



Silent night, holy night...

Isn't it true that some of December's kindest gifts are those starry nights after a snowfall? The clouds have passed, the moon and stars brighten the night sky and the world seems to hold its breath in a moment of silence.

Yes, everyone marches to a drum beat, but we rest accompanied by silence. The earth in winter, the flesh in sleep, the soul in prayer; silence and rest restore strength for the work at hand. But could it also be that activity exists for rest? Six days lead to the Sabbath, and our identity comes from our relationship with God, not from our work in the world.

Something beautiful happens in the liturgy here at St. Paul's after Holy Communion – a silent time of rest with God. Even the prayers of the Church and our anointed music bow humbly in respect for the holy presence of Jesus who has come to those gathered in His name. The Church becomes as Mary at the Annunciation. We have said "Amen," "Let it be unto me as you have said" to the living Body of Christ. We are, as it were, pregnant with the Prince of Peace and King of Kings. A moment of holy silence seems the best and only response. We receive Him, we rest in Him, we are loved.

Advent season is often overshadowed by commercial Christmas interests. But at its best it can be a time set apart to wait in silent hope for the Peace of Christ.

A blessed Advent to all!

*Fr. Jim*