

Sold to Evangel
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THE RED CHRISTMAS TREE

The tree is trimmed with festoons gay,
Its graceful symmetry now ornamented
With twinkling lights and tinselled balls,
And here and there amid the green,
A candy cane, a package small.
And all about, an air of mystery.

Anticipation fills the air, and faces small
Light up with joy and bright expectancy;
For underneath the tree, its needled branches wide outspread,
Life gifts, tokens of the joy of sharing
And the warm pleasure of granting wishes
Of those we greatly love and deeply cherish.

And yet, the tree so green, to which we're long accustomed,
Is not in truth the tree of Christmas; for it is red.
The Christ Who came and in the manger lay
Came not to bring us seasons of festivity. He came to die.
The crimson tree, stained by His own precious Blood,
Too has its light, for Christ the Light was fastened there.

The tree of red, its rough-hewn arms outspread
Presents its gifts -- the gifts of life and peace and
Pardon from our guilty sin, and God Himself to dwell within.
A mystery indeed. He knew and felt our heart's deep need,
And came, a babe. For God so loved the world, He said,
He gave His only Son to die upon a tree of red.

The tree of green is everywhere, on corner lots, in homes both
rich and poor;
The tree of red is little known, ~~and~~ now enshrined in hearts of
men made pure.
But while the tree of green will withered be,
Its gifts forgot, its lights no longer bright,
The Gift of Life upon the crimson tree, will e'er endure,
Nor will the Light be dimmed, but be the Light of Life to
those who've sinned.

O God, grant that as the heedless world would madly rush
To fill a tree of green,
That they may come to know the tree of red,
And Christ the Light by all mankind be seen.

....Maxine Williams
November 29, 1959