

## Merry Christmyth

There's a "Miracle" that happens  
To the children when they're small,  
Christmas time becomes enchanted  
When the snow begins to fall;

As the flicker from the fireplace  
Scatters shadows through the night,  
All the fir trees start to shimmer  
With a multi-colored light;

And a jolly apparition  
With a twinkle in his eye  
Like a snowman decked in scarlet  
Scintillates across the sky.

It is said that he possesses  
Such a superhuman power  
That he sees how all the children  
Are behaving every hour.

And he knows what they've been up to,  
When they're naughty or they're nice,  
And rewards their good behavior  
From his Northern paradise.

But the children don't stay little,  
And their fantasies don't last,  
'Cause the heat of maturation  
Melts the snowmen from their past.

Santa's garments sink forlornly  
To a puddle on the floor;  
And the sacred Christmas story  
Doesn't charm them anymore.

There's a God Who's really out there  
With an ever-watchful eye,  
And He sees that we are sinners  
And we all deserve to die.

So He sent His Son from heaven,  
To be punished in our place;  
And He promises to save us  
If we simply trust His grace.

But how can the children trust Him  
If their faith has been betrayed  
By a substitute for Jesus  
In the Christmas games we've played?