

What a Way to Spend Christmas

Turn your mind to Christmas. Pray that the snow will fall.
Trees and mistletoe again. "Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen".
But spare a thought for the reason for it all!

*Was He born in a King's high castle? Was He born in a baron's hall?
A policeman guarding the private ward and the Saviour of us all?
He was born in the dirt of a filthy stable. Mucky old manger for a cradle.
A hell of a way to spend a Christmas Day.*

Love came down at Christmas, wrapped in swaddling bands.
A baby born in poverty. And no-one knew that He would be
a baby with the whole world in His hands.

The One who came at Christmas didn't live three score and ten.
He came with love for you and me. We nailed Him to a cedar tree.
So sing His praises time and time again.

If Jesus came this Christmas, who do you think He'd be?
A Holy Hero, dressed in white? Or, just like last time, d'you think He might
be common or garden, just like you and me?

So please enjoy your Christmas – with food and wine galore.
Don't feel guilty. Don't feel sad. Love and laughter can't be bad.
But remember who the birthday cards are for.