

CHRISTOPHER

Christopher, carrier, cross the stream,
Christopher, carrier, carry me,
carry me safely over the waves tonight.

Christopher, carrier, through the storm,
Christopher, carrier, keep me warm;
carry me gently into the dark tonight.

Christopher, carry me through the night,
Christopher hold me high;
I am your beacon, I'll lighten your way,
won't you carry me – I'm just a child

Christopher, carrier, you're my feet,
Christopher, carrier, carry me,
carry me, take me out to the world tonight.

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In primary school some of our standard textbooks were the Wide Range Readers. One of the stories I remember is that of Christopher who, after a long and varied life, had found his vocation as a carrier of people and their goods across the ford of a stream. He lived in a small hut next to the stream, and one stormy night, so the legend says, a child knocked at the door and asked to be carried across. Reluctantly, Christopher agreed to do it. Although the child was small, he found that the further he went the heavier his burden seemed to become, and he only just managed to make it to the other side. As he watched the boy walk away he saw the halo around his head, and knew that he had carried the Christ child, and with him, all the sins of the world. Christopher means 'Christ carrier', and though he may have been removed from the Roman Catholic Church's list of saints as the patron saint of travellers, I think his story and the image of him carrying the child is a great picture for Christians to relate to. We are all 'Christ carriers'. I wear a Christopher medallion on a chain around my neck. 2 Cor 4:10