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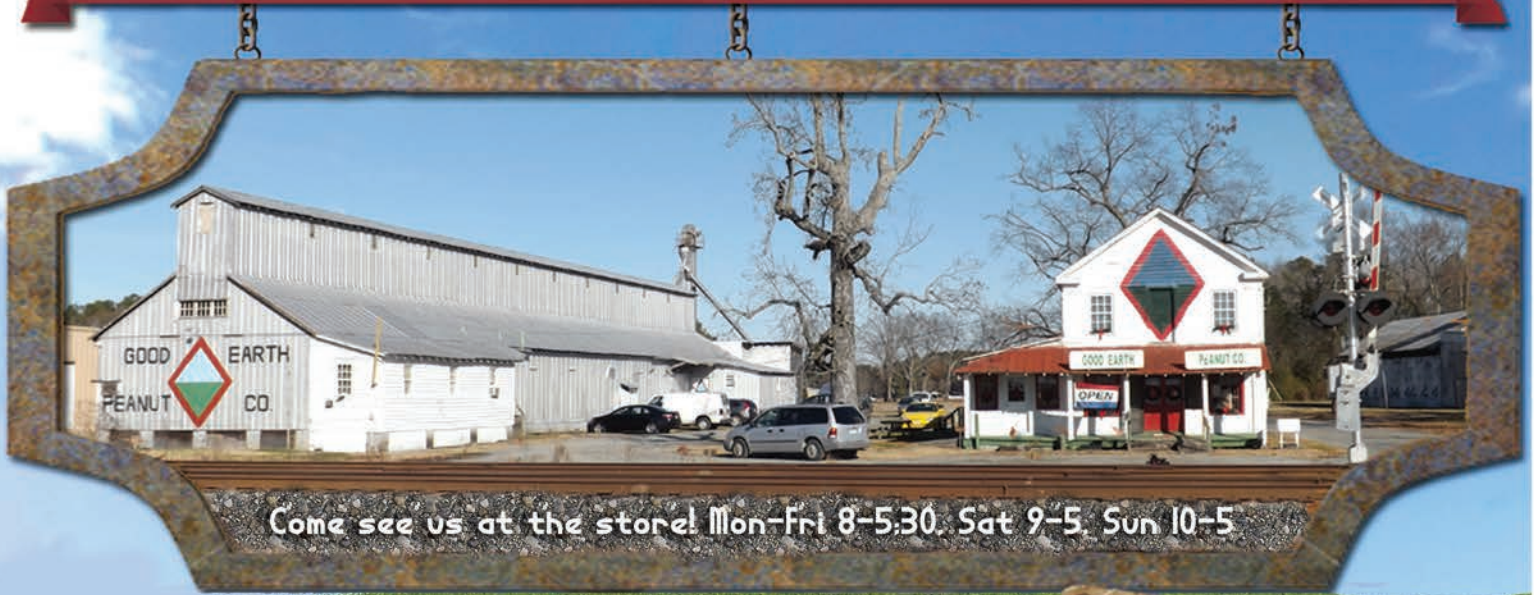


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# The Village Smithy Of Bethlehem

Although A Work Of Fiction, Still This Is A Christmas Story Of Hope And Faith.

A Narrative Compiled By  
Dr. T. D. Worthington

My name is Joseph. No, not *that Joseph*. I have never been to Egypt in my entire life. Oh, no, I am not *that other Joseph either*, I was not married to a lady named Mary, although I did get the opportunity to meet her, and I do feel a special attachment to her husband... more about that later. Anyway, this is my workshop. I am a smith...a smithy. I am a blacksmith and my name is Joseph. I am glad we finally got that cleared up! My work is to fashion all kinds of things out of metal; plows, shovels, nails, rakes, hinges...all kinds of things. This was my Dad's shop, he's dead now, but he was a great smithy. He is the one that taught me the trade. I miss him quite a bit.

Let me tell you a story. About a year ago, just before Dad died, I was called to replace some hinges on an old stable door. As I arrived, sure enough, there

was a heavy wooden door, supported by three hinges. Two of the hinges were completely broken, the one remaining hinge was supporting all the weight. It was rusted and bending under the heavy load. The owner was right to call me. The heavy door was going to fall at any moment. What I needed to do was to take some measurements, go back to the shop and fashion some new hinges, while hoping the old ones might hold for another couple of days. As I began to examine the hinges closer, it became apparent to me that Dad had built those hinges years ago. The quality of his workmanship was still apparent under layers of rust and corrosion.

