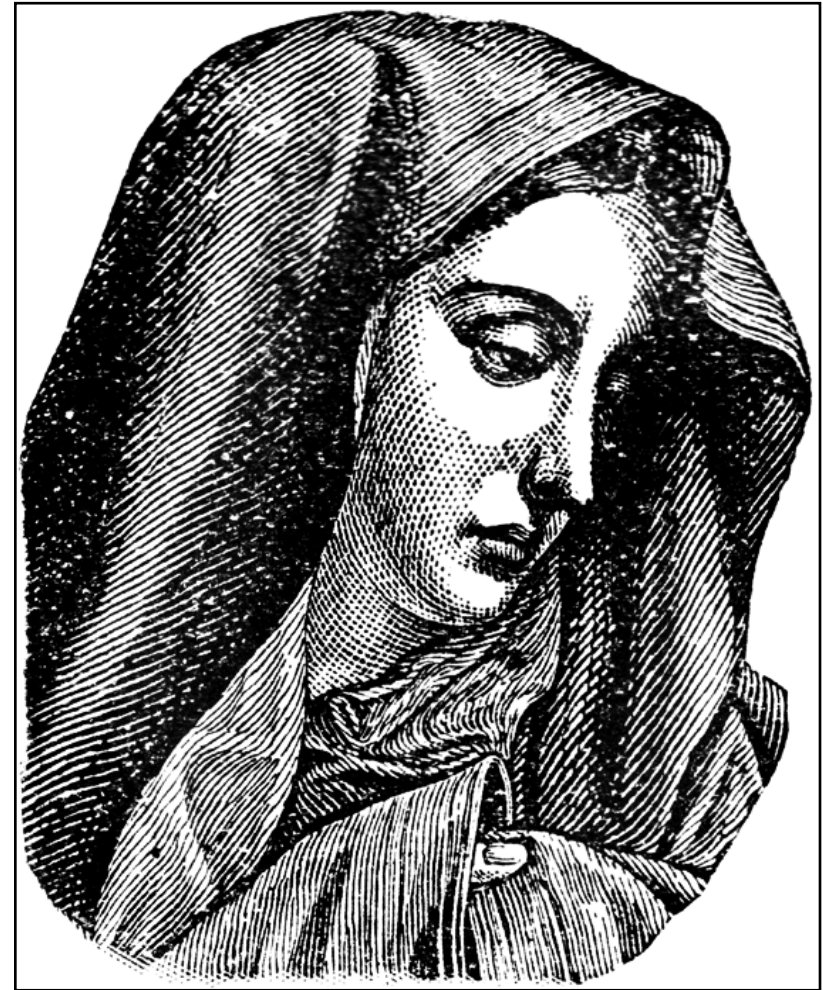


Lynne and I wish you a Merry Christmas. May the treasure of the Christ-child, God's most precious gift of love, be with you this day and throughout the coming year.

Peace and Joy in Christ,  
Pastor V and Lynne



**Christmas  
2009**

## Mary's Eyes

*And she gave birth to her firstborn son and wrapped him in bands of cloth, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn. Luke 2:7*

The swaddling cloth so rough and raw  
Enwrapped the newborn's skin  
The night that Christ the Lord was born  
To take away our sin.

'Twas in a stable birth took place  
For Mary and the child.  
She held him close in loving arms  
And graced him with her smile.

Her eyes gazed deep upon the babe  
With angel's words in mind  
That child she held was God's dear Son  
Who'd save all humankind.

As Mary's eyes took in the sight  
Of manger filled with hay,  
She gently laid the Christ-child there  
And then began to pray.

*Dear God, I thank you for this child  
That you have given me.  
I pray for strength of faith and heart  
To worthy mother be.*



*I know because the angel said  
This child has special place  
He'll be the Savior of the world,  
Your grandest gift of grace.*

Her eyes began to fill with tears,  
Deep mystery filled the air.  
It humbled her to think that God  
Chose her his Son to bear.

*Dear God, I pray for strength and grace  
To answer this great call  
To nurture child with your great love  
For him to save us all.*

*I know not why you've chosen me  
To bear your Son to earth.  
I am unworthy for this part  
In drama of his birth.*

*And yet I trust your gracious hand  
To lead me ever still  
O'er path unknown in ways ungrasped  
That done may be your will.*

Again her eyes surveyed the sight  
Of Jesus on the hay,  
And smile pursed lips upon her face  
As thought she of that day.

In that great moment of her joy  
She surely couldn't know  
Redemption's path would lead to cross—  
The way he'd have to go.

Redemption's road is twisting path  
From manger to the cross  
With many unexpected turns  
To purify our dross.

From Bethlehem to Golgotha  
The twisting path would ply.  
On Calvary he'd give his life  
To give us life on high.

The tears in Mary's eyes that night  
The Christ-child dear was born  
Were foretaste of the tears to come  
One Holy Friday morn.

Her eyes looked on as her dear son  
On cross was nailed to die.  
Now shared she common grief with God  
As Son was crucified.

Back to the night that Christ was born  
Her thoughts might well have fled  
Remembering the swaddling cloths  
That warmed him in crude bed.



The swaddling cloth so rough and raw  
Abrading baby's skin  
Prophetic was of rough hewn cross  
Endured to bear our sin.

The eyes of Mary saw the price  
Her dear son had to pay  
To give us everlasting life  
On resurrection day.

Her eyes no doubt bear sadness now  
As she see's what we've done  
To push Christ out of Christmas  
And ignore her precious son.

The focus of this holy day  
We've deftly pushed aside  
And blindly chased the latest things  
That money can provide.

It's not the gifts; it is God's gift  
That makes this day so grand—  
The holy Son, Lord Jesus Christ.  
Who sits at his right hand.

This Christmas as the day draws nigh  
I hope and dearly pray  
That we like Mary look in awe  
At Christ-child abed on hay.