

# Far, Far From Bethlehem

by Norma Farber from When It Snowed That Night  
(1909-1984, children's book author and poet)

*I never went to Bethlehem.  
I stayed right here. I plumped a goose,  
put up preserves, measured a hem,  
retrieved a piglet running loose.*

*I washed the laundry, hung it neat,  
then took it down by dark of day,  
and folded it and laid it, sweet  
and fresh for further use, away.*

*I never got to Bethlehem.  
Someone, I thought, should (day and night)  
be here, someone should stay at home.  
I think I probably was right.*

*For I have sung my child to dream  
far, far away from where there lies  
a woman doing much the same.  
And neither of our children cries.*