

Every family is a holy family, if you look closely enough, Because every person bears the breath of God.

Isn't that the wonder of the incarnation?

It's Joseph who waits in a cold parking lot,

Hoping for a day's work to feed his family.

It's Mary who cradles a crying Jesus

Under the blue tarp of a refugee camp.

It's Joseph, too, who changes your oil,

Mary who scrubs your toilet,

Jesus who plays hide and seek

In the crowded aisles of your laundromat.

Just as the holy family sought admittance to an inn,

So these holy families seek admittance to our hearts.

May we not only gather them in,

But may we accept their welcome, too.

Amen.

And as we dine together, at their table, at ours,

May we know that the bread we break is sacrament,

The communion between us—something sacred.