

## **When the world was dark**

When the world was dark  
and the city was quiet,  
you came.

You crept in beside us.

And no one knew.  
Only the few  
who dared to believe  
that God might do something different.

Will you do the same this Christmas, Lord?

Will you come into the darkness of tonight's world;  
not the friendly darkness  
as when sleep rescues us from tiredness,  
but the fearful darkness,  
in which people have stopped believing  
that war will end  
or that food will come  
or that politics will change  
or that anyone cares?

Will you come into that darkness  
and do something different  
to save your people from death and despair?

Will you come into the quietness of this community,  
not the friendly quietness  
as when lovers hold hands,  
but the fearful silence when  
the phone has not rung,  
the letter has not come,

the friendly voice no longer speaks,  
the doctor's face says it all?

Will you come into that darkness,  
and do something different,  
not to distract, but to embrace your people?

And will you come into the dark corners  
and the quiet places of our lives?

We ask this not because we are guilt-ridden  
but because the fullness of our lives long for  
depends on us being as open and vulnerable to you  
as you were to us  
when you came,  
wearing no more than scraps of cloth,  
and trusting human hands  
to hold their maker.

Will you come into our lives,  
if we open them to you  
and do something different?

When the world was dark  
and the city was quiet  
you came.

You crept in beside us.

Do the same this Christmas, Lord.  
Do the same this Christmas.