"This child is destined...to be a sign." (Luke 2:34)

You did not frequent marbled shrines
Or marvel at the brush-stroked lines
And contours of museumed artistry.
No guided tour, no catalogue,
No philosophic dialogue
In Nazareth – no civic gallery.

Yet you beheld a work of art,
The making of a holy heart.
At first its meaning was so hard to see.
The artist said he was divine,
That earth would bow before his sign.
But is art pure that robs virginity?

Joseph, you taught me how to view,
To look by faith and sight eschew,
And give the artist time to be believed.
When flesh-framed masterpiece was done,
It flamed the image of a son.
When hung, at last its meaning was perceived.¹

(1986)

NOTE:
¹ Stuart McAlpine, The Advent Overture: Meditations and Poems for the Christmas Season (Bloomington, IN: WestBow Press, 2017), pg. 86.

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**RECOMMENDED READING**