

Connecting New

December, 2017

Some words are worth repeating, and so this month I share a poem that appeared in my book, *Everyday Sacred*, and in the December, 2011 edition of *Connecting New*. But my perspective is different this time because so many people I know have lost loved ones this year. I yearn for them to feel comfort, consolation, kindness and companionship that will assuage their pain, loneliness and disorientation, but I face powerlessness and the inability to know what they are going through. I responded to my yearning with this hope, that my desire to console would indeed be consoling, however feeble and inartful my efforts may be. And if I could hug them all with a long, aching, groaning hug I would, and in my desire to do that I trust that God is present and active.

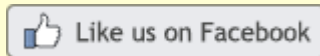
For those of you reading this who know others who have lost loved ones this year and share the yearning I am feeling, I urge you to trust that God will work through you as graced instruments despite any feelings of inadequacy and clumsiness (although I encourage you to explicitly invite God to do that). And for those of you who have lost loved ones, I urge you to open your arms when people show up at your door. Finally for all of us, may we treasure each day for the gift that it is.

Our Last Christmas

This could be our last Christmas together.
Whether we are painfully aware of it
because of the progression of Alzheimer's
or debilitation, the chemotherapy,
or the unspoken about separation growing between us,
or whether we are not so aware
that the car accident or burst aneurysm is but one heartbeat away,
this could be our last Christmas together.
So may we treasure this day.
So may we treasure each other.
May we let go of the sensitivity to annoyance,
the urge to judge, the need to be right,
and the compulsion to control.
May we let go, if only for a while, the hurts of the past
inflicted by those who loved us badly.
Let us mediate Christ's coming anew into the world
and the gifts of love, forgiveness, acceptance,
and freedom he offers.
This could be our last Christmas together.

Peace and Blessings,

Clarence



Clarence Heller is a spiritual director, poet, and dreamer whose writing and paintings are inspired through prayerful reflection.

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To order copies of *Everyday Sacred: Meditations and Paintings to Inspire Reflection and Prayer*, learn more about Celebrating the Sacredness of Everyday Life Events and much more, visit www.clarenceheller.com.

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