

Moment for First Week of Advent — December 4, 2018

MY ADVENT WINDOW...

I had a window built beside the head of my bed almost 50 years ago...
it opens to the dark night skies of stars or moon or rain or clouds...
it also opens to the morning dawn.
I never know what to expect whether night or dawn...
it reminds me that I'm alive in a living galaxy
it tells me something about what's happening in my world.
I used to keep a telephone under that window...
(in those old days when we had telephones)
that would call me to go out into the dark.
I am not kept awake long enough to think cosmic thoughts...
but am reminded that much of what I believe
came from asking questions about everything I saw out there.
I remembered last Sunday that it was Advent time again...
the season when hopes and fears collide...
the season that promises comfort because of big time hurts.
I wondered what I might say that I haven't said many times...
remembering that Christians have no monopoly on God news...
that humans under my same stars have also wondered.
I sometimes hear the sound of emergency vehicles in the night...
sometimes glimpsing the flash of lights against the trees...
a sign of hope and comfort in a time of trouble.
I drift back to sleep thinking that Advent is like waiting for an ambulance...
hearing a distant siren...
hoping for comfort and joy to come soon.
The world outside my window this Advent season
has plenty of need for the ambulance
that seems awfully slow coming.

Art Morgan