



Grandma Got Run Over By A Reindeer

Grandma got run over by a reindeer
Walking home from our house Christmas eve
You can say there's no such thing as Santa
But as for me and Grandpa, we believe

She'd been drinkin' too much egg nog
And we'd begged her not to go
But she'd left her medication
So she stumbled out the door into the snow

When they found her Christmas mornin'
At the scene of the attack
There were hoof prints on her forehead
And incriminatin' Claus marks on her back

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Walkin' home from our house Christmas eve
You can say there's no such thing as Santa
But as for me and Grandpa, we believe

Now were all so proud of Grandpa
He's been takin' this so well
See him in there watchin' football
Drinkin' beer and playin' cards with cousin Belle

It's not Christmas without Grandpa
All the family's dressed in black
And we just can't help but wonder
Should we open up her gifts or send them back?

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Walkin' home from our house Christmas eve
You can say there's no such thing as Santa
But as for me and Grandpa, we believe

Now the goose is on the table
And the pudding made of pig
And a blue and silver candle
That would just have matched the hair in Grandpa's wig

I've warned all my friends and neighbors
Better watch out for yourselves
They should never give a license
To a man who drives a sleigh and plays with elves

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Walkin' home from our house, Christmas eve
You can say there's no such thing as Santa
But as for me and Grandpa, we believe!

Hark! The Herald Angels Sing

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King!"
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled,
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With thr' angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King!"

Christ, by highest heav'n adored:
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time befo' him come,
Offspring of the favored one;
Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see;
Hail, th' incarnate Deity;
Pleased, as man, with men to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel!
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King!"

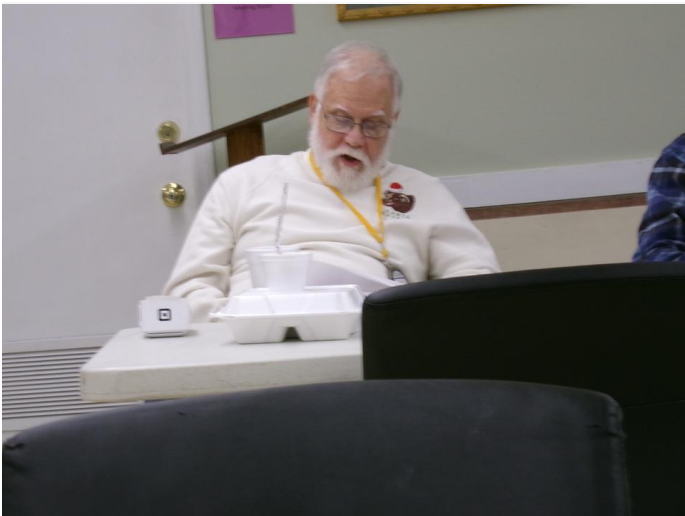
Hail the heav'n born Prince of peace!
Hail the Son of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the newborn King!"

Here Comes Santa Claus

Here comes Santa Claus, here comes Santa
Claus,
Right down Santa Claus lane
Vixen and Blitzen and all his reindeer
pullin' on the reins
Bells are ringin', children singin'
All is merry and bright
Hang your stockings and say your prayers
'Cause Santa Claus comes tonight!

Here comes Santa Claus, here comes Santa
Claus,
Right down Santa Claus lane
He's got a bag that's filled with toys
For boys and girls again
Hear those sleigh bells jingle jangle,
Oh what a beautiful sight
So jump in bed and cover your head
'Cause Santa Claus comes tonight!







These are a few of the photos taken on Monday evening, December 15th, at the final Cullman Lions Club fun and fellowship meeting of the club members in 2025. Club President Lion Delane Ray presided. Freddie Day, Sherry Norris, and Crystal Widner, from Freddie Day Catering, prepared and served a wonderful meal for the club members to enjoy. Special guest Lion Marci Green, a member of the Cullman Lions Branch Club, played piano while the club members sang Christmas carols. The next meeting of the Cullman Lions Club members is scheduled for Monday evening, January 5, 2026, at the usual location and time.