

Christmas Poems



A Christmas List for Santa

Snowflakes softly falling
Upon your window they play.
Your blankets snug around you,
Into sleep you drift away.

I bend to gently kiss you,
when I see that on the floor
there's a letter, neatly written
I wonder who it's for.

I quietly unfold it
making sure you're still asleep,
It's a Christmas list for Santa
one my heart will always keep.

It started just as always
with the toys seen on TV,
A new watch for your father
and a winter coat for me.

But as my eyes read on
I could see that deep inside
there were many things you wished for
that your loving heart would hide.

You asked if your friend Molly
could have another Dad;
It seems her father hits her
and it makes you very sad.

Then you asked dear Santa
if the neighbors down the street
Could find a job, that he might
have some food, and clothes,
and heat.

You saw a family on the news
whose house had blown away,
"Dear Santa, send them just one thing,
a place where they can stay."

"And Santa, those four cookies
that I left you for a treat,
Could you take them to the children
who have nothing else to eat."

"Do you know that little bear
I have the one I love so dear?"
"I'm leaving it for you
to take to Africa this year."

"And as you fly your reindeer
on this night of Jesus' birth,
Could your magic bring to everyone
goodwill and peace on earth."

"There's one last thing before you go,
so grateful I would be,
If you'd smile at Baby Jesus
in the manger by our tree."

I pulled the letter close to me
I felt it melt my heart.
Those tiny hands had written
what no other could impart.

"A little child shall lead them,"
was whispered in my ear,
As I watched you sleep on Christmas Eve,
while Santa Clause was here.

~ Author Unknown

BUSY CROWDS

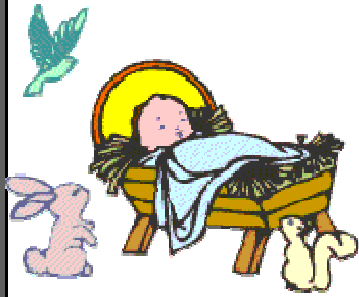
Busy crowds bustling by
Do they hear the infant's cry?
Lights and tinsel everywhere
How many are there, who will care?
Pretty wrappings, pretty bows
Even Rudolph with his red nose
People spending what they can't afford
How many of them forget the Lord?
The infant born on Christmas day
How many take the time to pray?
The Infant's cry echoes through eternity
Jesus was born to set us free
Do we forget Him as we spend our cash?
Is He, like the wrappings thrown out with the trash?
Are we so busy with our own things
That we forget the King of Kings?
Our gifts are forgotten in a few days
But His gift is with us always
The baby of Christmas is the best
He stands far above all the rest
Lights and tinsel everywhere
Please, take the time to care
Don't just quickly bustle by
Stop and hear the Infant's cry
Lights and tinsel everywhere
Please be one who will care
Accept the greatest gift He gave
Jesus Christ, was born to save

Debbie Preuss
December 4, 2004

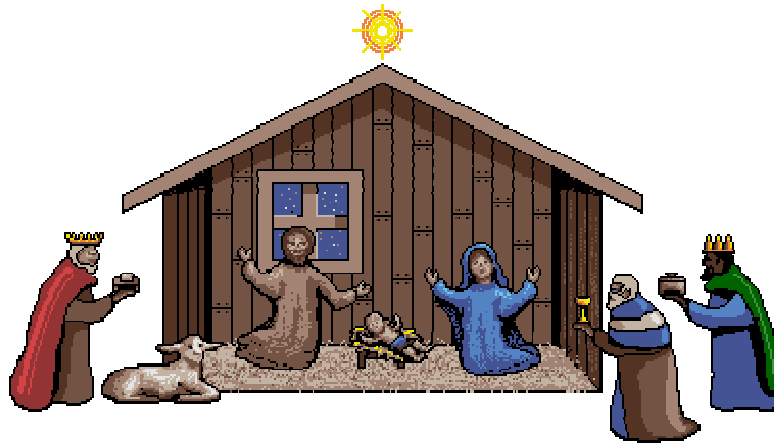
CHRISTMAS BLESSING

Merry Christmas to you all
May God's blessings on you fall
As we celebrate the birth
Of Jesus Christ come to earth
May you know His peace this season
For Jesus Christ is the reason
That we have a Christmas time
He's the reason the bells chime
May you enter the new year
Full of love, not of fear
May you find in Him your all
Know He hears you when you call
When you find your hope grows dim
May you simply rest in Him
Knowing that He cares for you
That His love will bring you through
May the coming year be blessed
Full of lots of peace and rest
This Christmas may you find the cheer
Of Jesus that will last all year
May God's blessings on you fall
Merry Christmas to you all

(c) Debbie Preuss
November 28, 04



CHRISTMAS CAKE



When I think of Jesus' childhood
There's a thing I must get straight
If Christmas wasn't Christmas,
How did Jesus celebrate?

