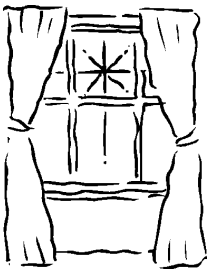
Looking Out My Window, November 26, 2025



On November 30th we began a new liturgical year with the celebration of the First of the four Sundays of Advent. We enter liturgical year A, during which Revised Common Lectionary focuses primarily on Matthew's Gospel. Following the liturgical year enables us to lay the gird of sacred time over the annual linear time line.. Our experience of linear time —days, weeks, and months—takes on an additional hue of the opportune moment, the ripe season, the moment of God's activity.

In Advent we celebrate the prophetic hope of the coming of a Savior, John the Baptist's prophetic ministry of preparation, and the anticipation of the birth of Christ. We remember, not just by calling to mind those events, but we remember by experiencing anew the power of that hope and the surprising newness of the presence of Jesus. Jesus comes again into the frayed, weary caughtness of our existence with his freeing love.

In order to experience the unique spirit of Advent, we do not sing Christmas carols. The Advent hymns can feel dark and dirge-like. But, that's the genius of Advent. Our struggles with hope delayed and with darkness and struggle find a liturgical expression in Advent. We live fully into the struggle that hope always requires and await the joy of Christmas without yet expressing it. We taste and smell the approaching season like the fresh, moist aroma of an oncoming rain. That puts us out of step with a culture that starts piping in Christmas songs before Thanksgiving, but it puts us in solidarity with all who now struggle with any form of delayed hope.

Where will I find Jesus this Advent? In the bread and wine of Holy Eucharist. In the loving embrace of a child. In the face of a homeless person. Jesus' hand on mine in an act of mercy and service. In the highest and noblest desires of my own soul. In the deepest recesses of my being.

Hope only has meaning if we have experienced hopelessness and lived through it into a larger and brighter place. Poet Jane Hirshfield put it so well in her poem "Hope and Love." (https://www.sharonsinger.ca/poem-of-the-week/hope-and-love-by-jane-hirshfield)

I know that
hope is the hardest
love we carry

God's peace,

David W. Perkins

Fr. David+
Priest in Charge