



Looking Out My Window, November 26, 2021

This Sunday, November 28th., we begin a new liturgical year with the celebration of the First of the four Sundays of Advent. We enter liturgical year C, during which Revised Common Lectionary focuses primarily on Luke's Gospel. The rhythm of the liturgical year brings us to the intersection of two ways of reckoning time. We continue to experience linear time by the measuring of the days, weeks, and months. But, we also experience time as the opportune moment, the ripe season, the moment of God's activity among us and within us.

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 reexperiencing the reality of our deferred hopes, our cumulative losses and griefs, and our longing for the surprising newness of the presence of Jesus. Will Jesus come into the frayed, weary caughtness of our existence with his freeing love? Will Christ be born in me and in my circumstances?

The long-deferred hopes of those looking for salvation in Jesus' time intersects the repetitive time line of our daily and weekly existence. We share their experience of waiting. In these four weeks of Advent, we cannot merely trudge along with our daily routine. Our darkness and discouragement and grieving come to center stage, awakened by the readings on Sundays and by the reliving of the stories of the prophets, John the Baptist, and Jesus' parents.

To hurry toward Christmas would prevent the Advent season from giving us the reality check we need and do not desire. It's why we defer singing Christmas carols until Christmas Eve. The Savior IS coming—edging his way into our awareness on the heels of our dashed hopes and grieving spirits. But, we must wait in hope in spite of the darkness.

As Henri Nouwen put it so poignantly. "The master is coming--not tomorrow, but today, not next year, but this year, not after our misery is passed, but in the middle of it, not in another place but right here where we are standing." [Henri J. M. Nouwen, *The Wounded Healer* (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1972), p. 97.]

God's peace,

David+

David W Perkins+  
Interim Rector