I know he didn't have a tree
With lights and all the trim.
I'll bet his mother, Mary,

Baked a Christmas cake for him.

She probably called it birthday cake.

With the candles all aglow.

Then little Jesus made his wish,
Blew 'em out with just one blow.

And little Jesus' friends were there

With presents they would bring.

Since they didn't have the carols,

What fun songs did they sing?

I'll think they sang the birthday song

And had all kinds of fun.

Then Mary cut that birthday cake,

A piece for everyone.

Since Christmas's still his birthday
I rejoice for Jesus sake:
I love the tree and lights and toys,
And I'd like some birthday cake.

—Grandpa Tucker
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CHRISTMAS DAY

Christmas day sped on by, without a mention of Him
Jesus Christ the Son of God, born to cleanse our sin
There were presents and laughter, talk of the one dressed in red
But not a mention of Jesus, though we were warm and fed
He is the reason we have this day, to celebrate His birth
This little infant Christ child, came down to sinful earth
What have we done with the baby, the One that Mary bore
If she could see this day, she'd be wounded to the core
How many homes celebrate, but never mention Him
Jesus Christ, the Son of God, do we worship on a whim?
The night before Christmas is often read, but what about the
Christmas story?
We sing of Frosty and Rudolph, but what of singing out God's glory?
My heart lies sad within me, there's a longing in my chest
To worship the infant Jesus, who suckled at Mary's breast
My being longs to praise Him, and with the angels sing
Glory, Allelujah, to Jesus Christ the King
But I sit quietly by too, waiting just to see
If even one person around, will mention Him or bow their knee
I go to bed Christmas evening, sobered now to find
There wasn't a mention of Jesus Christ, even when we dined
Oh Lord, what have we done to You, We celebrate Your birth
But make no mention of You, or the fact You came to earth
We've pushed You out of schools, and public places too
Now even Your own birthday, doesn't belong to You
Oh Lord, I am so sorry, for my own sinful part
I pray that You'll forgive me, Lord please cleanse my heart
Jesus, I'll remember Your birthday, each and every day
Guide me and direct me, Help me oh Lord, I pray

Debbie Preuss

December 26, 2004

CHRISTMAS MEMORY

As I look into my address book, at each name written there
Memories come flooding back, of those I love and care
The years seem to disappear, as I spy each remembered name
In memories both old and new, we still look the same
Though often the year passes, without a touch so dear
When I remember you, you seem to be oh so near
There are names written down, of those who've passed away
But even though they're gone now, their memory will stay
As Christmas time comes again, I remember with good cheer
All my friends and family and I wish they were near
As we remember each other now, all across this earth
Let us also remember, our precious Jesus' birth
Without Him there'd be no Christmas for us to celebrate
No hope of heaven, away from this world of hate
I am glad that His birth, draws so many loved ones near
Creating treasured memories, that we hold so dear
So now at the Christmas time, I want to say to you
May you have a blessed Christmas, making memories old and new

Debbie Preuss©
December 13, 2007

CHRISTMAS PRAYER 2005

My prayer for you this Christmas, is that you would see
This is a celebration, that Jesus came for you and me
I pray as you go forward, with the year ahead
That you would look back and see, just where God has led
That you would follow Him, all along your way
That He would bring you friends, with whom you laugh and pray
I pray as you step forward, courage would be yours
That amid life's trials, your heart still soars
I pray that you will have enough, to meet your own needs
And enough to give away, to plant some new seeds
I pray grace and faith be yours, from God above
That on the hardest days, you would sense His love
So this heartfelt Christmas greeting, I now send to you
With a wish and a prayer, that all your dreams come true
For this CHRISTmas time, I pray that you would see
This is a celebration, that Jesus came for you and me

