

## *Christmas: 1942*

Remember the Christmas we used to know  
When we trudged at night through the glistening snow  
    To the mass of the Virgin Birth?  
Remember the crib with its lights aglow  
Where we knelt to pray that the Infant bestow  
    All the blessings of peace on earth?  
And now that the peace of those days has fled,  
And the world we knew has been bludgeoned and bled,  
    Are our lips to be stricken dumb?  
Our triumph may rest on a prayer unsaid,  
And the peace we seek may be found just ahead  
    In a prayer which is yet to come.

—Alan Smith, O.P.