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**A Christmas-Eve Prayer**

**for Emmaus Ministry Parents**

 On that Holy Night,

Somehow... *It* happened.

Somehow...

God took a handful of humanity:  Proud, petulant, passionate;

And a handful of Divinity: Undivided, inexpressible, incomprehensible,

And enclosed them in one small body.

Somehow...

The all-too-human touched the Divine

And was not vaporized.

To be human was never the same.

But forever thereafter,

Carried a hint of its close encounter with the perfect.

And forever thereafter,

God, to us, was never the same.

But carried a hint of the passion of the mortal.

If God can lie down in a cattle-trough,

Is any object safe from transformation?

If peasant girls can be mothers to God,

Is any life safe from the invasion of the eternal?

**If all this could happen, O God,**

**What places of darkness on our earth**

**Are pregnant with light waiting to be born this night?**

If all this could happen, O God,

Then you *could be*, and *are*, *anywhere*, *everywhere*,

Waiting to be born this night in the most unbelievable places…

Perhaps, even in our own hearts.

Amen.

--Ian Oliver