Debbie Preuss ©
December 15, 2005

CHRISTMAS TIME IS APPROACHING

Christmas time is approaching, what are we to do
Oh Heavenly Father, let us lift our eyes to You
Past the trappings of this world, to see the baby born
On that day so long ago, the very first Christmas morn
Wrapped up in swaddling clothes, with straw for His head
The very Son of God, had a manger for His bed
The star shone so brightly, for all the world to see
Today was born the child, of the nativity
Little baby Jesus, held close in Joseph's embrace
As His earthly father, gazed upon His face
The cattle were lowing, as his mother looked on
Exhausted as she was, she still heard the angel song
As little baby Jesus, suckled at her breast
She knew in this moment, that God's plan was best
As the angels sang Gloria, Jesus Christ is born
The sun rose in the sky, that very first Christmas morn
Let us remember the simplicity, of that day so long ago
As we live in today's world, full of present and bow
We're too busy to take time, to just enjoy the reason
God gave His gift at Christmas time, this blessed, holy season
He came Himself to save us, so we could be free
To live in His presence, for all of eternity
So look past the trappings of this world, to see the Baby born
On that day so long ago, the very first Christmas morn

Debbie Preuss ©
December 1, 2006

CHRISTMAS TIME IS ONCE AGAIN HERE

Christmas time is once again here
Is the baby Jesus very near?
Or have we removed Him from His day?
What are we doing? I wonder and pray
We're not allowed to keep His name
A part of this season, when He came
For it is no longer politically correct
But happy holidays, doesn't have the effect
Of honoring the Babe who came to earth
Jesus Christ, born of Virgin birth
Merry Christmas is a barb to some
Christmas carols can't be sung
In our schools and in our halls
Commercialism has hit our malls
But what have we done with the baby who
Came to earth to make us new
He's not allowed at His own birthday
Oh Lord forgive us, I now pray
We need to stand up and fight
For baby Jesus, born that night
Keep Christ in Christmas, show us how
As before You, we come now
To honor the Baby and Keep Him near
Now Christmas time is once again here

Debbie Preuss ©
December 9, 2005

CHRISTMAS TIME

It's Christmas time once again
A time of peace, good will to men
A time to celebrate the birth
Of God's Son, come to earth
A time for family and friends
Glad tidings that the Good Lord sends
I pray His blessings will descend
On weary hearts that need to mend
That His hope will spring anew
In many lives, not just a few
That all eyes would turn to Him
Who was born in the little Bethlehem inn
For Jesus Christ is the reason
We have this festive Christmas season
A time for family and friends
Glad tiding that the good Lord sends
A time for friendships to renew
A time to wish Merry Christmas to you

Debbie Preuss

December 2003

COME KNEEL WITH ME AT THE MANGER

Come kneel with me at the manger, of Mary's baby boy
This precious bundle, born of pain and joy
Worship now the Savior, born to set us free
From the bonds of sin and death, He offers liberty
This baby laid in swaddling clothes, would die a sinners death
Paying the price of all our sins, with His dying breath
This little baby that Mary bore, was the Son of God
Almighty incarnate Jesus Christ, was born to walk this sod
Come kneel at the manger, of Mary's little Son
Come and worship Him, before the day is done
Come and kneel beside Him, look upon His face
This tiny infant, came to bring us truth and grace
Hear the cattle lowing, smell the pungent air
Reach over and touch, His precious baby hair
Come kneel at the manger, humble yourself with me
We will worship Him together, for all eternity
Come and see the Savior, let your praises start
Bring to Him a present, give to Him your heart
For in a foreign manger, a simple cattle stall
This little baby was born, He is the Lord of all
So come kneel at the manger, of Mary's baby boy
This precious bundle, born of pain and joy

Debbie Preuss (c)
December 15, 2004

CRADLED IN THE HAY

Where are You baby Jesus, are You cradled in the hay?
Have people forgotten, that by their side You'll stay?
We celebrate Your birthday, but forget You're here
Oh Precious baby Jesus, unto us come near
We put You in the corner, of that little manger stall
Ignoring that You are the One, who is our all in all
We rush about our business, there's a holiday at hand
When we are so worn out, we try to understand
What is the bustle all about, where have we gone astray?
What happened to the simpler times, and our simpler way?
We forget You baby Jesus, in our frenzied giving
We forgot the Son of God, who died but now is living
Without You baby Jesus, there'd be no holiday
By Your little manger bed, Lord I want to stay
But I want to take You with me, every day and every hour
So I can live in You and receive Your power
May I not forget You, every ordinary day
May I walk close by Your side, all along the way
For precious baby Jesus, You came to walk this sod
In order to allow us, to reach the face of God
Help us not forget, that by our side You'll stay
You are here beside us now, not just cradled in the hay

