

## Christmas Star Wars

A sermon preached by Ted Atkinson, Minister, Oxford Presbyterian Church, Oxford, PA on Christmas Day, December 25, 1988. Scripture Lessons: Isaiah 62:6-7, 10-12; Psalm 97; Revelation 12; Luke 2:8-20.

**IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER AND OF THE SON AND OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. AMEN.**

So much of the Christmas story is poetry. ~~Whenever something is too deep for words we burst into song and poetry.~~ The Christmas story is such good news that we can't do justice to it without song and poetry. The book of Revelation gives us a new slant on what happened that first Christmas. It uses the language of poetry, symbols and strange imagery, to tell us what was happening behind the scenes of that first Christmas. It reveals to us the cosmic dimension of the Birth of Jesus. The Gospels tell us that King Herod wanted to kill the baby Jesus. The book of Revelation tells us that behind King Herod was a more evil power, the power of that old Serpent, the Devil, who deceived Adam and Eve and brought upon their descendants the curse of death. The book of Revelation tells us that a cosmic war took place on that first Christmas and that what happened on that first Christmas has forever changed the course of history and has even effected the whole cosmos.

One day I came home early from the church and nobody else was at home. I got out the Bible and for some reason turned to Revelation 12. It inspired my imagination and I ended up writing a poem based on the Christmas Story. This is how the poem goes.

Before the Prince of Peace was born  
So many years ago  
There ruled a King above the stars.  
A dragon reigned below.

The world was very dark and cold;  
No Christmas ever came;  
No Santa Claus, no jingle bells,  
To cheer bleak winter's claim.

The dragon then did work us woe.  
He bound us in a chain  
And made us bow and kiss his toe  
And drove us all insane.

Far, far, above the moon and stars,  
Beyond the Milky Way,  
There was a world where Christmas joy  
Pervaded ev'ry day.

The Ruler there was clothed in light.  
His crown was like a flame.  
And all the stars looked up at Him  
And found in Him no blame.

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He had a Son, an only Son,  
Whose beauty was so fair,  
Whose power made the world below.  
To none does He compare!

He had a heart all full of love  
And wonderfully touched  
With tenderness for those He made;  
For those the dragon clutched.

He chose to come in full disguise  
To pull the dragon's tail;  
To break the chains that held us fast,  
To throw him into jail.

He came to us a tiny child,  
Our Maker and our Lord,  
To break the pow'r of Satan's curse  
And smite him with His sword.

He chose a Virgin, Pure and Blessed,  
To be His Mother, She,  
To nurse Him and to comfort Him,  
To bounce Him on Her knee.

Oh, what a wonder, wonderful,  
A Creature and a Maid,  
Who held Her Maker in Her womb,  
Who often with Him played.

The devil was a dragon, mean,  
Who waited for His birth.  
His tail swept down the stars above  
And cast them to the earth.

He stood before the Fair Young Girl,  
The Virgin undefiled,  
That he might kill and swallow up  
The star-world's Holy Child.

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He took a tree from out the woods  
And stripped it; made it bare.  
He nailed the Baby on its limbs  
And left Him hanging there.

The world was made in such a way,  
As all the prophets said,  
That freedom could be gained by them  
For whom the Star Prince bled.

Oh, happy then were all that day!  
The serpent's pow'r had failed.  
Their chains fell off; the winter fled  
The rising sun they hailed.

The story does not end just yet,  
The best is yet to tell.  
All glory be, all glory be,  
To Him, Emmanuel.

His Father raised Him up above  
The moon and stars and sky;  
He raise Him to His own right hand  
Who came for us to die.

He came to smash the serpent's head,  
The serpent's head he crushed.  
And all the world bows at His feet  
And ev'ry tongue is hushed.

All glory to the star world's Prince  
Who once for us was born  
In Bethlehem so long ago  
When all the world did mourn.

All glory to the King most high,  
The Father now be giv'n,  
Because He gave to us His Son  
Who with the fiend has striv'n.

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All glory to our Comforter  
Who with them both still reigns  
In heav'n above, on earth below;  
Who reconciles the twain.

Amen.

Let us pray: All praise to you, Almighty God and heavenly king, who sent your Son into the world to take our nature upon him and to be born of a pure Virgin; grant that, as we are born again in him, so he may continually dwell in us and reign on earth as he reigns in heaven with you and the Holy Spirit now and forever.

Prayers of the People

Let us thank God for Christmas:  
For this happy and exciting time of the year  
*Thank you loving Father.*

For Christmas trees and decoration  
*Thank you loving Father.*

For cards and presents and good food  
*Thank you loving Father.*

For fun with family and friends  
*Thank you loving Father.*

- Rosemarie  
- Charles Shepard  
- Mayory Orcutt.