

CHRISTMAS IN THE WOODSHED

Welcoming you to this family event With a poem as your only guide No plan, program, or schedule, just an invitation to wander with your kids and ponder the first Christmas.

The first Christmas too took place outdoors. Firelight, starlight, dimly lit the air of the sleepy, little town.

The hills and the crude shelter where it happened were full of stillness and peace on this holy night.

A humble, strong young woman and her concerned husband both dirty and tired, oh so tired, were surrounded by animals, confused at the disruption and by rugged, earthy men from the fields whose night was suddenly filled with deep mystery.

Everyone gathered: shepherds, animals, new parents, together, around this new life

And everyone felt profound wonder...

If only we can see with their eyes and listen with their ears tonight as we quietly walk through the dark woods to our own simple structure

And ask as they did: why this way?
Treasuring the answers in our heart

We hope you as you wander, you are able to feel and hold and smell the most wonderful starlit mystery of all.