The Wonder of His Birth
Dub McClish

We know not on what day it was
   The Savior-babe was born;
We only know that this event
   With wonder is adorned.
While early Christians are not known
   Who kept the Christ-child’s birth;
It must be placed near to His death
   In all events of worth.

We wonder at the tasteful words
   That simply tell the tale
Of Heaven’s Child, the End of Grace,
   Our Means beyond the veil.
The sheer finesse of Luke and Levi
   Leave us struck with awe,
As Mary’s secret they reveal
   With absence of all flaw.

And then we stand amazed to see
   Just where His birth occurred.
Not Jericho or Zion boasts
   The sound of angels heard.
But Bethlehem, the village small—
   No birthplace for a crown—
Providing but a stable-stall
   To lay Messiah down.

And what think ye of sages, who,
   Attracted by His star,
Would make their way, by night and day,
   From such a distance far,
To ask, "Where is the new-born king,
   Him honor we would pay?"
And then to kneel on hallowed straw
   And gifts before Him lay?

But now consider Herod’s scheme,
   When wrapped in jealous rage—
A tiny Babe would steal his throne,
   So murder he must wage.
With cruel heart and bloody hands
   He sought Immanuel’s place,
But then a Father’s perfect love
   Preserved Him for our race.
Behold! It was with angel-voice
   The first announcement came;
To virgin Mary Gabriel spoke
   And called her Baby’s name.
To Joseph meek, to shepherd’s lone,
   Angelic word was giv’n.
It’s wondrous that this Infant’s birth
   Was paid such note by Heav’n!

We marvel as we read about
   The source of Jesus’ life.
How could He form in Mary’s womb
   E’er Joseph knew his wife?
The seed of life from which Christ grew,
   Unlike all others known,
Came not from human fatherhood,
   But from Almighty’s throne.

But what should these astounding facts
   Provoke within my heart—
To merely stand in awe-struck trance,
   And see them soon depart?
“Nay, nay,” the answer swiftly flies,
   In words sent from above,
“But faith, obedience, and service true
   Must be my gifts of love.”

[Note: I wrote these verses in 1968, while living and preaching in San Angelo, TX.]

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