

In the dark of the year,
the impossible time
some warmth was called to life.
In the cold, frightening time
mysteriously puzzled,
vulnerable,
alone and different
a call
a claim from the depths
a blurry picture of lights surprised us.
Wonderful joy,
the gift of light beautiful.
Hope-
arrival is a labour of love.
A glowing human smile
enjoys grace,
imagines a window
onto the unknown
evoking future echoes of home.
Blessings, countless stars,
shining and free
woven in a sky of life and love
are prepared for us;
amazing encounters to come.
God's sun appears, shining, a child,
steeped in experience and peace.

These words were written by all of you during Advent, then gathered up and woven together to sing echoes of what we felt, saw, heard, and told in the run up to Christmas. Thank you everyone!