

The Legend of the Christmas Prayer by Brian Morgan

Once upon a Christmas time, long ago, a man who had a big heart, but little money, dreamt he could give his friends endless riches. When he awoke, the dream kept running through his mind, over and over. Finally, he asked himself:

"If I could give my friends anything, what would I give?"

He smiled as he began to think of all the wondrous things he could buy for them.

But then he thought: "I'm a happy man, yet I have none of those things."

And he began to think that perhaps real wealth could not be measured in riches.

Perhaps there were gifts of greater value than the things money could buy.

In the still of the night, he pondered these things and thought of Christmas and what it meant to him.

Taking out his quill, he began to write on a parchment scroll:

On the first day of Christmas, I pray for you joy in abundance and laughter,
for laughter cures our ills and joy makes our spirits soar.

On the second day of Christmas, I pray for you a sigh when you need one, for a sigh clears the heart as a cough clears the throat, and with a sigh comes acceptance of what we cannot change.

On the third day of Christmas, I pray for you tears when you need them,
for tears clear the eyes to see the stars and cleanse the soul to let healing begin.

On the fourth day of Christmas, I pray for you serenity,
for fights and wars start in individual breasts and that is where they must end.

On the fifth day of Christmas, I pray for you wisdom,
for our priceless gift is the gift of choice-- and we should use it well every day, in word and deed.

On the sixth day of Christmas, I pray for you patience,
for most troubles pass if we wait them out, and success comes with persistence.

On the seventh day of Christmas, I pray for you courage, for there may be many pitfalls and dangers ahead and problems can only be solved when they are faced.

On the eighth day of Christmas, I pray for you compassion, for we cannot help others until we understand them, and we cannot understand them until we walk in their shoes.

On the ninth day of Christmas, I pray for you a willingness to work,
for work turns dreams to reality-- whether the dreams are ours or belong to those we can help.

On the tenth day of Christmas, I pray for you unwavering faith,
for faith shapes our morals and our destiny and draws us closer to God.

On the eleventh day of Christmas, I pray for you a mind full of hope,
for hope determines our attitudes, sets our goals, and creates our ideals.

On the twelfth day of Christmas, I pray for you a heart so full of love
that every day you must give some away to those whose paths you cross.

And with each prayer, the man realized he was not giving a gift at all, but hoping that his friends would find the gifts they already had within them. Each time he wrote a prayer, a marvelous thing happened. It seems to him that the prayer, although offered for his friends, remained in his heart and produced in him the very thing he prayed for them.

The man copied his scroll and sent the Christmas prayer to special friends,
and that is where the legend of the Christmas Prayer is lost in the mists of time.

The man was never heard of again but, over the years, the Christmas Prayer began to appear all over the world. People in obscure villages and big cities would receive at Christmas time a copy of the scroll from a friend. And so the wonder multiplied, until the story finally reached YOU.