A Creation Christmas

Lee Magness
jlmagness@milligan.edu

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This reading moves back and forth from the birth of the natural world as reflected in Genesis to the birth of the co-creator, Jesus Christ, whose life reflects every aspect of creation. It serves as a reminder that at Christmas we celebrate not only the birth of the Christ but the coming of the Creator, in whom all things consist. Reader 1 reminds us of the acts of creation in Genesis 1. Reader 2 reminds us of the parallel events surrounding the birth of Jesus. Reader C, either a third reader or a choir or the congregation, proclaims the connection like a triumphant refrain.

1 In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth.
2 In the end, the whole heaven heaved up high,
   the starry host shone and shouted,
   and the hurt earth heard—
C the Firstborn of all creation had come!

1 In the beginning, darkness covered the face of the deep.
2 In the end, the deep darkness of a sunless day,
   the deeper darkness of a starless night,
   nestled in and among, within and between them—
C but Something stirred in the shadows.

1 In the beginning, the Spirit of God swept over the face of the waters.
2 In the end, the Spirit quickened a watery womb,
   blessed the barren, prompted a prophet,
   and stirred the sight of a seer—
C the Spirit hovered over humans.

1 In the beginning, God said, Let there be light, and there was light.
2 In the end, the light of all people, the true light was shining,
   a light for revelation to the Gentiles,
   and the light shines in the darkness—
C and Christ will shine on you.
In the beginning, God said, Let there be a dome, and he called it Sky.

In the end, shepherds took cold comfort under the shelter of that sky, they heard heaven’s heralds with their warm word,

this will be a sign—sky sign, glory sign, son sign—

and He will shepherd his people.

In the beginning, God said, Let the dry land appear and bear plants.

In the end, gold grew from the ground, sheep grazed on the grass, travelers traversed the dust, some compelled, some by choice, they laid him in a wooden manger on fragrant hay—

the Rose of Sharon had bloomed.

In the beginning, God said, Let there be lights in the dome of the sky.

In the end, Mary limped and labored under a pale sun, Joseph wondered and woke to a merciless moon, magi wondered at the star that started their wandering—

the Daystar had dawned.

In the beginning, God said, Let birds fly across the dome of the sky.

In the end, his very life was valued at a pair of pigeons, and by the time the king cast his net over the nesting village the foreigners and the family had flown the coop—

the Dove had alighted.

In the beginning, God said, Let the earth bring forth living creatures.

In the end, Mary may have mounted a donkey, ox and ass may have mooed while Mary moaned, and camels hauled the magi to the moving stable—

the Lamb, no, the Lion, had come.

In the beginning, God said, Let us make humankind in our image.

In the end, she gave birth to her firstborn son, being born in human likeness, being found in human form, and they found a child, a child, a child—

the Word became flesh.

In the beginning, God rested from all the work he had done.

In the end, they wrapped him and laid him to rest, in a manger, and the star rested over the place where the child was, and they knelt down and worshipped him—

Alpha, Omega, first and last, Christ had come.