



## Selah: Stop, Look, Listen – December 18, 2021

The Lord be with you.

I was five, maybe six years old at the time, and I was in our little church's Christmas pageant. I had wanted to be a wise man, but I got the role of the in-keeper instead, you know the in-keeper guy, and a little girl and boy playing Mary and Joseph and when they came knocking at my door, I spoke to them, those five infamous words, no room in the inn. And I was very young at a time, but I felt the sadness of those words, no room in the end, words that were based on the Christmas story that Luke tells us in his gospel, chapter two. "And Mary brought forth her firstborn son and wrapped him and swapping clothes and laid him in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn."

I wonder. How do those words sound to you today? How do they affect you? No room in the inn. Strangely, those words from the gospel have they've haunted me through the years, no room in the inn, because I sometimes have difficulty making room for Jesus in my life, I mean filled up as it is, well, with a lot of good stuff. My plans, my agenda, my ambition, such that it is sometimes difficult to find room for Jesus. But I have discovered that when we do not have room for Jesus in our lives, it's not Jesus who's a loser. It's us. We're the ones losing out. But thankfully, Jesus is patient, and Jesus waits for us.

Now, with all of that in mind, I is something that's a little bit different today. I wanna read a poem, a poem that is about making room in our lives for Jesus, and not just making room at Advent and Christmas for Jesus, but making room for Jesus all year round, because that's when we find real life real joy, real peace. I'm sharing with you a little poem that speaks to me, and I do pray that it speaks to you today. The poem is titled, *Covenant*. It is written by Margret Alaska. I read,

God knocks at my door, seeking a home for his son.  
Rent is cheap, I say.  
I don't want to rent, I want to buy, says. God.  
I'm not sure I want to sell that you might come in to look around.  
I think I will, says God.  
I might let you have a room or two.  
I like it, says God. I'll take the two. You might decide to give me more someday, I can wait, says God. I'd like to give you more, but it's a bit difficult, I need some space for me.  
I know, says God, but I'll wait. I like what I see.  
Hmmm, maybe I can let you have another room. I really don't need that much.  
Thanks, says God. I'll take it. I like what I see.  
I'd like to give it the whole house, but I'm not sure.



## water from rock

Think on it says, God. I wouldn't put you out, your house would be mine and my son would live in it, you would have more space than you ever had before.

I don't understand it all.

I know says God, but I can't tell you about that. You'll have to discover it for yourself. That can only happen if you let him have the whole house.

A bit risky, I say.

Yes, says God, but try me.

I'm not sure. I'll let you know.

I can wait, says God. I like what I see.

End of poem.

And so, I pray, loving Father, we are in astonished amazement that you so loved the world that you gave your son, so that the son of God might become the son of man to make us sons and daughters of God. By your Holy Spirit, open up our hearts and minds to the glory, the wonder, the gift to us of your son, that as He gave Himself for us that we might whole heartedly give ourselves to you and to know the joy and peace that you promised.

God says, I can wait. I like what I see. But let's not make God wait too long.

I am Tim Smith, a fellow traveler.

Thanks for listening, until next time.