

Manger God

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You never conform to our image
of what a god should be.

The Magi took gold to a palace
and found you lying in a manger.

We burn incense in a church
and find you healing the sinners & poor.

They anoint your body and declare you dead
and discover you dancing with the blind and lame.

Manger God

We don't conform to our image
of what a church should be.

The bishops wear gold in a cathedral
while we shiver in thermals, scarves and coats.

Choirs sing glorious praises
while we struggle to remember a tune.

Angels dance around the throne
while we huddle around a fire.

Manger God

There are times when we would love to conform to the image.

Forgive us.

Forgive us when we forget the stable in Bethlehem.

Forgive us when we reject those who are not like us.

Forgive us when we can't feel your life-affirming Spirit.

[Silence]

Manger God

Fill us with your Spirit

and inspire us to be the people you want us to be
not the people we think we ought to be.

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