

THE CHRISTMAS EVE JOURNEY



By Joe & Mary Moore

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Dedication

For her Christmas wish, a young, very ill girl requested that her father write a poem for her present. In 1822, he presented his daughter with the requested Christmas present. The following year on December 23rd, the poem was published for the first time in New York by the *Troy Sentinel*. It was submitted to the paper by a friend of the author.

The author would not take official credit for the poem until 1837, and it was not until 1855 when Mary C. Moore Ogden would paint “illuminations” for the piece, and its popularity was soon after celebrated throughout the world.

This book is dedicated to Clement Clarke Moore and his genius in bringing one of the greatest joys on earth to light in his poem, “A Visit with St. Nicholas.” This Moore (Joe), is honored to bring a revitalization and a new tradition to all those who celebrate Christ's birth and Christmas nearly 200 years after Clement wrote his version.

What is most ironic is that “my” Mary Moore “painted” this version, as Mary Moore-Ogden did Clement's, bringing the poem and its meaning to life as you read it. Are all of us Moores in any way related? Possibly by blood, but most certainly in our love of Christmas, and the jolly old gift-giver who has entertained and given our children (and us) hope and fulfilled our wishes.

So I say thank you to the first Moore family, and hope this version keeps Santa Claus and his wonders alive and meaningful for another 200 years.

It was the night before Christmas

On my sleigh I was bound

To a quiet little village

O'er the next hill and around.

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*I steered my great reindeer
through the clouds and the chill.
Till I saw the house I sought,
The one there on the hill.*

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*I pulled my team left,
then back to the right.*

As we approached the roof, *

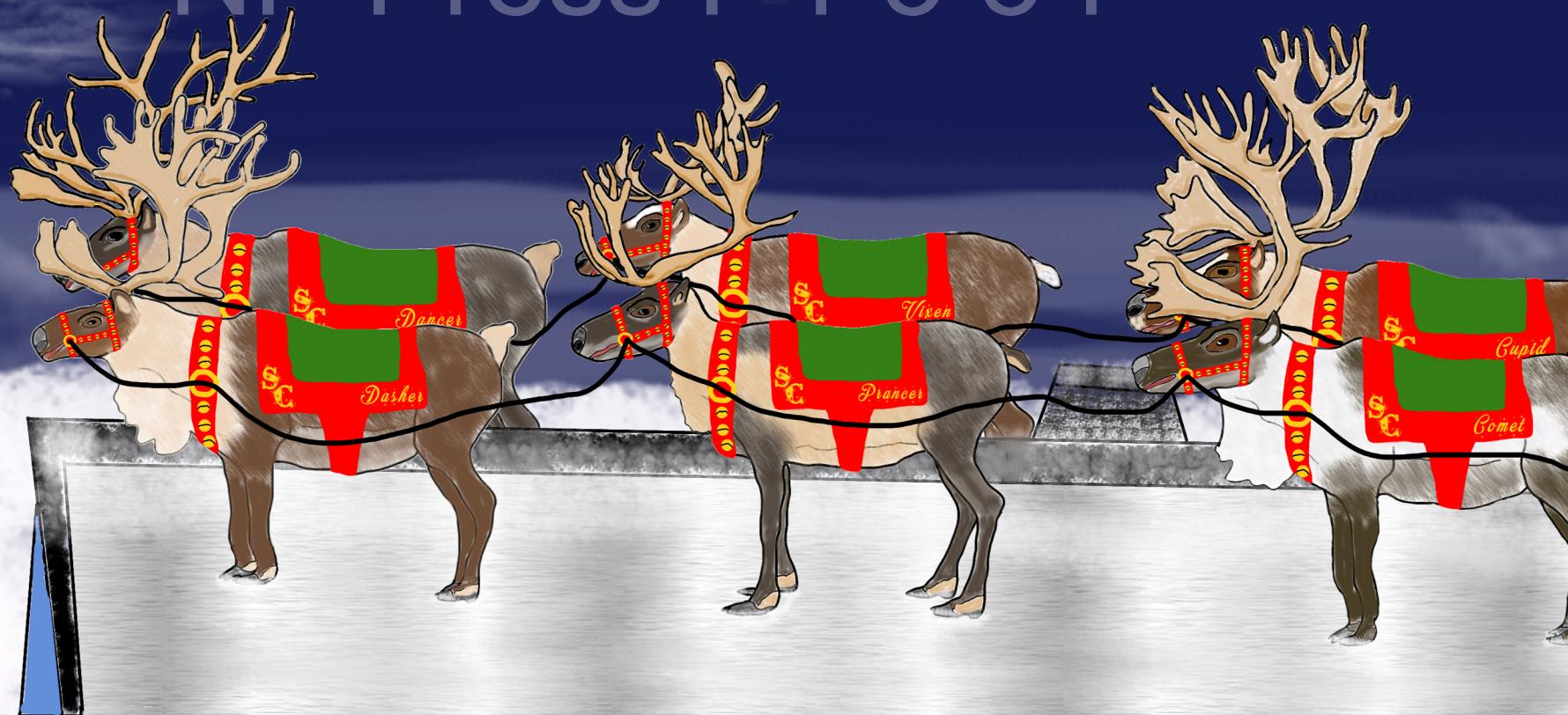
I pulled the reins tight.



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*We stopped at the center.
My team checked the length.
For the billionth time they tested
the roof and its strength*

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★ *I heard some commotion
The occupants were stirring!*

★ *I could clearly hear footsteps
Even through the wind★whirring.*



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*I went ahead with my plan,
it was just Dad that was worried.
So I loaded my pack,
and down the chimmney I scurried.*



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