

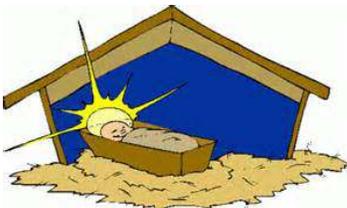
God is Here

by Rev. Andrew P. Carrozza



People rushing, people shoving,
not a smile is seen.
No one stops to help another.
They all seem so mean!
"Come on! Let's just get this done with,
then we can relax!
Why did Caesar call this census?
Curse this blasted tax!"
"Sorry! Yes, I see she's pregnant,
but what can I do?
I've got six kids of my own;
there's no room here for you!"
How can people be so selfish?
No one seems to care.
When people think of just themselves
how can we not despair?
Yet up above the frantic rush
a star shines bright and clear.
It pierces through the darkness;
it says: "Fear not! God is here!"

People rushing, people shoving,
not a smile is seen.
No one stops to help another.
They all seem so mean!
"Come on! Let's just get this done with,
then we all can rest!
There's just three more days 'till Christmas!
Shopping I detest!
Next year I'll just send a fruitcake
or perhaps a check.



That's good enough for Aunt Louise
that big pain in the neck!"
Has everyone forgotten
why we do this anyway?
Have we all lost the meaning
of this sacred holiday?
Yet up above the frantic rush
a star shines bright and clear.
Atop each Christmas tree it whispers:
"Fear not! God is here!"

People rushing, people shoving,
not a smile is seen.
No one stops to help another.
They all seem so mean!
"Come on! We must meet this deadline,
then we can relax!
Uggh! The darned computer's broken
and now so's the fax!
I've got such a splitting headache!
I can't take this stress!
Is there no relief from all
this pressure and duress?
I simply can't go on like this!
I've got to get relief!
Is anybody out there
who can help me end this grief?"
Yes! piercing through the frantic rush
a star shines bright and clear.
That twinkle in your children's eyes
says: "Fear not! God is here!"