

Christmas with Potter's Inn



Deodar Cedar tree, mentioned by Steve in the podcast

At 00:52:48 – Away in a Manger (Piano Version) by Johannes Bornlōf / courtesy of www.epidemicsound.com

1 Away in a manger
No crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down his sweet head
The stars in the sky
Look down where he lay
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep on the hay

2 The cattle are lowing
The poor baby wakes
But little Lord Jesus
No crying he makes
I love thee Lord Jesus
Look down from the sky
And stay by my cradle
'Til morning is nigh

3 Away in a manger
No crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down his sweet head
The stars in the heavens
Look down where he lay
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep on the hay

4 Away in a manger
No crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down his sweet head
I love thee Lord Jesus
Look down from the sky
And stay by my cradle
'Til morning is nigh
Stay by my cradle
'Til morning is nigh

Songwriters: Traditional

At 4:41: A Liturgy to Mark the Start of the Christmas Season

Though there was no room at the inn
to receive you upon your first arrival,
We would prepare you room
 here in our hearts
 and here in our home,
Lord Christ.

As we decorate and celebrate, we do so to mark
the memory of your redemptive movement into
our broken world, O God.

Our glittering ornaments and Christmas trees,
Our festive carols, our sumptuous feasts—
By these small tokens we affirm
that something amazing has happened
in time and space—
that God, on a particular night,
in a particular place, so many years ago,
was born to us, an infant King, our Prince of Peace.

Our wreaths and ribbons and colored lights,
our giving of gifts, our parties with friends—
these have never been ends in themselves.
They are but small ways in which we repeat
that sounding joy first proclaimed by angels
in the skies near Bethlehem.

In view of such great tidings of love announced
to us, and to all people, how can we not be moved
to praise and celebration in this Christmas season?
As we decorate our tree, and as we
feast and laugh and sing together,
we are rehearsing our coming joy!
We are making ready to receive the one
who has already, with open arms, received us!

We would prepare you room
 here in our hearts
 and here in our home,
Lord Christ.

Now we celebrate your first coming, Immanuel,
even as we long for your return.
O Prince of Peace, our elder brother,
return soon. We miss you so!
Amen.

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www.everymomentholy.com

**At 8:13 – O Holy Night (Piano Version) by Johannes Bornlōf /courtesy of
www.epidemicsound.com**

O holy night, the stars are brightly shining
It is the night of our dear Savior's birth
Long lay the world in sin and ever pining
'Til he appeared and the soul felt its worth

A thrill of hope, the weary world rejoices
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn'
Fall on your knees, o hear the angels' voices
O night divine, o night when Christ was born
O night divine, o night, o night divine

Chains shall He break for the slave is our brother
And in His name all oppression shall cease
Sweet hymns of joy in grateful chorus raise we
With all within, let us praise His holy name

Christ is the Lord, His Name forever praise we
Noel, Noel, o night, o night divine
Noel, noel
O night, o holy night

At 12:43 - Isaiah 9:6-7 (NIV)

For to us a child is born, to us a son is given, and the government will be on his shoulders. And he will be called Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace. Of the greatness of his government and peace there will be no end. He will reign on David's throne and over his kingdom, establishing and upholding it with justice and righteousness from that time on and forever. The zeal of the LORD Almighty will accomplish this.

At 21:41 – Silent Night arranged Dan Forrest / from Beckenhorst Press

¹ Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and child;
Holy infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heav'nly peace
Sleep in heavenly peace.

² Silent night, Holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light,
Radiant beams from Thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth.

³ Silent night, holy night,
Jesus, Lord, at Thy birth,
Silent night, holy night,
Wondrous star, lend thy light;
With the angels let us sing,
"Alleluia" to our King,
"Christ the Savior is born!"
"Christ the Savior is born!"

At 29:48 - Reading: The Winter of Listening by David Whyte – [Essentials](#)

No one but me by the fire,
my hands burning
red in the palms while
the night wind carries
everything away outside.

All this petty worry
while the great cloak
of the sky grows dark
and intense
round every living thing.

What is precious
inside us does not
care to be known
by the mind
in ways that diminish
its presence.

What we strive for
in perfection
is not what turns us
into the lit angel
we desire.

What disturbs
and then nourishes
has everything
we need.

What we hate
in ourselves
is what we cannot know
in ourselves but
what is true to the pattern
does not need
to be explained.

Inside everyone
is a great shout of joy
waiting to be born.

Even with summer
so far off
I feel it grown in me
now and ready
to arrive in the world.

All those years
listening to those
who had
nothing to say.

All those years
forgetting
how everything
has its own voice
to make
itself heard.

All those years
forgetting
how easily
you can belong
to everything
simply by listening.

And the slow
difficulty
of remembering
how everything
is born from
an opposite
and miraculous
otherness.

Silence and winter
have led me to that
otherness.

So let this winter
of listening
be enough
for the new life
I must call my own.

Every sound
has a home
from which it has come
to us
and a door
through which it is going
again,
out into the world
to make another home.

We speak
only with the voices
of those
we can hear ourselves
and the body has a voice
only for that portion
of the body of the world
it has learned to perceive.

It becomes
a world itself
by listening
hard
for the way
it belongs.

There it can
learn
how it
must be
and what
it must do.

And
here
in the tumult
of the night
I hear the walnut
above the child's swing
swaying
its dark limbs
in the wind
and the rain now
come to
beat against my window
and somewhere
in this cold night
of wind and stars
the first whispered
opening of
those hidden
and invisible springs
that uncoil
in the still summer air
each yet
to be imagined
rose.

**At 38:28 –“My Lord has Come” performed by Voces8 on the Album [Lux](#) /
Decca Music Group limited / Words and Music by Will Todd**

Shepherds, called by angels, called by love and angels:
No place for them but a stable.
My Lord has come.
Sages, searching for stars, searching for love in heaven;
No place for them but a stable.
My Lord has come.
His love will hold me, his love will cherish me, love will cradle me.
Lead me, lead me to see him, sages and shepherds and angels;
No place for me but a stable.
My Lord has come.