

The Stranger at Christmas

There was a man who looked so out of place,
as people rushed about him at a hurried sort of pace.

He stared at all the Christmas lights, the tinsel everywhere;
the shopping center Santa Claus, with children gathered near.

The mall was packed with shoppers who were going to and fro,
some with smiles, some with frowns, some too tired to go.

They rested on the benches or they hurried on their way,
to fight the crowd for purchases to carry home that day.

The music from a stereo was playing loud and clear,
of Santa Claus and snowmen, and a funny-nosed reindeer.

He heard the people talk about the good times on the way,
of parties, fun, and food galore, and gifts exchanged that day.

"I'd like to know what's going on?" the man was heard to say,
"There seems to be some sort of celebration on the way.

And would you tell me who this is, all dressed in red and white?
And why are children asking him about a special night?"

The answer came in disbelief, "I can't believe my ear!
I can't believe you don't know that Christmas time is here.

The time when Santa comes around with gifts for girls and boys.
When they're asleep on Christmas Eve, he leaves them books and toys."

"The man you see in red and white is Santa Claus so sly,
the children love his joyful laugh and twinkle in his eye.

His gift-packed sleigh is pulled along by very small reindeer,
as he flies quickly through the air, while darting there and here.

The children learn of Santa Claus while they are still quite small,
when Christmas comes, he is the most important one of all!"

The stranger hung his head in shame, he closed a nail-pierced hand,
his body shook in disbelief, he did not understand.

A shadow crossed his stricken face, his voice was low but clear,
"After all these years, they still don't know." And Jesus shed a tear.

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