

THE STEWARDSHIP PAPERS

The Gift

[Isaiah 9:2; Isaiah 42:6,7]

Have you ever seen a party
With the presents stacked up high?
The cake is gone, the juice consumed;
The time for “opening” draws nigh.

And little ones have gathered ‘round;
The Birthday Child has just sat down.
With eagerness, they all draw near
To get a better view and hear

The “Ooooo’s” and “Aahhh’s,” with such delight
That each and every gift’s just right.
For that’s what this is all about:
It’s time “the gifts” were taken out.

And if you have the ears to hear
Inside the box, a voice rings clear.
In quite a very special way.
To those who hear, it seems to say:

THE STEWARDSHIP PAPERS

“Please bring me out.

It’s dark inside this box, and so,

Please bring me out that I may know

The light that shines,

A smiling face:

The gifts to me that I’ll embrace.

But till it’s opened you won’t see

That what’s inside is really me.”

And so the wrappings are all tossed,

And all such non-essentials lost;

For not until the gift is freed

Can “gifts” to “gifts” be well-received.

The gift of light,

The smiling face,

The gift of opening a place

That would in darkness have remained

Without the child’s unrestrained

And hopeful “looking forward to”,

The “gift-within,” that comes you.

(Written, January 14, 1980. Edited, December 3, 2012.)