



*The infant breathes and draws in air
witnessed by cattle, straw and shed.
Its mother, tired and drained of strength,
enfolds the child, cradles its head.*

*This powerless child, this babe who could
not live one hour without her grace,
will flourish through the gentle love,
reflected in this mother's face.*

*Yet can you see, within this child,
the Word who spoke and worlds became?
The Power who moulded land and sea;
who sang the Universe its Name?*

*This is the mystery of God,
the wonder that this moment shows.
The king who puts His strength aside;
trusts us with life, His Life bestows.*

