

## CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Dark shadows of a dying age  
Where selfishness has prominence  
Are broken by the memory  
Of ancient astral radiance.

The Star announcing human hope:  
The writhing race not left to span  
Alone the history of pain—  
He, the Maker, was born a man. . .

Hope, not just words and not just prayers,  
But living hope, because He paid  
The penalty of death for sins  
Committed by the race He made.

Yet search for meaning, joy, and peace,  
And lasting happiness without Him,  
Goes daily on in loneliness,  
While rays of time grow quickly dim.

They label Star and Birth both “myth”  
But drink with optimistic cheer  
To drown their hurt and failure’s past,  
To dream a brighter coming year.

As tears pass by, the thirst unquenched,  
All chapters close with fears ingrown,  
And Mary’s Child who died and rose  
Reigns gentle peace, or goes unknown.

Remember Him, dear child of dust:  
Before He comes to judge this earth,  
Don’t let your heart say, “There’s no room!”  
Receive the King who gives new birth.

— *David L. Hatton, 12/2/1980*