

NO ROOM

By Paralee Eadie

Have you ever wondered
How different it would have been
If you had been the innkeeper
On Christmas Eve way back then?

We can't blame the innkeeper
For he didn't know, you see,
Just who Mary and Joseph were
Nor who the Babe would be.

But now we have the Bible,
And we know the whole story,
How Jesus came and died for us,
Rose again into glory.

Are there places in our lives
Where we are not letting Him in?
Secret closets in our hearts
Where we've hidden away some sin?

The door is ours to open,
Let Him in or turn away.
Just like that first Christmas Eve,
We're the innkeepers today.