

'Twas the Night Before Christmas  
by Pastor Gino Geraci

'Twas the night before Christmas in David's home town;  
The city was crammed with people pressed down.  
Joseph and Mary searched seeking some room;  
Her belly so swollen; a child in her womb.

Pilgrims were piled on top of each other;  
Flesh pressing flesh—children, fathers, and mothers.  
With patience and prayer the couple conceded,  
Personal privacy was desperately needed.

The innkeeper sighed and said, "We're unable  
To provide a shelter, just this simple stable."  
And surrounded by cattle and goats and a manger,  
Things continued to worsen and soon got stranger.

When all of a sudden contractions they came;  
Muscles contorted and twisted in pain.  
Both mother and father were weeping and crying;  
The pain and the horror; she felt she was dying.

But she pushed and she pushed and the baby did come;  
A beautiful baby, a beautiful son.  
And she wrapped her new baby in swaddling clothes;  
And remembered the name the angel had chose.

His name will be Jesus, the Savior of all,  
Emmanuel, Rock, Redeemer recall.  
And voices were heard from angels on high,  
Proclaiming God's Word from Bethlehem's sky.

And the angels appeared to the shepherds by night;  
Attending their flocks, they beheld a great sight.  
Glory to God and goodwill toward all men:  
A Savior, Redeemer, Deliverer from sin.

And the Child who was dressed in the swaddling clothes;  
He listened and listened to praise and the prose,  
From the cries of His mother and the songs that were sung,

Glimpsed into the future: a Cross where He hung.

And the prophets and poets and pundits and people,  
All crammed into churches with pews and their steeples;  
Would listen to preachers and point to their stories  
About saving grace and all of God's glories.

But who would have guessed on the night before Christmas,  
That most of the world would have certainly missed us.  
Because Jesus, oh, Jesus is nowhere in sight,  
As the day in the darkness slips into the night.

On the night before Christmas in a freshly swept stable,  
The blood and the sweat and the cries if we're able;  
We miss the whole point of what we have done  
And the need for a Savior, the need for a Son.

Perhaps on this Christmas we'll remember what's real;  
We'll remember the purpose, remember the deal,  
Of why Jesus came to the earth such as ours,  
To deliver our souls in this fateful hour.

And so when your Christmas comes with great cheer,  
Remember your soul, remember my dear;  
Remember the Savior who came in the night,  
And remember your sin as it slips out of sight.

Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night!