

**THE WAR ON CHRISTMAS**  
**By Johannes Fischer**

**Part I**

A Rod had sprung from Jesse's root  
And flowered long ago;  
His breath could slay the wicked  
And assuage their victims' woe.

And though His people longed for what  
His reign would have in store,  
Millennia had passed, and they  
Expected many more.

A generation cursed had seized  
His offices on Earth,  
And Christendom had ceased to be;  
His Church had suffered dearth.

Worse yet, the gates of Hell would soon  
Extend behind their lines,  
But no crusade was called, for they  
Ignored the warning signs.

The soldiers of the culture war  
Went forth and fought alone,  
For service to the Princes of Lies,  
Their hearts could ill condone.

Their enemies could curse their King  
Until their dying breath,  
But maybe, with good stories, could  
Their children challenge death.

Again was Christmas under siege,  
And authors rose to serve their Liege.

## **Part II**

A Sub-Saharan author took  
His leave from eastern works.  
The weeaboos could wait, because  
The Japanese were jerks.

At lightning speed, he typed his tale  
Of merriment and peace.  
He typed of hope in hardship and  
Of conflicts that would cease.

His publisher, of course, had been  
Converged by wicked foes,  
And even former patrons cried,  
"Your story, I oppose!"

The champions of liberty  
That he had called his friends  
Withheld their funds, and called upon  
His King to make amends.

And once again disheartened, he  
Retrieved his cultural crime,  
And into the recycle bin  
It went as wasted time.

For as a Mormon sage had said,  
Though culture could be swayed,  
The best of tales meant nothing when  
Their authors went unpaid.

Not even on his weblog did  
The author share his blundered bid.

### **Part III**

A most nostalgic author rose  
To meet the challenge next.  
Enchanted by the pulps of old,  
He typed his lively text.

A crazy action story, wrought  
With elements bizarre,  
Was what this author needed to  
Become the Christmas Czar.

But as this author praised his King,  
As well as Heaven's queen,  
The Sub-Saharan author praised  
A show that few had seen.

The most nostalgic author went  
To binge what he could find,  
And easy was the guess why he  
Returned to fandom's grind.

Of sperg's cartoons by shut-ins from  
The islands of Japan,  
This most nostalgic author had  
Most always been a fan.

With every stream and disc-insert  
And brief nostalgic rush,  
His manuscript lay dormant, and  
His brain became like mush.

As reparations for the bombs  
Was anime the grief of moms.

#### **Part IV**

Two authors came to realize why  
The youth had turned from God.  
The "Christian" fiction of their days  
Was deeply, deeply flawed.

Enough, they had, of Christian men  
Whose testicles had shrunk.  
They shouted, "Deus vult!" and with  
Their fiction, Hell was sunk.

But Hell recovered quickly, and  
Its gates were soon rebuilt,  
For neither had the legacy  
To stifle Adam's guilt.

One author was Hispanic, and  
With pride, his head would swell.  
What need had based minorities  
To write their fiction well?

The other, a psychologist,  
Fared better than the rest,  
But still, for most who followed him,  
His therapy was best.

For though, within his novels, did  
The men still have their guts,  
His readers had been neutered by  
The social-justice nuts.

Thus, "Cruci-Fiction" proved a fad;  
Its name was also slightly bad.

## Part V

A Massachusetts Greek was sure  
That Christmas could be saved,  
And though he mused of beings far,  
Eternity, they craved.

And while he made good headway as  
He typed his manuscript,  
With duties to the Church of Greece,  
His sanity had slipped.

His King-and-God's Nativity  
Was only weeks away,  
And as it always did, his fast  
Would last until that day.

That said, this year was different, and  
His body slowly starved—  
One vegan meal a day, and his  
Physique became uncarved.

That was, until he saw his ribs,  
Which wrought his mind with warps.  
His pastor gasped in horror when  
He saw his walking corpse.

That was the price that he would pay  
For months of worship missed,  
And though his weight returned to him,  
The Church was very pissed.

His Christmas tale would have to wait;  
To be with family was his fate.

