The Crowning of the Year

So,

When Jose and Maria show up at the church

Late one cold night

Because they heard there was no room

At the Holiday Inn,

And they heard that the church

Was mostly empty most of the time,

And he’s scruffy,

And she’s pregnant,

And they both smell like the street,

And you had already settled in

For a long winter’s nap,

And you can’t be bothered,

And you think you don’t have enough food,

And you’re afraid

That ice might creep through the cracks

Around your seemingly secure doors and windows

And arrest these two “illegals,”

And you with them.

Then,

Listen to the angel say,

“Fear Not,”

And let them into the sanctuary

And into your heart

And prepare yourself

To be a midwife of migration,

And get ready for the mess,

Because Jesus is about to crown

Into your life. *Rev. Jack Amick, 2018*