So, with the measurements in hand I went back to the shop, fired up my furnace, prepared the raw metal, and began to hammer out the new hinges. The next day I took the new hinges back

to the job site, removed the old hinges, and installed the new ones. I was pretty proud of the job I had done. I remember wondering if my hinges would last as long as Dad's. Now, a smithy doesn't waste anything. Metal can be reused, so I placed the old rusty and broken hinges in my work box and took them back to the shop. Upon my arrival, I removed my tools from the box and took out the old hinges one by one and placed them on the bench. My plan was to melt them down later and reuse them for another project.

Well, about that time Dad came into the shop and saw the hinges lying on the bench. Recognizing his own work, he appeared to be intrigued by the hinges and asked where they came from. I told him they came from the stable doors at the inn. He picked up one of the old hinges and held it tightly in his

old calloused hand. As old memories flooded his mind, he said, “*son, let me tell you a story.*”

“About thirty years ago I received a request from the innkeeper to replace the hinges on his stable door. The taxation was taking place and with the increased traffic using the stable, he was afraid the old hinges would fall apart. Of course, that would give occasion for the animals to get out and for predators and vagrants to get in. So, just like you, I fashioned some new hinges, *these right here*, and returned to install them on the doors.

When I arrived the next day, I was shocked to see a young couple huddled in the corner. At first, I assumed they were vagrants that had taken advantage of the open doors. However, the man assured me they had permission to be there—and any way—I noticed his wife was pregnant—so, I decided not to question them any further and just ignore their presence. But, I couldn’t! There was something about them—I couldn’t put my finger on it—just something. Son, you know we always try to do a good job, but barn doors just don’t usually get quite the same level of attention that more important doors might receive. But not this time. I made sure those hinges fit perfectly. I found that the man, whose name was Joseph, was a carpenter from Nazareth. Now, as you might imagine the main focus of his attention was always on his wife, but he still took the time to help me make sure the door would close tightly to keep out the cold air. I remember telling Joseph that he appeared to be a victim of bad timing. I mean, with a wife giving birth in a stable, miles away from home on a cold winter’s night. But, he smiled and assured me that the birth of the child was coming at God’s perfect time. What could I do but agree?

As a carpenter, he noticed that originally there were two hinges on the door, but I replaced them with three. He complemented my work and agreed it took three hinges to properly hang such a heavy door. The project took a little longer than I anticipated, and even though the night was falling, it seems as if the Lord made the stars shine brighter on our worksite so we could get the job done. They were most kind and grateful for my efforts. His wife, her name was Mary, even commented that the Lord must have sent me to make sure the stable could be buttoned up tight. Well, after I finished my work, we said our goodbyes and I made my way back to the shop.

I saw them several times after that night and had the privilege of meeting their infant Son, His name was Jesus. That little fellow had the most piercing eyes. It’s like He could see your very soul. Anyway, He was a cute little guy. I also had opportunity to work with Joseph on some projects around town for the next couple of years. He needed the extra money, was a good carpenter, and frankly I needed the help. I guess the Lord was meeting both of our needs. Sadly, they quite suddenly moved away, I later found they went to Egypt, and it was a good thing too, for Herod ordered the death of all the little boys two years old or younger. That certainly would have meant death for Jesus. That was a horrible time in our little town.

Now, your Mom and I had been praying for a child—*for you son*—but God had not seen fit to allow it to happen. We agonized over being childless and couldn’t understand why God would not grant this blessing. Later, we understood when you were born about six months after the slaughter. Thank God, He delayed the answer to our prayers. I remembered the words

of Joseph, about how his little boy was born at God’s perfect timing. I soon realized, so was mine! Actually son, I had such a high regard and appreciation for Joseph, that’s how you got your name...in honor of him.

I had often thought about that little family and what became of them. As the years went by I began to hear about a fellow named Jesus who was a prophet and miracle worker from Nazareth. I had often wondered if it was that same little boy. Eventually, I had the opportunity to meet Him, and sure enough I found He was the same little fellow that was born in the stable that night so many years ago. Once again, I saw those same piercing eyes...eyes that conveyed love and compassion...but also commanded respect. I introduced myself and told him about His dad helping me repair the stable door so they could be safe and warm. I told Him that out of all the doors I’d ever hung, I had always considered that one to be special. I had even gone back to that door several times over the years just to look inside that old stable and remember that sacred night.

