

ADVENT

The night was dark,
The world was cold:
His natal star began to shine.
The sin was stark,
Rebellion bold:
The night was yours and mine.

Our darkness spread . . .
Its wages? Death.
Our human length and breadth were bound.
No wise man's head,
No prophet's breath
Could make the lost the found.

God's holy plan?
The source of good?
Run, find creation's starting place:
Both God and Man
In crèche of wood
To bathe the world in grace.

Behold, the light
Of daybreak's ray,
As angels' voices blend in praise!
From Heaven's height
Descends the Way
Of Life, the dead to raise!

The night was cold,
The world was dark,
As glory then began to shine.
To break sin's hold
Love left His mark:
The gift is yours and mine.

— *David L. Hatton, 12/29/2001*