

Christmas Day 2020

(It's still early morning--my second meditation.)

Lois Dodds

If I were homeless today©

Huddled in a ruined car

Or shuttered doorway

I would awaken cold

(would I have slept at all?)

Stiff, wet from dew or rain

No alarm

No cozy snoozing

Just morning light

no bathroom in sight

No place to change

night clothes

No comb for my hair

No cream for my face

No morning coffee for my brain

Who knows where I might be

Or who would wake beside me

Where can I go for breakfast

Lunch dinner

Brush my teeth

Wash my clothes

And air my pack?
Will my meager money
Still be there
Or was I robbed while sleeping
Where will I spend my day
Where can I put my stuff
Who will sneer at me
Or look with pity
Any real compassion?¹
I once was somebody
Who am I now
Do I have a face a voice?
My real home is heaven²
How long must I await³
Will the metro take me
some bus lane marked “Heaven”
perhaps some wheeled chariot
Come aflame.⁴
Is there any gift for me today?
Jesus? You Came!

¹ Matt. 25:34 – 40. Jesus said, “If you have (fed, clothed, visited) for the least of these, you have done it unto me.”

² Rev. 21:1-5 Home in heaven. John 17:24 To be with Jesus

³ John 14:1-3 Jesus prepares a place for us.

⁴ Waiting for a ride: See II Kings 2:11. A special transport!