

*Christmas Wonder*: by Allan James and Brittany Jean

Walking with the dawn a chill is in the air  
I cannot hear a sound, yet a ring is everywhere  
Quiet winter ponies are racing through the canyon  
As if something long-awaited is soon about to happen  
I wonder

I find my place, unbolt the door—surprising warmth inside  
A smile forms, a feeling grows too strong to brush aside  
Three men walk in from faraway with questions grave and new  
They are looking for a place, there is something they must do  
I wonder

I turn to wish them well, see a woman in the street  
Forlorn, alone, and cold with nothing on her feet  
I quickly take her by the hand and bid her step inside  
She is welcome to the fire... and the ponies comes to mind  
I wonder

A star above, it lights my way and leads me to my home  
With an a cappella whisper-wind, I know I'm not alone  
Up ahead I see the candlelight behind my window panes  
The farm is strangely quiet, so I pause to look again  
I wonder

Playful summer yearlings are like marble in the yard  
Not a movement, not a murmur—their gaze is heavenward  
What are we waiting for? What are we waiting for?  
What are we waiting for? What are we waiting for?

A wonder  
A wonder  
A wonder