

Shhh ...

A poetic meditation
by
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Texts:
Luke 2:1-20

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Christmas Eve

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Shhh ...
Empires announce it
Emperor proclaims it
We must be quiet
Be calm
Be patient
Be listening
Obedient and compliant
Go to your homes
Be counted of the ancestors

Shhh ...
Babies must wait for now
For the powers will not
All births are on hold
For this moment,
for this now
Until we are counted
“Go we must,”
he whispers
to the betrothed,
“Our presence is demanded
So go we must.”

Shh ...
“My Love, go we must
Not by the call of their emperor god
But called by messengers of the One ...
The One of our ancestors ...
The messengers we have both known,
My love,
Messengers of the One,
My Love”

Shh ...
This night we go
to David's city
“To Bethlehem
Of prophets foretold.”



Quiet
The world
Quiet
The distractions
The rush and the roar
For this moment
Is God's to love us
Beyond words.
Into our quiet

Quiet
The dog barks and the owl hoots
Quiet
The din and hum
The clatter and pother
Of every other day and night
For this night is
Different from all others

Quiet
Your anxious hearts
New mother and father
For your baby is here
The crying is music
To the One who has spoken
Already.

Quiet, dear Mary
Dear Joseph, quiet
The world knows not yet
But soon will
Who is your babe
How he is
of the only One.

Quiet
O ages beyond
Quiet
Yet only for this moment
Treasure and ponder this *now*
But not forever
Yes, ponder for now,
But then speak
And then shout
From the mountains and the cities
For all must hear this news
Of this birth
Of love born tonight.



Calm
Dear shepherds
Calm and fear not
The wolves sleep elsewhere tonight
Your children are safe
Your flocks are secure
Be not afraid
Go, seek the one who truly saves

Calm
Dear tenders
Let down your guard
Let angels whisper,
Let angels sing
Let the voices be loud
And the announcement be ours
“To you is born this day
So go you too,
To that place
Which Love now lights.”

Calm
Announcement and excitement
Glory and praise
To Bethlehem
To see this that has taken place
The Mother and Father,
the Child
not in palace august
but in cold feeding bowl
humble and simple.

Calm
Dear friends
Feel now how
The world shifts
Subtly
This night
The balance of power
Is now in doubt
A young mother chosen?
Shepherds at this birth?
The empire uninvited?
Now ***we*** are counted
And ***now*** we do count.



Go friends
Each of us
To that place
Where God counts
Each one, each child
Each man, each woman
Each one loved like each one.

Go friends
Shushed ... no more
Quiet ... no more
Go calm and patient
Go tell all the world
What God did then
What God does still now
Go humbly, go boldly,
But go now, dear ones
Go with those parents
Called by sweet angels
Led by low shepherds

Go and tell of the Love
That Love born this night.

Amen.