

**Message – For Each Child That’s Born #morefaith**  
**December 24, 2017**  
**Rev. Lynda Sutherland**

We come together at the turning of the year. We hope the year is turning, from darkness toward light. We pray the year is turning from darkness toward light. We come together because we have faith that the year will turn, is turning, from darkness toward at least a *little* more light.

Already each day is longer by a couple of minutes. We can’t really tell that, with our own senses, but our clocks can measure it. Wouldn’t it be nice if we had a clock-like device to measure our human condition? An instrument that could objectively tell us when our community, our nation, our world, had reached the point of greatest darkness – at least for this cycle – and was beginning to move into a bit more light every day? Or every week, or month? Heck, I would settle for a bit more light every *year*, if I could only know for sure that we were going in the right direction.

That’s where the faith comes in. I can’t know for sure, so I have to rely on faith.

It’s not a blind faith. Our history shows us that these waves, these cycles, have come before; and that each time, there have been those who kept before them a vision of what love, and justice, and peace, and hope look like. Those who would not let the dream die. Those who have acted in the office of angels, healers and nurturers and mediators and defenders, story tellers and song writers and singers and artists and actors, judges and juries and reporters, friends and neighbors and families. Those who have done the right thing when it was so hard, when no one else seemed to be, when no one said thank you, when it hurt. Angels, making whatever difference they were able to. Bringing light to a dark world, bit by bit.

Those who hold on, as we do, to faith in the miracles of life: the birth of a baby, the rise of the sun once more, the magic of this earth, of Mother Nature herself. The love of one another.

Once a year, the Christmas myth plays its part, calls us to remember that the ordinary can become extraordinary. To remember that any child, our own children can become great prophets, teachers, leaders of nations, saviors even – not of souls, but of lives – working to end the ills and suffering in our world.

So that, in truth, the challenging thing becomes not finding where there are miracles, but finding where there isn’t one.

Let us remember, in this season of gift-giving, that even the smallest gift, the smallest effort can make a difference in someone’s life; make a difference in the world.

May the season remind us that this moment is precious, this moment is holy, this moment is powerful. May we hold onto the faith that each moment is full of hope and possibility.

Let us hold onto hope so we can always keep faith with who we are.

Amen and Blessed Be.