

When the world was dark and the city was quiet, God, you came.  
You crept in beside us.  
And no one knew—only the few who dared to believe that God might do something  
different, something we did not expect.

Will you do the same this Christmas, Lord?

Will you come into the darkness of *today's world*—  
Even the fearful darkness—in which people have stopped believing  
    That war will end, or that food will come,  
    or that we can treat one another fairly, or that there is hope for change?  
Will you come into *that* darkness and do something different, something that will save  
your people from death and despair?  
Will you come into the quietness of *this city*—  
Even the fearful silence—into which the phone has not rung, the letter has not come,  
    The friendly voice no longer speaks, the doctor's face says it all?  
Will you come into *this* silence and do something different, something that will not  
simply distract, but embrace your people?  
And will you come into the dark corners and the quiet places of our lives?  
We ask this not because we fear the darkness, but because the fullness we long for  
depends on us being as open and vulnerable to you  
As you were to us, when you came,  
Wearing no more than a diaper, and trusting human hands to hold their maker.

Will you come into our lives, if we open them to you and *we* are ready for something  
different?

When the world was dark and the city was quiet, you came.  
You crept in beside us.  
Do the same this Christmas, Lord.  
Do it for those whose names and faces and illnesses and needs are imprinted on our  
hearts this morning.  
Do it for this world that you love, this world that needs you desperately.  
We pray in the name of Jesus, who was humble enough to creep into our world, and  
strong enough to save us from it.