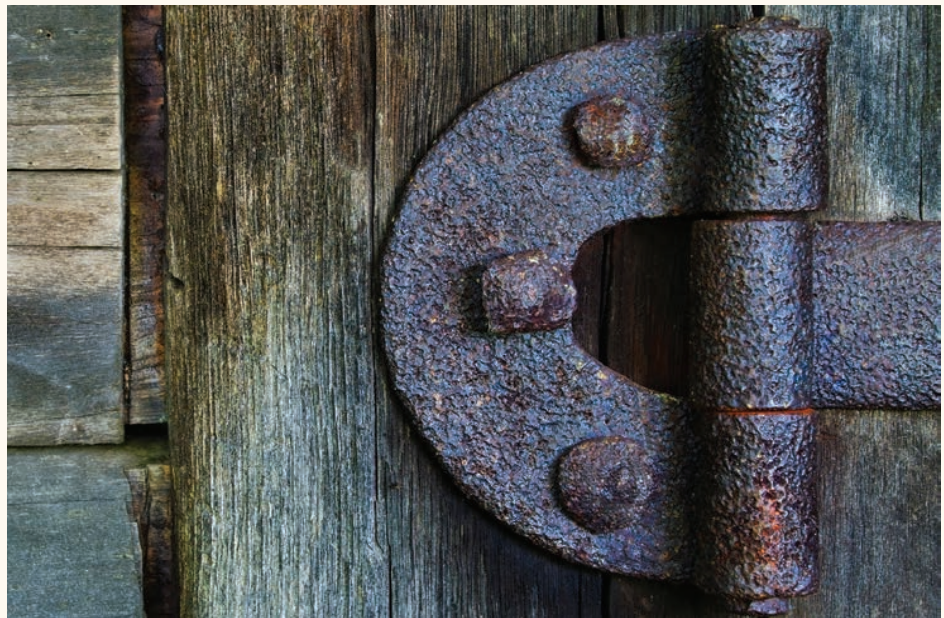


He told me He understood how important a good door could be, but now there was a door of safety for the world, He said *“I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved.”*

Son, to be honest, I didn't understand all that He said, but this I am sure of, He is a great man. Some say He is the Messiah. I am not sure about that, but I do know He is a man of God. That was obvious. I also told Him about you, son, and that I hoped you might get to know each other one day. He seemed excited about the prospect of meeting you and was especially pleased that you were named after His father. Son, if you ever get chance to see Him, don't pass up the opportunity. You'll never be the same.

You see son, that's why those hinges are so special for they helped protect that humble family that night, and they helped keep the little child warm from the cold winter's air. Those hinges also gave me the opportunity to meet some of the finest folks I have ever known. Although I did not go back to visit them that night, I understand these hinges also allowed easy access for some shepherds that came to honor Him. Three simple hinges for a stable door, but for me they were one of the most important jobs I have ever done.”

After Dad shared the story I took those hinges and decided just to hang them up on the wall. Somewhat of a memento of a special night; a remembrance of some of Dad's greatest work. Even after Dad died, I kept them in a special place on the workshop wall. And there they stayed until late one night a Roman soldier came beating upon my door. He said he had been sent to get some nails. Although it seemed like a strange request for the middle of the night, I said sure, as I usually kept a few nails in stock and asked what kind of nails he needed. He explained that he required



nails for a crucifixion taking place the next morning. Of course, I didn't have that kind of nail, for two reasons. First, I just preferred not to have anything to do with Roman executions, and second, the Romans had their own smithy. He usually handled any work the military needed. However, the soldier explained that their smithy was sick and although they always kept nails in reserve, an additional execution of an insurrectionist and murderer named Barabbas left them three nails short. I explained that I didn't have that type of nail, and furthermore I didn't even have the metal in stock to make them. All of that of course was true. There is no way I was going to deceive a Roman soldier.

Then he looked up and saw the old rusty hinges hanging on the wall. *“Use those”*, he said. I explained that they were very special to me as my Dad had made them over thirty years back, and that now he was dead so they were even more special. Of course, the soldier didn't care about any of that. He knew he could be punished for failing in his mission, and I could be punished for disobeying his order, so he commanded me to fashion the nails from the hinges and told me to bring them to the place of the skull by 8:30 the next morning.

I immediately fired up the furnace. It would be difficult to get the job done that quickly. I had to work fast. Reluctantly, I took the hinges off the wall, gave them one parting glance, and sadly cast them into the furnace. With every beat of the hammer I was saddened that the old hinges were being destroyed, and saddened that they would soon be used to nail someone to a cross. I finished the work just in time to get them delivered as ordered.

On the hill top two men had already been crucified. The scene was gruesome. I felt sickened by what I saw. Now, I have no problem with the concept of capital punishment for such crimes as authorized by the law of God, but there are some sites you just would rather not see. I tried to give the three nails to a soldier, but he wouldn't take them. He said I would have to give them to the Centurion who would be arriving shortly with the third condemned man. I really didn't want to wait around, but it appeared I had no choice.

