

The Night Of Wonder

Hello

Do you ever stop and ponder, about that night of wonder
When shepherds gathered round to stare, and Wise Men came, from who knows where?
When stars shone brightly in the sky, and angels sang to 'God on high'?
Did it rain? Did lightening flash? Was it dark? Did thunder crash?
Did the moon light up the sky? Was it calm? Did breezes sigh?
Was it (*in the words of the song*) 'silent'? Does that matter? Did the rain come, pitter-patter?
Landing on the stable roof, or splashed about by donkey hoof?
And what about that bright new star, that brought them in from near and far?
Are we sure from whence it came ~ and would it now look just the same?
We can imagine all these things ~ 'Peace on earth', the angel sings.
So what if underneath it all, the baby born in ox's stall
Who came to earth to be our King, did not appear as such a thing?
In our minds we know the scene: stable, manger, Heaven's Queen
Mary smiling; Donkey sleeping; Joseph snoring; cattle keeping
Watch o'er manger's precious load; hardly fit as a King's abode.
What a way for God to come and show the world His One True Son!
I ask you then to ponder this about that night of Heaven's kiss ~
He came to be the Son of *Man*, and that was how it all began:
A simple start. A humble birth. A lowly Mum. Right here, on earth.
Although the angels sang on high, to common man 'twas but a sigh.
Of other babies born that day, there was nothing more to say.
But Jesus in that manger bare, He came to be with us, and share
The love of God, brought down to man. So answer this, please, if you can ~
That wondrous night; that Holy child. Born of Mary, meek and mild
In simple love, brought ever near, how come now there's so much anger, hatred and fear?
It's time to stop and question how it's all turned sour twixt then and now.
And so, sweet Jesus, come once more and on us all your love outpour
So we can live in peace again, and on the earth your Kingdom reign.

(Amen)

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