## Part VI

An author from Montana fetched  
From dusted mental shelves  
A story of Saint Nicholas  
And wars among the elves.

With orthodox theology  
And folklore of the old,  
His tale would lure Zoomers like  
The sight of ancient gold.

But that went though the window when  
His marriage came to be;  
His "waifu" was a holy knight,  
And he was her trainee.

Their honeymoon was filled with spells  
Occult and villains dead.  
She saved the day with miracles,  
And he, with magnum lead.

And though his wife's phonemona  
Were plain for all to see,  
The twits on social media  
Spread damning mockery.

"This simple fundie girl believes  
Herself to be of [G]od,  
But look! They are her mutant genes  
That truly should be awed."

With scientific terms applied  
To things divine, their wonder died.

## **Part VII**

An author from Virginia set  
His keyboard to the side  
To fight the faceless cowards who,  
To him, were always snide.

For greater was the pen against  
A hero's sword and might,  
But none of those prevailed against  
His country's ArmaLite.

And as his readers cheered him on,  
He died from heart disease.  
Though doctors sighed, his prayerful wife  
Was shocked by his reprise.

He went again before his King:  
The Rod of Jesse's root.  
When called upon to list his sins,  
His innocence was moot.

Said he, "The Holy Spirit dwelled  
Within; I knew It well,  
But still did I engorge myself  
Until I felt like Hell."

To Purgatory, off he went  
To burn away his fat.  
As with Virginians from his time,  
Was that the end of that.

And though he entered Heaven pure,  
To anti-truth, he was no cure.

## **Part VIII**

An author whom the Dragons loved  
Went out into his town  
To roast the village drag queen, whom  
He thought to be a clown.

And when the drag queen's stories ceased  
To make the children bored,  
The author asked if life in drag,  
With Christ, would find accord.

The drag queen then responded, "Have  
My soul, you come to thief?  
I know the Bible, just like you—  
For demons, too, believe."

To purge this person's evil went  
Beyond mere Groyper tricks,  
Thus did the author fetch his beads  
And tiny crucifix.

The author cried, "By Jesus, may  
You leave these children be!"  
His stand against the demon then  
Achieved its apogee.

The demon said, "Now, Jesus is  
A man whom I should fear.  
But you, my prey, are hardly He.  
Your doom draws swiftly near."

The author fled his gruesome gaffe  
With every child's morbid laugh.

## **Part IX**

An immigrant invader to  
The land of Peter's death  
Ceased working on his manuscript  
And cursed it with his breath.

Though atheists and pagans were  
But cultural silt and slime,  
His faith in Christ grew lame, for Christ  
Had ceased to be sublime.

The Eastern Rite, the Latin Rite,  
And Protestant were weak,  
For when the demons troubled them,  
They acted all too meek.

It was from first-rate DNA,  
Though Christ was not a fraud,  
That knights and old crusaders gained  
Their courage from their God.

The immigrant invader threw  
His Gospels to the trash;  
The wrath of God, and not His love,  
Would keep his spirit brash.

And when his wife protested, toward  
The kitchen went his hand—  
"Prosecco e panino con  
Bologna," his demand.

For twice as smart and twice as strong  
Was he than any priestly throng.

## **Part X**

Take heed, you children of the Lord  
Who cease to live as squares.  
In vain do Christian soldiers storm  
The gates without your prayers!

The sergeants and the corporals are  
Unworthy of His grace,  
But so are you—and you did not  
Convert at rapid pace.

So how much longer, then, it takes  
To make yourself a saint.  
And with you, through our weakness, may  
God's might, itself, acquaint.

As God above is Lord of time,  
And all, He has ordained,  
Do pray that, grace and mercy, all  
On Earth have yet attained.

This Christmas, will our enemies  
Make known their deep despair,  
And though they shall assail us, God's  
Great blessings, we must share.

We all shall live forever more  
In Christ, our sacred King:  
The Rod who sprung from Jesse's root,  
Then flowered during Spring.

O come again, Emmanuel,  
And keep your Church alive and well!