

Christmas Undone

Love languishes among the ruins, joy turned to sorrow, hope to despair, and faith in humanity flickers in prospect of extinguishment. Pain lurks amid our Christmas celebrations. No good news here but vengeance, violence, anger, and hatred prevail and turn our celebrations sour.

What justification? What right? What appeal? Hardline rightist rule in Israel, Hamas desperation turned to brutality, forces of their truth making love a lie. When will it end? And when also will Ukraine's dismemberment cease?

Angels are not real. Is peace just but a song, a distraction for stargazers? We cry. We cry out. We join the cries, the whimpers of dying children, of broken men and women, of all who weep for an end to all of this.

A baby in a feeding trough bespeaks the vulnerability of those who seek good news. Oh, when the violence cease? When will love arise? When will hope ascend? When will joy return? When will the barely flickering flame shine brightly?

Till then we dare to hold fast to possibilities, to yearn for change, to want to push our dreams into reality of Palestinian, Israeli, Russian and Ukraine peoples, each finding their own secure space under the one in whose name they all pray.

Ruth cries. Naomi cries, and they embrace. We cry for new beginnings.

