



We focus on a baby born,
And claim, through him, we gain
God's presence in our broken lives,
A hope amidst our pain,
For Advent has become our lot
In life this whole year long,
As we desire brighter days
To sing our Christmas song.
Yet, longing for the brighter light
Which sweeps darkness away,
We journey forth with hopes to see
That glorious new day
When all our dreams become, for us,
Reality, true joy,
A life returned to normalcy
Which no plague can destroy.
We wait, and watch, and hope and dream
Of future times which bring
Days filled with moments in which we
Can celebrate and sing
The songs of Angels and announce
That all has been fulfilled,
The joyous moment has arrived
Just as our God has willed.
"Tomorrow," though, is Advent's song,
For all our hopes await
That moment when God's hand provides
This liberating fate.
So, what can we, each Advent child,
Who dreams the dream of hope,
Commit to do in shadowed times,
And faithfully still cope
As children of our loving God
Even when days are dark?
We lean on promise, and proceed
To light a tiny spark.
For that light defies darkness when
It's lit with faith and love,
And holds on to the promises
From our dear God above,
Who wasn't satisfied to be
Removed from our dark plight,
But rather chose to enter in
With grace and love and light
Which conquers darkness and despair,
Which strengthens weary hearts,
Which gives us comfort, calms our fears,



And to us, life imparts.
So now, each day, dear Advent child
Please know this much is true,
Our loving God will never let
The darkness defeat you,
And as we light the Advent wreath
Please light a candle, too,
As your defying, faithful act,
Upholding what is true,
That in the darkness we will stand
Together, holding tight,
To promises from our dear God
Which give us hope and light,
And help us know that Advent is
A season which soon ends
In brightest light and joyous song,
Full life, which God intends
To be our future evermore,
Our Christmas song, at last,
Which we will sing with happy hearts
And to the world broadcast
The overwhelming gift of God,
Who chose to take our form
As infant child, caught in time,
In order to transform
The world of darkness into light,
Our death pangs into life,
To rid the world of brokenness,
Of enmity and strife.
Each Christmas is an answer to
Each Advent's time to wait
And hear again God's promises
To lovingly create
Our future which is bound in Christ,
In cross and empty tomb,
In resurrection and new life
Where darkness has no room.
This year of Advent, in which we
Have had to persevere
In darkness and in pain and grief,
Uncertainty and fear,
Is conquered by our forceful hope
In God, who comes to be
An infant child, promise made
For all the world to see.
So, light a candle, spark of hope,
And celebrate with me.