

December, 2018

We always know it, but it can be helpful to be reminded. Occasionally we even make an effort to be especially attentive to the fact that God is always with us, that the miracle of the incarnation happens anew each and every day. Christmas truly is an everyday event. This month I share two poems and a painting that speak to that awareness so powerfully brought about by encounter with a new grandson.

Right Size

She passed the bundle of love to me and as I cradled him in my arms he felt just the right size. Large enough to be robust and tiny enough to be completely vulnerable and dependent. Large enough to radiate personality and small enough to be pure. As I cradled the Christmas miracle I could tell he was just the right size to enlarge our hearts and animate our lives. Dear Benjamin, for you we are so grateful, for this precious time filled with hope and joy, and for how you will change us forever... at just the right times in just the right ways.



Magic

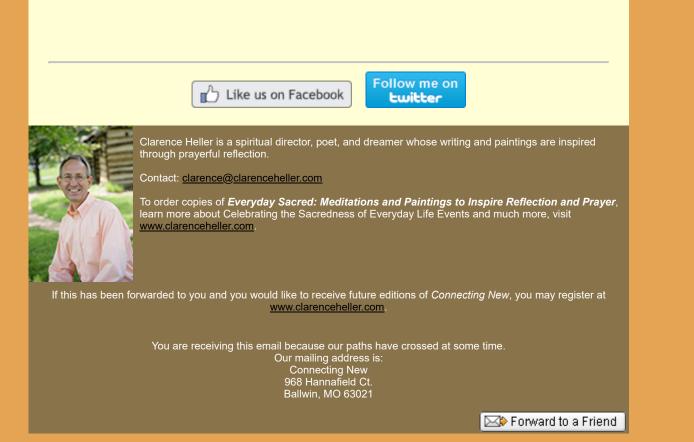
She's got grandma magic, lots of grandma magic. Within a few minutes of holding him, this new grandson will smile to sleep and dream safe, peaceful memories. For anyone else, it's frustration and fussiness.

She's eased into the universe's flow of gentle goodness and warmth, so once tasted, he only wants more. So beautiful to behold, like a living masterpiece she is, they are, together.

Who could blame them? Who could blame them for being drawn into such beauty, such love connection? Great loves as these are rare, so drink it in you two. Drink it in, that love may grow like magic.

May we receive the gift God is offering this Christmas.

Peace and Blessings, Clarence



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