When I’d Had Enough of Christmas

When I’d had enough of Christmas it was still four weeks away,

Just how much preparation do we need for that one day?

How many Father Christmases in grottos with their elves?

How many “Perfect gifts for Christmas” sitting on the shelves?

This year I started early in the January sales,

And we all know how many bumps and bruises that entails;

Half price gifts and decorations meant I saved a pound or three,

But then I had to find a place to keep that ten foot tree.

I got my cards quite early too, and took them all away

To write while sitting round the pool on summer holiday;

Amazingly for Christmas cheer I wasn’t at a loss

While sipping Coke and sunbathing in Torremolinos.

With Christmas spirits running low I wandered round the shops,

Where in a bid to force the mood the music never stops;

I cannot for the life of me imagine which shop sells

More gifts by blasting customers with constant “Jingle Bells”.

With aching ears and blistered feet I called time on my search,

I noticed coffee and mince pies on offer in a church;

Wearily I trudged in, put my bags down on a chair,

Sat down with coffee and mince pie as carols filled the air.

Inside the church right at the back upon a wobbly table,

I saw a tiny wooden shack, a model of a stable;

Inside the stable stood a man beside his pregnant wife,

And just in front an open Bible brought the scene to life.

The Bible told how Jesus came from heaven to the earth,

How angels told the shepherds of the tiny Saviour’s birth;

How wise men came from far away, their precious gifts to bring,

Their gold, and myrrh and frankincense, to worship Christ the King.

I must admit I picked it up and started reading more,

As I read on I realised what the baby came here for;

He lived and grew and died to pay sin’s penalty for men,

And then He rose, went up to heaven, and will come back again.

Once more I’m looking forward to the season of goodwill,

For Christ is born of Mary, and we celebrate it still;

But Christmas without Christ is dead, and He’s the reason I

Will join the angels singing “Ding dong merrily on high.”