

The entire Advent Season is about preparations. Christ prepared for His First Coming. We call this the beautiful feast of Christmas. On a personal level Advent asks us for daily preparations. Do we straighten the paths for others, take out the valleys and level the hills of communications in our daily lives? Read this poem aloud and you'll recognize the cadence, but let its message ring clearly to wake up for Christ's return.

### *T'was The Night Before Jesus Came*

T'was the night before Jesus came, and all through the house, not a creature was praying,  
not one in the house.

Their Bibles were lain on the shelf without care, in hopes that Jesus would *not* come there.

The children were dressing to crawl into bed, not once ever kneeling, or bowing a head.  
And mom in her rocker, with baby on her lap, was watching the Late Show,  
while I took a nap.

When out of the East there arose such a clatter, I sprang to my feet to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window, I flew like a flash, tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear, but angels proclaiming that Jesus was here.  
With a light like the sun, sending forth a bright ray, I knew in a moment this must be  
THE day!

The light of His face made me cover my head, it was Jesus returning...just like He had said!  
And though I possessed worldly wisdom and wealth, I cried when I saw Him, in spite of myself.

In the Book of Life, which He held in His hand,  
was written the name of every saved woman and man.  
He spoke not a word, as He searched for my name, when He said, "It's not here",  
my head hung in shame.

The people whose names had been written with love, He gathered to take to His Father above.  
With those who were ready, He rose up without a sound,  
while all the rest were left, standing around.

I fell to my knees, but it was too late! I had waited too long, and had thus sealed my fate.  
I stood and I cried, as they rose out of sight. Oh, if only I had been ready...  
been ready *tonight!*

In the words of this poem, the meaning is clear. The coming of Jesus is now drawing near.  
There's only one life, and when comes the last call, we'll find  
the Bible was true after all!

Thank you...

A wonderful exchange of the Joy of Christmas Season Sunday afternoon when guests of the Good Samaritans and members of the Spirit Platers came together for song and food at our Parish Hall. All sorts of homemade foods and desserts refreshed the singers and sing-a-long guests after a half hour of Christmas Carols.

Pat Tatar and friends coordinated this annual event called Pot Luck Dinner, but it was so much more. The look on the faces of the guests were reflections of appreciation and joy between familiar faces.

When you hear about this event next year, be sure to come and “sing along.”

God bless,

*Father Soprano*