



when every night is winter

Lord, you split no sky when you came among us,
And you rose not from the sea.
A star was seen in the heavens—but only by those who looked.
A choir of angels was heard—but only by those who listened.
No thunder, no storm, no cataclysm announced you,
Just the cry of a lowly refugee,
Turning to no one, turning to everyone,
Saying, “Will you let me in?”

And so, when every night is winter,
And every town is Bethlehem,
And every inn seems filled,
And on every ear those words are heard,
“Will you let me in?”
May we have eyes to see the star,
May we have ears to hear the choir,
May we have hearts that finally speak:

*Yes, yes, by all means, come in.
Come in and stay.*

Amen