

No Room

**Christmas
2005**

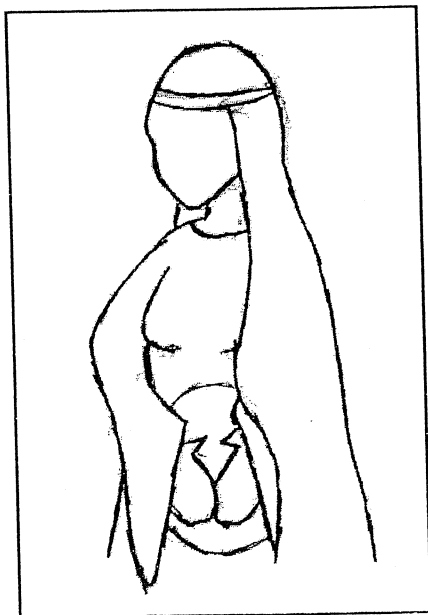
No Room

And she gave birth to her firstborn son and wrapped him in bands of cloth, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn. Luke 2:7

They came in silence in the night
To seek a respite from their plight.
They walked into the dim lit room
Bereft of warmth, like stone-cold tomb.

It was the only place to stay
Because of census underway.
The streets were lined with pulsing crowd
Who ebbed and flowed as billowed shroud.

The host who managed humble inn
Was sad to say, *No room within.*
The only space I have tonight
Is stall with beasts to ease your plight.



His heart was grieved by what he said,
As man out back his young wife led.
He helped them fix a place to stay
Amid the beasts on dingy hay.

He gathered strips of cloth and wood
And helped the pair as best he could.
He saw the girl was full and round...
As life within her did abound.

He grabbed a trough and brought it o'er
And set it firmly on the floor.
And then he made with fresh, clean hay
A manger bed for babe to lay.

As made he manger into bed,
He saw the husband bow his head
And pray for wisdom, strength and might
To help his wife though birthing night.

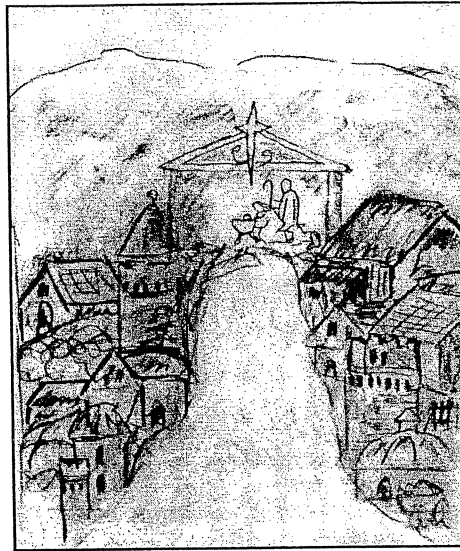
The husband strew some straw around
To make a bed upon the ground,
And then he helped his wife to lay
Her weary head upon the hay.

The host, respectful, took his leave
To go back to his post—and grieve
The selfishness of heartless men
Refusing them a room within.

Of course, a room was there that night.
If only one would take delight,
In yielding self to one in need—
To live by love, forgoing greed.

In darkest hour of lonely night,
A newborn cry pierced dark like light.
It rent the dark of death and sin
Announcing God had come to men.

Inside the humble stable stall
Was born the son of God for all.
He came to earth from heav'n above
To be the gift of God's great love.



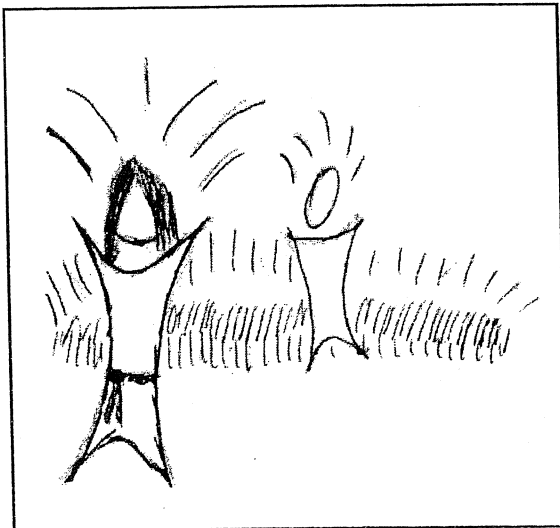
The humble place of our Lord's birth
Essential is to gospel's mirth.
It shows the lengths to which he'll go
For all mankind his love to show.

Yet now, as then, no room is found
When God in love still comes around.
We shut the doors that lead within
And sate our lives with selfish sin.

But still he comes to hearts today
That make a place for him to stay.
There always is a place for him
Where hearts await to let him in.

As Christmas comes anew this year,
It is the time that Christ draws near,
To come to you and come to me,
To bless our lives, from sin set free.

C. Handlee Vige
Christmas 2005



May Christ find room to dwell in your heart this Christmas and throughout the year so that your days will be filled with the joyful presence of his love.

The Viges
Pastor, Lynne, Beth and Tim

Line Drawings:

On the cover, Beth's interpretive drawing, "No Room," depicts a woman of today helping the innkeeper make a place for the baby Jesus as they prepare the manger.

Interior Line Drawings from past letters by Tim.