

## A Christmas Prayer

Not gold, nor myrrh, nor even frankincense  
would I have for you this season,  
but simple gifts, the ones that are hardest to find,  
the ones that are perfect,  
even for those who have everything (if such there be).

I would (if I could)  
have for you the gift of courage,  
the strength to face the gauntlets  
only you can name,  
and the firmness in your heart to know  
that you (*yes, you!*) can be a bearer of the quiet dignity  
that is the human glorified.

I would (if by my intention I could make it happen)  
have for you the gift of connection,  
the sense of standing on the hinge of time,  
touching past and future  
standing with certainty that you (*yes, you!*)  
are the point where it all comes together.

I would (if wishing could make it so)  
have for you the gift of community,  
a nucleus of love and challenge,  
to convince you in your soul  
that you (*yes, you!*) are a source of light  
in a world too long believing in the dark.

Not gold, nor myrrh, nor even frankincense,  
would I have for you this season,  
but simple gifts, the ones that are hardest to find,  
the ones that are perfect,  
even for those who have everything (if such there be).

- Rev. Maureen Killoran