As the noise of the crowd began to intensify, I saw the procession advancing up the hillside. At first, I assumed the fellow carrying the cross was the man who would be crucified,

but I soon determined that someone else was carrying the cross and the condemned prisoner was staggering up behind him. As they drew closer I had to turn my head from what I saw. Never had I seen a man so beaten and bruised. I didn't know the man, but the way he looked, I wouldn't have recognized him even if he had been a close friend.

As He arrived at the crest of the hill, the cross was thrown on the ground, and the man was placed upon it. The Roman Centurion called out, ***“Where are the nails?”*** I ran to bring the freshly forged spikes to the soldier. He examined my work and with a smile on his face and mockery in his voice he looked down at the condemned man and said, ***“These should do nicely, after all, it will require three strong nails to hang Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.”*** What did he say? I thought it was to be a man named Barabbas, but he called him Jesus. Could this be that same Jesus that Dad had met when he was but a child? Was this the man of God he had told me about?

Yes, yes it was. There was no doubt. Rather than look at the smirking soldier, Jesus looked at the spikes and then He looked directly at me—as if—as if, He knew me. In spite of all His pain I saw the love and compassion in His eyes, just as dad told me, I saw it, too. He looked as if, He knew a friend had made those nails. However, I didn't feel like a friend. I felt like I had not only betrayed this man of God, but my own father, also.

As they readied to drive the spikes, the spikes I had just forged, the spikes made from the hinges of the stable door, with tearful eye I walked away. I wanted to leave that place, but something compelled me to stay. I heard His words of compassion from the cross.



I witnessed the jeering crowd. I was especially grateful that I had opportunity to meet His mother. I was hoping to meet her husband, my namesake, but sadly I was told he had passed away some time back.

After Jesus died, I heard the Centurion, the very one who sent the soldier who ordered me to make the nails, he said ***“Truly, this was the Son of God.”*** You know something? He was right. There was no other answer for all the things I had seen.

I left the hill top along with others to prepare for the Passover. But, I left as a follower of Jesus Christ. Making my way down the hillside I remember thinking, ***it was my sins that forged those spikes. I am a sinful man. Those spikes should have been mine. Indeed, they were mine, I once owned them and my father owned them before me, but Jesus Christ took ownership of those spikes and received them in my place. I remembered how Dad had told me that Jesus was the door. Suddenly, it all made sense, three spikes from three hinges, because it takes three hinges to properly hang such a mighty door. Once again, the work from our little shop held a door, the only door that led to God. But, this time it was not the door of a stable, but the door of salvation.***

I thought about how the hinges that dad installed on the stable door would have swung open to allow easy access to anyone who wanted to worship Jesus, apparently only the shepherds accepted the offer. It is likely that dozens of others walked by the stable door that night without so much as a pause. After all, they were busy. They had things to do. Anyway, could anything of real importance be going on in a stable?

I thought of how Jesus, the door who hung on the cross, was the same way. Anyone had access to worship Him, but only one of the men dying on the cross beside Him accepted the offer. Dozens of others could have, but they chose not to. After all, I am sure most would not think that anything of importance could come from a condemned man hanging on a cross. But, they were wrong. He alone had the words of life. I knew it, and so did the repentant thief.

Just like those shepherds, I worshipped the King within that door. I received Jesus as my Saviour. I would later meet other followers of Christ, I would be baptized, receive the Holy Spirit, and become an active member in the church. As a matter of fact, I was proud to be one of the 500 who saw my resurrected Lord. We all saw His scars, but no one saw them quite the same as me. You see, I forged the spikes that made them.



I can tell you this, when I first started meeting with other believers, I was afraid that they would not receive me once they found out that I had forged the nails that pierced the Lord, but I was wrong. They were all understanding and forgiving. Apparently, they found it far easier to forgive me, than it was for me to forgive myself. Such is the nature of the members of our little church.

So, what am I doing now? Well I'm still a smithy, and still forging all kind of things out of metal; plows, shovels, nails, rakes, hinges...all kinds of things...just like before, but now I am

Christian smithy. I can also tell you this, not a day goes by that I don't look up at that blank space on my workshop wall; the place where the hinges used to hang. As I gaze at the empty void, the Holy Spirit reminds me. The hinges dad forged are now gone, because they have finished their work and are no longer needed. They helped shelter the holy family while providing

access to those who wished to worship the infant King.

The nails I forged are also gone, they too have finished their work and are no longer needed. They did the work God wanted them to do as the Lamb of God was sacrificed to pay for the sins of the whole world. Now, the space is empty, but that empty space reminds me of my latest forging project for the Lord, and that is, I am busy trying to forge my life into the image of Jesus Christ. My goal... is to fashion my life, and then clearly display it in a way that might bring Him the most honor and glory.



