

The Caress of Christ

by Rev. Andrew P. Carrozza

The cave was cold and roughly hewn;
Its floors were filled with hay.
No hearth for warmth – not with that straw!
'Twould burn them all away.
A manger for the baby's bed,
The best she could provide.
No sweet sachet, just putrid dung
Incensed their crude abode.
The only comfort to be found
Were doves that gently cooed,
And Joseph resting at her side
Providing meager food.
Yet in her arms she held her child
And softly kissed his cheek.
In her embrace his life was safe,
His mother, mild and meek.

As children we knew all too well:
Our mother's calm embrace
Was all we'd ever need
To find a safe, comforting space.
But we must one day leave those arms
And live life on our own.
And yet at times we all feel lost,
Abandoned, all alone.
What joy to know that Christ is there
To hold us in his arms!
And comfort us through all our fears,
And shield us from all harms.
For we, though strong and in command
Need reassurance still.
Let Jesus hold you in his love
As you strive to do his will.

