

IT'S WRITTEN IN HISTORY

**It was dark, and I was dreaming there was screaming in the street,
There were torches burning shadows, and the sound of running feet.
Then I heard a woman's wailing. She was sobbing, such a cry
'Oh please NO, Don't kill my baby, PLEASE..DON'T LET MY BABY DIE!
Then she vanished from my hearing, and a man began to shout,
There were sounds of people fighting – and I couldn't make it out
In my dream, just what had happened, but my heart began to pound
And I woke and touched my baby in his sleep so deep and sound.**

**It was normally so dark there in my room, but not THAT night,
I could see his little fingers as they clasped his blanket tight,.
It was over in a second..the awareness dawned on me
That outside I COULD hear voices. Women, screaming...endlessly
And I knew I wasn't dreaming, but my mind was somehow numb
It refused to understand – until I heard the footsteps come,
Then the door was smashed wide open, and I saw a soldier there
And his face was streaked from crying...and I saw blood everywhere.**

**He was yelling that he HAD to..and he raised that stained sword high
And he aimed it at my baby...and I saw my baby...die!
Thirty years have not made better what that Herod did to me
And it all came back again when they nailed that man to a tree,
I thought about HIS mother – what these common folk had done,
It wouldn't hurt her LESS that they had CRUCIFIED her son!
But WHY? I kept on asking, when I saw that awful blade
Slash down into that good man..what could make them SO afraid?**

**My friends...it's not a story. Christmas meant a lot of pain,
God lost His Son to people who would one day see Him slain,
IT'S WRITTEN THERE IN HISTORY...Is it written down of YOU
That JESUS IS YOUR SAVIOUR? Can you REALLY say that's true?
If NOT – and if this Christmas only means a holiday,
Be Warned ! WITHOUT MY JESUS...YOU HAVE THROWN YOUR LIFE
AWAY!**

Annette Keeble Martens.