

*A frightful noise!
I run for shelter from its crash!
Where are the Angels in the skies?
The awesome fire — it seems to scorch my inmost soul!
and sets afire all things on earth!
In every way has man progressed!
Gifts for the King — the little sheep,
the frankincense, the myrrh —
lost in the rubble — scattered by the fire!
By now replaced — forgotten King —
by tinsel gifts — disgraceful scandal of our time —
broken boxes — crumpled wrappings!
The Boy King's gifts, lost in the rubble, scattered by the fire!
In every way has man progressed!
O Holy Night!
O Night when Peace did speak of peace to all the world!
Indeed, the Night when Heaven's cry was heard on high —
so soft, and sweet and full of love!
Where are the men whose will is good?
And now — as well — the Temple Curtain —
all tattered, torn and stripped — past glories gone —
stands symbol to fallen Truth, disobedience and shock!
How can I hide from such a roar?
But, lo, my Soul, be not afraid.
The hand of man will never wreck
the place of Peace — the stable straw!
No thundering roar, no searing fire —
no force from hell which shakes the earth,
will ever crush the King of Peace —
will e'er profane the Father's Son!!!
In every truth,
snowflakes on swaddling clothes brought chill
upon the Baby Boy!*

*May Christ give to you
at this time and always,
His Peace in your soul,
His Presence in your heart,
His Power in your life.*