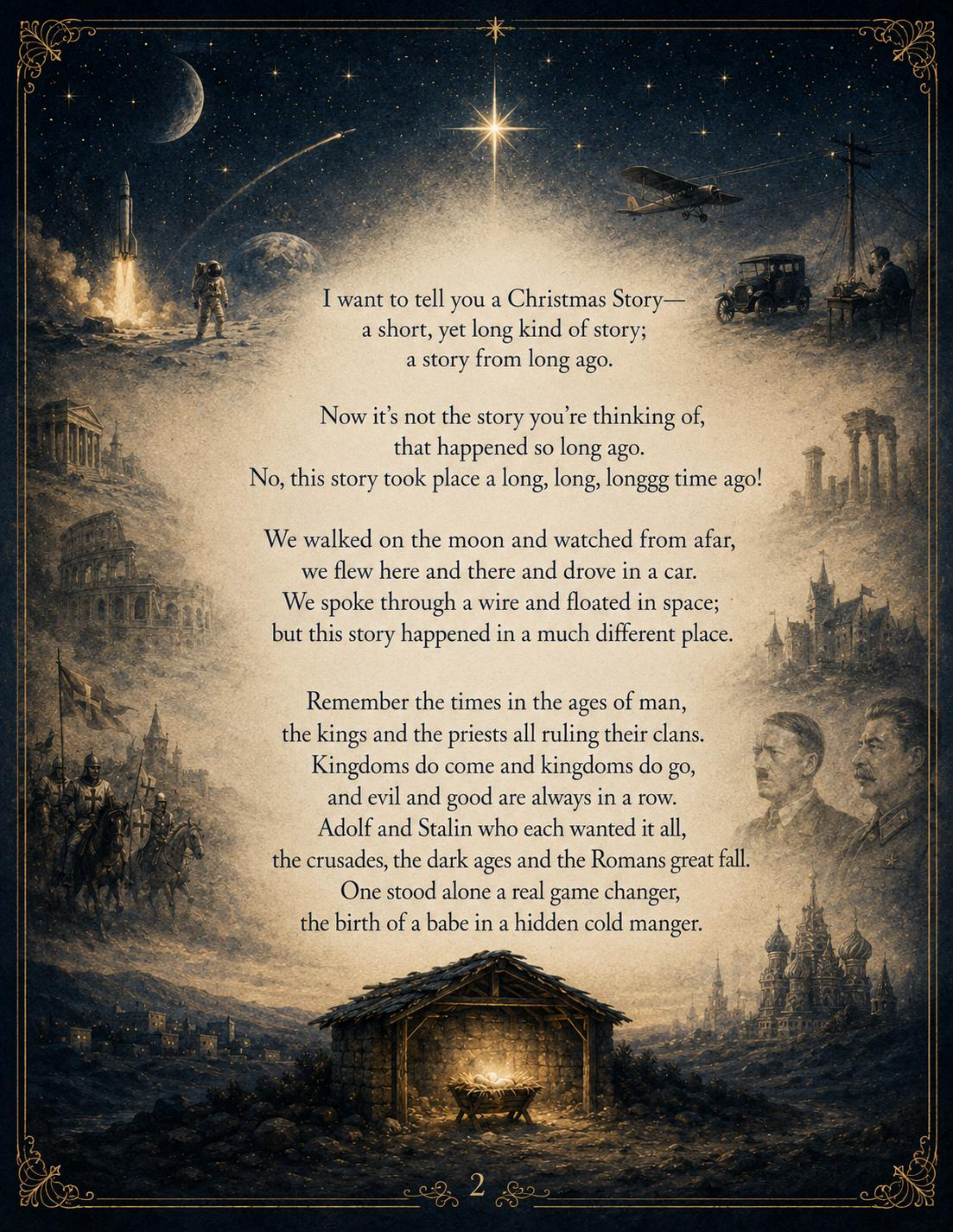


A
CHRISTMAS
STORY

*A poetic meditation on the deeper
story behind Christmas*

By Paul R. Myrant ©



I want to tell you a Christmas Story—
a short, yet long kind of story;
a story from long ago.

