A Christmas Poem

By Jean E. Jones

Word in beginning, all things through him made;
Word was with God and was God, yet he weighed
Cost of redeeming lost man from the grave:
Word became flesh, so that man he could save.

God sent his angel called Gabriel down
To the young Mary in Nazareth town.
“Greetings,” said he, “highly favored you are!”
Mary then wondered at message from far.

Troubled was she, but he said, “Do not fear,
You have found favor with God—he is near.
You will give birth to a son you will name
Jesus, and great will be he in acclaim.”

“Son of the Highest will he then be called;
Forever will he be on God’s throne installed,”
Spoke thus the angel to Mary. Asked she,
“I am a virgin, so how will this be?”

“God’s Holy Spirit in power will come,
So will the holy One born be God’s Son.”
Mary, God’s servant, said, “So let it be.”
Word emptied self and to womb entered he.

Mary sang, “Glory to Savior, my God
Who lifts the humble, but scatters abroad
Those who are proud, but his mercy extends
To all who fear him: to those he attends.”

To Joseph an angel in dream then appeared
Bearing a message from God so revered:
“Joseph, take Mary to be your new wife;
God’s Holy Spirit gave her child life.”

Mary, still virgin, gave birth in a stall.
Shepherds nearby heard an angel’s loud call:
”Fear not for news of great joy I now say:
CHRIST who is Savior is born on this day!”

Heavenly host appeared praising God then:
“Glory to God and on earth peace to men!”
Shepherds to manger went. Jesus they saw:
Word become flesh. And the wise bowed in awe.