

kneeling at the Manger

by [Carl Winderl](#) in the [December 19, 2018](#) issue

staffs at their sides, hushed

mouths agape, reeking not  
of frankincense and myrrh, but

of linseed oil, sulfur, pitch, and  
tar, these rough men  
stare, stunned  
by My Son's birth, shocked in

amazed gazing, at  
Him

their faces though I recognize, they're  
the providers

of the Paschal lambs, at Passover

for the Temple, they breed and they  
take from the ewes their firstborns to  
bleed and suffer, sacrificed

to atone for Israel's sin, but

when their shepherd eyes meet mine  
I see on their adoring faces a

glimpse of mute surprise, some

wonder; in an eyebrow's rise dis-  
belief, while something  
in their furtive sidelong glances  
causes me to further ponder  
more, for

they have been trained  
to know a sacrificial lamb when  
they see One