

One of my favorite Christmas decorations is the figurine of the kneeling Santa. It attempts to put our celebration of Christmas into perspective.

As I thought about this Christmas letter, I began to think about how St. Nicholas might feel if he saw our celebration of Christmas today. Surely, it would sadden him to see how his gift of devotion to Christ has been treated in contemporary culture. That led to the poem in this year's letter.

Amid all the glitz and glitter of the commercial enterprise that has co-opted this holy season, may our eyes be focused on the most precious Gift of all, the Gift of God's love given in the birth of the Christ-child.

The Vige Family,
Pastor, Lynne, Beth and Tim



Santa Weeping at the Manger

Santa Weeping at the Manger

I once did come and kneel before you
To bow my head in rev'rent prayer.
I asked you for your grace to guide me
In life your love to live and share.

You sent me out in joy and gladness
And off I went to far off place.
To bring some hope to those disheartened,
I let your love shine through my face.

Became I known for my great kindness
While giving gifts to share your love.
I blessed the lives so filled with sorrow
While sharing Gift from you above.

The young and old, the sick, imprisoned—
They all were blessed—your love received.
I gave them all my world's possessions
Because I with my heart believed.

For you had blessed me to be blessing
To share your love in all I do,
I gave my life in great devotion
To show the goodness come from you.

Rewarded I was for my compassion—
A bishop made because your love
Had filled my many acts of kindness
Reflecting Gift that's from above.

My hope and prayer in all gifts given
Was that your love be felt in gift—
A gift that's small and pales beside you,
True Gift from God our lives uplift.

But through the years my sorrow's growing
To see the way my legacy lives—
Surpassing you in minds of many—
True Gift of Christmas the Father gives.

So now I come and kneel by manger,
And tears of sorrow flood my eyes.
I grieve that I am now the center.
For you, O Christ, are he who died.

You are the Gift of love enduring—
The Gift of God that came to earth,
To bear the sins of all creation
And give us life through our new birth.

I doubt that I can change the notion
Of what bereaves my heart of joy—
To see the gifts of love I render
Become a tool for Satan's ploy.

The twist he turned is quite deceitful;
To take a gift of pure intent
And soil it with a greed so sinful
It changes course for which it's meant.

So now as Christmas comes before us,
We get consumed by all the craze
Of giving/getting things that tarnish
While failing Gift of God to praise.

I kneel before your manger weeping
For all the mess my good works made.
For all the joy that moved my kindness,
Before me there's in manger laid.

You Lord, not I, are truly the center—
The Gift of love gave God that day
To save us all from sin's destruction—
The Gift of God asleep on hay.

I pray, O Lord, a deep heartfelt prayer
That I decrease while you do grow
To be more important than ever I was
That you as Savior all might know.

C. Handlee Vige

© 2007