



A free Christmas presentation from  
Hitchcock Family Ministry

All illustrations are the work of Tim and  
Jennie McIntire, inspired by a ballad  
which was composed and sung to them  
as children by the author.



Born in a small town,  
far, far away

Many years ago on a  
simple pile of hay

Lying in a manger,  
kings to Him did bow

As wise men sought this wonder  
among the sheep and cows



Glory, laud and honor  
for just that little while

Then off they fled to Egypt  
to spare the precious Child

For Herod was a mean one  
and, fearing for his throne

He killed all little children  
to thwart the One to come



**S**o Mary watched o'er Jesus  
and pondered in her heart

**W**hile Joseph taught Him  
carpentry, a very skillful art

**B**ut as the Lad grew older,  
other things He learned

**O**bedience to His Father, for  
Whom His heart did yearn



To the temple they did take Him,  
And there He taught the word

ASTOUNDING all the teachers  
With wisdom they'd not heard

BUT Satan wished destruction  
Of God's begotten Son

KNOWING that salvation through  
Him was soon to come



A grown man now was Jesus;  
the time had finally come

Baptized in the river, the  
Father shows His Son

A voice came forth as thunder  
The Spirit like a dove

I am well pleased in this My  
Son, begotten of My love

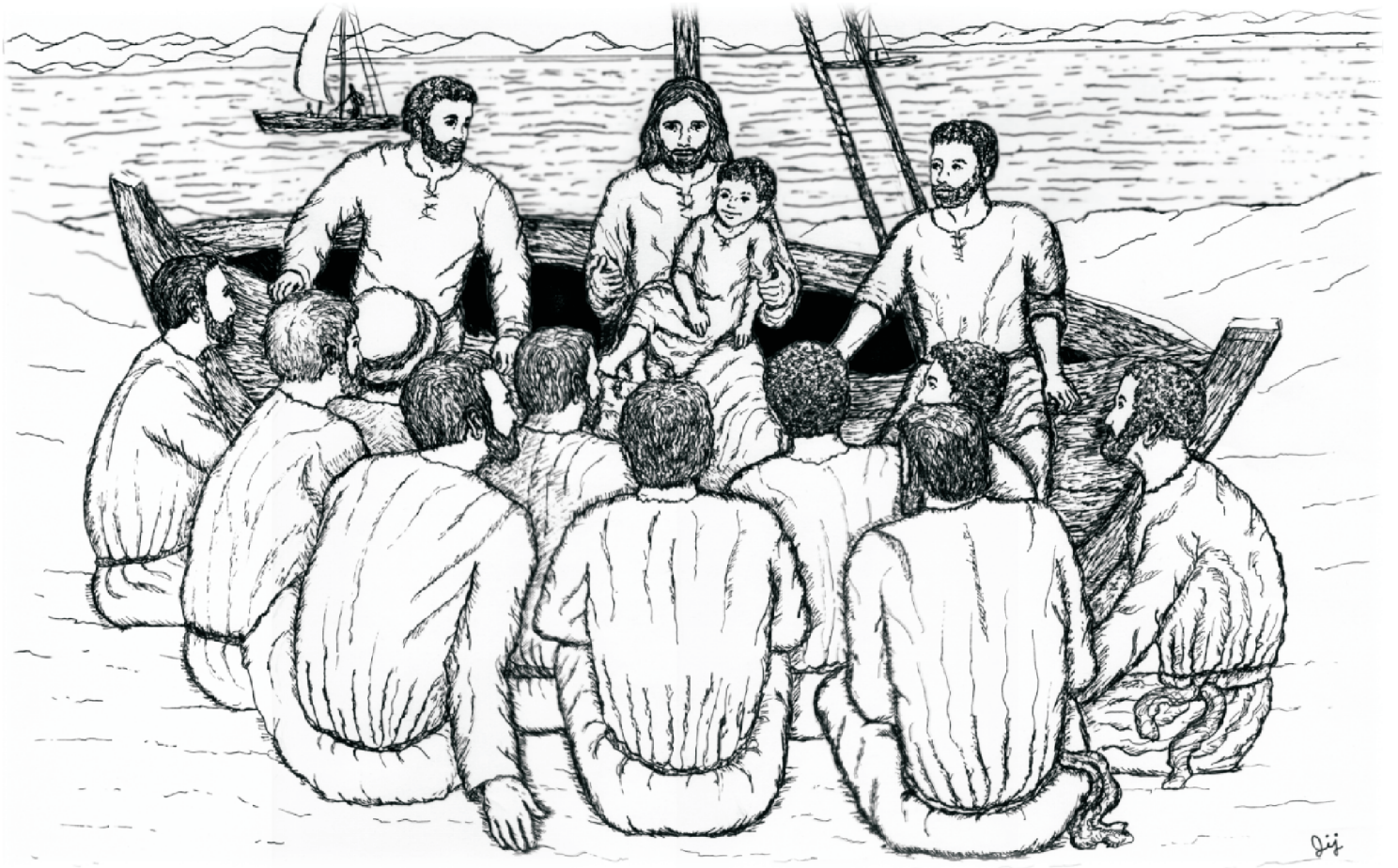


One day the Spirit drove  
Him to the wilderness

That there He might be tempted  
and strengthened by the test

Then Jesus went about the  
earth doing just the good

But Pharisees hate goodness  
and to Him they were rude

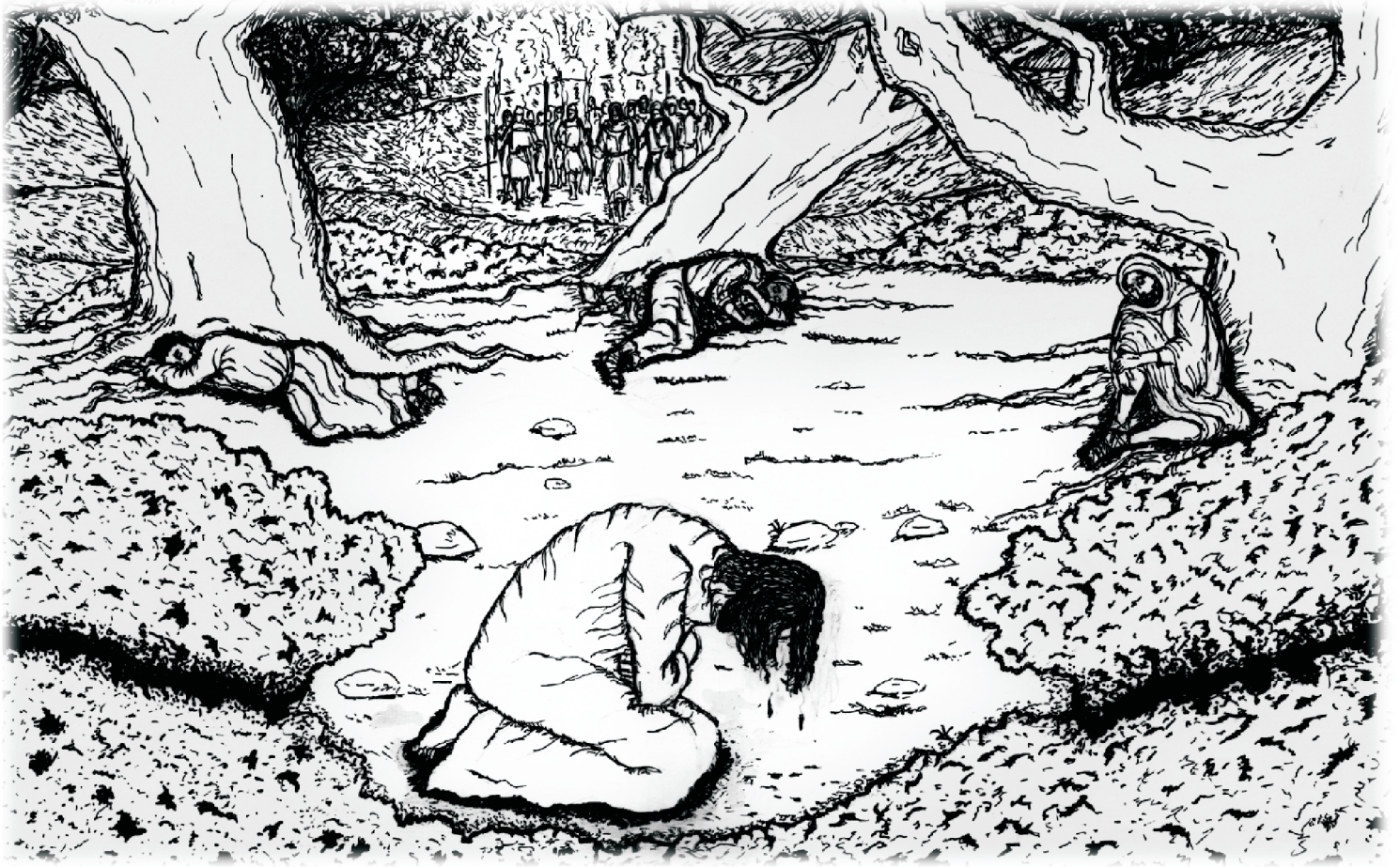


Seeing that the task was great,  
too much to do alone

We called out some disciples  
to help the job get done

Together they would spread the  
word and take men the good news

Teaching, healing, reaching out  
