

A New Nativity.
by Alan Titchmarsh.

When all those long, long years ago a child came down to earth below,
To save the likes of you and me from evil, harm and misery,
Do you suppose that even then, there were some doubting, heedless men
Who, rather than believe the word, just turned their backs and never heard?

You see, today we all recall, the baby in the ox's stall.
The ass, the stables, shepherds, Kings, - all ancient, rural, rustic things.
But what if, here, this very night, it happened....on the Isle of Wight
Would we rejoice and all be merry? Would we dash off and catch the ferry?

If Christ was born in Walthamstow, would builders drop there tools and go?
Would Wapping printers stop their presses? Would supermodels ditch their dresses?

In Hampshire and in rural Kent, would shepherds, by an angel sent
Walk miles to see a newborn child, whose mother, unmarried, although mild
Had given birth to a baby boy, not at the Dorchester or Savoy,
But in a garage, there's the rub, round the back of the local pub.

And yet I like to think that we, despite the e-mail and DVD
Would know to go, when star shone bright, and make that journey through the night
To see the child who saves the world, in some old oil drum safely curled.
The nativity for the Millenium. Would anyone out there like to come?