Now it's not the story you're thinking of,
that happened so long ago.
No, this story took place a long, long, longgg time ago!

We walked on the moon and watched from afar,
we flew here and there and drove in a car.
We spoke through a wire and floated in space;
but this story happened in a much different place.

Remember the times in the ages of man,
the kings and the priests all ruling their clans.
Kingdoms do come and kingdoms do go,
and evil and good are always in a row.
Adolf and Stalin who each wanted it all,
the crusades, the dark ages and the Romans great fall.
One stood alone a real game changer,
the birth of a babe in a hidden cold manger.

Before Daniel slept with the lions at night,
and Nebuchadnezzar ate grass quite a sight.
Before David was king and Samuel conceived,
and Abram and Isaac were old enough to leave.
Before men built a tower and Noah's great zoo,
before Cain took from Abel the life, he was due.
Before Eve gave to Adam the fruit of the tree,
this story began in the heart of these three.

Before they created the first man and Eve,
the great dinosaurs and fish in the sea.
Before there was life growing up without weeds,
the trees and bushes, and plants with their seeds.
Before the foundation of the earth had been laid,
before the sun and the moon and the stars were all made.
Before light had appeared and the darkness had erased,
and the backdrop of space had been stretched into place.

Before the covering cherub on the mountain did sing
and believe in his heart, he was more than the king.
Before the heavenly hosts sang their songs without strife,
before all these things there was light, joy and life.
Immeasurable wisdom and abiding deep love,
there was perfect contentment and peace up above.
Here lived a being so great and glorious,
His power and might and story before us.