*Dr. Worthington has been in the ministry over forty years and serves as President of Pathway Ministries.*



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Your Christmas SuperStations!



## Looking Back

2020 has been a rough year for many of us. So many things have been unpredictable and we've all had to learn to adapt a little bit from our standard of normality. As this crazy year comes to a close, we are looking back on these past twelve months with gratefulness. We've been blessed with successful *Mini-Share-A-Thons*, hundreds of new supporters, and another year of opportunities to serve our Lord.

Since the founding of our first station, 88.7 - *WAGO* in 1998, we



would have never guessed that over twenty plus years later we would be broadcasting on eight full power stations, broadcasting world-wide via online at [www.gomixradio.org](http://www.gomixradio.org), and also streaming two additional online stations, *Serene* and *GoMix Gold*.

The Christmas season always seems to bring with it many warmhearted memories. We think of loved ones gathered around the tree. We see kids and grandkids that used to need help opening presents, now all grown up, and some with families of their own. Some of us see an empty place at the table for a loved one no longer with us. Although we may miss them terribly, there is still fondness and joy of remembering the times we shared together.

There are so many names and faces that cross our minds as we think

back since the time of that humble beginning years ago at *GoMix Christian Radio*. Staff that have now gone on to be with the Lord, others that have moved away, so many **Faith Partners** that have supported us for years... what a blessing this adventure has been. Thank you for making this possible. From our family to yours, have a Merry, Christ-filled Christmas.

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# Take Time



*“Have you finished shopping yet? What about decorating? That’s finished, isn’t it? Oh, goodness! The house has to be cleaned before everyone arrives. You didn’t forget that office Christmas party, did you? Little Johnny’s going to be a shepherd in the Christmas play, and you’ll need to make his costume. You can provide some refreshments for that too, right? Where are the best sales? Little Sally wants that one special doll, and it’s only on sale for a short period of time. Don’t forget you’re on a budget this year. Do you have any coupons? You’ll need to work some overtime to pay for all of this. Great, you forgot the stocking stuffers! Can you do anything right?”*

Does any of this sound familiar? Ah, the sounds and thoughts of Christmas. They affect us all to some degree. “Tis the season” can very quickly turn into, “Hurry up and be over so I can catch a break” for many of us... and what a tragedy it is! How did we get here? How do we change the way things are?

Take time to take time. It’s okay to say “no”. It’s okay if the house smells like your pup, Fido, instead of Pumpkin

Spice or a fresh Christmas tree. It’s okay if you can’t volunteer to make the robes for the entire church choir by yourself this year. It’s okay if you can’t spend four hours making that 15 layer chocolate cake everyone requests at every function you need to bring refreshments to. It’s okay. It’s going to be okay. Does it mean you’re not perfect? Yes. But guess what? None of us are! Does it mean someone, somewhere will judge you? Yes. But who cares?

When the tasks of the season become a burden and begin to outweigh the joys of Christmas, it’s time to step back and take time to take time. At that point, the focus of Christmas has been taken off of the One Who deserves the most attention and has become what it was never meant to be. Christ came, lived, died, and rose again so that our burdens would be lifted, not to give us more of them. Don’t let the celebration of Christmas become burdensome. Keep the focus on Him. Sure, help out when and where you can, but don’t get so busy that you lose sight of the Reason we celebrate. Happy Birthday, Jesus!



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# Mary's Tremendous Moment of Faith



*Dr. Randy Spatigh*

Christmas brings me to one of my favorite verses of scripture. These are the words of Mary that were uttered just after Gabriel had made known to her that she would give birth to the “Son of the Highest.” This is the way she responds: ***“Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word.”*** This passage is in **Luke 1: 38** and is one of the many stories that is only in Luke. I have seen over the years that the meaning of some verses is lost in translation. I believe that this is one of them. While this verse is great just as it is, it has a much deeper meaning than we see at first glance. And it speaks directly to us.

Let me introduce you to a word. The word is “doulos”. It is the word James uses when he refers to himself in **James 1:1**. It is defined as “a male slave.” Not only does James refer to himself this way but so does Paul, Peter, and Jude. It is not the word “servant” as many have translated it. This is not an “*I don’t do windows*” kind of servant, but a slave who does what his master asks. What does this have to do with Mary? The word

“handmaid” is “doulee.” This is a female slave. That is important, hang on to it.

Another interesting word is “Lord.” It is the word “kyrios”. This word always refers to the master. It refers only to the one who owns the slave. It is not the word “sir” as some have suggested. Let me offer to you my translation of the text: *“Behold the slave of my master; be it unto me according to thy word.”* She does not agree to do what she has been asked but submits to be the person her Master has called her to be. Please read the story carefully. She is never asked if she will be cooperative, that was decided when she made God her Master. This is true every time our God calls anyone to do anything. God does not ask Mary if she would like to be the mother of the Messiah or if she had time. That was settled when He became her Master. God is not known to take “no” for an answer. If you do not believe me, just go back and read the prophet Jonah.

