Saint Kevin Brown.

He noticed my gang, and he flew rather near.  
And said with a smile, "have nothing to fear!"

"Thanks for your greetings, if no one else said it,  
you guys are the best! You all get flex credits!"

We pulled out our phones— scanned the side of his sled,  
then waved him goodbye and went back to our beds.

Tomorrow would surely be one special day.  
I stopped one last time, and I heard him say,

"On Surrendered, on Courageous, on Ignited and Restored  
Let's fly to deliver the presents aboard."

"May the days of my students be merry and bright!  
Merry Christmas to Asbury and to Asbury, a good night!"