

# Baby Jesus, born in a shed,

said to his mother,

*Is this my home, O mother mine?*

*Is this my belonging and my landscape?*

He quite liked the donkey and the little lambs.

It felt warm and safe.

And his mother replied, Joseph's hand on her shoulder,

*My precious child,*

*this is the place of your birth,*

*but no, not your home.*

*It is safe for the moment,*

*but moments change as tyrants change,*

*and we may be on the move again.*

And Baby Jesus said,

*So, where is home?*

*Where do I belong?*

*Where shall I settle?*

And his mother replied, her hand on her heart,

*You belong with the no-belongs,*

*your home with those who lack a home,*

*your friends the failed and the misfortunate.*

*Your head will rest on the pillow of exile,*

*your heart beat in each wounded heart.*

*Your heart will be their home.*

*You must speak to them of the lilies and the sparrows,*

*telling over and over Isaiah's word*

*that close to the heart of God are held the smallest lambs.*

*You will give them hope where no hope hovers,*

*bleed for justice, gather the strays,*

*and one day you will ride this donkey into the great city.*

*Your landscape is the desert of suffering,*

*the mountain of need,*

*and the sorrow-tinged sky.*

*The vast sea that brings the fish*

*brings vastly too those who need harbours of peace.*

*You are not a settler, my son,*

*but a wanderer with the wanderers,*

*a kindler of love*

*for those who sit with pining eyes*

*around the campfires*

*of the world.*

And the Baby Jesus listened.



Mary Wickham RSM



MERCY INTERNATIONAL  
REFLECTION PROCESS

Flaming the Fire of Mercy: Creation Waiting in Eager Longing



[www.mercyworld.org](http://www.mercyworld.org)