

THE TRUE MEANING OF HOPE

A very Thoughtful, Prayerful and Happy Advent to us all.

No one who has a Television with a news channel could possibly deny the absence of sin in the world. Many might ask 'how can a loving God allow bad things to happen?' It's very often a question which falteringly tries to deflect the blame away from the obvious truth.

Jesus did not promise any quick fixes from on high. However, what he had done was enter into our history and left us with his teaching and inspiration. This example held all the tools required for people to love one another, respect differences and take care of the planet! Whether we feel we have succeeded in that calling is for each of us to answer for ourselves. The greatest mystery of all is that whether we answer 'yes' or 'no' to that question, God's responsibility did not end with the giving of those tools for living.

So I arrive at the Advent hope. It is not a wishful thinking kind of hope, or indeed a desperate 'Lottery Ticket' kind of hope either. It is in fact a hope that goes to the very heart of what it means to be human.

H

Heavenly. Our hope is held in Heaven deposited on account as it were. The fulfilment of Christ mission is held in Heaven awaiting the day of *his* return. We need not worry if we are no longer around at that date in history. No, in the twinkle of an eye we shall awake as from sleep to God's re-creation Wow!

O

Ordinary. Within the mystery outlined above is the everyday hope. Each and every day we are accompanied through life by the Spirit of Jesus. Sometimes we 'know' it in our very souls and at other times we can doubt it. Whatever we are feeling, the truth is God is always faithful and present on a daily basis. Immanuel!

P

Purposeful. We are all called to 'DIY' in the here and now! Called to work towards building the Kingdom of God by our words and actions, freely chosen. All Godly actions are a 'wee' glimpse of Gods Kingdom here and now. Today!

E

Everlasting. Past, present and future all together, as Dickens so beautifully put it, one time. All three held together by the greatest gift God chose to give. The gift of love. As a man named Isaiah once wrote. 'God holds you in the palm of hand'. Loved!