

Young Mary, a virgin, never been with a man
Was chosen by God to be part of His plan
She was to carry this baby divine,
Chosen to bring His gift to mankind
So – Oh what a shock to this poor lowly teen
When an angel appeared ! – It was far from routine.

Blooming heck – who are you? What does this mean?”
Am I in some sort of ‘You’ve been Punked’ scene?
To be fair, the angel was far from the norm
Tall and shining, a quite glittering form
“Fear not” said he “for I bring you great news”
Mary sat down in a state quite confused.

“Don’t be afraid, – this is not a deception -
You are having a baby by immaculate conception
God has decided to send down His son

As a gift to the earth and yes, you're the one
Chosen to nurture and bring him to birth
Out of all of the women on God's good green earth.

Mary stood gobsmacked with mouth open wide
The angel went on, there was more to confide.
His name will be Jesus – our Saviour and Lord
And he will be worshipped and greatly adored.
But to you he'll be 'junior' so love him well
Keep him in line and don't let his head swell.

Right, now I'm off but heed what I say
And 'poof' he was gone on his angelic way
And Mary was left to ponder and muse
To take in this unexpected news.
Full of excitement and wonder and joy
At being picked to birth this boy.

But then how to tell Joseph her man?
About God's most unusual plan.

He would think she'd been untrue
And done the dirty on him too.
She was as pure as fresh fallen snow
But with preggy belly – who could know?
Would Joseph scream and begin to shout?
Oh God would have to work it all out.

Now Joseph was a gentle stick
But the news went down like freezing cold sick
Another angel had to be dispatched
To inform our Jo of the plan that was hatched
And once he understood the story
He worshipped God and gave him the glory.

A census was called for and off they went
To Bethlehem, without their tent
And trip Advisor let them down
For no inn was found in that town
Their transport – and this was very shonky

Turned out to be a humble donkey.

After some time and with great relief

A man answered a door – he had no teeth

“Have you a room” they asked so tired

No he said then suddenly inspired

I have a stable out the back

It’s nothing flash, just a smelly shack

But I can see you’re in some trouble

So just a jiff and I’ll shift the rubble

They made it as clean as they could

It turns out Jo was rather good

At creating a homely feel and such

Even though it was like a rabbit hutch

So in that stable Mary gave birth

The Son of God came to the earth.

Choirs of angels clapped and sang

Round the heavens praises rang

Hope was born, a new day dawned

The Saviour of the world was born.

Shepherds watching over the stock

Got themselves a mighty shock

When choirs of angels appeared and sang

Peace on earth and goodwill to man

A babe is born in Bethlehem town

You'd best leave your flocks and go on down

They left their sheep and went and saw

Kneeling before him on that humble straw

Mary and Joseph coping well

Amongst the animals sweat and smell

A palace would have been more fitting

But Mary was contently sitting

Jesus lying in her arms secure

In the comfort of a love so pure

Now it happened that in a land afar

Some wise dudes saw a strange new star
What the dickens did it mean?
To find out what – they split the scene
And set off determin'd to discover
The answer that they must uncover.

They travelled far on camels lumpy
“Chins up lads, let's not get grumpy”
Popping in to Herod's place
To find the babe – but not a trace
Of him was found – alack alas!
Not there in Herod's posh palace
The onwards, onwards, ever on
To find the spot where the star shone

They travelled tireless through the night
Until they found the place so right
And there before the King of Kings
They knelt and gave their precious things
As they offered up their treasure

The baby's smile brought such great pleasure
Mary and Jesus sat peaceful still
In the centre of God's will

Holy child grew to be
The man who set all people free
From such a humble start began
The healing for the sons of man
Thank you Father for the son
And all the love this gift has brung
Thanks too at this Christmas time
His story has been so linked with mine.

By Gwyneth Bedford

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