

# *“How the COVID Stole Christmas!”*

Inspired and drawn from “How the Grinch Stole Christmas!”  
Dr. Theodor Seuss “Ted” Giesel, 1957

Part V of VI in “Home for Christmas” Sermon Series

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From the Pulpit

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A Christmas story/poem delivered by The Rev. Dr. Timothy C. Ahrens, Sr. Minister, The First Congregational Church, United Church of Christ, Columbus, Ohio, December 24, 2020, dedicated to all Christians everywhere tonight as we approach the newborn Christ in the manger one more time and always to the glory of God!

## **“How the COVID Stole Christmas!”**

Inspired and drawn from “How the Grinch Stole Christmas!”  
Dr. Theodor Seuss “Ted” Giesel, 1957

Every Christian on Earth loved Christmas a lot.  
But the COVID of 19 loved nothing - he did not!

The COVID hated Christmas. The whole Christmas season!  
Now please don't ask why – no one quite knows the reason.

It could have been that his viral intentions  
Caused him to seize on Christmas abstentions.

But I think that the most likely reason of all  
May have been that the COVID's heart was too small.

But, whatever the reason, heart or viral disease,  
He despised all the Christians on their Christmas Eve.

He looked down on them and their Christmas delight  
And his cruel bumpy surface mocked them all night.

He knew that the Christians were singing with joy  
So, with evil glee, he set out their joy to destroy.

He growled, “They’re wrapping their gifts, their stockings are filling,”  
He snarled, “Tomorrow it’s Christmas that I will be killing.”

He declared, in his tiny, spherical form,  
“I will keep Christmas from coming – AND maybe send a  
snowstorm!”

“They will sing all their carols and talk of their baby,  
But I will make them all sick and I don’t mean ‘maybe!’”

Tomorrow, I know all those good girls and boys  
Will wake bright and early and rush for their toys!

And then all that noise of theirs! Oh, that noise, noise, noise, Noise!  
If there’s one thing I hate! It’s all that happy noise, noise, noise,  
noise!

Singing “Joy to the World,” and “Come All Ye’ Faithful,”  
And “Hark to the Angels” and “Babe in the Stable.”  
“They will stand all together and at harmony’s command,  
They’ll sing out to God about peace in the land.”

“And they’ll sing! And they’ll sing! And they’ll SING! SING! SING!  
SING!”

And the more the COVID thought of all this Christmas Sing,  
The more the COVID thought, “I must stop this whole thing!”

“For 2000 years I’ve put up with this now,  
I must stop Christmas from coming – but How? How? How?”

Then his tiny and spherical head started spinning,  
With a horrible laugh, he said, “why didn’t I think of this - in the  
beginning?”

His idea was awful – so wonderfully mean,  
He would stop Christmas from coming through lack of hygiene.

“I’ll sneeze and I’ll cough and spread my vile virus,  
They will hide, and give up and stop every last chorus!”

I’ll dress up for Christmas and ruin all they hold dear,  
They will give up and not celebrate Christmas this year!”

To countryside, village, city and town,  
The COVID coughed, sneezed and spread his gunk all around.

He slithered and slunk with his smile most unpleasant,  
One house at a time, he touched every single present.

His plan seemed to prosper, his vile virus spread,  
Christmas seemed doomed by the spread of his dread.

“Boo-hoo,” mocked the COVID, as his sickness was humming.  
“They’re finding out now that no Christmas is coming!”  
They will wake and shake and hide from each other,  
Their singing will stop and their noise will be over!

Christmas dawned on the morning when it comes every year,  
The COVID was listening for the sound of their tears.

“Their crying is a sound I simply must hear,”  
And the COVID put his hand right up to his ear.

And he did hear a sound rising over the snow.  
It started in low, then it started to grow.

But this sound wasn’t sad!  
Why, this sound sounded glad!

Every Christian on Earth, the tall and the small  
Was singing with joy - socially-distanced - and all.

He hadn’t stopped Christmas from coming! It came!  
Somehow or other, it came just the same!

And the spherical virus cringed at the sound of their joy,  
As they smiled and danced – every girl, every boy!

Christmas came without families together this year,  
It came just the same - with gifts and great cheer.

It came with Christmas trees and lights everywhere.  
It came with ZOOM, Facetime, Songs And Prayer.

The COVID puzzled and puzzled till his puzzler was sore.  
Then the COVID thought of something he hadn't before.

Maybe Christmas, he thought, doesn't come all together,  
Maybe Christmas, is in the heart and it's here now and forever!  
Maybe Christ in this mass is truly the reason  
That Christians gather and sing each year in this season.  
Maybe the angels, and shepherds and wise ones from afar  
Hail truth born from heaven - of Jesus Christ – their star.

And then the true meaning of Christmas came through,  
And the COVID's heart grew, and grew, and grew.

And now that his COVID heart didn't feel quite so tight,  
And his viral cough stopped and sneezing took flight,

His heart grew three sizes, that day, they all say,  
As he made it all the way to the Babe on the hay.  
As he came to the manger the newborn to see,  
He was masked, socially distanced and on bended knee.

And there with a smile, HE started to sing,  
To the one angels called the "King of all Kings."

Welcome Christmas. Bring your cheer.  
Let's all vanquish COVID - far and near.

Then Next Christmas, we will once again stand,  
Heart to heart and hand to hand.  
And Christmas Day will always be  
Here forever, as long as we have we.