

Lighting a Candle Against the Darkness



As readers of the blog know, 2013 has not been a year that I will look back on fondly. It's had its share of chaos and turbulence, of work and family griefs and upsets, of medical issues that will remain unnamed.

Along with the trials have been the blessings. I've learned who my friends are, about grace, and discovering new life out of death. I'm grateful for all who supported me this year in big and small ways.

Darkness there has been plenty of to go around. And just at the point of the darkest and longest nights of the year, I had a yen to do something that I hadn't done all year - to light a candle.

I actually own a LOT of candles, whether it's because I'm a pastor who uses them for worship centers, or just because I like them. But I hadn't lit them at all this year. Until now.

Last night I lit one candle, and liked it. Then I lit another, and another, and still more, and turned down the lights, enjoying the flickering light that centuries of my ancestors knew as their only source of light in the darkness.

The gospel of John begins with what scholars call "the prologue" which I call "the poetry" - in this section is all the meat of the gospel laid out in metaphor so you will read the narrative knowing the story before you read (or hear) it.

"What has come into being in him was life, and the life was the light of all people. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness did not overcome it."

This season for those of us in the Northern Hemisphere we celebrate those various "candlelight" holy days as our metaphor reminder of the love (Love) in the world of hurt.

Tonight I'll light many candles in the darkness, remembering one who brought much light and love to the world.

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May you receive light to shine your way in the world.