

T'was A Chiropractic Christmas

by Author Unknown

T'was the day before Christmas, but there was no cheer.
No jingle bells jingled, no sound of reindeer.
The word had gone out that Santa was sick.
There would be no visit from jolly St. Nick.

The people were sad; no gaiety sounded.
For Christmas had come, but Santa was grounded.
He drove down the road, and what should he see?
But a sign for a doctor, who was a D.C.

Now Santa was not one to like a new tactic,
But all else had failed, so he tried Chiropractic.
He entered the office and saw at a glance,
in a place such as this, illness hasn't a chance.

The office staff smiled, the music was sappy,
with all of the patients contented and happy.
In a very short time, to judge by the clock,
he was in the adjusting room, talking to Doc.

It must be the hurry, the tension and all,
I simply can't seem to get on the ball.
Life used to be easy; just kids, toys and whistles,
now I dodge smog, spaceships and missiles.

And Doc, take a look at the size of this pack!
Have you any idea what it does to my back?
Poor Santa was miserable and just barely able,
with the help of the Doctor, to get on the table.

The Doctor was gentle; without a fuss or a tussle
he examined the vertebrae and relaxed every muscle.
He spotted trouble and then with a click,
started aligning the spine of old St. Nick.

Santa felt aches and pains slipping away
and in no time at all he began to feel gay.
The air was a tingle with new fallen snow
and a healthy Kris Kringle was rarin' to go.

As he went out the door, he threw them a kiss;
why, it had been centuries since he felt good as this!
Then once more he shouldered the bag full of toys,
his heart overflowing with true Christmas joys.