

Many Hands, One Heart, Sacred Love for All

Saturday, December 24, 2022

Christmas Eve

“Silent Night Sacred Light”

**I Corinthians 15:1-2, 21-22/ Isaiah 11:1-4, 6/ Micah 5:2-5a/ John 1:1-5, 14, 18/ John 1: 6-7, 19-23/
Luke 1:26-28/ Luke 2:8-14/ Luke 2:15-20/ Matthew 2:1-12**

We are the sacred light, the moment of wisdom. Take your stand. Seek the noble task where no harm is done.

We hear the women's stories. A shepherd child will stand. There are the stand firm stories.

Years ago, I played baseball during gym class. Me and sports had a long distance relationship. I played them with enthusiasm even though there was an invisible ball repellent between my hands and the ball. The bases were loaded, the bottom of the ninth. I was in left outfield. Our team was by one run. The batter hit the ball it went high heading right for me. What happened was a miracle of miracles. I raise my hand. It was as if the ball was a guided missile for my glove. Quelle surprise I caught the ball and we won the game.

In the big inning was the God word. The moment of truth telling. We hear the wilderness voice, the witness of the bridge builder with a windfall of delight. This is the night we listen for the Gabriel word, greetings to Mary. The promise to bear a child. We are the sacred light, take your stand, no harm done.

The shepherd child will stand in the big inning. In the umpire of consciousness, the one who referees the outcome. In the beginning was the word. Take your stand on this night of the manger. Silent night, sacred light.

On the other side of the river Jordan. There were three magi, Caspar, Melchior and Balthasar. They planned their pilgrimage to Jerusalem and invited Artaban, their friend. All were bringing gifts. Artaban carried three gifts, a sapphire, a ruby and a pearl. All the gifts were for the Christ child. The three set out with the hope that Artaban would follow. Artaban departed west. On the way he came across a man beaten, left for dead. His heart was gently warmed. He took the man to the nearest in and offered the sapphire (the prize intended for the Christ Child). He left the man in good care, and continued west. Artaban came across the small village of Bethlehem where he had heard the child was born. He entered a home to find a woman swaddling a child. “Could this be the one?” he thought. Suddenly he heard the sound of a great marauding band of guards coming to do harm. Artaban stood tall in the doorway fearing for the mother and child’s life. Holding the ruby in the palm of his hand he shouted. Where is the good captain I may reward with this ruby (the gift for the Christ child). The captain wide eyed plucked the ruby from Artaban’s hand and the band of guards went on their way. Artaban continues west hearing in whispers and tall stories rumors about the location of the child that was born.

Years past, Artaban arrived in Jerusalem. The streets seemed empty except for some who rushed to witness a crucifixion. Artaban thought this is the child man, what has he done? Perhaps I can buy his freedom with the pearl. Suddenly a woman shouting, help me help find sir, and fellow citizens of our native land. My father has sold into slavery to pay for his outstanding debts. Artabans heart was gently warmed. He pulled out the Pearl. (the gift for the Christ Child). He handed it to the guard to pay the price for this woman's freedom Now there were no more gifts for the Christ Child.

The earth shook, a piece of stone fell and hit the head of Artaban. He fell to the ground. He heard the words, When I was hungry you gave me food, when I was naked you clothed, When I was in prison you fed me. When you did this to the least of these my children you have done this to me.

Artaban's gifts were received by the Christ child. Tonight we are Bethlehem bound, to meet Angel terror and the words "Fear not" We are the sacred light, take your stand, no harm done. The shepherd child will stand in the big inning. In the umpire of consciousness, the one who referees the outcome. In the beginning was the word. Take your stand on this night of the manger.

We hear the song of the grandparents.
We are the sacred light - take our stand
We are the sacred light - no harm done
We are the sacred light - shepherd child stand
We are the sacred light - in the big inning.

We hear the shepherd word, Mary and Jo found, baby ready in the earth community. We hear the magi way in the ripening age. Silent night, sacred light. Take our stand We are the sacred light. To find, Hope is a star that shines in the night, leading us on till the morning is bright. When God is a child there's joy in our song. The last shall be first and the weak shall be strong, and none shall be afraid.