

REMEMBERING THE FIRST CHRISTMAS
BY HELEN SANDERS

What are your thoughts of the day of Christ's birth
As Joseph and Mary did go

From door to door, seeking rest for the night —
But everyone told them no?

What do you feel when you think of the faith
That they had in their father above,

Knowing He'd find a place just in time
For the birth of the King of Love?

And what do you think that Joseph did feel
When all he could find was a stall?

No bed for his bride—God stripped him of pride
When He gave us the Lord of us all?

And what do you see when you think of the night
When the Son of God was born?

Do you see shepherds, three Kings of the East
And Gabriel with his horn?

Do you see heralds of angels—
A star up high in the sky?

A manger of hay, where sweet Jesus lay,
While the animals watched close by?

What do you feel when you think of the night
When the Son of God was revealed?

Do you feel the great fear as the angels appear
Like the shepherds felt on the hill?

Do you know how they felt, when beside Him they knelt,
And worshipped Messiah, their King?

And what do you feel as the Wise Men did kneel,
and Angels on High did sing?

And what do you feel on THIS blessed eve,
Is it like one that came long ago?

When you think of the Earth at the time of Christ's birth,
Tonight is no different than then,

He wants to be born anew in your soul
To free you from every sin.

Will there be room in the Inn of your heart,
Or will He be told no again?