

# AN END TO CHRISTMAS

David M. Hargis

There will come an end to Christmas, One bright and glorious day;  
When the King sits in Zion, And there are no more games to play.  
When the holy ones of Israel, Are gathered 'round His light;  
When the books are finally opened, And there is no more night.  
The nations will be called that day, To finally make amends;  
To deal with their lies and schemes, To put away their trends.

Yeshua will thunder from His throne, To ask "What day is Mine?  
What day above all do you celebrate Me, What day do you find?"  
Sighs of relief will fill the air, And many a voice will say;  
"It is Christmas we celebrate, For You, we have set this day."  
Then the King will simply ask, "What day could you set for Me?  
Is it written in My book? What day therein do you see?"  
One boldly will answer without knowing, "We keep Your birthday, Oh Great King!"  
Another will shout with such glowing, "Oh it's such a beautiful thing!"  
Then another will join, "It is time once again!  
For soon 'twill be here, And gifts we will send."

"And then what shall happen?" Will question the King;  
"What things of value, To Me shall you bring?"  
"We send gifts to each other," Their answer will be;  
"So we honor Your wish, That we act lovingly."  
"You do this freely?" The King will inquire;  
"You do this without selfishness, Or covetous desire?"

Then silence will fall, All over the room;  
As the King takes His stand, In a way that spells doom.  
"In My Word I declared, What days that are mine;  
What days I created, And when I reclined."  
"What day I was born, After I entered the womb;  
The days that I died, Then came forth from the tomb."  
"I made holy the Sabbath, Then I gave it to you;  
As a sign of My care, To show I am true."

"I gave you the festivals, The appointed times of My grace;  
To deliver and help you, To establish My praise."  
"So which day among Mine, Have you set for My birth?  
Which day is this Christmas, When there is much mirth?"

Then all will tremble, All over the land;  
As men try to figure, What answer will stand.  
But no one will utter, A word from then on;  
As Yeshua will continue, To speak from His throne.

“You pretend to give Me, A day like a dish;  
Can I be pleased, With whatever you wish?”  
“And how can you know, How to love one another;  
If the will of My Word, You take care not to bother?”  
“I set the seasons by stars, And days by the sun;  
I have appointed all times, From which you have run.”  
“No man can give Me, Other than what I have made;  
No one can declare, Other than what I have said.”

“So now I command, Every nation to come;  
And celebrate Me, No matter where they are from.”  
“And the day I have set, Was written long before;  
There was ever a Christmas, Or any such lore.”  
“It is the Feast called Booths, Which I wrote in the book;  
A day which announced, My coming to look.”  
“When I walked among you, Clothed like the poor;  
To temporarily suffer, And knock at your door.”

“So now you know clearly, The time should be plain;  
And if you do not, You will have no more rain.”  
“Every day which I appointed, You will honor and obey;  
No longer will you labor, On My Sabbath day.”  
“No more will you set, Your way above Mine;  
No more will you offer, What I did not design.”  
“So, come to My festivals, Rejoice in My glory;  
And concerning your Christmas, It’s the END of that story!”

**(Zechariah 14:16-19)**