Debbie Preuss

December 21, 2004

DECEMBER DAY DAWNS

As morning dawns on this December day
I think of the Baby, born on the hay
Above the din, a sound was heard
A Baby's cry, Savior of the world
As I look out at the snow
I think of that Baby, born long ago
Tiny Lord Jesus, born to die
The animals heard His very first cry
As His mother fed Him from her breast
She lulled her precious Son to rest
In this strange place, far away
She laid her baby on the hay
This child was not just ordinary
This Son of Joseph and of Mary
This Baby was special, born on this sod
For Jesus was the Son of God
Come to Earth to die for me
So all who believe will be set free
Such an ordinary way
For Jesus to arrive on the appointed day
No hustle or bustle about His birth
Our precious Savior, come to Earth
So I think of the Baby, born on the hay
As morning dawns, this Christmas day

Debbie Preuss ©
December 25, 2007

GOD GAVE HIMSELF AT CHRISTMAS TIME

God gave Himself at Christmas time, on that night so long ago
Born in a lowly manger, among the cattle mooing low
In the bustling town of Bethlehem, rang out a newborn's cry
From the tiny infant Jesus, Son of God most high
He had come down from heaven, His own rightful place
To bring a way of salvation, to the sinful human race
Ten tiny little fingers, ten tiny little toes
I'm sure Mary kissed, her sleeping Jesus' nose
That crowded night in Bethlehem, she held God in her arms
As she fell in love anew, with His little baby charms
For God gave Himself at Christmas time, what an awesome gift
To bridge the gap between Him and man, He came to heal the rift
What an unexpected way, for our Lord on high
To become a human, echoed in an infant's cry
Such a humble beginning, for the King of Kings
I fall down and worship Him, for such peace He brings
What better gift could God give, than to send His Son
As a tiny baby, so the battle could be won
Salvation came at Christmas time, born in a manger stall
To bring peace and love and joy, to the world one and all
If we accept the gift He gave, this peace can be ours too
Love and joy will flood our heart, we will be made new
For born in a lowly manger, among the cattle mooing low
God gave Himself at Christmas time, on that night so long ago

Debbie Preuss

December 10, 2005

His Humble Birth



Tenderly she held her Baby,
And looked at Him with love.
Her heart was filled with wonderment,
about her Christ child from above.

This truly was the Son of God
was what the Angel told.
Her tiny Baby full of grace,
such a wonder to behold.

❖ She thought of what His life would bring,
He was born to set us free.
But she only saw her infant Son,
As a Mothers love would see.

The shepherds came, the wise men too,
To praise His Holy name.
She sat in awe, and held her Child,
While those to worship came.

❖ She must have wondered why God's Son
was born to her this day.
She wanted so much to be worthy,
as she bowed her head to pray.

Mary wrapped her robe a little closer,
around her new born Son.
The chill of this old stable,
must not touch the chosen one.

❖ It was a humble birth,
But a King was born that day.
He came to pay the price for us,
and wash our sins away.



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And looked at Him with love.
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But a King was born that day.
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and wash our sins away.



written by Verna Parks

LONG AGO A BABY BOY

Long ago a little baby boy
Born in Bethlehem, brought great joy
Earth finally beheld the Son of God
Born in a barn amid hay and sod
While those around Him did rejoice
He lifted up His newborn voice
His lungs filled with earthly air
But there were few around to care
Almost unnoticed in the crowd
But Joseph stood there, oh so proud
As Mary watched her baby sleep
Did her wondering heart leap
To think her Son was God's Son too
Come to earth for me and you
Let's turn our hearts this Christmas time
To baby Jesus, as church bells chime
Remember why He came to earth
This Son of God, in mortal birth

Debbie Preuss ©
December 10, 2007

Merry Christmas



It's Almost Jesus' Birthday

**It's almost Jesus' birthday...
So let us not forget.
To give to Him the present,
That He would like the best.
He doesn't want a stocking...
Hung upon the tree.
Or lots of toys or presents,
Like selfish you and me.**

**He only wants our love for Him,
To shine out to the earth.
He wants us to tell others,
About His miracle birth.
He wants us to bring all we know,
To church to worship Him.**

**He wants us to remember...
He died for all our sins.**



**Please focus on His birthday...
The sacrifice God made.
To send His Son to live and die,
So we could all be saved.
This tiny baby Jesus...
Born in a lowly stall.
He came to bring salvation...
To save us one and all.**

**This Christmas has more meaning...
I'm calm and have such peace.
So let us bow before Him,
And worship at His feet.
The church bells now are ringing,
For you and I to bring...
Our gifts of praise and worship...
To our Savior and our King.**