a love hard to refuse



When Jesus knew the end was  
near, He drew aside in prayer

Bowed in grief as tears of blood  
dropped in the garden there

Then Judas came a-seeking,  
betrayed Him with a kiss

They took Him to the judgment  
hall, a silver-lined arrest



Pilate did not want Him  
for He had done no wrong

But the people cried aloud  
“Crucify Him” was their song

To the hill they marched Him,  
and hung Him on a tree

Nailed to it in agony, He  
bled for you and me

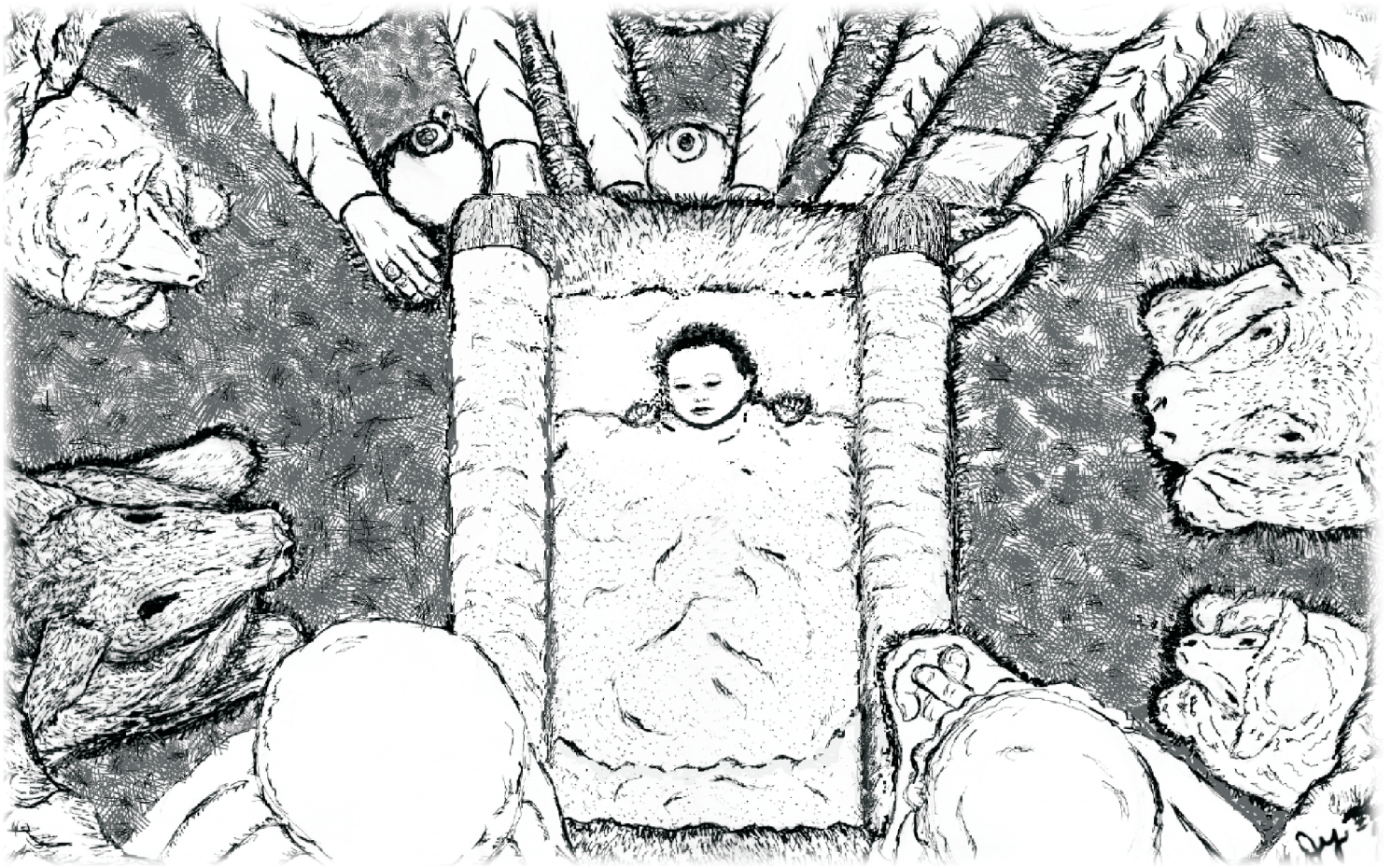


But this ballad is not ended,  
for it has just begun

Since Jesus died and rose  
to life, the battle now is won

And with us is His Spirit  
to teach the Truth the Way

To think this life eternal



Began on a simple pile of hay

For God so loved the  
world, that he gave his  
only begotten Son, that  
whosoever believeth in him  
should not perish, but have  
everlasting life.

- John 3:16