

THE MYSTERY OF CHRISTMAS LOVE

Though kings may don poor clothes to know their lands
And cross the hierarchal breach of man,
Though men many sail in vessels built with hands
Around the world or to another star,
And though they were all distances to span,
Their exploits are all dwarfed and seem so small
Beside the greatest journey from afar—
When Jesus came two thousand years ago,
He stripped Himself of glories, wealth and all
To take upon Himself the dust we wear,
To bear all earthly hardships humans know,
To give us life that we knew nothing of.
How could He leave His Father's presence there
To take on flesh in this vile world of sin?
That is the mystery of Christmas love!
But stranger still, which none can understand,
Is how by death Christ spanned the gap to win
The sinner to Himself and pay sin's debt.
All this is wondrous, great, but sad, though grand,
For we reject, neglect, let pass. . .forget.

— *David L. Hatton, 1972*