

For my friends and for the non-friends
for the neighbours in vocation
who toil in this Season
who get me
this prayer:
enough energy and abundant
enough grace and abundant
enough rest and abundant
as yet again we serve in the Season
for people of faith—and non-faith
for neighbours in location
who toil in the Season
to hold the commerce and the practice
of christmas, small-C christmas
the hardship to bring a Season
somehow of joy.

Week 3 Joy

Recalling to myself a season past:
the heat of the moment
the fear in the populace
the devastation of these glorious places:
the fires. The fires:
the pounding of hearts
the floods that followed
the lament, oh the lament
what have we done.
Dear earth our home what have we
allowed
on our watch we have tilted the
natural world
beyond crisis into peril.

Week 2 Peace

The season writes itself, they say
Hope, Peace, Joy, Love
Hope though?
Really?
Hope requires a hard hat. I go into
the caves of a person's sorrow
the mines of grief
the construction of a life
That is where Hope is called.
That is where I go.
May there be an advent hymn to sustain me.

Week 1 Hope

Week 4 The Final Week

This last week of labour in the Advent
vineyard
so much left to do.
Carry me upward, Spirit.
Carry me with resolve, infuse me with
tenacity
For I fret
I fret
that the message of love is inadequate
to a people enduring their ragged lives
or is it just I who am ragged of energy
and craving love.
Come, Holy Spirit, come upon me too
That it may be also with me according to
your word.

Praying Through Christmas Eve

Tomorrow is Christmas.
Then a whole week of Christmas-tide
waiting like Prophet Anna
to speak about the Child
But for now
for now
the labours
of Christmas Eve
pruning the Story
trusting the Spirit to show up
in my weary soul
intending that I
praise with the angels
be afraid with the shepherds
register with Joseph
ponder the Word in my heart.



The United Church of Canada
L'Église Unie du Canada
united-church.ca/worship-theme/advent-unwrapped

Praying Through Advent
Deliver me to myself
that I, intact,
may know the wonder of waiting
not the preaching of it
not the praying of it
not the formation of it
but the waiting.
Deliver me to myself
that I, intact,
may know the wonder of waiting.



Pocket Advent Prayers

by
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