

Christmas Day Prayers

A Christmas Creed

I believe in Jesus Christ and in the beauty of the gospel begun in Bethlehem.

I believe in the one whose spirit glorified a little town; and whose spirit still brings music to persons all over the world, in towns both large and small.

I believe in the one for whom the crowded inn could find no room, and I confess that my heart still sometimes wants to exclude Christ from my life today.

I believe in the one who the rulers of the earth ignored and the proud could never understand; whose life was among common people, whose welcome came from persons of hungry hearts.

I believe in the one who proclaimed the love of God to be invincible:

I believe in the one whose cradle was a mother's arms, whose modest home in Nazareth had love for its only wealth, who looked at persons and made them see what God's love saw in them, who by love brought sinners back to purity, and lifted human weakness up to meet the strength of God.

I confess my ever-lasting need of God: The need of forgiveness for our selfishness and greed, the need of new life for empty souls, the need of love for hearts grown cold.

I believe in God who gives us the best of himself. I believe in Jesus, the son of the living God, born in Bethlehem this night, for me and for the world.

From www.christmas-day.org

God of joy

God of joy
Remind me to rejoice
Wrapped up in my Christmas gifts
Tied down in my debts
I have forgotten

God of peace,
Remind me of your calm
In my anxiety
And in my haste
I have forgotten

God of all
Remind me
Of the true light of Christmas
Of your gift shared

In my own wants
And in my own needs
I have forgotten
Wrapped up
in my little world
Remind me of your world
God of joy, remind me
To rejoice
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Incarnation

He's grown, that baby,
not that most people have noticed.
He still looks the same,
lying there with straw, with
animals and shepherds looking on.
He's safe there, locked in that moment
where time met Eternity.

Reality, of course, is different,
he grew up, astonished people with his
insight, disturbed them with
ideas that stretched them into
new maturity.

Some found him
much too difficult to cope with,
nailed him down to fit their
narrow minds.

We are more subtle.
Keep him helpless,
refuse to let him be the Man he is,
adore him as the Christmas Baby,
eternally unable to grow up
until we set him free.

By all means let us pause there
at the stable, and
marvel at the miracle of birth.
But we'll never get to know
God with us, until we learn
to find him at the Inn,
a fellow guest who shares the joy and sorrow,
the Host who is the life we celebrate.

He's grown, that Baby.
Ann Lewin 1991