

Reflections for Advent



'He Comes, He ever Comes'

O come, O come, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel,
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Day-Spring, come and cheer

Our spirits by Thine advent here,
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,
And death's dark shadows put to flight

Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.



Mary and Elizabeth

In this coronavirus Advent some things are different, and some the same. We look forward with hope to the Birth of Christ, **but perhaps** this year as well as joyful expectation we recognise some of the upheaval and isolation for us and, perhaps, for some of those in the Advent Story.



When Mary visits her older relative Elizabeth who is expecting John, we see a wonderful story of inspired, graced, mutual support amidst personal upheaval and possible isolation. The Magnificat, spoken by Mary, foretells the amazing Good News of a God who turns everything upside down, where ultimately the poor will be fed, social justice prevails

and God's love is eternal. **A wonderful message of hope!**

*"Mary set out at that time and went as quickly as she could into the hill country to a town in Judah. She went into Zechariah's house and greeted Elizabeth. Now it happened that as soon as Elizabeth heard Mary's greeting, the child leapt in her womb and Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Spirit. She gave a loud cry and said, 'Of all women you are the most blessed, and blessed is the fruit of your womb. Why should I be honoured with a visit from the mother of my Lord? Look, the moment your greeting reached my ears, the child in my womb leapt for joy. Yes, blessed is she who believed that the promise made her by the Lord would be fulfilled.' And Mary said: **My soul proclaims the greatness of the Lord and my spirit rejoices in God my Saviour!**"*

Luke 1:39-47

The Gift of Hope by Joyce Rupp

Leader: God of all those who yearn for a glimmer of assurance on the long journey home to you, **come!** Come with a vast storehouse of renewed dreams, hopes, and peacefulness.

God of hope, come! Enter into my memory and remind me often of the yearning of the people of history. Stir up stories of how the ancestors hung on to your promises, how they stole from tiny glimmers about you, passed on from age to age. Help me to hear the loud, crying voices of the prophets who proclaimed that a new age would dawn.

God of hope, come! Enter into this heart of mine which often loses itself in self, missing the message of your encouragement because I am so entangled in the web of my own whirl of life. Enable me to not lose sight of the power of your presence or the truth of your consolation.

God of hope, come! Enter into the lives of those I hold dear, the ones whose lives are marked with pain, struggle, and deep anxiety, those whose lives bear ongoing heartaches, those whose difficulties threaten to overwhelm them with helplessness and despair. Come and gift them with a deep belief about you and your never-ending faithfulness and companionship.

God of hope, come! Enter into every human heart that cries out for a glimpse of your love, for a sign of your welcoming presence, for a taste of your happiness. Be the one who calms the restless and gentles the ache of the human journey.

God of hope, come! Enter into this Advent season with the grace of joy and laughter. Fill faces with smiles of delight and voices with sounds of pleasure. Let this gift come from deep within. Replenish all with the joyful blessings that only your peace can bring.



God of hope, come!

Be the Morning Star
in our midst,
the Light that can
never go out,

Be the Beacon of Hope guiding our way to you.

..Come into our midst
and make of our lives a
home, where your
everlasting goodness
resonates with
assuring love and
vigorous hope.



Jesus says:

*“Look, I am standing at
the door,
knocking.*

*If one of you
hears me calling
and opens the door,
I will come in
to share a meal
at that person's side.”*

Revelation 3:20

COME!

From Mary's sweet silence,
Come, Word mutely spoken!
Pledge of our real life,
Come, Bread yet unbroken!
Seed of the Golden Wheat,
In us be sown.

Fullness of true Light,
Through us be known.
Secret held tenderly,
Guarded with Love,
Cradled in purity,
Child of the Dove,

COME!

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