

Herod's Man

Hello! My name's Jonas, and I'm one of Herod's men
But I was only a kid when my story starts, a long time, way back when.
You see ...my Dad was a Centurion, who served under Herod the Great
Well, that's what he liked to call himself.....he was the one we all loved to hate!!
The three of us lived in Jerusalem (my Dad, my Mum and me)
And things were OK; we were happy enough; but that all changed, as you're about to see,
As my Dad, well he got this posting, and although not that far from home
He said we'd all go with him ... as he didn't want us left alone.
He had to go and keep the peace, during some sort of census or other
And he wanted us there to look after my Mum, 'cause she was expecting my brother
(*not that we knew it was a boy, at that time of course!*)
Anyway the place where we went is called Bethlehem; nice enough, in its own little way
But when we got there, it was all a bit mad and this was where we were going to stay?!
Shouting; fighting; drinking and singing, I tell you, 'twas all quite a sound!
Everyone seemed to be off their heads ... and there were certainly loads around.
Well, one day Mum and me were out shopping when this young couple came along
She was riding a donkey and, like Mum, she 'hadn't got very long' (*know what I mean?*)
They were desperate to find a room to stay but, apparently, there was none to spare
So Mum said, 'Hey ... you come along with me, and I'll show you somewhere;
It might not be fancy, or nothing like that, but I know it's warm and dry.
It's behind the inn where we're all staying, so you'll be fine, and I'll be close by'.
Well, the Inn-keeper wasn't impressed at all (*miserable old grouch*), and said he was full to the brim
Mum quietly reminded him she was a Centurion's wife; *Ha!* you should've seen the change in him!!
So there they stayed, in what was in fact the stable, until she gave birth to her son
Mum helped her along, and did what was needed, but then it all really begun!
Firstly, a load of shepherds came by. And there was singing, and lights, in the air!
And then, after a while, some 'Eastern Potentates' appeared; goodness knows why they were there.
But that's when it all kicked-off some more, 'cause Herod heard about this, and really flipped his lid!
And he called in his soldiers (*my Dad included, of course*), and you don't want to know what they did!
By this time, my Mum had given birth to young James (and a cute little thing was my 'bro')
But Dad dashed home in more than a bother, and said that we'd all got to go!
Mum started packing, but then she shouted 'What about them in the shack?'
Dad said he'd go and get them, but then we must dash; he'd send word when it was safe to come back
So, off we went in the dead of the night, running like we were on fire
The six of us hurried, we didn't look round, just kept going, with no time to tire.
Later next day, Joseph (*that was the other dad*) said 'Hang on! We all need a rest'
Mum said 'OK', as she knew where we were, and thought it would be for the best.
She said her sister was living nearby, so we could all stay with her
But he said 'Thanks, but no thanks', as they had to go on, to somewhere else that they'd prefer.
Where they went, who knows, but we were safe, and my Auntie looked after us three
And sometime later my Dad re-appeared and said 'It's safe now, so come back with me!'
Well now all these years on, here I am, and a soldier.... just like my Dad
But I often wonder what happened to that kid, and what sort of a life he had

Makes you think, doesn't it?

Still you all behave yourselves, and make sure you're in by curfew!!

Ta-ta!