

# Christmas Saga

It seems rather odd that the great Son of God,  
    Would leave all His splendor above,  
To come down to earth and experience birth,  
    But the reason He did it was love.  
He saw from our sin we were evil within,  
    And could not live up to God's goals,  
So He came to our aid, and had Himself made  
    One of us to deliver our souls.

He suffered His share of the troubles we bear,  
    To prove He was holy and good,  
And reached out to touch those caught in sin's clutch  
    Who couldn't live the way that they should.  
He offered relief from the infinite grief  
    We brought on ourselves by our sin,  
But He was despised and slandered with lies,  
    Like no other lover has been,

Though we were so vile that we held a mock trial,  
    And sentenced our Savior to die,  
He bore the disgrace of the spit in His face  
    Without a complaint or reply;  
He shouldered His cross despising the loss,  
    And carried it up Calvary's hill,  
And held out His hand at the soldier's demand  
    To be crucified by our will.

Enduring the pain of the nails with disdain,  
    He made it a spiritual strife,  
By taking the stack of our sins on His back,  
    To pay what we owed with His life.  
For though He was pure He had to endure  
    The guilt of the things we had done  
To die in our place and bring us the grace,  
    God gave us by sending His Son.

But death could not hold such a Savior so bold,  
    Who challenged the grasp of the grave,  
And conquered the gloom of the sin-darkened tomb  
    To make Himself able to save;  
And when He arose He willingly chose  
    To offer the love we had spurned  
To penitent hearts who long for their parts  
    In the blessings His righteousness earned.

*Bud Morris*

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