

My Favourite Holiday By Valerie Tsoi

Very soon, the lights are alight,
All of them are bright in the night.
Little stars are up in the sky,
Elegant clouds are floating high.
Resting in a shabby stable,
In a manger of straw.
Embroidered not with jewels, but
The Savior will save us all.
Snowy days in winter,
On the table I eat supper
I think of Christmas I most like.