For us, this has two implications. First of all, we are to do what He asks. In **John 13: 34** Jesus says; ***“A new***

*commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.”* We have given the Church a black eye by ignoring this verse. We are so busy being right that we have forgotten that is not our task. Our task is to love others even if they are wrong, live differently than we believe they should, or even belong to another religion. How will you ever share with them the love of Jesus when the opportunity is right if you are unloving and unkind to them? Primarily, we are to do this because the Master said so.

Secondly, the Master does not have to tell the slave why he requires anything. If the slave is asked to mop the floor, the Master does not have to tell him why he is to mop it. Perhaps there will be an important meeting here tomorrow, but the Master does not have to let the slave know that will be the case. Mary is not given the details of the days ahead of her. A friend of mine was going to the church on Saturday night just to look over the sermon one more time. He passed by a parishioner’s home and felt the nudge of the Holy Spirit (or however God decided to communicate) to stop by to see her. There were plenty of reasons to ignore the nudge; he was busy, it was getting too late, and he was not dressed for the occasion. The feeling would not go

away, and he turned around in the church parking lot even though he thought he might be crazy.

He found that the lady had just passed away and the adult daughter was there alone waiting for the funeral home to arrive. In her grief, she did not have an idea what to do next. Most pastors who have been in the business long have had some kind of similar experience. Here again, he knew what to do but just did not know why he was supposed to do it. How many times did we have the feeling that we needed to reach out but were just too busy? We may never know how God could have used us.

You see, we are not here to do our best and call on our Father if the going gets rough. We are here to seek His desire (*seek His face*) and then do what He wants. It is not that He is not here. We are just too busy to notice.



*Dr. Randy Spaugh is a long-time contributor to PathPointe Magazine and a Retired Pastor now residing in Kinston, N.C.*

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What a year this has been! January started with great expectations and Covid-19 hit. On March 13<sup>th</sup>, we got out of school for what we thought was a short time. We prepared to be out for two weeks. Once we realized this was to be extended, we came up with a plan for our students to continue their studies. We had to cancel *Spring Share-a-thon*. It did not seem the right time to be asking families for support when they were out of work themselves and unsure when they would be back to work. Our church services were canceled, and our pastor and many others were trying to find ways to minister to their people.

If you would have told me we would still be dealing with the coronavirus at Christmas time back in March, I would not have believed you. I would have said, “No way.” In fact, when it first came out, it appeared to me to

be another variety of the flu. At the present, I have seen many businesses close and others file for bankruptcy.

This year we have had rioting in the streets. It appears that there is an unending list of atrocities attributed to this year. A policeman that mistreated a man, and it caused his death. This happened around Memorial Day. Since then there have been all kinds of cases of abuse and accusations nationwide. I realize there is corruption everywhere, but I have faith in our policemen. I believe the majority of them are good people and that they have our best interests at heart. Should improprieties be dealt with? Of course, all criminal acts and injustices against all people should be dealt with.

Actually, I would have to say I have more faith in our policemen than I do in most of our politicians. Our

policemen put their lives on the line to protect us. Most of our politicians want to spend our money and further their agendas. They are not looking out for our country. They love only themselves and the power they feel they have. They do not love America. There may be a few politicians that love America, but they are few and far between. When Americans vote, do they vote for what is best for our country, or do they vote for what is best for their personal agendas? Was this election an honest one? I will let you decide that.

This election was impossible to escape. We saw ads on every show we watched. There was no way to know what to believe. The ads contradicted each other. Well, someone was lying. It wasn’t just the ads; the media contradicted each other as well. I miss the days when we could trust most of what the news reported.

It has been hard not to be down in the dumps. I am thankful we are able to be in school. I do not like all of the regulations we have to follow, but we make the best of it. I am thankful we can be in church now. We have scaled back some, but we are there. The radio station has had several mini share-a-thons and our listeners have been very supportive. We are able to worship and own Bibles, at least for now. Our government has not taken away our freedom of religion.

I was contemplating these things on the way to school one morning. I have four of my grandchildren riding with me to school each day. We were discussing various things. Normally they are talking about a superhero or one of the games they play at school, but some days we have deeper conversations.

One of the places we like to go as a family is *Meadow Lights*. It is an annual tradition. The children had learned that *Meadow Lights* would be closed this year. One of them turned to me and asked if Covid-19 would be gone by Christmas. I had to honestly say I didn't know. They all said, "It can't ruin Christmas."

