

THE SHEPHERDS' ROSE

**One winter's eve, in distant field's yond, with flurries of snow all around
Shepherds kept watch, over their flocks, asleep on the stone cold ground
As storm clouds thickened, hiding every star, all things were lost to sight
While windswept snow, covered all the sheep, in an icy blanket of white.**

**The wet soaked shepherds, trying to endure, feeling spent and all alone
Saw sky veils part, in a display of light, sent straight from God's own throne
"Peace on earth goodwill toward men" sang the angels in one accord
For to you He is born in the City of David, a Savior, who is Christ the Lord."**

**Not wasting time, they hastened there, to the place the babe was born.
Poor lowly shepherds, possessing not, arrived empty handed and worn
What gift had they, from silver or gold, made special for God's little Boy?
Shyly approaching, with soft steps taken, they bowed in reverence and joy**

**As the shepherds departed, under heaven's glow, a rich and radiant thing
Their feet felt light, with spirits set free, as winter changed into spring.
Soft petals of love, unfolded in each heart, recalling the new born King.
Happy of soul, they proclaimed to all, God's promise He would bring.**

**Why shepherds heard first, we wonder yet, only God can answer and knows
But to their delight, they found that night, Christ the Lord,**





(“Ev’s Rose” In memory of Evelyn Hank—Quilt by Pearl Smyer)

Matthew 2: 11

**“Today in the City of David, a Savior
has been born unto you: He is Christ
the Lord.”**