HEY, MAN, WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL. IT'S A ROTTEN WORLD, ISN'T IT?

TURN YOUR LIFE OVER TO CHRIST! HE'LL STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT FOR YOU!

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS JOY EDITION
**Lullay, Thou Little, Tiny Child**  
By, By, lully lullay.  
O sisters, too, how may we do  
For to preserve this day.

**YEARS AFTER**  
by Hugh Cook

The wind was devilishly cold that night  
As it sliced through the camp. The sheep  
Were fidgety, as if they had some premonition  
Of the night's events. We didn't. We cursed  
The cold, and tried to keep the fire lit.  
Our frozen breath spiralled upwards with the  
Smoke. The moon was full, surrounded by  
A thousand stars—one shone unusually brightly  
Almost overhead. We thought it strange.  
It was then as if the moon and stars exploded.  
Sheep scattered---someone gave a shriek---  
The very earth shook under our feet!

Have you ever made jelly or preserves?  
You've made preserves out of my Lord.  
You've boiled away His life  
His death.

And left me with  
A BABY and  
A CHRISTMAS of gifts  
cards  
Santa Clauses  
highway accidents---  
A JOYLESS CHRISTMAS.

Lully, lullay...preserve this day....  
You've preserved the day so well  
That the lullabye has melted into CONFUSION:  
(You try to mix His Christmas with your own).  
Not the JOY—  
But the Confusion  
The Turmoil  
of Christmas:  
If the Shepherds Decked the Bells  
with their one horse open sleigh,  
Or if the heavenly angels looked out  
on the feast of Jingle Bells  
NO ONE WOULD KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.

It's when you want to PRESERVE Christmas Day that  
Christ is buried.  
Not buried in a stone tomb—  
not in a cold grave.  
But buried in a manger.  
The same manger he was born in.  
Not buried in swaddling clothes  
Or even straw---  
YOU'VE BURIED Jesus Christ in His Cradle  
With Tinsel  
and ribbon  
with things --- with Confusion.

un — ? — REAL !  
by Larry L. Meyer

Because You died to save me from my sin  
And then arose from death to set me free,  
Opened the door and let me dwell within,  
Then I will thank and praise the One in Three.

Did I deserve such love from You, my Lord?  
Could I do deeds for You to earn such love?  
Did I deserve to escape Your mighty sword?  
Unearned Your mercy came from Heaven above.

Help me, Oh Lord, to live my life for You.  
Alone, I'd walk the wide and easy path.  
Each day, give me Your strength and keep me true  
So I may escape the justice of Your wrath.
REACTION

by Verlyn Vander Top

The night sun died
And disappeared.
The great earth became sick
And went into convulsions.
The dead arose
And watched in disbelief.
The holy veil trembled
And tore itself in horror.
All fingers pointed to man,
SHAME.
"Father, forgive them for they
Know not what they do."

The glorious sun rose early
And shone brightly.
The eager earth trembled
With joy.
The unbelieving heart went into shock
And ran.
God was again coming
To His children.
He holds out his arms saying,
"COME"
"My Lord and My God"
A LIBRETTO OF LIBERATION
(for our Lord Jesus at Christmas)
--Merle Meeter

Leader: Sing a new song to the Lord;
Worship Him in the beauty of holiness.
All earth and heaven, hymn praise;
The handiwork of God illuminates His earth.

All: Adam strode the earth as ruler;
He walked and talked with God.
Eve’s obedience made their home,
While Adam dressed and kept the Garden.

Leader: But then the Snake,
Sly Satan,
Contrived to trick
The woman.

She ate the fruit;
Gave Adam---
So sin and guilt
Brought death in.

Men: Cursed is the ground and barbed with thorns,
Cursed are the plants, birds, beasts, fish, man;
All earthly creatures writhe and weep,
Men toil and lust and cannot sleep,
Pain claws at the womb that bears a child,
And Satan’s hate rants fierce and wild.

Women: Your Seed, said God,
Will crush the head
Of your tormentor.

Your King shall spring
From David’s root
As your Defender.

Leader: Slow rolled the ages
While mankind waited:
Years by the thousands showed the Flood
And Babel and Egypt and rivers of blood,
And hecatombs of sacrifices,
High priests, bold kings, brave prophet voices.
While chanting their psalms
With dance and timbrel
And harp and drum
And flute and cymbal,
The longing, lonely, weary, trusting people waited.

All: Oh, how we grieved for our sins in those years of the fetters,
The hooks in our noses, the goads and the kicks and the scourges.
Derided in houses and temples of God—cursing aliens,
We prayed for the Day of the Lord and our freedom.
Then our still—faithful God touched the hearts of our captors
To restore us our homeland and buttress our courage.

HIP, HIP, HOORAY
by Pat Dykstra

Three cheers for God who
in His serene manner said
no weeping good-bye to His Son,
but,
as he bent down to earth and deposited His gift in my heart, smiled.
With sword and with trowel we built up our walls and our dwellings
And, weeping, the temple of God in spite of the frenzy of Edom.

Leader:  
Wealth and war,
Wisdom and valor,
Doubt and belief—
How we yearned for the Messiah.

Rome and her power,
Bored soldiers quartered,
Roads, order, and peace—
Yet we Jews swore defiance.