Ruin Christmas? How could a virus ruin Christmas? I began to realize the only way that anything could ruin Christmas was if we let it. It has been a tough year,

but many other countries in the world have had it much worse. In some places in the world, people worship in secret, and they die if their faith were made public. But in America, we are still able to put our manger scenes in the yard and put our lights on the Christmas tree. We are can cook our favorite meals and sing our favorite Christmas carols. We are able to give gifts and show our love to each other.

Most importantly, we can still show our love for our Saviour. Christmas is about Jesus who was born in a stable over 2000 years ago. He grew into a man and walked on this earth so we could learn from His actions and words. He died on a cruel cross so that we could be forgiven and meet Him in heaven one day.

I told the children "Of course not." Covid-19 cannot ruin Christmas. Jesus will always be with us, and we will still celebrate His birthday. No one or no thing can stop us from celebrating Christmas. We may do it a little differently, but we will celebrate our Saviour's birth.

As we look over the past year, we must remember the blessings. They are there.



Always remember Christmas is what you make it. Do not allow yourself to be despondent over the news or the happenings of this year. Remember how blessed we are to be in America and how blessed we are to know the Saviour. Without Him, we would surely be hopeless.

Have yourself a Merry Christmas and remember your blessings.



*Mrs. Worthington has five children and twelve grandchildren. She serves as Principal of Pathway Christian Academy in Goldsboro.*

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Dr. Glenn Mills



# The STENCH WHO STOLE CHRISTMAS

Most people in the world like Christmas .... a LOT.  
But Satan, who roams to and fro the earth ... does NOT.  
He deeply despises Christmas, that most blessed season,  
Only those born again, truly know the real reason.

He hates God's Saviour and all that is right,  
Detesting those who live by faith, not by sight.  
Why so wicked, desiring that man should fall?  
Tis simply because, he has no heart at all.

Whatever the reason, no heart and no love,  
He must stop Christmas, God's gift from above.  
So Satan made a plan and a clever one too,  
He grinned as he thought of the damage it would do.

He reflected on the night when the star first appeared,  
He shook with anger as he paced and he sneered.  
God has kept His promise to the fathers of old,  
He sent forth His Saviour just as the Prophets foretold.

The Angels appeared with all their praise, praise, praise,  
Satan knew this would carry on for days, days, days.

The Shepherds were told of the place where Jesus lay,  
So quickly they went without much thought or delay.  
Satan tried hard to deny Mary a good place to rest,  
But God prepared a stable, He knew what was best.

The Shepherds found the stable and the Babe on the hay,  
"Praise God," they thought, "for this most glorious day."

They told of the angels and the song they joyfully sang,  
A heavenly host with God's message of love to proclaim.

They gave worship and praise until they had to part,  
As Mary listened and pondered these things in her heart.  
A short time later the Wise Men all came,  
They had read in the Scriptures of His glory and fame.

They gave the child gifts for which many would sing,  
Gold, Frankincense, and Myrrh, all gifts for the King.  
Satan was puzzled but what could he do?  
He hissed and growled till he came to a clue.

He hurried to Herod, put an evil thought in his head,  
It would not be long, he declared, the Babe would be dead.  
But an Angel told Joseph that Herod, was mad, mad, mad,  
And if he got hold of the Child, it would be bad, bad, bad.

So they took the Child to Egypt they all fled,  
Till Herod had died as the Angel had said.  
Satan was quite furious as one might guess,  
God had turned his plans into a perfect mess.

Satan sneered at God saying, "I'll even the score.  
*Somehow and somewhere,*" he pouted, "I'll find a door."  
So He stubbornly waited as time slowly went by,  
He would plan his attack; this Jesus must die.

It had been thirty years since that night in a manger,  
And to many in Israel, Jesus was just a stranger.



Now He came to John on the  
Jordan's shore,  
There God spoke from Heaven,  
His Son to adore.

It was up from the water, and  
down came the dove,  
John proclaimed Him the  
Lamb, the Gift of God's love.  
Jesus was led by the Spirit to the  
Wilderness to fast,  
Satan said, *"I have Him now,  
no way He will last."*

After forty days fasting, Christ  
was hungry and weak,  
In rushed Satan with a plan, so crafty and so neat.  
Three times Satan struck, three times he was smitten,  
Each time Jesus replied, *"In the Word it is written."*

The Devil left Christ, oh but just for a short season,  
He would surely come back when he felt he had reason.  
Jesus selected for Himself an unlikely crew,  
To Satan's undoing, he had to deal with them too.

Jesus loved! He cared! He healed! And He shared!  
No matter the challenge, He was always prepared.  
Satan convinced the Leaders that to hold their position,  
The death of this Jesus, must fully be their mission.

