

*Sounds like... Twas the Night before Christmas...*

*...The King's sword was all he needed  
Strapped to His side  
It said "truth" as He rode,  
He seemed to fly  
And God was with Him,  
Prosperity in His hand  
Ever increasing supply in the land  
Finding grace in His sight,  
He served with all His might  
Faith was His Fight,  
Absent was His plight  
Victory in His house  
All the day and night...*

*Pastor Marie Myers*