

Artistic Endeavors

'Twas an MCS Christmas

*'Twas an MCS Christmas, when all through safe shelter
Not a creature was stirring, no helter skelter;*

*The xenobiotics were banned by the country with care,
In hopes that healthy people soon would be there;*

*The children were protected from forced vaccine meds,
While visions of organic crops danced in their heads;*

*The FDA newly honest, and I in my research,
Had just settled down for a long Internet search,*

*When out on the chemical-free lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the formaldehyde-free desk to see what was the matter.*

*Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.*

*The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the clean air a pollution-free glow,*

*When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But the enforcers of health freedom, and eight followers with no fear.*

*With a healthy energetic leader, so lively and fair,
I knew in a moment it must be Fresh Air.*

*More rapid than eagles his followers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;*

*"Now, Health! now, Freedom! now, Consent and Choice!
On, Truth! on Honesty! on, Caring and Voice!*

*To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now everywhere! everywhere! everywhere all!"*

*As dishonesty that before the enforcers began to fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, they mount to the sky,*



*So up to the house-top the enforcers they flew,
With the search for polluters, and money-makers too.*

*And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The freedom fighters landing with a poof.*

*As I drew in my hand, and was turning around,
Down the chimney Fresh Air came with a bound.*

*He was dressed all in air, a sight, a debacle,
And his clothes were all clean without fragrance and chemical;*

*I took a deep breath, healing now back,
And he looked at me and opened his pack.*

*His eyes -- how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!*

*His healthy features twinkled in the glow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;*

*He looked around and flashed naturally white teeth,
And his smile encircled his face like a wreath;*

*He had a glowing face and a muscular body,
That made me thankful for the gym he brought Bobby.*

*He was firm and fit, a his jolly old self,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;*

*A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;*

*My house was safe, no xenobiotics here,
He certified us legal, and went with cheer;*

*And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;*

*He sprang out into the sky, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.*

*But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"MCS is now recognized, and everyone is all right!."*