

# December 23, 2024

## Something Happened

Read the poem on the following page.

*This poem was originally published in 2021 Christmas in Zion.*



# Something Happened

I'm not sure if there is peace  
in this car or good will  
but it is Christmas  
nonetheless.

I don't want to hear demands  
from the back seat or more  
questions from the seat  
beside me.

I don't want to know what time  
we'll get there or how  
many beds I have to make  
before we sleep.

Glory to God? I can't find it  
in my heart that is clouded with  
getting and spending, tinsel  
and trappings.

Our pathway winds westward  
over grassy hills under  
a star-strewn blanket  
of dark black.

Up ahead a herd of white  
cotton on legs  
moves as one down a  
green-gray slope.

Stop, I say. Brakes shudder  
passengers alert  
and the car idles still on  
the shoulder.

In the vastness only crickets  
and sheep lowing  
bells clanking  
in the field.

Is this the peace  
the shepherds felt that  
long midwinter night?  
I feel it.

Car doors open and others –  
my others join me  
looking skyward.  
Good will

I feel. It's Christmas, I think.  
This is how it was for  
the shepherd families before  
the sky broke.

I don't see angels  
I hear no song.  
Only my heart  
beating

Glory to God.

*Matthew Keranen*

