

OH HOLY LITTLE ONE

by Robert Fitt

As I study you, my little child, lying
Tiny in my arms. I touch your Button nose; I
Stroke your downy skin, and
Look deeply into knowing, blameless eyes that
Penetrate the unfathomable
Depths of eternity.

My thoughts are pensive as
I wonder:

From whence did you come?

Where was your home?

What is your destiny?

There must be so much of heaven that you
Know. Won't you tell me? O how I
Wish you could . . . or do you speak more
Wisely than I know in mouthing your
Bewildering babblings? Might I be
Astonished beyond measure if I could
Read your diary from heaven? . . .
Was the baby Jesus
Just like you?

Ohhh...would He mind, do you
Think, if I spoke to Jesus through
One so pure as you?

*O Holy one . . . with the
Silver spoon of diety you once
Supped with the Holy Father, yet you
Gave it all away to
Sup with the tarnished spoon of
Fallen man.*

*Tell me . . . why did you give up a throne
For a manger, a scepter for a
Stick of straw, dominion for uncertainty?
. . . Just to ask it gives me pause. . .
There must be so much more of You to love
Than puny man can - ever - comprehend!*