

## THE STORY OF LITTLE FREDDY

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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 'sposed 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 a while."

And He said with his arms about 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!