

Adult Readings and Recitations

Another Christmas

Just another ordinary Christmas
With everything the same?
Repetitious greetings and old clichés,
Forgetting why You came?
The holly, tree, and decorations,
A rerun again this year?
Below the surface, mounting stress
When family gatherings are near?
Lord, save me from a phony Christmas!
Show me what to say and do.
Set me free from mindless tradition,
May my eyes see only You.
I'm ready for a new beginning,
Nothing in my hands I bring.
Touch me with Your resurrection power,
Once Babe, now reigning King.
Elaine Hardt

My Best Christmas Gift

Last night my sister said to me,
“Of all the gifts beneath the tree
In all the years that you recall,
Which was your best—was it a doll?”
I thought a while and then I said,
“It wasn't a doll with curls on her head.
It wasn't games or books or clothes
Under a tree as you suppose.”
“It was a Child God sent to be
A special Friend to you and me—
The Baby born in a cattle stall
Who came to save us one and all.”
Margaret Primrose

Where, Oh Where Has the Real Christmas Gone?

Where, oh where has the real Christmas
gone?
Oh where, oh where can it be?
I want to find while it's on my mind:
The holiday certainty.
There's little Jack Frost, the drummer boy,
Talking evergreen tree,
Little angels, and donkeys small,
But where can the real Christmas be?
There's elves and Santa and Mrs. Claus
Enthroned in every mall;
Snowmen and snowflakes singing their
song,
Garfield is having a ball.
Scrooge is dancing, and reindeer prancing,
A sly Grinch is on TV;
Fake silver holly, people jolly,
But where is reality?
I turned to the Bible to read it,
To see what God has to say;
He made the world and He made the plan,
And He made Christmas Day.
Jesus came from heaven, that is real;
The rest—imagination.
By grace, through faith, not by our good
works
We can receive salvation.
His birth, His life, and death on the cross:
It was for our sins, to pay;
When we turn to Him we get His gift,
So let's celebrate His way!
Elaine Hardt

To Bethlehem! To Bethlehem!

To Bethlehem! To Bethlehem!
Where is the way to Bethlehem?
O Bethlehem Ephrathah, in ancient Judea,
Town of King David,
Whose descendent Joseph,
A carpenter by trade,
Journeyed to Bethlehem with Mary his wife,
Heavy with child—a very special Child—foretold by the prophets.
How long, O God, how long to Bethlehem?

To Bethlehem! To Bethlehem!
What news is there from Bethlehem?
O Bethlehem of Judah,
Town of King David,
Where in a dark, lonely stable
A Baby boy lies in a wooden manger
Because there was no room in the inn;
Where common shepherds led by angels,
Come to worship the One those angels
Hail as Messiah and Savior.
What news, what great good news, hails from yonder Bethlehem?

To Bethlehem! To Bethlehem!
How near, O God, how far to Bethlehem?
The star guided the wise men from the east
To the One proclaimed as King of the Jews.
Gold and myrrh and frankincense they bring
In wrapping fit for a king and yet—
And yet . . .

To Bethlehem! To Bethlehem!
Place of wonder, place of danger,
For Herod, despot king of Judea, has his hired
Thugs swoop down on lowly Bethlehem
With express orders to murder all boys aged two
And under.
The voice of mourning is heard in Ramah at last.
Blood flows deep in the streets, the homes, the gutters of Bethlehem.
But the infant Savior is not to be found,
For His parents, warned in a dream, have
Packed up and fled from deadly Bethlehem.
Bethlehem, O Bethlehem! O dark, O cruel, O blood-soaked Bethlehem!