

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

By Paralee Eadie

I gave a precious costly gift
To the one I love most dearly.
There was no doubt it came from me
For it was marked most clearly.

I waited most anxiously
For her to reach her hand
And embrace the gift I offered,
But she chose another plan.

Instead of choosing my gift
Of love and of great price,
She chose the empty wrappers,
For their sparkle did entice.

She went from one to another,
For great pleasure was their goal,
They promised much but left her
With empty heart and empty soul.

Year after year my gift stayed
Unopened beneath the tree,
Forgotten amid the boxes
Wrapped more glamorously.

For my gift began in a barn
And was fully paid for on a tree.
This gift cost me everything,
But to my loved one it is free.

My heart aches for the one I love.
She has been so deceived
By empty, sparkly wrappers,
Yet my gift she has not received.

You are that one I love,
Why I came on Christmas Day,
Then died on the cross for your sins
Which can now be all washed away.

The gift of love and eternal life
Is what I'm offering you.
Will you accept this gift I offer?
Just simply say, "I do."