

CHRISTMAS EVE COMMUNION (Gospel of John 6:54-56)

Last night I fed on Christmas in the broken bread and wine.
I tasted sacred nourishment that brought God's life to mine.
With thoughts of Mary's holy Child, by candlelight and songs,
I worshiped at the Table where all Adam's race belongs.

I pondered how the sweetness of our Lord's nativity
Should never be seen separate from His death upon the tree;
How God, wrapped up in human flesh, sojourned with human need,
How hands that sculpted human form could feel our pain and bleed;
How incarnation taught Him through life's weariness and sweat;
How only after learning these, He chose to pay our debt.

Last night I fed on Christmas, and the strength I gained was real.
Our present peace and future hope draw meaning from that Meal.
Our banishment is ended; our empty lostness gone.
The Babe and Lamb of Bethlehem is Whom I feasted on.

— *David L. Hatton, 12/25/2006*