Advent is Coming

I'm an early riser. Have been since elementary school. Not that I couldn't wait to get to school, but, because I wanted to be the first of seven to shower in our one-bathroom home. Hot showers are not overrated. Nothing like necessity to embed a standard for life.

While it is dark, I sit by the window and begin my prayers while runners and walkers pass on the street. My coffee is hot and the words of poetry and scripture are easy. Recently, I was aware of the dark gray sky as I began to read a poem by Wendell Berry. The words filled just one and a quarter pages. As I finished, I looked up to see the night had become day. The sky was blue, Carolina blue, with wispy clouds as an artist would brush. I was struck with the quickness of the darkness changing to light. Just a minute of reading is all it took for the creation of another day.

Advent is like that. We begin in darkness, void of the holiest of holies, Jesus himself. The church calls us to slow down and pay attention while the world calls us to speed up, party, and celebrate, what I don't know. How we choose to enter Advent will tell us how we will welcome the Christ Child, refreshed or worn out, too tired to notice that something happened. Too distracted to see the light that shines darkness into another day.

If you are like me, I need reminders or I get caught up in the world of distractions. To help us, I will call us to order every Sunday, reminding us to slow down, pay attention to the dark mornings that turn to day. They have something to teach us about ourselves. The journey will be quick, so pay attention, or you just might miss the Son rise.

Brave journey,

+Morris