

'Tis the Season to Recapture Faith, Magic and Spirit of the Holidays

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I presume that if you're reading this column, then you are looking for some sort of spiritual message or meaning to be found here. I suggest instead that you allow yourself to search within...stroll down your Personal Memory Lane and turn onto the path marked "childhood."

See the sights, smell the smells, hear the music (maybe hum a few bars or even sing a tune or two), feel the sting of nose-nipping wind and the crunch of snow underfoot, taste all the delicious "goodies" (all no calories, of course!)

Now you're ready for the really important part of the journey – the dream part, the hope, the promise, the peace and goodwill, the caring and sharing. I know you think you're too busy, but indulge yourself – you're worth it! 'Tis the message of the season, after all.

Which songs or "carols" can remind you of your worth? Do you "wonder as you wander" through everyday existence? Is it really a "midnight clear"? Or is it more like a "dark and stormy night"?

Do the mountains and valleys of life plaintively beg to be leveled to make way for a prophet or divine messenger announcing the possibility that God (however you understand this concept/higher power/person) not only can be – but really is – with us!

'Tis the season...that brings the cycle around...past, present, future...light penetrating oppressive and overwhelming darkness...of spiritual preparation,

dedication and enlightenment...a season when the miserly, withered soul of the Bah-humbugging Scrooge in each of us no longer asks, "are there no workhouses?," but experiences a conversion of heart and spirit that chortles with the joyous "God bless us every-one!"

Whether you observe Ramadan, Rohatsu, Hanukkah, Kwanzaa, Christmas or Ta Chin, all of us can pause and gift each other with patience, tolerance, understanding and love.

'Tis the season...to suspend logic...and wonder where the sleigh is...to wonder if he's really watching – right now...whose footprints are they in the snow and in my heart?...to dance with the sugarplums and strain to hear the silver bells of possibility ringing of new years and new lives of meaning and serenity.

Instead of indulging in "holiday spirits," might I respectfully submit the spirits of a Silent Night that allow us to get off the My Way or the Highway and onto His Holy Way?

The angel chorus is warming up; they know their "parts," the song – the prayer – offers a God present to us, if only we can be present to Him, and to each other...may God rest us all well and merrily...may we once again be hopeful...for hope will not leave us disappointed.

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