



## Christmas Tree

By Lucy Wall

*It was the week before Christmas in 2010 and my Pastor gave a teaching on the Sunday morning about two trees. He compared the tree in the garden of Eden and the tree that Jesus Christ was nailed to. It was a wonderful teaching and I found myself being inspired to write a poem also comparing two trees, but for my poem I decided I would compare the well known image of the Christmas tree with the less romantic vision of the cross. I really enjoyed writing this poem and I don't think I'll ever look at a Christmas tree in the same way again!*

O, Christmas tree. O, Christmas tree. A blessed sight for all to see!  
With coloured beads and lights that dance, you put me in a festive trance!  
I marvel at your needled arms; parading red and golden charms.  
With tinsel draped and set in place, you stand above the gifts with grace.

O, Christmas tree. O, Christmas tree. A truly splendid sight to me!  
You join us through December days and bring us joy with Christmas ways.  
You help us mark the time of year, a special month we hold so dear.  
The 25th of cold December: the date of birth that we remember.

You chase away the winter gloom with fragrant scents that fill the room.  
As light reflects off baubles round, a warmer heart is often found.  
You get my senses all a-twitter! Crowned on top by star of glitter.  
You are indeed, O Christmas tree, a blessed sight for all to see!

Yet though you're favourite for the season, there is a tree with deeper reason.  
A tree where at it's roots you'll find, a bridge was built for all mankind.  
A tree where love and justice meet; where rusty nails pierced hands and feet.  
A tree of torture, death and pain: the tree where Jesus Christ was slain.

O how you differ Christmas tree, from this: the cross of Calvary.  
Embellished not by pretty charms as ropes restrained His legs and arms.  
Submitted to the Father's rod as Christ endured the wrath of God.  
For there the Saviour's flesh was torn, this tree displayed a crown of thorns.

You're far removed, O Christmas tree. The cross does not stand prettily.  
Aesthetically it won't appease, this tree cannot be viewed with ease.  
For there I see my suffering King with vulgar crowds surrounding Him.  
The taunting priests who mocked Him so, the King of Jews they would not know.



To see my humble Saviour die, it tempts me to avert my eye.  
But there upon His bloodied face, I see from God His gift of grace.  
The Father's love for us revealed, by Jesus' stripes we all are healed.  
Forgiveness flows there like a flood because of Jesus' crimson blood.

Though violence reigned and sin was rife, Christ secured eternal life.  
Let Satan's lies and trickery not keep me from redemption's tree.  
The cross bore Jesus as it's fruit; I'll taste and see the Lord is good.  
For God commands I eat of Him in order to be freed from sin.

And now, through Christ I'm made alive. In Him my heart and soul can thrive.  
His judgment I no longer face. His Christmas gift to me is grace!  
So though the cross is dark and cruel, to me this sight is beautiful.  
For there the Saviour bought my pass to dwell with Him in Heaven at last.

O cross of Christ, redeeming tree, where God can meet me readily.  
Though planted at the hand of man, your purpose served the Father's plan.  
For sin was slain and debts were paid and peace for God and man was made.  
Though changing seasons yet remain, this work of Christ will stay the same.

O, Christmas tree. Real Christmas tree: the one where Jesus died for me.  
You point us to the meaning true, that Christmas Day then leads to you.  
Please keep our eyes from gifts we get: and to the cross, lest we forget.  
You are indeed O Christmas tree, a blessed sight for all to see.

*Romans 5:17-19*

*"For if by one man's offense death reigned through the one, much more those who receive abundance of grace and of the gift of righteousness will reign in life through the One, Jesus Christ. Therefore, as through one man's offense judgment came to all men, resulting in condemnation, even so through one Man's righteous act the free gift came to all men, resulting in justification of life. For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so also by one Man's obedience many will be made righteous."*