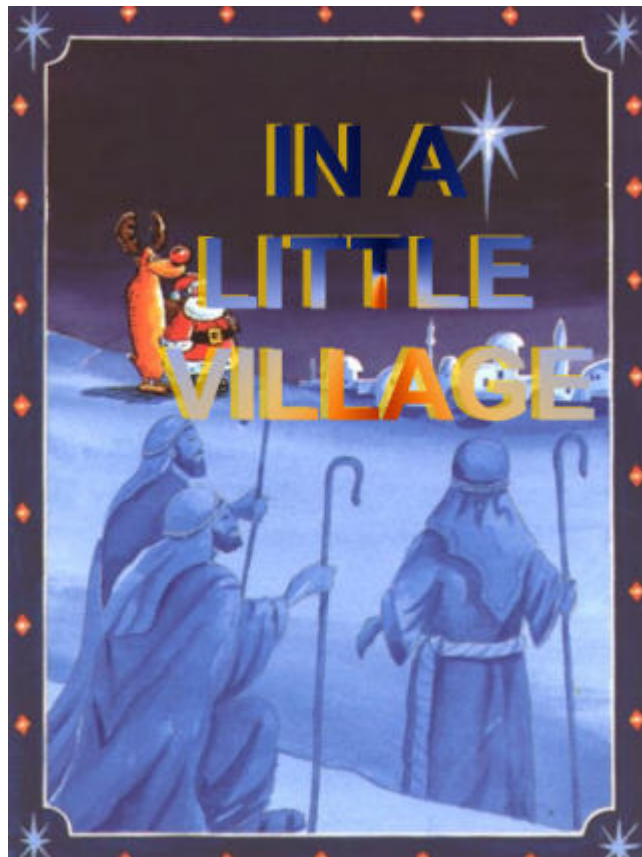
**Written By Valerie Rousseau
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IT'S CHRISTMAS DAY

It's Christmas day in the early morn
On this day, that Christ was born
In a manger filled with hay
As the cattle mooed and the donkey brayed
A world so different from this one
So primitive, to greet God's Son
No hiking shoes to make a path
No running water to take a bath
No planes, trains, or automobiles
No refrigerator to store their meals
But one thing was the same...
Our sinful hearts, that's why He came
He was born to set us free
To pay sin's price for you and me
So on Christmas day, let's celebrate
That Jesus came to change our fate
He is the true and perfect gem
This baby born in Bethlehem

Debbie Preuss ©

December 25, 2005



It was in a little village,
on a simple village night,
when a message for the Ages,
was sent in Timeless Light.



The Star that shone above -

the music Shepherds heard,
was all a song of Love,
that carried God's own Word.

Today we still remember.
Beyond the city's rush;
beyond the tinsel of December,
the Truth calls forth a hush..
Some will pause to listen,
beyond the noisy throng,
they'll see the Star that glistens, ❄
and hear the old sweet Song.

Somewhere in a little village,
a simple scene recalled,
still - in simple mangers,
the wondrous Starlight falls.

The Cowboy, and the cattle;
the Shepherd and the flock,
may hear the Angels singing,
and the Truth is not forgot.



Today we still remember.
Beyond the city's rush,
beyond the tinsel of December,
the Truth calls forth a hush.
Some will pause to listen,
beyond the noisy throng,
they'll see the Star that glistens, ✨
and hear the old sweet Song.

© Betty J. Curtis

MAJESTIC SNOW CAPPED MOUNTAINS

Majestic snow capped mountains, surround the countryside
The grandeur is overwhelming Lord, as I in You abide
Sparkling white snowdrifts, hide the sleeping earth
When the springtime comes, it will have rebirth
The pretty little Blue Jays, do acrobatics for their food
Their silly little antics, lighten up my mood
The suet block hangs frozen, from the barren tree
How they get it off, is so amazing now to see
This blanketed winterland, could tell so many tales
The snowmobiler's try to find them, on their icy trails
The frozen lake sits silent, a blanket of purest white
Waiting for the summer, and the kids who delight
In swimming in it's waters, racing down the slide
Looking for a secret place, in which they can hide
No one walks the frigid beach, on this winter's night
But the moon shines brightly still, sending out it's light
The setting sun sets frosty peaks shining, oh, so red
Oh Lord, You are magnificent, as You put the day to bed
The snow laden trees stand sentinel, on this day so bright
The picture all around me, is such a glorious sight
The air is crisp and clear, as breath freezes in the air
All the many bears, are hibernating in their lair
There is a hint of wood smoke, as someone heats their house
The crackling of the fire, scares out the little mouse
Inside it's warm and cozy, as the family draws near
The flickering of the flames, just adds a note of cheer
Sparkling white snowdrifts, hide the sleeping earth
When the springtime comes, it will have new birth
Majestic, snow capped mountains, surround the countryside
The grandeur is overwhelming Lord, as I in You abide

