

## Advent Week Three

**In  
principio  
erat Verbum, et  
Verbum erat apud  
Deum; et Deus erat  
Verbum: hoc erat  
in principio  
apud  
Deum.**

## Waiting with the Poets

St Margaret's Rosyth  
Rosyth Methodist Church

Sunday 12<sup>th</sup> December  
3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday of Advent

### Lighting the 3<sup>rd</sup> Advent Candle

God our Father,  
you gave to Zechariah and Elizabeth  
in their old age, a son called John.

He grew strong in spirit,  
prepared the people  
for the coming of the Lord,  
and baptized them in the Jordan  
to wash away their sins.

Help us,  
who have been baptized into Christ,  
to be made ready  
to welcome him into our hearts,  
and to grow strong in faith  
by the power of the Spirit.  
We ask this through Jesus Christ  
the Light  
who is coming into the world.

Amen.

Monday 13<sup>th</sup> December

This is what hope looks like...  
Not squeezing our eyes tightly shut  
and believing everything will work  
out, but persisting in the face  
of all the signs to the contrary  
that God's promise holds true,  
that a glimmer of light will persist  
in the darkness,  
that the proud will be scattered,  
the lowly lifted up,  
the rich sent away empty handed  
and the hungry will be fed. How?  
By the work of those whose hope is  
in God.

*Liz Crumlish*

Tuesday 14<sup>th</sup> December  
St John of the Cross

It is this great absence  
that is like a presence, that compels  
me to address it without hope  
of a reply. It is a room I enter  
from which someone has just  
gone, the vestibule for the arrival  
of one who has not yet come...

... My equations fail  
as my words do. What resource have  
I other than the emptiness without  
him of my whole being, a vacuum he  
may not abhor?

*R. S. Thomas*

### Wednesday 15<sup>th</sup> December

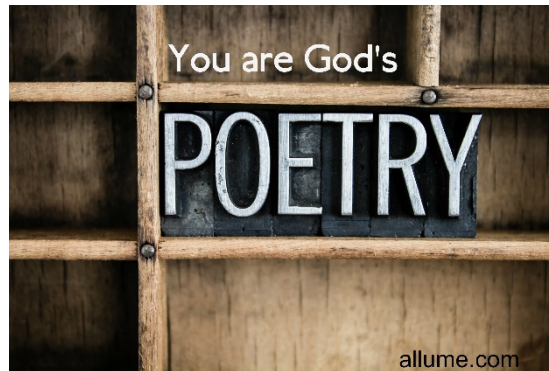
Sometimes words are not enough  
for everything we have to say.  
Words can't beat like a heart  
A verb won't sweat or bleed.  
A noun doesn't get thirsty.  
An adjective cannot feel pain.  
Something gets lost  
in translation into words.  
So when God  
needed to express  
a love deeper than words  
he used body language  
of a kind not known on earth before.

*Godfrey Rust*

### Thursday 16<sup>th</sup> December

In the days of Caesar, when his  
subjects went to be reckoned,  
there was a poem made,  
too dark for him (naïve with power)  
to read. It was a bunch of shepherds  
who discovered in Bethlehem of  
Judah, the great music beyond reason  
and reckoning.

*Waldo Williams*



### Friday 17<sup>th</sup> December

He will come like last leaf's fall.  
one night when the November wind  
has flayed the trees to bone, and earth  
wakes choking on the mould,  
the soft shroud's folding ..  
He will come, will come,  
will come like crying in the night,

like blood, like breaking,  
as the earth writhes to toss him free.  
He will come like child.

*Rowan Williams*

### Saturday 18<sup>th</sup> December

Was it necessary  
to go to this extreme?  
To take for a carrier  
a village girl  
unmarried and disgraced,  
nine months pregnant  
on an exhausting journey  
to a strange town  
with nowhere to stay,  
in a century  
with no healthcare  
or sanitation?  
What purpose was achieved  
except to show  
how the weight of God's love  
is so exhausting  
it will break the back  
of our most stubborn pretensions  
and how in a manger  
would be the last straw to do it?

*Godfrey Rust*