CREATION’S SONG OF PRAISE

Boys and girls, I want to share with you an early American Christmas poem I heard. I’ve taken the liberty of adding some verses to it especially for us at St. Perpetua’s this Christmas Eve:

Shall I tell you who will come to Bethlehem on Christmas morn? ... who will kneel them gently down before the Lord newborn?

One small fish from the river with scales of red, red gold;
One wild bee from the heather, one gray lamb from the fold;
One ox from the high pasture, one black bull from the herd;
one gentle goatling from the far hills, one white, white bird.

And many children -- God give them grace --
brining bright candles to light Mary’s face.

One little boy with freckles, tightly holding his mother’s hand; he has nothing to fear from Jesus who brings peace to every land.

A tall blond girl with her soccer ball, her knees are bruised from scoring; and her friend from school who’s staying over; they always find church so boring.

And a child who got a new computer, the latest one that’s out, so she can satisfy her curiosity to discover what this world’s all about.

They’ll all come to Bethlehem, each and every one. They’ll look with excitement and wonder to see God’s newborn son.
They’ll hear angels shouting a message as loud as a football cheer: “Praise God in highest heaven; Your newborn King is here!”

They’ll see shepherds staring in wonder, with their ragged cloaks drawn tight; the poor are especially God’s favored on this most holy night.

The children will hear ox and donkey, making animal sounds in the shed. The lambs have stepped back from the manger to let Jesus have it for a bed.

or how young or old we may be, The stable of Bethlehem fills you with a love that sets your heart free.

So join all your friends at the manger; make new friends whom you’ll get to know. On Christmas no one is a stranger, God’s love has made it so.

God has shown us that all things living are gifts we daily receive. Creation brings grace and blessing for all the hearts who believe.

The birds of the air are all nestled in the branches of our Christmas tree. The moon and the stars are all shining with bright promise for you and for me.

So let your holiday feasting with all your family and friends fill your hearts to overflowing with Jesus’ love that never ends.

Merry Christmas!

Fr. John Kasper, OSFS

And no matter how often we see this...