Debbie Preuss ©

December 29, 2006

This poem was inspired by a little British Columbia town called Blue River where I spent Christmas this year, it is in the foothills of the Monashee Mountains and it is beautiful (and cold)

MARY'S TREASURED MEMORIES

Treasured memories of an angel's call
Her baby to be born in a manger's stall
Flutters of life beneath her breast
God's own Son was her womb's guest
Travelling far, heavy with child
Bethlehem so crowded as labor pains piled
"No room" they heard so many times
In the crush, there was a stable full of grime
No place to be born, the Son of God
No room for Him to enter this sod
Treasured memories carried her through
As she tended this life brand new
When her Son took His first breath
He changed forever the realm of death
She watched Him as He learned to crawl
Picked Him up when He took a fall
As she watched Him sweetly sleep
I wonder, could she look ahead and weep
Treasured memories, His first words

How He watched the lambs and birds
The sound of her name upon His lips
The weight of His body on her hips
The feel of His arms around her neck
The way He gave her cheek a peck
Treasured memories to carry her through
What she knew she had to do
Independence granted day by day
As He followed His Father's way
She watched Him as He went to school
She saw Him live the golden rule
This little boy with skinned up knees
Played and ran, free as the breeze
Treasured moments pondered in her heart
She knew the time would come when they'd part
Frantic, at the temple He was left behind
It took some time to calm her mind
How could she lose the Son of God
To whom was due all praise and laud
She was proud of all the things He'd build
It seemed with talent, He was filled

This little boy, bounced on her knee
Was King of all eternity
His first miracle turned water to wine
Mary was there, she knew the sign
Her Son's ministry was to commence on earth
Precious Jesus, born a virgin's birth
He traveled with His band of disciples, ten
This Son of God and Son of man
He taught us how we should live
Compassion to others, should we give
He drew out many sick and lame
Healing them, when they called His name
Mary heard reports of these things
Keeping them in her heart, like treasured rings
Treasured memories of her firstborn Son
She held to when the day was done
The time came when He was to die
Mary was there when they lifted Him high
Her mother's heart ached and broke
She heard the words that He spoke
Treasured moments of His life

Came to her in this time of strife
All the things she pondered in her heart
Flooded her, as He did depart
His precious flesh drew His last breath
"It is finished" He close His eyes in death
Wailing and weeping, she fell to the ground
Her precious Son, no longer around
Memories of the stable stall
Of tending Him when He was small
His life flashed before her eyes
When He rose again, oh what a surprise
Her mother's heart leaped for joy
To once more behold her little boy
This child to whom she'd given birth
Truly was King of heaven and earth
Treasured memories of an angel's call
Her baby to be born in a manger stall
Flutters of life beneath her breast
God's own Son was her womb's guest
When once again they were apart
Mary pondered these things in her heart

Debbie Preuss Dec. 14, 03




Our Jesus from Galilee

*It must have been a long hard trip,
Into Bethlehem that day.
Mary's thoughts were filled with wondering
As they slowly went their way.*

*She wondered why the Lord chose her,
To be the Mother of his Son.
She thought of what His life would bring
What lay ahead for the Holy One.*

*At last the day was over
The inn was now in sight,
A place to rest her weary body
For this might be the night.*



*No room they said - no room at all,
And Mary's head did nod.
What was His plan? This was His Son.
Oh! But she would trust in God.*

*A worried frown crossed Joseph's brow,
He knew Mary's time was near.
We have to have a place he said.
We can not go from here.*

*The stable then, he pointed out,
That's the best that I can do.*



*There is no room within the inn.
That I can offer you.*

*We know not, if it was a building,
Or a cave against the hill.
Where she laid her precious Baby.
In a manger dark and still.*

*But, a King was born that night.
A King to set us free,
We praise Him now, and love Him
Our Jesus from Galilee.*

written by Verna Parks

Scarlet Ribbons

I peeked in to say good-night
And there I heard my child in prayer
"And for me, some scarlet ribbons
Scarlet ribbons for my hair"

All our town was closed and shuttered
All the streets were dark and bare
In our town, no scarlet ribbons
Scarlet ribbons for her hair

Through the night my heart was aching
Just before the dawn was breaking
In our town, no scarlet ribbons
Scarlet ribbons for her hair

I peeked in and on her bed
In gay profusion lying there
Lovely ribbons, scarlet ribbons
Scarlet ribbons for her hair

