

Come to the Manger

The following words are worth sharing as Christmas approaches.

*I come to visit the child
But I bring with me a crowd of concerns
And a buzz of insistent people:
Gerald wants to tell me that things are not quite right;
Betty just wants me to be the centre of her world;
John wants me to notice him.*



*And I bring a desk-full of issues into the place –
Budgets and audits and stirrings and plannings;
Worries and bothers and irritations and burstings of the mind.*

Somewhere here....there's a baby.

Bob Wharton

It seems to me that whoever we are, whatever our circumstances, around Christmas time - somewhere amongst the extra work, the hospitality, the additional services, the visitors, the expectations and disappointments, the surprises and the looming emptiness - there is to be found the greatest gift of time: the soft baby-like breath of God within the quietness - close by – and asleep within the folds of our minds – in total trust of the security wrapped around him, asking nothing of us but our love. What a privilege and what a responsibility to be the guardians of 'God-within-us' !

What can I give him, poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb.
If I were a wise man, I would do my part.
Yet what I can, I give him – give my heart.