



30 November 2018

Letter S31/18

Dear Parishioners,

“Advent...God is not to be rushed, so I was told!”

Advent! What an extraordinary season on the liturgical calendar! A season going completely against the cultural grain of our times. A season inviting us to embrace the spiritual discipline of *Waiting*.

Participating in the Advent journey requires from us all to joyfully sing the Advent hymns with anticipation, to listen to the biblical stories, to light the candles week by week, and if you have your own personal Advent Calendar at home, then it must be opened day by day. No rush, no instant gratification, no quick fixes, even in our spiritual lives; rather simply allowing the Advent Journey to carry us along.

Every stage, every minute, every second of our lives always involves some form of waiting. I am noticing particularly now, how Jesse is waiting for his university results; Joshua and Joel are waiting for their school results, and Beverley is waiting in anticipation for the school year to come to an end. I suppose we are all waiting for something, and with any form of waiting comes a little anxiety. The other day I day I spoke to one of our parishioners who had just finished his last matric exam. He said to me, *“Oops! Now the waiting begins...”*

At the beginning of this Advent Journey, ask yourselves, *“What am I waiting for?”* It is a reflective question to ask yourself, if it is asked honestly. The hard reality is that waiting presents an enormous challenge. We deplore all possible forms of waiting. Someone once said that waiting is an important guest to honour in the guest house of our humanity. The spiritual opportunities it gives birth to, will be a great blessing if we are just conscious enough and courageous enough to name them and live into them.

This Advent I have decided to name and live into my waiting moments. I know that the One we will celebrate at the end of this season is also in the waiting. Whatever unfolds, whatever presents itself, whatever it gives birth to, is in the hands of the One to come on Christmas Day.

What I really treasured this week in the midst of what is going to happen next, was the listening, soft gentle voice, saying to me, *“Oh! Selwyn..., it is Advent...God is not to rushed!”*

This is all for now.

With love,

Selwyn