

A photograph of a woman and a man looking at a newborn baby. The woman is on the left, looking down at the baby. The man is on the right, looking at the baby. The baby is wrapped in a white cloth and is lying on a surface. The background is dark and textured.

The Most Special Time

by Robert Prins

The Most Special Time

by Robert Prins

© Robert Prins, November 2025

It didn't seem like a special time at all. It should have been, but nothing was working out as it should. He was sweating, stressed. He must have knocked on hundreds of doors, but no one would take them. They only had a few coins and a donkey between them. She was having labour pains. Panic was rising. They needed to find somewhere, and soon. There were too many people and no room to move.

"Please, there must be somewhere we can go," pleaded Joseph.

"Down the back," the stranger pointed with his dirty thumb over his shoulder. "You can have the stable."

A stable? They weren't animals!

They picked their way over the dung-filled floor, cleared out some chickens and laid the donkey's blanket in a back corner. A dirty water trough stood between them and the opening to the door. A cow stood and stared at them from the other side of the stable. Sheep watched on and the chickens came back to investigate.

Mary gasped as a contraction seized her. Joseph tenderly set her down on the blanket. Pain gripped her and she stifled a scream. Sweat beaded on her forehead, she gasped for breath.

If it had been up to him, this baby would have been born in a palace or even a flash hotel. Mary would have had the best of midwives and the softest of beds. They would have been with their family, not in a town full of bustling and pushing strangers.

Mary was exhausted. The labour had been hard, but the baby boy was healthy and strong. If he had had his way, Joseph would have dressed the baby in purple robes, but all they had were second-hand rags. He rested the baby in a manger filled with straw so he and Mary could get some sleep.

In the middle of the night, they were startled awake as five men filled the entrance to the stable. Heart thumping, Joseph was on his feet in an instant to protect Mary and the baby. The men were filthy. Grass and dirt covered their clothes. They obviously hadn't washed in a week; they stunk, but their faces were radiant with hope and joy.

"Where is he?" one whispered.

"Who?" asked Joseph.

"The baby we were told had been born. The Saviour, the Messiah of Israel."

"He's sleeping. Come and see."

There were no dignitaries, no state visits or expensive gifts for the special time when the Son of God was born. Instead, in a dark and stinky stable, wrapped up in rags, lying on a bed of straw, among the animals and poured over by a bunch of smelly men, the baby who would save his people from their sins showed that he is here for all of us.

That special day might not have seemed special at the time, but it is still one of the most special days in history, one that has changed the world and our lives for ever.



The Most Special Time

If it had been up to him, this baby would have been born in a palace or even a flash hotel, but a stable? Is this the way God would choose to send his Son into the world?

Published by

(**Thinky Things**)

www.thinkythings.com