

Commentary

Donna Bernhisel

Wedged into the same chair,
my husband and son station
themselves, duplicates
of each other.
Too tired to talk,
my son listens.

"This is the story of Jesus,"
I hear my husband say, book open.
"His mom and dad were homeless
but found shelter in a barn.
They had pride;
you'd never see them
begging on the side
of the road."

My son's eyes grow wide.

"This is Mary. She's the mom.
Must've had an easy delivery.
She's wishing all these
visitors, the ones with the
glittery lights around their heads,
would leave so she could stop
smiling and looking patient."

My son's eyes droop
with unasked questions.

"This is Joseph. He's the dad.
He's hoping that his insurance
will cover an out-of-hospital
delivery."

**"And this is baby Jesus.
He's a nice kid, doesn't
bite or throw food.
These are the gifts the
wisemen brought. Jesus is
wishing they were wise enough
to bring toys or blocks
or maybe a Lego giftpack."**

**My son nods his head in recognition,
the scriptures made plain
by his father.**