

Joy! Joy! Joy! Why Not?

Joy! Joy! Joy to the world. Joy! Joy! Joy to the world. Joy to the world, the Christ is born! Joy! Joy to the world. Let earth receive the love! Let ev'ry heart prepare him room And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and heaven and nature sing.

Joy! Joy! Joy to the world. Joy! Joy! Joy to the world. Love rules the world with Truth and Grace! Joy, Joy to the world. Let all the nations prove The glories of God's righteousness, And wonders of his love, And wonders of his love, And wonders, wonders of his Love.

A Christmas Car

Joy! Joy! Joy!

We celebrate Advent, onto this second Sunday, the season to remind ourselves that we must be in constant preparation, acceptance, and Hope and Belief in the Love of Him.

I remember towards the end of my dear father's time here on earth how mom would mention that he became somewhat melancholic during the Advent and Christmas season. It was the losses, remembering those who had gone before Him in their Greatest Leap. Of course, we, my own nuclear family of that time, never witnessed this. When we showed up for the holidays, his beaming smile never left his face, as his love for us and his children's children, flowed from him like a river of the purest unconditional love.

My dad would begin the day after Thanksgiving writing his Christmas cards. No summed up, printed out, and copied letter included. Just his own words, in his handwriting, he wrote each card individually. There were hundreds, that began to dwindle as he turned the corner into his eight decade on Terra, and the losses mounted.

I believe we forget that the coming of the One, is not a great a season for many people. Trapped in their own sorrows they view the holidays with trepidation, if not horror, or melancholy.

For these people, our sisters and our brothers, we pray. We not only need to prepare ourselves, we need to ask the intercession of the Great Lord, most often through His mother for those whose Christmas is not quite so joyful or filled with colored and white lights, who have no Advent wreath or Christmas tree.

We cannot bog ourselves down by the troubles we encounter daily. We accept and pray and thank God for what we do have. In lieu of wandering through the 'bog', we pray. We pray for those less fortunate or in greater need, especially those who need help with their 'spiritual' greater need.

As He said, for this we are called...

- **To love Him with all our hearts, our souls (our true existence), everything that is us. And...**
- **We must love our neighbor regardless of race, gender, creed or otherwise. We love anyone who is created in His Image and Likeness.**

And for many this season, we pray. We pray for those who have lost their way, 'The Way', the way of Him, pouring constantly our intercession requests for lost souls still sludging through the grinds of daily life here on earth, unaware they have a God loving them unconditionally. Assuredly, in doing so, we find Joy. For there is no greater deed than to lay down one's life for another. If we are willing to do this, we are also keen to pray.

For what weapon is more powerful than prayer? None.

Please pray. Please love even if you don't 'like' somebody. Joy will find you when you least expect it in this season of Hope for the coming of the Greatest Love, Him. When we pray, Joy seeps in around the edges, eventually flooding us with His Grace.

Joy! Joy! Joy!... Let earth receive the love!