

THERE WAS A MAN

A Dramatic Reading

by
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Hazel Moseley
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There was a Man.
And He did walk across the dusty sands and green grass fields.

There was a Man.
And where His footsteps touched, came new-found life
And hope into a world with years as yet unborn.

The path was short in one measure of eternity
And yet its journey still undone, goes on—and on—
And never stops.

When He was born, there was a need for Him,
For angered minds did curse and hurt
And pain grew loud in voice and thought.

And so He came.
When He was born
The softness of the darkened sky knew golden beams.
A twinkling star now grew into a beacon's gleam
To point the way.

And on this night
The world did stir—and wonder—so.

And so He grew
And favor found in many ways.

His gentleness and wisdom puzzled some.
For here was body young—
Yet mind now held life's secrets yet unlived.

One day they knew
For He—became a Man.

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