

Merry Christmas

When I think of our Creator leaving heaven's golden skies
To become a child in diapers in a stable full of flies...
When I think of Him depending on the parents of His birth
For his day-to-day requirements while His hands upheld the earth...
When I think of Him abused by tyrants from a foreign land
Who obtained the power they touted by His personal command...
When I think of how He labored in a world gone astray,
Showing us by His example how to walk the narrow way...
When I think that He brought sinners tender mercy from above,
Reaching out to touch the vilest with His healing hands of love...
When I think of Him as homeless with no place to rest His head ,
Praying for His persecutors while they slept upon a bed...
When I think of what He suffered on the cross of Calvary
When He gave His life to save us from a lost eternity...
When I think of how God sent Him as a sacrifice for sin
Freely offering forgiveness to whoever trusts in Him...
When I think how much He loves us I just want to stand and shout;
"Merry Christmas, everybody! This is what it's all about."

Bud Morris

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