

Little Freddy gazed wistfully  
Into his father's eyes  
Who (knowing little boys)  
Found questions no surprise!

“Dad why are people so different at Christmas?  
So happy about the day...  
If that's the way they're supposed to act  
Why aren't they always that way?”

On the surface, the question seemed simple enough  
And Dad answered with a smile  
“People act that way because...” then he paused  
And said, “Son, let's talk for awhile.”

And he said with his arms around the boy  
“To see why we act that way  
We have to begin by asking ourselves  
What happened on Christmas Day.”

“That's easy,” the little boy replied  
“That's when Jesus came!”  
“Right,” said Dad, “and He brought life to all  
Who call upon His Name.”

“At Christmas the world seems attracted  
To doing things God's way  
Because they remember, just like you said  
Christ came on Christmas Day.”

“Tis more blessed to give than to receive”  
They quote the Master's voice  
And they sing carols that Christ is born  
And truly they rejoice.

“But then the season passes and another year begins  
And they no longer *feel* this way because of all their sins  
And only in those within whose hearts Jesus really lives  
Can His Spirit magnify the joy He really gives.”

“Maybe someday, Freddy, you'll come face to face with God  
And looking back behind you at the road that you have trod  
You'll find that something's missing, something deep within  
And that's because, by nature, every man is born in sin.”

“And, Freddy, a sinner needs a Savior  
And you’ll find it’s really true  
That this Jesus Christ of Nazareth  
Came to earth to die for you.”

“So you’ll tell Him you’re a sinner  
And you’ll ask Him where to start  
And He’ll answer, Freddy, ask me into  
The manger of your heart.”

“And Freddy, then you’ll realize  
Much to your surprise  
In a Christian’s heart, that Christmas Spirit  
Never, never dies.”

“Daddy,” little Freddy asked  
(His tears were a joy to see)  
“I’ve got a little-bitty manger  
You think He’d come to live with me?”

And the light in his eyes reminded his Dad  
Of a star that shone one day  
That came to rest directly above  
The manger where Jesus lay.

It’s a living light in the eyes of all  
Who have taken Christ in their heart  
An outward sign of an inner joy  
That only Christ can impart.

Maybe you’ve never received Him  
You can give Him your heart today  
And the light in your eyes will tell the world  
“At last I have found God’s way!”

Then each of us, and *all* of us  
Can pause ‘neath life’s Christmas tree  
And show the world a portrait  
Of what Christmas was meant to be!

Then, together, let’s send a greeting  
To our special little friend  
*Merry Christmas, Freddy,*  
*Now, Christmas will never end!*