



## My First Christmas In Heaven

I've had my first Christmas in Heaven:  
A glorious, wonderful day!  
I stood with saints of the ages,  
Who found Christ the Truth and the Way.

I sang with the heavenly choir:  
Just think! I, who longed so to sing!  
And oh, what celestial music  
We brought to our Saviour and King!

We sang the glad songs of redemption,  
How Jesus to Bethlehem came,  
And how they had called His name Jesus,  
That all might be saved through His name.

We sang once again with the angels,  
The song that they sang that blest morn,  
When shepherds first heard the glad story  
That Jesus, the Savior, was born.

O, Darling, I wish you had been here:  
No Christmas on earth could compare  
With all the rapture and glory  
We witnessed in Heaven so fair.

You know how I always loved Chairtmas;  
It seemed such a wonderful day,  
With all of my loved ones around me:  
The children so happy and gay.

Yes, now I can see why I loved it:  
And oh, what a joy it will be  
When you and my loved ones are with me,  
To share in the glories I see.

So, Dear Ones on earth, here's my greeting:  
Look up till the day dawn appears,  
And oh, what a Christmas awaits us,  
Beyond all our partings and tears!

... author unknown

Remember! Jesus is the reason for the season. If you aren't a born again Christian, you aren't a Christian. Why not trust Christ as your Lord and Saviour right now. Wouldn't it be great to celebrate this Christmas as a child of God, and be able to say with the psalmist, "the Lord is my Shepherd." Read Romans 3:10, 5:8, 6:23 and 10:9-10,13 and then "call upon the name of the Lord."



Arvin Scott Devers Jr.  
Sept.7, 1921-Dec.25, 1999

I would like to dedicate the poem, "My First Christmas In Heaven," to my father, who went home to be with the Lord the 25th of December, 1999.

Everyone who really knew my father knew that he was a kid at heart, (most men are) and he had a real love for Christmas. Every year my father would get busy and decorate our house from top to bottom. Lights here, tree there, garland, tinsel, the works.

My mother told me this rather odd story about his home going.

As cancer slowly destroyed his body, and Christmas approached, he kept looking at his watch. Again, and again he would look at his watch. Finally my mother noticed this obsession. Curious, she asked, "Scott, why do you keep looking at your watch?" My father replied, "Is today December the 26th?" "No," my mother said, "it isn't. And why do you want to know if it's December 26th?" My father replied, "Isn't Christmas December the 26th?" "No," my mother replied, "Christmas is December 25th." "Oh," said my father. "Well, I'm waiting for Christmas."

My father went to Heaven 7:00 am, Christmas morning. I don't know quite what to make of this strange incident, but there is one thing I do know. For Christians, to be absent from the body is to be "present with the Lord," and there's no disappointment in Heaven. [2 Corinthians 5:6]

Pastor Arvin S. Devers III