If I live to be a hundred
I will never know from where
Came those lovely scarlet ribbons
Scarlet ribbons for her hair

recorded by Harry Belafonte



**Sweet Baby, Jesus, gentle and mild
Born in a manger, sweet, Holy, Child,
Shepherds and Wise Men came from afar,
Seeking a Savior, they followed a star,**

**Sweet Baby, Jesus, sent from above,
Son of our Father gift of God's love,
In realms of glory, angels did sing
Heavens rejoiced as they welcomed a King.**

**Sweet Baby, Jesus, Mary's sweet Child,
Light of our life, sweet Babe so mild,
There in a manger, Thou art adored,
Jesus, we greet Thee, our Savior, our Lord.**

**Sweet Baby, Jesus, send peace to earth,
Lift up all hearts through Thy holy birth.
Now at Thy crib, as evening draws nigh,
Hear this our praises from earth to the skies.**

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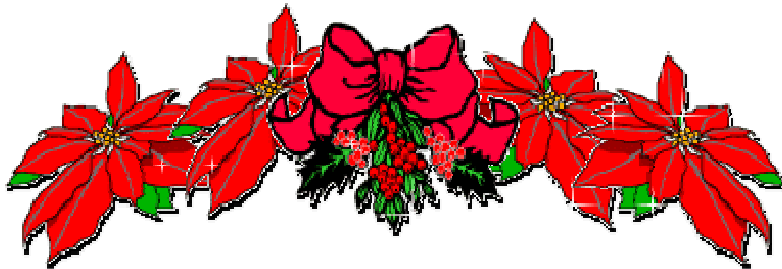
*It isn't the flowing ribbons,
draped and curled with extra care,
or the fine and fancy bows
tied with ornamental flair.*



*It isn't the label on the box,
the sum of money spent,
or anything that shows the length
to which you obviously went.*



*The beauty of a Christmas gift
cannot be seen at all.
For the loveliness of giving
is a feeling, grand and tall.*



*It's the genuine offer of love,
the yearning to make a connection,
a show of honest gratitude,
a display of sincere affection*

THE SNOW IS FALLING GENTLY

The snow is falling gently, onto the barren trees
So each twig is captured, in the white deep freeze
As it floats softly, covering the ground
A new sense of beauty, I have truly found
So clean, crisp, unspoiled, this tablecloth of white
As the snow falls endlessly, through the dark of night
When the dawn approaches, a masterpiece revealed
A gorgeous unspoiled blanket, across the snowy field
All that was impure, has been cleansed anew
Putting on it's winter coat, of the fluffy dew
There is so much beauty, in the newly fallen snow
As it brightens up the day, with it's soft warm glow
Gently turning the mundane, into a winter wonderland
Each snowflake formed, by God's loving hand
So enjoy the beauty, of the white deep freeze
As the snow is falling gently, onto the barren trees

Debbie Preuss ©
December 3, 2005

WHAT WILL YOU ASK GOD FOR?

What will you ask God for, in the coming year?
Will you pray to be happy, or be free from fear?
Will you pray for friends, or ask for health?
Maybe you will ask Him, to give to you more wealth
Caught up in this season, of precious Jesus' birth
What will you ask for?, will it be peace on earth?
Since long ago in Eden, peace on earth hasn't been seen
Nor will it be reality, until God does intervene
Will you ask for a job, to help you pay your bills?
Or ask God to take away, all your various ills
Will you focus for a while, on the very reason
That we even have, this blessed Christmas season?
As you look back, on the year that's ending
Do you have some areas, that need some mending?
What will you do, try to do it on your own?
You will find all you get, is weary to the bone
So what will you ask God for, in the coming year?
Will it be for healing, or for Him to draw near?
Will you thank Him for His Son, the one perfect gift?
Who came to earth, to mend the gaping rift
So we could be with Him, for all eternity
The most precious gift, He gave you and me
So look forward, to a brand new year
Look ahead with hope, though you may shed a tear
Ask God for His blessing, as to Him you pray
By putting your trust in Him, you will be okay

Debbie Preuss ©
December 3, 2005

WHEN I DREAM OF CHRISTMAS

*When I dream of Christmas,
I dream of wondrous things,
of mistletoe and holly, and joy the season brings,*



*Of snowy fields, and rosy cheeks,
sleds careening fast and sleek,
houses lighted, festive, gay,*

preparing for that special day

*When family gathers 'round the tree,
anticipating what will be
in Christmas boxes tied up tight,
colorful wrappings shining bright*



*Sharing love and laughter there,
while grandpa snoozes in his chair,
dinner served with all the trimmings
as we await New Year's beginnings*

*Children scurried off to bed,
on goose-down pillows rest their head,
saying prayers for blessings given,
thanking Him, our Lord in Heaven*

*Grandma reading 'bout the One,
Jesus Christ, His only Son,
enduring pain and sins of man,
King of Kings, the great "I AM"*



*When I dream of Christmas
and wondrous things...*

When Jesus Comes

(Written by Rev. Eric McGrath, December 1999)

[Edited for future years]

If this was the night that Jesus
Came by and He dropped in;
Would He find a warm reception
Or go unnoticed in the din.

