

DECEMBER 13

The thing about books is that they come to life.
The stories I pick out tend to be rife
With villains and heroes, and magic and wonder,
With friends to be made, or with treasure to plunder.
The words on the page are important, it's true,
And so are the pictures that somebody drew,
But the rest of the alchemy comes from my mind!
The book and my brain, when they are combined,
Create a whole world that is detailed and rich
And somehow it comes off with nary a hitch.
Let's read a story, and then act it out
It'll be a fun game, without a doubt.

DECEMBER 14

My family lives far away from this place,
And sometimes I wish that wasn't the case.
I think I shall write them a letter today
To tell them I miss them while I am away.
Do you have some people you've been thinking of
Who might want a card that shows them some love?
Perhaps we could write them together and say
We really do wish they were with us today.

DECEMBER 15

I woke up feeling a little bit blue,
Just down in the dumps. I don't have a clue
How I can snap out of this terrible mood.
But I've noticed that you are really quite shrewd.
Do you have any tips for how to feel better?
I'm usually happy; a real go-getter,
While everyone feels sad once in a while,
I think that I'm finally ready to smile.

DECEMBER 16

Since I arrived we've done many good deeds,
We've listened, and learned, and tried to fill needs,
But one thing I've learned now that I know your heart
Is that you've had a generous soul from the start.
I've given you prompts to do many nice things,
And we've recognized all the joy kindness brings,
But more important than that is just knowing yourself.
Why don't you go get coloring things from the shelf?
Then draw a self-portrait of you as a being,
Your generous self, whom I have been seeing.