

A HOLY FIRE

by Robert Fitt

It was Christmas day.

I sat transfixed before the
Glowing warmth of a
Dying fire, with eyes
Riveted upon a single coal,
Singularly brighter than the
Dimming embers and
Darkened ashes that were
Nesting it;
Giving them
Life.

But then the image changed,
And amidst the
Glowing coals I
Envisioned the Christ Child
Gently nestled in the
Warming glow of the
Christmas
Star.

My grateful heart
Burned with a holy fire;
Illuminating every
Darkened crevice of my soul
With a renewal of
Joy and love,
And living
Light!