

# DIRECTOR OF THE CHRISTMAS PROGRAM

BY VAL CAMENISH WILCOX

*Final rehearsal  
and still I ask how,  
from present chaos,  
can we possibly create  
a heavenly choir?  
But I pray that we may.  
Then, on Sabbath day in answer to desire,  
Past sticky smear on best-dress sleeve,  
Past crying babe and petulant child  
Comes elusive feeling creeping,  
Magically distilled and seeping  
Into hidden places of my harried heart.  
"Glory to God in the highest . . ."  
Like a shawl, wonder warms me  
At the wisdom of my choosing  
To take part at all.  
"Peace on earth,  
Goodwill to men . . ."  
Fellowship slips  
Into hollow soul-spaces  
With mellowness and ease.  
"How silently . . .  
the wondrous gift is given . . ."  
Hard to believe, but without  
Wrapping, ribbon, or bow, I know  
The nebulous gift is received.  
"Where meek souls will  
receive Him, still . . ."  
Indeed, our herald angels sing  
Right now, this holy day!  
Indeed, right here  
". . . in this world of sin . . .  
the dear Christ enters in."*

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE KROPP

