

# Twass the Night before Covenant House

Twass the night before Christmas, and all through the streets  
I wandered so weary needing something to eat.  
I was scared and alone, in search of some rest,  
continuously praying, "God get me outta this mess!"

My spirit was broken. My body was cold.  
My life had been wasted, or so I was told.  
Recalling my childhood, it seems so unfair:  
the abuse, the neglect... no one seemed to care.

Left homeless and hopeless, what had I become?  
In search of direction, left, right, to or from?  
I put on a fake smile for all passers-by.  
Even though I was homeless, I still had my pride.

When what to my wondering eyes did appear?  
the blue Outreach van; Covenant House was here!  
The van pulled up to check if I was OK.  
"We're here to help. Do you need a place to stay?"

Their eyes were so caring, their smiles, oh! so bright,  
that I knew in my heart I would now be alright.  
"You're safe now," they said, as we drove out of sight,  
"You'll have shelter and food and sleep well tonight."

I felt more at peace as we drove through the gate.  
I knew they would help, even though it was late.  
They took me inside and showed me a bed  
where a pillow was waiting for my sleepy head.

"We'll talk more tomorrow. For now, rest your mind."  
It felt so amazing. Everyone was so kind.  
I drifted to sleep with no worries at all.  
My last full night's sleep? I couldn't recall.

I awoke in the morning. Was this all a dream?

This shelter, this bed, last night's Outreach Team?

"Good morning," I heard, as they knocked on my door.

"Take a shower, get ready, there's clothes in your drawer."

I got up and ready. I just couldn't wait  
for my new beginning, to determine my fate.  
I walked to the lobby and what did I see?  
A bunch of kids formerly homeless like me!

"Merry Christmas!" they said, as they welcomed me,  
"You're the newest addition to our family."

I received the gift of hope this Christmas day.  
I'm forever thankful to you... in every way.

