

THE STAR

The World is still - a Holy Night
descends upon the Earth.

I wait my turn upon the stage,
this leading part that I have won,
but why?

Now wait, three camels come my way,
their riders decked in wondrous garb-
of cloth of gold, and jewelled crown.
they look to me to lead them on-
but where?

O'er desert, dune and rocky hollow,
my instinct takes me ever onward,
leading them that always follow,
to the scene I know is there,
somewhere.

Below a stable, lonely and bare,
with ox, and ass and donkey there,
and sheep, with shepherds standing by.
the quiet drips upon the Earth-
but what?

My friends descend, and take their gifts,
to lay before the baby there,
with bended knee and humble mein,
they praise and glorify his name,
but who?

The Baby smiles and waves his hand,
and as the light around Him grows,
the haloed gold around His head,
reveals the Saviour of the World,
and I know!

And now I know why I was sent,
to play my part upon this stage,
the best, the finest, brightest star
my role to live beyond this age-
for ever.

Patricia Davies