

Advent

The renewal begins again, with 'the wait' for the magnificent celebration of the start of the center of time.

Many times I've written or said that the Master IS the center of time. All things point to before and all things point back. When challenged with this theory I ask, "Well, regardless of what country you are from when you send a letter, the entire world, what is the date?"

And so the answer becomes startling obvious, the number of years since He was here as one of us, Created in His image and Likeness, is how we mark our time.

I always begin the Advent journey by walking outside and collecting a few branches from our native conifers, especially the fir, the great white pine, and of course the cedar. Then I bring them inside and begin cutting pieces to wind through the wire frame I've had forever mounted on a Bybee Pottery dinner plate that is over fifty years old. The same patterns with the greens, the same layers – first the firs, then the cedar, and then the tips of the great white pines - I use every year. Maybe a pinecone gets slipped into the middle.

Then in go the candles and the process begins. Burning the first candle on a the first Sunday for an hour or two. Then following suite every Sunday until...

He comes! In an explosion of every single thing there is, making all the Super Nova's combined look like tiny sparklers in comparison.

....And suddenly there was a multitude of the heavenly host with the angels, praising God and saying: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to those on whom his favor rests."

So we prepare, renewing the importance of practicing preparing all the time, all year long, since one never knows when He will come again.

But He Will Come Again!

And when He comes, will He find faith on earth? Yes.

Despite all the ill news we are constantly fed, the stream of lies the father of lies renamed misinformation, and politicians (and many of our fellow countrymen) making decisions about life not just before we leave mom, but even more so after, that baffles the mind beyond the most the horrific things of any war, He will find faith.

I just hope, pray, beg that when He comes to find it, there are as many of us as possible, who realize we are Children of the Light, seekers of justice not revenge, practicing constant love for our fellow women and men, never never hating and always always hoping and doing whatever little thing we can, to 'help Him *make the world a better place*'. Even staring into the horrors of war and all its fire, brimstone and death and seeing those lacking even the basic need of food to survive amongst so many things...

I have hope.

It's never too late to prepare.

Until it is.