

# The Box

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I stared out the frosty window as the sunlight danced on sparkling snow  
In a fragrant hush of evergreen, cedar, cinnamon and clove  
Surrounded by familiar voices joining in “O Come, Emmanuel”  
The advent candle flickered as the Reverend told us of the first Noël

My little hand tugged Grandma’s sleeve, I loudly whispered, “Is it finally time?”  
Caught my Daddy’s eye and sat back down, Mama simply smiled  
At that moment I knew she remembered and my heart beat wildly at the thought  
Of Mama climbing down the ladder from the attic carrying the box

Tucked beneath the tinsel, the pinecone wreath and lights on tangled strings  
Under crocheted snowflakes, hand-stitched birds and stars, we found my favorite thing  
We carefully unwrapped the fragile pieces from their paper one by one  
The angel and the shepherds, Mary, Joseph and their baby son

I arranged and rearranged them all until I knew that I had it just right  
I laid Jesus in the manger like God had done on that holy night  
First born over all creation come to earth to reign as Prince of Peace  
The perfect gift given at the perfect time to save a world in need

First born over all creation come to earth to reign as Prince of Peace  
The perfect gift given at the perfect time to save you and me