

What is it about this night?

We really do some strange things, when you think about it...
 From our warm, brightly lit homes
 we have stepped out into the cold darkness of night.
 For something whispers to us that right in the cold dark night
 we may actually glimpse the True Light
 that signals the real home,
 where we will find the warmth and acceptance
 for which these restless hearts still ache.

What is it about this night?

Many of us have arrived in some seasonal finery,
 but all of us with hopes of somehow joining a cast
 of the poor, the pushed around, and the put down.
 For something has told us that
 while kneeling before the One laid so low,
 we will actually be in the presence of the Most *High*;
 and that right in the fragile weakness of this Child
 we will know...God *almighty*!

What is it about this night?

Forsaking all the lovely comforts and safety of home,
 we grab face masks, head out into the COVID wilderness,
 and squeeze into pew chairs to muse...
 over sitting with earthy shepherds
 out in dreary fields of roaming sheep.

For something sings to us that tonight

it is only with the earthy
 that we will encounter the truly Heavenly;
 that only with the terrified and overwhelmed
 will we learn of true peace and goodness for all;
 and that only with those on the all but forgotten fringe
 will we somehow be right in the middle
 of the glory of the God who forgets not one of his own.

What is it about this night?

Pushing aside all the glittering decorations of the season,
 we come to gawk at a manger –
 a crude feeding trough used by animals
 in what was akin to a smelly barn.

Why do we do this?

Well, tonight something deep and moving has told us that
 only in this rough manger

now sending me, calling you,
guiding the Church to gather 'round...
the Wonder of His Love.

Merry Christmas!