



There have been many  
who have given voice to the voiceless.  
Many who have cried out in the wilderness.

Martin Luther King Jr. cried out for justice  
and equality.

He marched and preached and loved.

Then a bullet silenced his voice.

But it silenced not a nation.

Or did it?

John the Baptist cried out, "I am the voice of one  
crying out in the wilderness,  
'Make straight the way of the Lord,'" as the prophet  
Isaiah said.



The hands of the carpenter  
Rough and calloused  
Cradle the newborn child.

“Why?” He wonders.  
“I am but a poor carpenter.  
And Mary, just a young girl.”

“Protect and love this child.”  
Joseph remembers the  
words of the angel.

He adjusts the blanket snugly around his son  
And pulls him close to his chest.

The animals’ jet black eyes watch from the shadows  
of the stable.

The stars twinkle in the night sky.

Mary sleeps.

Joseph whispers . . . “I love you, my son.”



Joseph loved Jesus.



"Jesus was about thirty years old when he began his work. He was the son of Joseph"



Nathanael asked him, "Where did you come to know me?"

Jesus answered, "I saw you under the fig tree."

Nathanael replied, "Rabbi, you are the Son of God!  
You are the King of Israel!"

Jesus answer, "You will see  
greater things than these."

