

'Twas the dawning of Christmas. A poem.

'Twas the dawning of Christmas, inside the cow-house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
A babe slept in a manger, just over there,
And his mother looked on him, with love and with care.

The cattle were lowing around the child's bed,
As a halo of gold encircled his head,
His swaddling smoothed, pulled snugly to wrap,
Mary gazed on in awe, too excited to nap.

When, outside the stable, there arose such a clatter,
And Joseph sprang up, to see to the matter,
High above in the sky the angelic host flashed,
Coming from the hills, the shepherds, they dashed.
The babe's holy halo caused the doorway to glow,
Making smiles on men's faces gradually show,

And, look! what next in their view should appear,
a convoy of camels, with three kings drawing near.
In their magnificent robes, and with arms full of gifts,
As the star drew them closer, their spirits did lift,
More rapid than eagles their happiness came,
With their gold and their myhrr; they whispered his name.

Messiah! Peaceful prince! The anointed one!
Lord of all! The World's Light! God's only Son!
The word became flesh and from heaven he came,
God with us! Emmanuel! The Christ is his name!

An earthquake was caused by a butterfly's wings,
At the new arrival, cocks crowed, and sparrows did sing,
High up in heaven, angels applaud and cheer,
Down below in the depths, shadows cower in fear.

Yet, there, in that twinkling, the people found truth,
Of God's love revealed, in vulnerable youth,
And they still offer hearts, keep turning them round,
Many centuries since, that infant's first sound.

Poem written and preached for Christmas Day 2017
by Rev'd Arwen Folkes at St Just and St Mawes Churches
John 1.1-14

Eternal God-baby. Human, from head to toe,
Into mortal hands, for nurture, bestowed,
And swaddled in white cloth from front to back,
He dreams as a newborn, asleep on her lap.

His eyes-how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a berry!
His sweet little mouth, not yet ready to say,
Those life changing words, that bring us to pray.

The events of the past were held tight in his clasp,
The yoke of the present, he's willing to grasp.
The Alpha and Omega, beginning and end,
He is the promised future, to heal and to mend.

The child was perfect, divine bundle of joy,
She delighted to hold him. The miracle boy,
Who made *us* his home, and dwelt in *our* being,
Growing and showing and knowing and seeing.

On each Christmas morn, as this story's retold,
among the lights, the presents, the customs of old,
We remember 'twas love, that came with the child,
Love: God's mission for the weak and the wild.

So, as you head home this day, and walk out of sight,
Take the babe in your arms and hold to him tight,
And hear him exclaim, in the depths of your heart,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a fresh start!"

(with thanks to Clement Clark Moore
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