

A STAR, A KING

'God entered into our world not with the crushing impact of unbearable glory, but in the way of weakness, vulnerability, and need. On a wintry night in an obscure cave, the infant Jesus was a humble, naked, helpless God who allowed us to get close to him.' [Brennan Manning 'The Relentless Love of Jesus' Hodder and Stoughton]

They brought to him their special gifts:
the gold, and frankincense and myrrh.
He sat upon his mother's knee,
she was his gift and he was hers.
They saw his star, they saw it rise;
they understood what was revealed.
They knew a special king had come –
God's secret plan, so long concealed.

The light that shone in Bethlehem
for Mary, shepherds, wise men, all,
blazed out when ocean beds were formed,
when birds were making their first call.
And though the star has disappeared,
the light remains for us to see.
For Christ is light, and he will shine
through time and through eternity.

They saw a star, they found a king,
a king like none we ever see:
King Jesus loved the weak and poor,
with them he shared his company.
No soldier waited on his word,
he had no palace by the sea;
his crown, it was a ring of thorns,
his throne a Roman hanging tree.

Show us your light, Lord Jesus Christ,
that we may be a light for all,
and, like those travellers long ago,
to follow when we hear your call.
May we be true to what you've shown,
and may we give as much as them.
For we have seen your glory shine –
dear child, great king, in Bethlehem.