The Unwanted Christmas Gift

When toys have all been played with, and clothes have all been worn,

You'll find it in the corner, all alone and quite forlorn;

Your thoughts will turn to E-Bay, for how else will you shift

That whitest of white elephants, the unwanted Christmas gift.

But how would you describe it when you put it on the net?

And what would be the winning bid on a stationery set?

Especially one that's personalized, and every page the same

From one who really should have checked the spelling of your name.

Around the room sit cards from all the people on your list,

And always there's an extra one from someone you have missed;

Because you've not sent them one you feel your conscience jarred,

And hide it in a corner as the unwanted Christmas card.

The tree's festooned with bits and bobs until the branches sag,

But always there's one bauble at the bottom of the bag;

It hasn't been forgotten by the decorating team,

But rejected as it doesn't match your Christmas colour scheme.

A Christmas dinner just for one, with no one else in sight,

A cracker to be pulled with both the left hand and the right;

They'll eat a slice of Christmas pud, then cut and freeze the rest,

For nobody invited them, the unwanted Christmas guest.

At Jesus' birth He was by only kings and shepherds blessed,

No room was found for heaven's King, the unwanted Christmas guest;

The pure and holy Son of God, who for our sins would pay.

Just didn't match His sinful world, nor follow in it's way,

To take the message Jesus brought into your heart is hard,

More costly to respond to than the unwanted Christmas card;

But take a moment heavenward your eyes and heart to lift,

And this year don't make Jesus your unwanted Christmas gift.