

Levi Pennington

People

1963

Christmas, 1963

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Christmas, 1963

I dreamed that Christ came to the earth one day,
His birthday, as men suppose.
His eye saw the near and the far away,
The land of the palm and the rose,
The land of simoon and of storm wind hot,
The land of the ice and the snow,
The land of the Zulu and Hottentot,
The land of the Eskimo,
The land where no one can read or write,
The land of culture and wealth,
The land where hunger and sickness blight,
The land of abundance and health.



But His heart was sad on that Christmas day
And a tear was in His eye.
His head was bowed, and I heard Him say
With a heart-torn, sob-like sigh:
"Almost two millenniums gone
Since I died for poor, lost men,
And oh! what mine eyes have looked upon,
Again and yet again.
Strife and malice and hate and wars,
And after this war so late
Still the world is worshipping Mars,
Still strife and malice and hate.
Millions of refugees still in camps,
Homeless and hungry and cold.
Fear over every land heartlessly tramps,
Insolent, threatening, bold.
What has my sacrifice done for the race?
Was all my suffering vain?"
I saw grief infinite shadow His face,
Infinite sorrow and pain.

And then, approaching Him, smiling and glad,
I saw the form of a child,
With her her brother, a sturdy young lad.
Jesus looked up and He smiled.
Then comes the mother. He looks in her eyes;
Loyalty, patience He sees.
Her soul, He knows is an infinite prize—
Softly now comes on the breeze,
Louder and louder as angels appear,
Richer and richer the strain,
Clearer and clearer as coming more near,
He hears the heav'nly refrain:
"Glory to God in the highest"
Rings out again and again,
"Glory to God in the highest;
Peace and good will among men."

L.T.P.

*Best wishes for the Christmas Season, the New Year
and all the Years to come.*

From LEVI T. PENNINGTON



I can say, as a Virginia Friend
once said to us at Baltimore Yearly
Meeting, "We'ah suttinly glad that
you-all is heah."

L.T.P.