

Home

There is no time of the year that brings home the importance of home (excuse the pun) like the seasons of Advent and Christmas. Here is when everything seems to be focused on decorating the home, on it being warm and comfortable, on home cooking and gathering around the TV and on our friends and families. It is no wonder that this time of year is notorious for family break ups and increased calls to help lines. The first Christmas could not have been further from the happy home illusion portrayed by our consumer culture. The first Christmas was about welcoming the Christ-Child, the stranger, the refugee family among us.

Homely God

They say home is where the heart is
And at Christmas our thoughts often turn to home
Where we put up the decorations
And wrap presents and write cards
Where our kitchens are a hive of activity
And the tree drops needles all over the carpet.

Homely God

They say home is where the heart is
And at Christmas our thoughts often turn to home
as we get ready to make the journey
To someone else's home
Packing our cases and our bags
Knowing we will be made welcome when we arrive.

Homely God

They say home is where the heart is
And at Christmas our thoughts often turn to home
To those loved ones whose loss we still mourn
To those whose absence leaves an unhealed scar
To those who simply live too far away
Or whose family life pulls them in many directions.

Homely God

They say home is where the heart is
And at Christmas our thoughts often turn to home
Forgive us when we are so focused on home
And on getting ready for Christmas
That we forget to welcome the Christ-child
Present in the displaced and the lonely among us.

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