Twas the night before Advent when all through God’s House
not a heart wasn’t stirring, not a heart wasn’t roused.
His people wrapped around His Word with awe,
Awaiting wonders and the fresh grace of God.

The children were anxious for His Story to start,
these Visions of love dancing loud in their hearts.
And God in His glory, and us, in Jesus Christ,
settled only for a Christmas all about Christ.

When out on the streets, the frenzy came with a clatter,
Yet in hearts, Joy sprang up, centred on Who matters.
Away from the stresses, we flew like a prayer,
Simply opened our hands and made room to prepare.

For the Light of the World to warm every dark space,
a lustre of hope cupped in every cold place.
Till what to our wandering hearts should appear,
Murmurings of a King and Love drawing near.

In a Book of Old Pages, so Living and True,
you can hear Jesus whisper, I’m coming for You.
Through Every Story, The King fiercely came,
And He beckons you, woos you, and calls you by name!

“Come Beloved! Come Chosen! Come Special Child!
Come Wanted! Come Nearer! Come Feel the King’s Smile!”
From Creation’s first star to manger’s bright light,
Unwrap His Love Story till He holds you one night.

He spoke all Love’s Word, then became Word in the Skin
And filled every heart that would welcome Him in.
And laying Himself down into manger’s straw,
He’s Your Immanuel, With Us is God.

Advent unwraps wonder, the greatest gift ever dreamed,
so come adore Him, the One who redeemed
all the willing and wanting with this Advent Awe
a sacred, slow Unwrapping of a season of God.