

Thought for the day – Tuesday 19th December 2023

By Revd John Marshall

Counting Sheep Jane Yolen

I am a poor shepherd.
Each sheep that lives the winter
is miracle enough for me.
That I have bread
and cheese and a skin
full of sweet wine on these cold hills
can pass for his blessing.
So I will not say I was amazed
when angels thick as fleas
clustered in our meadow,
shouting hosannas that
frightened the sheep,
I lost two that night.
Still a shepherd is not
so different from his flock.
We followed the bellwethers
to a rude manger
and crowded in among the cows.
What we saw there was miracle indeed
a brand-new babe,
his unblemished face
shining in the light
of his mother's smile.

- The Oxford Treasury of Christmas Poems

Let us go to Bethlehem and worship with the shepherds, and like them share the good news of Jesus.