

This we know- Christmas Comes

As much as I accept – and even embrace - the necessity of observing it, the season of Advent seems so very long to me some years. I see the reports of terrorist attacks and civil war and of violence in our streets. I hear the cries of those who live in poverty or are the ongoing victims of bigotry. I meet those who come to the church seeking help to keep their lights on or looking for food or asking if I know where they can find a job. I listen to the sorrow of those whose lives are in turmoil, and I confess that I do not understand the waiting- the delay in Christ's coming. I do not understand the continued violence and loss, the hunger and suffering in our world.

What I do know is this: God has promised we will not wait forever; and God has not abandoned us, but is here with us even now – waiting with us, working in, among and through us for the day when all things will become what God has promised. It is your generous hearts and willing hands that make it possible for our church to offer help to those in need, and Christmas comes each time that happens. Christ is born in us, and we are Christ for others until Christ comes again and Christmas is no longer something anyone has to wait for. Rose Marie Berger, poet and associate editor of Sojourners magazine, is the author of this moving Advent prayer poem:

This we know dear Lord:

Christmas comes early or it comes late,
but it does come.

It comes at the bus stop.

It comes in the soupline, or in the middle of the night.

Christmas comes in that still moment when we lay down our whole lives in a small, chilly manger warmed only by the hearts of the lowly, and know with perfect joy that we are home.

Come, little Word, there's a weary world awaitin...

Come, little Word, with your eyes open wide.

Come, little Word, the welcome table is ready.

Now, little Word, would be a good time.

O come, Lord Jesus. Come.

Grace and peace in this holy season,

Vicki