

IF
 THERE IS
 ONE SYMBOL OF
 FAITH THAT BINDS
 THE YEARS OF OUR LIVES
 TOGETHER,
 JOINING THE DECEMBERS OF
 CHILDHOOD TO THE DECEMBERS OF
 YOUNG ADULTHOOD AND MIDDLE AGE,
 IT IS THE SEASONAL CHRISTMAS TREE.
 WE MAY GROW COLD
 IN THE PRACTICE OF THE CHRISTIAN FAITH;
 CYNICISM MAY MAKE US SKEPTICAL OF MESSAGES
 OF BROTHERHOOD PREACHED BY ANGELS IN THE NIGHT
 SKY OVER BETHLEHEM; WE MAY HAVE DEVELOPED THICK
 CRUSTS TO PROTECT
 OURSELVES FROM THE RESPONSIBILITY OF LOVING AND
 CARING ABOUT OTHERS. THEN, SUDDENLY, WE ARE CAUGHT
 OFFGUARD, INTO A SURRENDER TO GRACE, BY THE BEAUTY OF
 A CHRISTMAS TREE WITH THE BALMY SCENT OF ITS BRANCHES
 TOUCHING OUR SENSES
 AND THE DARK GREEN BOUGHS HUNG WITH TINSEL AND LIGHT
 TOUCHING OUR BLINDNESS. WITH THE STIRRING OF MEMORY DEEP
 WITHIN US, WE REMEMBER AN ANCIENT BIRTH THAT MAKES ALL OF US
 CHILDREN
 ONCE
 AGAIN.

(Robert Griffin, CSC)