So they watched and waited, they schemed and baited,  
Hoping somehow and some way to get Jesus frustrated.  
For in their sight, there was no man more hated.

They tried to trick Him and destroy His great name,  
Only to find themselves being put completely to shame.  
They were tools of Satan and high were the stakes,  
Jesus boldly compared them to vipers and snakes.

But an opportunity came, the Leaders beside themselves,  
They would use greedy ol' Judas, you know, one of the twelve.  
Thirty pieces of silver in exchange for this Man,  
Then they could kill Jesus, just as they had planned.

The Garden! The Trial! The beating! The denial!  
The mockery! The gloom! The Cross! The Tomb!  
Victory was the headline inside Hell's newsroom.  
Satan laughed and hissed, the demons celebrated,  
But in three days Jesus arose as prophecy had stated.



He defeated the Devil, along with death, hell, and the grave,  
By His stripes we are healed, by His blood we are saved.  
Outsmarted and depleted, powerless and defeated,  
But even with that, Satan would not be seated.

Back to the blackboard to think up a new plan,  
To hinder the relationship between Jesus and man.  
Satan would change man's focus from Jesus to self,  
Soon the love of God would be placed on a shelf.

And for those without Jesus, on the wrong side of the line,  
He would tell them to wait, for they had plenty of time.  
*"All religions lead to God,"* Satan would deceptively say.  
*"And this one called Jesus, He is not the only way."*

Satan would distort God's love to multitudes of people,  
Telling them they don't need the church or the steeple.  
He would attack the Bible saying, *"It is written by men.  
People are much smarter now, than they were back then."*

Satan would block their blessings, by challenging the tithe,  
Saying, *"You are just buying God, it's no more than a bribe.  
The worship! The living! The praise! The Thanksgiving!  
Not necessary,"* he says, *"since God is always forgiving."*

But then there's one thing Satan loves the most,  
That's how he stole Christmas, of that he does boast.  
He has made it commercial, the whole Christmas season,  
Very few are acknowledging that Christ is the Reason.

The hustle! The meetings! The bustle! The eating!  
The lights! The preoccupation! The trees! All the frustration!  
The presents! The buying! The business! The sighing!  
The decorations! The sending! The families! And the overspending!

Then there are the movies, and don't forget the singing,  
Loads of sales and commercials, but few church bells ringing.  
Satan has stolen Christmas by changing the meaning,  
Toward the carnal nature of man is how Christmas is leaning.

But not everyone who believes, has fallen for this devilish lie,  
"It's all about the birth of our Saviour," they proudly do cry.  
They proclaim with joy, "Christ, our blessed Emanuel,"  
And like the Shepherds of old, His glad tidings they do tell.

Wonderful, Counselor, Mighty God He would be,  
Saving the lost, causing the blind to see.  
The Everlasting Father, the sweet Prince of Peace,  
A Saviour whose mercy and love will never cease.

The true meaning of Christmas we must hold deep in our hearts.  
Cherish and love it forever, may it never from you depart.  
Remember the celebrations of Jesus no matter what you do,  
And in case you haven't noticed, Satan is stealing Easter too!



*Dr. Glenn Mills is a long time supporter of GoMix Christian Radio and a full-time Evangelist with the Open Arms Evangelistic Ministry.*

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# And Finally...



## My Favorite Thing About Christmas...

*My favorite part of Christmas is the music. I love the happy upbeat songs about snow and Santa. And there is nothing better than hearing music declaring the birth of Christ in every department and big-box store! I love when they play Christmas music on TV shows and I love all the Christmas scenery with snow and Christmas trees.*  
**A. J.**

*Christmas is the perfect time to celebrate the love of God and family and to create memories that will last forever. Jesus is God's perfect, indescribable gift. The amazing thing is that not only are we able to receive this gift, but we are also able to share it with others on Christmas and every other day of the year.*

**A. B.**

*My favorite thing about Christmas is making gifts for my family. I usually give out cookies and candies to my parents and brothers. I also make sauces for ready-made meals, little chicken pot pies, and mixes for hot cocoa.*

**S. S.**

*Nothing makes me happier than seeing someone's face light up when I give them the perfect present. It allows me to show my friends and family exactly how much they mean to me. I am so thankful for my friends and family every day of the year, but especially during the holidays. I wish I could give them the world because that's what they deserve.*

**E. S.**

*When I was a kid, it was unwrapping all the fragile decorations and decorating the house! I just loved handling and setting up the Nativity sets. Now, I love watching movies with my kids, baking cookies, and that feeling of calmness when it's dark and peaceful outside and warm and cozy inside with the tree lights on.*

**S. L.**

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