

The Holiday Tree

By Jeff Borden © Dec. 2005

T'was the month of THE BIRTHDAY when Yule Greetings are heard;
Yet there was something amiss because none had occurred.

His birth has been celebrated in the US of A;
For more than 200 years it's been called Christmas Day.

We've made it a party with family and friends;
Invited the strangers and those that weren't kin...

Decorations with lights, and shiny presents are many;
Bountiful feasts filled with singing and joy is aplenty.

At some point in time we seemed to lose sight,
Of what the day really stood for...what our Creator made right.

His name would be Jesus, God with us, Emanuel...
And men were redeemed by His blood when it fell.

We praise Him as God and we call Him the Christ,
But for lack of attention His day has been heist.

He warned us of scoffers and those who'd oppose;
It seems they've arrived here, right in front of our nose.

We called the day Christmas after His name they would say;
Now that name's not "PC" so it's just "HOLI - DAY"

A statement Christ made makes me tremble and groan;
"If we disown Him, us too...He'll disown."

Some say all roads eventually end up in Glory,
But the truth of that lie is told in this Story:

"He is the Way, The Truth and The Life..."
By following Him, we lessen our strife.

We're taking Christ out of Christmas and booting God from our land;
We think we know best, it's the folly of man.

A long time ago, there was another lost soul...
His ego deceived him; yes, his pride took its toll;

Shaking a fist at his God, as he looked to the sky...
He screamed with defiance, "I'll be like the Most High!"

Since the Garden of Eden a choice must be made,
Who will you serve, which master obeyed?

The seed of Adam is tarnished; the seed of Jesus is true...
The question to ponder is...which seed are you?

Merry Christmas