

Somebody stole my Christmas away...

We wanted to send you Christmas greetings
but goodwill, peace, and love had been drowned in a sea of Christmas carol
sentimentality;
We wanted the story of the unmarried teenager and the dreamer who is prepared to
marry her anyway to move us to greater compassion,
but the theologians were still debating Mary's virginal status;
We wanted to celebrate the mystery of the birth of the image of the invisible, the
body of the untouchable, the weakness of the all-powerful, the crying of the
invulnerable,
but the church was making him knowable and respectable;
We wanted the story of the baby laid in a feed trough and the heavenly
announcement to the socially and religiously defiled shepherds to speak to our
own sense of self-esteem and challenge our attitudes to the poor and disregarded,
but the McMarketers were making deals with the charities;
We wanted the story of the itinerant threesome, immediately displaced as refugees,
to enlarge our vision of humanity,
but we were too busy organising our own family re-unions.
Somebody stole my Christmas away and I don't have any words left
to wish you goodwill, peace, and love.
Only if the angels come again...

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Geoff