



This is the story of a portable crib  
knitted with love with just Joseph,  
Mary and baby Jesus asleep in her arms.  
We also have the archangel *Gabriel*, of course,  
who was so busy around the incarnation of our Lord.  
He visited Mary; he visited Joseph with infectious joy;  
and in the night of Christmas,  
he invited a whole host of his colleagues  
exploding in songs in the starry night  
saying to the astonished shepherds:  
'Hear! Great joy: today, in the city of David, is born a saviour!'  
This entire amazing story is encapsulated in a small shoebox,  
going around the little town of Catford  
in the weeks preceding Christmas.

It first goes to the shops where all the Christmassy things are.

The crib sits on the counter,  
where children and parents can't miss it.

A poster invites those who want  
to the crib service on Christmas Eve.

And round it goes, and stays for some days:

the butcher, the hairdresser, the library, the coffee shop...

it visits the schools, stays in care homes, in family homes...

as if Gabriel was telling everyone with his sweet voice:

Oh come and behold!

Everyone who wants gathers in the church on Christmas Eve

The little knitted crib processing around the whole church

and the travellers, Mary holding her little son asleep in her arms,

Joseph and Gabriel, stay in the silence of very soft peace,

the promise of hope for everyone.

This year, as many other rites and celebrations,

the Advent journey of the Catford Crib hasn't been possible.

In a way, it is now visiting you in your home today.

