



We ran . . .

We ran!
Like startled children, ran!
The song of the angels still ringing in our ears;
Our eyes still dazzled with their light;
The words of their message,
Still spinning around in our heads.
Why, how or who was still a frenzied blur.
But we ran – not even clear of what we were seeking,
But convinced it had to be found.

And then we saw them
An outcast couple huddled in the corner of a field
Their new-born's cry piercing the midnight air
From the borrowed feeding trough in which the child was laid

On any other night we might have passed them by,
Sparing their shame by pretending not to notice.
Such a far cry from the glories of heaven,
Whose hosts had invaded our night-time watch.

Yet that, it seemed, was what we had come to discover,
That God is not hidden away in some distant palace,
But heaven's hope can reach us,
In this most desolate of places.

It was with joy we told our story,
Not that we had been summoned to the gates of glory,
But glory's gateway had come to earth,
God with us in every human struggle.

