

Can You Hear Him?

Black smoke pours above the drooping skyline as an inferno of flame engulfs the proud towers.

Chaos and confusion reign above the once clear skies as clouds of grey dust erupt taking form

In a twisting funnel of hate weaving around buildings, overpowering the crowded streets.

A nation awakens from its long slumber and watches in incomprehensible horror,

Unprepared for this unprecedented strike on American martyrs whose sudden deaths have changed our lives forever.

Blocks away in a cramped, dingy apartment slowly filling with smoke, a child's gentle cry punctuates the terror.

Almost lost in the devastation, his soft whimper becomes a pleading cry for change.....Can you hear Him?

Thousands of miles away in a troubled contested land, young children wind their way home from the shelter of school.

Abruptly, the gently strolling clouds above them dissipate violently as screaming warplanes

Emphatically respond to a series of suicide bombers who destroy an uneasy, unsettled peace.

Shrieks of horror explode in the afternoon sun as burning shrapnel falls indiscriminately upon the land and
Palestinian cries ascend above the soil to join the sounds of grieving Israelis..united only in their suffering.

Gently falling rain temporarily eases the heat of hate rising from the newly formed craters of despair.

Amidst this overwhelming crescendo of pain, a child cries out for change....Can you hear Him?

Two thousand years ago, two young, weary travelers navigate the hills of a land of uncertainty.

Guided by a brilliant star of love beckoning them through the blackness of the night,

They trust in their destiny, follow their path, and prepare to give the evolving world God's gift.

As they settle for the night in a small, decaying stable, curious animals slowly migrate to a manger of straw,

Graciously providing their heat in this long, eagerly awaited night.

The hypnotic sounds of the winter wind whistling through the creaking, sagging rafters, is interrupted

By the gentle cry of a newborn prophet summoning us in a desperate cry for change....Can you hear Him?

As this Christmas season painfully unfolds in our inconstant, troubled world,

We are bombarded daily by the ever present sounds of hate, destruction, and terror.

Beneath these booming bellows of fear, the timid cries of our confused children

Implore us to lead by our example and live love, understanding, and tolerance.

The Eternal Son of the first Christmas night cries out in the darkness,

His simple message more profound and necessary than ever before.

Peace on Earth, Good Will to All People....Can you hear HIM?

Frank Allocco-Christmas 2001