Would He hear you speak of Him
With warmth, with love, with joy;
Or would the only conversation
Be about the latest toy.

Would He find your focus
Remembering that bright night,
When the angels spoke to shepherds
- It must have been a sight!

Would your plans include Him
On your visits with family and kin;
Or would He be a bother
And rather not fit in?

But then what if on this night
Not as a babe He came,
But as the ruling King of kings -
Would you gladly speak His name?

Would He find your heart rejoicing
As you fall in humility?
Or would it be fear and trembling
As you bowed on bended knee.

The question I ask is simple
The choice is very clear.
Is He in a manger still
Or in your heart so near?

He didn't come to give us
Just another holiday.
He came to live within us
As His Word does clearly say.

So now on this Christmas Eve,
As you are thinking everything is fine;

Jesus stands at your heart door
Maybe - one last time.

He offers you forgiveness
Peace and heaven above
If you will but receive Him
And know His tender love.

And if it is our last Christmas
And another we don't see;
I wonder, friend, about you,
Next year - where is it you will be?

My prayer for you is this
That you might let Him in,
And take from off your shoulders
The burden of your sin.

Then if it's our last Christmas,
We will join the heavenly throng;
Singing "Holy, holy, holy"
This eternal praise in song.

Now just this closing question
Will Jesus find a spot
Of welcome in your home and heart
The free amongst the bought?

WHERE IS THE CHRISTMAS FEELING?

Where is the Christmas feeling, where has it gone today?
With so much materialism, has it simply faded away?
Tired looking bell ringers, stand by the charity kettles
Even the poinsettias droop, and slowly drop their petals
People running here and there, buying what they can't afford
Does anyone take the time, to spend time with the Lord?
In the midst of daily life, with all it's stress and trouble
Does anyone remember the baby, born in the manger stable?
Where is the Christmas feeling, the luster has all gone?
As lights blink wearily, on the ornaments on the lawn
Santa's on the rooftop, Rudolph's on the peak
But where is the wonder of Christmas, the feeling that I seek?
Shops are crowded with people, bustling here and there
They are running, running, but never going anywhere
The wonder in the child's eyes, has been replaced by greed
Wanting this, wanting that, more than they'll ever need
Where is the Christmas feeling, where has it gone today
Many do not know about, the baby in the hay
May we always remember, God's only Son was born
In a simple stable, no fancy clothing to adorn
He IS the Spirit of Christmas, not the feeling that I seek
He is always faithful, every day of every week
When I focus on Lord Jesus, the feelings do not matter
Thinking of His love for me, makes my heart go pitter patter
Then I get the Christmas feeling, when I set my eyes on Him
No matter what the circumstance, He will never grow dim
So grasp the Christmas Spirit, He is here today
With so much materialism, remember the baby in the hay

Debbie Preuss

December 11, 2004

WHERE IS YOUR HEART THIS CHRISTMAS?

Where is your heart this Christmas, is it far away?
With loved ones who are gone, or who have gone astray?
Is this your very first Christmas, that you've spent alone?
Do memories echo, through the hallways of your home?
Is there an emptiness, do you feel your heart will break?
Do you feel like you're in a dream, and pray that you'll awake?
To find your life simpler, like it was before
I pray my friend that you'll turn, to Jesus Christ the Lord
He'll heal the broken places, if you let Him in
He will bring a calmness, to the overwhelming din
So if your heart is far away, due to death or loss
Bring your burdens to Jesus, and lay them at the cross

Where is your heart this Christmas, is it full of joy?
Does it bubble over with thankfulness, for Mary's baby boy?
Are your loved ones all around you, friends and family?
When you think of Christmas, does your heart soar free?
Do you see the wonder, shining in a child's eyes?
Sense the anticipation, revel in their great surprise?
Does your heart overflow, in this season of giving?
Do you worship Jesus Christ, the Savior who is living?
Invite Him into your world, this very Christmas time
Then you will know beyond a doubt, He is the Savior divine
So no matter where your heart is, full of joy or far away
Bring your heart to Jesus, He's the blessing who will stay

Debbie Preuss (c)
December 23, 2004