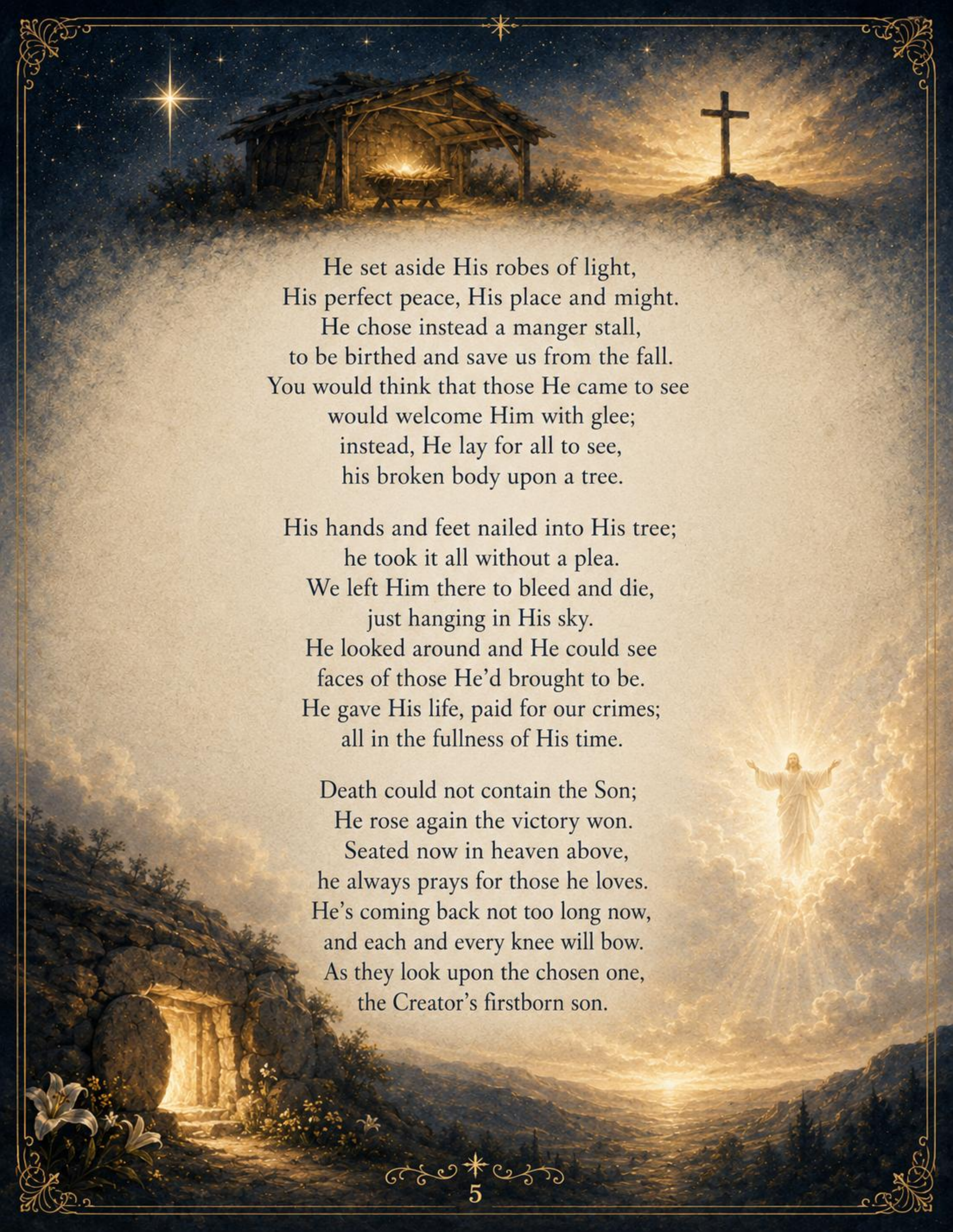
An illustration at the top of the page shows three figures seated on a throne within a heavenly, domed structure. The central figure is brightly illuminated, while the two flanking figures are slightly less so. The background is a deep blue sky filled with stars and soft, white clouds. The entire scene is framed by ornate, golden-brown scrollwork in the corners.

Majestic beauty that had never been seen,
love and great wisdom a glorious scene.
This one knew nothing of being alone;
no emptiness haunted this blissful throne.
Two others stood with Him alike in their ways,
one in their nature, sharing their days.
They lived here together clothed in pure light,
perfect in splendor, Oh what a sight.

Adorned with wisdom and clothed with great power,
yet they still lacked one thing in this tower.
There was no one to praise them, no one to know,
no one forgiveness and love to show.
Who could know the strength and the might,
of the one who made the stars for the night?
Who made the sun to light the day,
and mortal men just out of the clay?

In lighted chambers filled with glory,
they decided to bring us into their story.
So together they chose to let us know
of the might and love that they could show.
To be loved and praised and truly known,
they would need for us to be shown,
not from compulsion, fear or dread,
the beauty of the three instead.

So, they gave us the right to choose;
but this brought sin and life to lose.
Pain and grief filled our days with despair,
many cried out, this isn't fair.
We all chose to turn away,
just doing my thing is what we say.
In spite of all the things we'd done,
they still went and sent the Son.



He set aside His robes of light,
His perfect peace, His place and might.
He chose instead a manger stall,
to be birthed and save us from the fall.
You would think that those He came to see
would welcome Him with glee;
instead, He lay for all to see,
his broken body upon a tree.

His hands and feet nailed into His tree;
he took it all without a plea.
We left Him there to bleed and die,
just hanging in His sky.
He looked around and He could see
faces of those He'd brought to be.
He gave His life, paid for our crimes;
all in the fullness of His time.

Death could not contain the Son;
He rose again the victory won.
Seated now in heaven above,
he always prays for those he loves.
He's coming back not too long now,
and each and every knee will bow.
As they look upon the chosen one,
the Creator's firstborn son.