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.