

He Came to Share a Simple Gift

In stillness of a winter's night,
When darkness fell and stars were bright,
A cry came forth, a baby born,
In Mary's arms, that Christmas morn.

And those of us surrounding Him,
We angels, hosts of diadem,
Knew that the royal blood was there,
A King, whose role would be to share,

A message and a mission great,
Of love, and how to celebrate,
What God has given every child,
His heritage, pure, undefiled.

What is this birthright, bright and pure,
This gift of gifts that will endure,
This priceless jewel in mind and heart,
Of each created one? A part

Of God Himself! That child has not left his home,
To wander lost, left there to roam,
Without a firm attachment there,
Adrift on earth, a life left bare,

To make up meanings from thin air,
Which have no substance, empty there,
To build defenses, so to arm,
From fear and guilt, perceived great harm.

He came to share a simple gift
That shatters walls, that gives a lift,
That tells us all, 'We are as One!'
Each child, God's own daughter, son.

This is your birthright, and your gift,
Claim it now, and heal the rift,
That cuts so deep and leaves you out.
You are His own, without a doubt!

Let's end this poem with one more thing,
One more gift to you I bring,
I'm there within, just call on Me,
Never alone—I dwell with thee!