

'Tis five days before Christmas and all through the church  
Everybody is staring, at me, in this perch

Many hymns have been sung; readings all have been read  
The mere thought of a sermon, it fills us with dread

Your eyes say: "No more, there's only so much Good News,  
We can process at once, let us out of these pews!"

But before you go batty, you'll be happy to hear  
That we get an out, from the rubrics so dear

"Rubrics?" you ask. "What a strange sounding word."  
"It's one," you may add, "that I never have heard."

But just grab that black book, open up and you'll see  
Those italicized words in the old BCP.

When to kneel when to bow, what to do with our hands  
They tell us who sits, and they tell us who stands

They guide us in common through prayer, thanks and praise  
And clear from our eyes a liturgical haze

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So with length our concern, Fred and I set to scour  
Those right tilting words for many an hour

Through chapters, appendices, an additional tome  
With spirit-filled hearts we combed and we combed

And the phrase we discovered, in case you were nervous,  
*"A sermon is not a traditional part of this service."*

Let's rejoice: "But of course, how could we displace  
The wisdom that's found in that sloping typeface?"

In truth, I believe, there's not much more I can say  
To drone on and on might sour the day

Because the Word has been shared, the story's been told  
Of our Savior the Christ and the prophets of old.

But let's not forget, that we're written there too  
That the story continues, with me and with you

So with that I'll climb down, no more will I speak  
Just: "Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good week!"