

Timeless

It's the wrong time.
(It always is).
To think that time can be right or wrong — that is mortal thought.

Time is.
And then it isn't.
Time is a flash in the pan called eternity.

They said, "It's the wrong time to get pregnant."
(She's too young.)
(She's not married.)
(She's a little too 'out there' talking about angels and such.)

They said, "It's the wrong time to give birth."
(There's that long census trip to consider.)
(There's no family around if things go wrong.)
(There's no room in the inn.)

They said, "It's the wrong time to welcome a baby."
(Taxes are too high.)
(Herod is a baby killer.)
(A baby?! It's a full-grown, sword-brandishing Messiah that's needed!)

But guess who did it anyway.

Do you know why?
Ask the star bending the night.
Ask the shepherds outrunning the hills.
Ask the angels razing hell with their music.

Ask that silent soul hidden in your own clamoring clay.

Enduring light.
Abiding birth.
Endless promise.

And that, is timeless.

Faith Richardson
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