

# Reflection



I have often wondered why the season of Advent was one of my favorites. Was it the anticipation of Christmas and presents (and even my birthday)? As the decorations in my Church began to appear and songs of Christmas filled the air, the feeling of hope was almost palpable. Our Church had life size statues for the nativity, and it was kept hidden behind drapes in a side alcove until Christmas Eve. The suspense was thrilling.

But I really think it was the sense of HOPE. Hope for family members to congregate. Hope for lights, love, and laughter. And hope for “peace on earth”. Even then, it was hard to imagine a world at peace.

A new song ([I Still Believe in Christmas](#)) by Anne Wilson grabbed my attention recently. The chorus reminds me that God in his goodness and wisdom knows what a difficult goal that really is and how weary our world has become. And yet, through two of the most unsuspecting people, he forged His plan.

*For God so loved this broken world  
He sent His only son  
To a carpenter and a teenage girl  
To show us all His love  
He left His home in heaven  
To make heaven my home  
My Emmanuel is with me  
And I'll never be alone  
Down here my heart can't find much to believe in  
But I still believe in Christmas*

So yes, we wait with anticipation to commemorate the birth of Jesus while remembering His coming again. For it is through His Second coming that we may see a real peace on earth. In the meantime, He has charged us with creating His kingdom here.

Blessings,  
Rosemary Brant  
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