



The First Christmas Present

On a cold December night a long, long time ago,
A Savior was born in a stable bare, the only path a star to show.

The miracle of a virgin having given birth
to a small and beautiful child who would change the entire earth.

God sent the most precious gift of all,
His one and only Son
to be born in a simple manger bed,
for each and everyone

Giftwrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in the hay,
to the entire world, a present
on this the first Christmas Day.

If you had been a shepherd then and had looked into his eyes,
you might have seen a miracle as time passed swiftly by

For a brief, mysterious moment,
those same eyes you would see
gazing into yours, from high upon a tree

Nails driven into his hands and feet
a hole gouged into his side
a crown of thorns upon his head
you would turn your eyes to hide

Then realize as you looked again
into a child's most innocent face
that surely, this is the Lord of all
and God is in this place

*Blessings of Love as we celebrate the Mystery of the Christ-Child breaking forth
into our world,*

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