

December 2nd

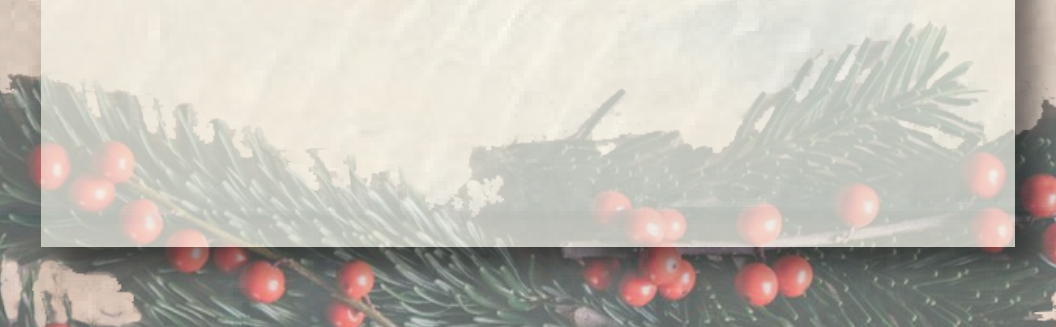
SILENT NIGHT

As a young girl, I felt a sense of wonder during the dark advent nights, when it was time to turn on the Christmas lights. The house suddenly felt magical. Many evenings I sat staring at the nativity decorations and the lights on the tree. All was calm; all was bright.

Raising a family during advent was a different experience, evenings full of activities, cramming in holiday projects, feverishly trying to finish up gifts. Yet the warm glow of the lights still set a special tone and the wonder returned. When the kids were finally in bed, I would sit by the tree listening to Amy Grant's 'Breath of Heaven', savoring a moment of stillness. It helped me sleep in heavenly peace. All was calm; all was bright.

In this season of life, my advent evenings are quiet, unless the grandkids happen to be over, making a joyful noise. Still the decorations are faithfully in place right after Thanksgiving, and the lights come on as soon as the sun dips behind Pikes Peak. Frequently, I find myself reflecting on the mystery of His birth, the mother and child, the holy infant so tender and mild. All is calm; all is bright.

For me, the advent nights are an opportunity for a holy reset. Being surrounded by reminders of the gift of Jesus, nudges me to allow Him back into His proper place, into the place of primary importance in my life. When I do, all is calm; all is bright.





Advent is a holy time, a time to ponder the Son of God, the embodiment of love's pure light. His birth brought the dawn of redeeming grace, ushering in hope for life eternal, allowing the radiant beams of His holy face to shine on our life. Only this can bring peace to our soul. Heavenly peace.

Allow yourself a few silent nights, holy nights, this Christmas season. And if you are going through difficult things or have experienced loss, this is doubly important for your survival. Let Jesus receive your burdens, renew your hope, and restore your peace. And you will find that all is calm, and all is bright.

Silent night, holy night
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon Virgin, Mother and Child
Holy infant so tender and mild
Sleep in heavenly peace
Sleep in heavenly peace

Contributed by Cyndy Sherwood

