



I Have News For You

9th Century Irish

I have news for you:

The stag bells, winter snows, summer has gone
Wind high and cold, the sun low, short its course

The sea running high.

Deep red the bracken; its shape is lost;

The wild goose has raised its accustomed cry,
cold has seized the birds' wings;
season of ice, this is my news

O Come. O Come Emmanuel

It is the third week of Advent. Anticipation hangs in the air, glittering with the shimmer of a thousand candles glowing in the night. And still we move further into the darkness. This season of ice, where cold has seized the birds' wings. Where news of The Christchild's coming rings forth across the land. Where yearning for the sun's return rings in every heart.

I wait in expectation of the holy of holy nights when hope shall spring forth in a world of peace, Love and joy.

And still, my heart is heavy. Our world so sorely in need of peace continues to gravitate towards pain, war, suffering, killing. Our world so desperately in need of quiet rages in the agony of death.

And still I wait.

O Come! O Come! Emmanuel.

O Come! Bring forth peace, hope, love and joy.

Bring it on oh holy one. Bring it on.

I am ready. I am willing. I am open to peace, hope, love and joy.

And still I wait.

Frustration rises. Fear edges into my awakening.

Can we not see? Can we not know that we are killing one another with our guns and ammunition. Our insistence that we are right, they are wrong. Our fighting for ground. For religious beliefs and social acceptance.

Can we not see?

O Come! O Come! Emmanuel

And I am reminded. Peace begins with me. I cannot make peace when I hold onto anger, fear, frustration. I cannot be peace when I make war against the world around me.

O Come O Come Emmanuel

And ransom captive Israel

That mourns in lonely exile here

Until the Son of God appear

Rejoice! Rejoice! Oh Israel. To thee shall come Emmanuel

I remember as a child my mother humming this song. Her sweet clear voice echoing in the dark. I loved to hear her sing. Loved to hear her voice.

And I breathe.

And hear the invitation to deepen my understanding of this season and its promise of peace, hope, love and joy.

I breathe and feel its truth calling to my heart, this universal truth that speaks of our humanity -- we are born in the reflection of God, Yahweh, Allah. We embody God's greatness, him or her or it – it doesn't matter what word we use for God. God does not listen to our words, he hears our hearts. He sees our truth.

We are limitless in our possibilities. We are magnificent. We are holy. We are divine.

This is not 'God' as limited by our language, but rather a concept of God that is unlimited through a broadening of our vocabulary -- The Divine. Creator. Yaweh. Almighty Father. King of Kings. Spirit. Lord.

In this time of waiting, in this time of darkness I let go of the words I know and step into that place where I broaden my 'God vocabulary'. That place where I beyond the secular of my language to the Divine presence embodied in the collective will of man, a spirit that embraces me in wonder as I stand in Love.

In love, I breathe into my divine essence.

In love, I come home to the One.

In love, I hear the Divine calling of my name as I embrace the beauty and the wonder of my human condition, this condition I share with each of you – We are the Divine expression of God's amazing grace.

And I wonder, I call God many things. What does God call me?

Child. Friend. Believer? What does God call me?

Perhaps the answer is... Home.

[Audio File for Week 3](#)

Reflections:

1. What name(s) do you use for God?
2. What name does God call you?
3. What is calling to your heart in this season of dark becoming light?
4. During the meditation, was there a space where you felt yourself moved beyond the words you use to describe God into that space where what you call God is nothing compared to the Divine calling you to awaken?

