

FESTIVE COFFEE EXCHANGE, 7th DECEMBER 2023. SANTA'S POEMS

Prayer Poem

May the eternal spirit that dwells with us all
help us appreciate everything, large or small.
For our food and our drink, we give grateful thanks
as all may not have them – without a food bank.

Give thanks we were told by mum and by dad
To see in our lives what is good and what's bad,
To know the difference and so to be glad
for the courage to combat those things which are wrong;
to muster the convictions that make us strong.

We hurt when we lose that someone we love
But we also know that, like hand in glove,
the world of no time, a world without form
is the real world from which we came here to be born.

The world that enables our loved one to be
eternally with us – with he or with she.
At this joyous time whatever its name,
we have new beginnings, for He that came
at Christmastide, was to prove to us all
that love is the secret and hearing its call.

The love of the spirit that we often call God
of all that exists from the first seed pod,
for the seed of all things that after were born
universally made of both form and no form.

We each as a being in human form
came from the original source to be born
to care for each other and the earth is the thing,
so, at Christmas time thankful songs we all sing.

Put the words into action and make your words be
the means of enlightenment eternally
so that blessings are sent to our families and friends
as well as the beggar whose hope's met dead ends.

J C Hide 7.12.23



Cont.

The Shepherd's Tale as told by the shepherd edited from an old Spanish origin.

It was the very noon of night: the star above the fold, surer than clock
or chiming bell, the hour of midnight told:

When from the heavens there came a voice, and forms were seen to
shine still bright'ning as the music rose with light and love divine.

With love divine, the song began; there shone a light serene

O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

Oh, ne'er could nightingale, at dawn, salute the rising day
with sweetness like that bird of song in his immortal lay:

Nor were woodcocks heard at eve by banks with forest shade
so thrilling as the concert sweet by heavenly harpists made.

For love divine was in each chord, and filled each pause between.

O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

I roused me at the piercing strain, but shrunk as from the ray
of summer lightning: all around so bright the splendor lay.

For oh, it mastered sight and sense, to see that glory shine,

To hear those angels in the clouds, who sang of Love Divine,

To see that form with bird-like wings, of more than earthly bird.

O, who hath seen what I had seen, or heard what I had heard?

When once the rapturous trance was past, my sense I sought to find.

My flock, I left in the creator's care as confusion filled my mind.

I left them, fleet of foot in snow: I trod on blade and flower,

The ice dissolved in starry rays at morning's gracious hour

revealing where on earth the steps of Love Divine had been:

O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

I hastened to a sheltered cave, for so the Angel bade;

I bowed before the lowly rack where Love Divine was laid:

A new-born Babe, like tender lamb, with lion's strength there smiled;

For lion's strength; immortal might, was in that new-born child;

That love divine in child-like form has God for ever been:

O, who hath heard what I have heard, or seen what I have seen?

Jeff Hide 7.12.23