Men:  
Sudden the heavens dazzled with light;
And legions of angels vanquished the night!
A shining past sunlight prostrated the shepherds,
As the angels recited their message of joy:
“Glory to God on His throne—all glory!
And peace to all men who enjoy His favor.”

All:  
Yes, only God Himself would do it,
Only Christ could rescue through it,
Only foolish men pooh-pooh it,
Only Satan’s slaves will rue it.

Women:  
Son of Righteousness, arise with healing in Your wings:
Immanuel, Immanuel, has come to ransom Israel—
His water of life now makes free and fertile
The desert of dragons, usurped by the Hell-King.
For, “Son of the Highest!” the virgin mother’s message rings,
And the song of salvation succeeds the death knell.
Son of Righteousness, arise with healing in Your wings:
Immanuel, Immanuel, has come to ransom Israel.
He fills up the hungry and frustrates aspiring,
Pardons the sinner and makes the sick well.
Wonderful, Counselor, Prince of Peace Eternal,
All praise to God for Your wondrous reconciling.
Son of Righteousness, arise with healing in Your wings:
Immanuel, Immanuel, has come to ransom Israel!

Leader:  
Into the Palestine blackness,
Into the horror of sin,
The Light out of heaven came breaking,
The Hero came, willing to die.
The Bread of Life came to be broken;
The Shepherd met death for His sheep.

Men:  
You know, no doubt, about His doings?
The demons He foiled, the dead He raised?
Read Malachi 4, the last chapter of the Old Testament.

When Jesus was on earth He said, “I am the light of the world.” (John 8:12) And again He declared, “When I am in the world, I am the light of the world.” (John 9:5) Concerning this last statement John Calvin comments that Christ’s “bodily presence was the true and remarkable day of the world, the lustre of which was diffused over all ages. For whence did the holy Father in ancient times, or whence do we now, desire light and day, but because the manifestation of Christ always darted its rays to a great distance, so as to form one continued day.”

When man fell into sin the darkness of evil and death settled over the world and in the hearts of men. Cut off from covenant fellowship with God, man groped about in the blackness of night. But into that darkness God brought a small ray of light, promising One who would crush the head of the serpent. (Genesis 3:15) The light did not shine very brightly, but it was a beginning and it was light.

From that beginning the light became brighter and brighter, so that one day Isaiah, speaking of the future as though it was the present, could say: “The people that walked in darkness have seen a light; they that dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.” (Isaiah 9:2) And thus he calls to the daughter of Judah: “Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of Jehovah is risen upon thee.” (Isaiah 60:1)

Therefore, coming to the close of the Old Testament, the prophet Malachi ad-

Tresses those who fear the Name of God, saying, “The sun of righteousness shall arise.” The light, which began as a small ray and continued to shine brighter and brighter, is about to rise and shine forth in all its glory.

When does the sun of righteousness arise? Four hundred years after the prophecy of Malachi. Where? In Bethlehem. What is the sun of righteousness? He is Jesus Christ the light of the world. When He comes, as a babe in the manger of Bethlehem, the light of the world arises. All the light throughout the Old Testament, beginning with that first ray, was the Christ. All the light we possess now is Christ, for He is the sun of righteousness who has risen.

He is the light because He is the sun of righteousness. Darkness is caused by that which is not right with God and His will. But Christ comes to reconcile His people and all things unto God; that is, to make us and all things right with God by His death and resurrection. Therefore He is the sun of righteousness, the light of the world.

By entering into our sinful, sin-darkened hearts, Christ makes us partakers of His righteousness. Doing so, He makes us children of light and instructs us, through the Apostle Paul, to walk as children of light, proving what is well-pleasing unto the Lord. (Ephesians 5:8, 9) This means, of course, that if we have received the babe of Bethlehem into our hearts we will busy ourselves bringing the light, which is Christ, everywhere. The children of darkness are busy everywhere speaking, working, living contrary to the will of God. That is why there is so much darkness in our world — in hearts, homes, colleges, cities, factories, halls of government, courts, etc. But we have been made right with God through Christ Jesus. The sun of righteousness has dawned within us and upon us. We are children of the light. And now, in the power of Him who is the light of the world, we must enter these places and work to make things right. We must work to bring things into harmony with the will of God. This will involve us in a struggle with the children of darkness. That struggle will become increasingly severe. But we must not let this discourage us, for one day Christ, the sun of righteousness, will dawn and shine forever in the new heaven and the new earth.
HE IS RISEN
THE NIGHT THE DEVIL DIDN'T SHOW
by Dave DeGroot

When the bishops of St. Adrian
Challenged Satan and his fiends of gloom
To mortal combat in the Astrodome,
The crowds packed in with only standing room.

Standing around the sacrificial fire,
The holy men presented quite a show.
But even though they prayed and sang all night,
Old Satan never showed his horny brow.

By dawn, the disillusioned crowd had left,
Convinced that since the Prince of Darkness Grim
Had not revealed himself, he was a myth.
Their groundless fear had been a childish whim.

Unnoticed in the shadows, sipping Coke,
A dark-eyed man laughed loudly at some joke.

Topic for the next issue of Cannon: THE CHRISTIAN AND THE FILM ARTS. Your opinions are needed!
Page Eight