

And the Donkey Spoke...

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By : Spyguy

"...And there were in the same country shephards keeping watch over their flocks by night..." But in the tight & unkempt quarters of a small, lowly stable, I watched the miracle of a wonderfull & majestic birth... If you follow along with me, I will share that special day with you...



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"...Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth, Peace, Goodwill towards men..."

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My friends, I'll tell you true, I have carried many a rider, I've walked many a mile...

but, this time was special, a very long journey, and uncomfortable she was too...

I could tell by her movements. She shifted while riding, but never lost her smile...

Never demanding, she thought of my comfort, (Something that happens with few)

She'd made sure I had water, took a smoother path too, or maybe that was him...

The treasure she carried, "Savior of the World", she couldn't show it but yes, I knew;

He cared for her, loved her so dear, it was easy to see it as the light became dim...

Each place they went, rejected they were, more frustrated he got, worried for her...

The Innkeepers looked at him, nodding him on, "Busy, we are, no room in here..."

"Please", he said gently, him tired too, looking so shambled, a poor man for sure;

Finally, pleading, a soft heart finds. "No room in the House, use stable in rear"

Stable... not really, more like a cave, a very dimly lit place, hardly fit for a slave...

That's where HE was born, in my manger HE was laid, so happy to share was I...

To carry the mother of THAT HOLY CHILD; GOD in Heaven the honor did save...

A poor lowly donkey, blessed am I, to have carried them both, I don't know why.

No one will believe me, I think to myself, but, that's a small nuisance, not major;

Shepherds, Angels, Wise Men, & more, came to that cave to witness the score...

Seeing, our GOD, a plan He employed, not understood by the masses I'd wager;

Of all the Greatest of life's grand events; In a small little cave, a miracle in store.

I, then was given the greatest of things, only once before known in history long;

When the Prophet was riding my ancestor true, so long ago, & the story is due...

Balaam the Prophet's, donkey the Faithful, told him "Stop beating, you're wrong;

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**an Angel's blocking, heed his song." You don't believe, but I swear that it's true.**

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**"... And Mary kept all of these things in her heart..."**

Please hit the "Like button" now, if that's the way you feel... It's so easy to forget later, & yet it's much appreciated by myself & also others if we know that people like what we've done, & that we are appreciated... Thank you so much for strolling through my garden & stopping to read, comment & possibly, hopefully, to "Like"...

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