

Fourth Sunday

Sitting here under the dimmed glow of lights on the mantel that is filled with evergreens and my beloved's St. Nicholas collection it is oh so quiet - almost Christmas quiet. I stepped outside in the early morning dark and all was white with four fresh inches of light and fluffy rain turned magical (snow for those of you who do not know).

It was even quieter and the sense, smell and feeling of the Most Holy Christmas Spirit dominated the very air in its stillness. I do not think even Elijah would hear a whisper in the wind.

There is a song I think titled 'My Grown Up Christmas Wish'. My favorite version is the Amy Grant version. She wishes for no more wars, no more sickness, peace and joy with all peoples amongst many other similar things.

Well, I have my own Christmas Wish(s)...

I too wish for no more war. I wish different cultures and ideologies would find common ground and support versus fight each other. I wish our Country would emerge from its current darkness and become again the shining light on top of the highest hill for all countries and people to see. I wish for the end of abuses of any kind, whether between countries, races, religions, people of the same community, adults abusing children and especially within the personal family unit. I wish that people would see the goodness in others instead of what might be different about them or what people perceive as wrong. I wish for the end of poverty, physical and maybe mostly mentally. I wish for an end to the bad diseases like Cancer, ALS, MS, Alzheimer's, a host of others and possibly the worst to live with, mental health diseases. I wish for hope, that all people have it. I wish for mercy from all of us to all who need it. I wish some Spirit of Christmas Wonder would awaken in those who've lost it because they are alone or have suffered personal tragedy to such an extent their belief is hiding under ashes like a Phoenix. I wish for many more people like a dear best friend who wanders from refugee camp to refugee camp in our country and around the world trying to help. Interesting that his 'stints' are usually forty days. I wish for the end of prejudices of all kinds, that we realize there is only one Judge, and only He can judge one of us. Our judgments are truly worthless and when we do, it means we follow our path, not His.

I wish that the sweet, otherworldly harmony of the seraphs and cherubim, be heard and brought inside the heart where it can live forever.

Two days to get it done. Better get crackin'!

Clement

PS A tall order I know but we can at least make a start, any start will do, even a smile flashed at someone who needs it and the willingness to stop and not talk, but listen.