

Christmas Eve Poem

We will soon celebrate the Savior's birth,
Who became a man and came to earth.
But now that it is the night before,
Take this bag and go out your door.

The darkness you will see, represents our sin,
like a sickness that blinds the eyes of men,
And makes them feel worthless and low,
As if God did not love them so.

The oats in the bag represent your cares,
The questions you have and the burdens you bear.
Each little grain is another part,
For you to cast on a great God's heart.

The flakes of silver stand for the gifts that wise men brought,
When long ago a Savior they sought.

The flakes of red stand for that moment in history,
When Jesus gave His blood for you and me.

The flakes of green represent the new life you find,
When you takes Jesus as your Savior, and leave your sins behind.

The flakes of gold stand for Heaven above,
Where you can live forever, with a God of love.

As you cast these oats to the wind,
Cast your cares on your Best Friend.
Confusion and grief,
Joy and relief,
Anger and fear,
The loss of someone dear,
Good times and bad,
And thoughts that are sad.
Glad news and peace,
And hurts that won't cease.
Take them all,
Every care,
And throw them up,
In the air.

Toss them now up on your lawn,
And the birds will eat them at the break of dawn,
Then open your eyes and you will see,
If God cares for birds,
How much more does he care for me.

The Bible says, "Cast your cares on Him, for He cares for you." 1 Peter 5:7

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