



A moment rips all time apart,
“Before” and “after” split,
And in that fleeting breach is born
A child, so weak, unfit
To bear the burden of our hopes,
The sum of all our dreams,
As God straddles this crack in time
With impossible schemes
Which logic tells us cannot bring
The future that we crave,
Yet as the Word, now infant born,
This God has come to save.
We know the story, Bethlehem,
A barn, a bed forlorn,
A simple mother told by God
Her baby to be born
Would help us all to know God’s love
In ways which help us see
The chains which bind us have been crushed
And we have been set free
To live in light and grace and hope,
To share God’s life and joy,
As we behold the Word made flesh,
Dear Mary’s baby boy.
In darkness does Advent begin,
The sun’s light fades away,
And we can feel death’s coldest grip
Pursuing us each day
In ways which claim our brokenness,
Our anger, grief, despair,
Our full humanity displayed,
Fixing our hope and prayer
Upon a spark, a single flame,
To guide us in the night
And lead us to a place of life
Surrounded by God’s light.
With deepest trust and full belief
We light a candle now
In hope and expectation that
God’s ancient, solemn vow
Will be unleashed upon the world
To overcome the dark,
Transforming all that is broken
Through God’s redeeming spark
Which will make rougher places smooth,
Bring life to barren space,
Transforming us, and all around,



Through God’s amazing grace.
Then, confident in promise, we
Will light another flame
And listen to the words of John
On Jordan’s banks proclaim
That God’s almighty power comes
To constitute God’s reign
So, now prepare heart, mind and soul
To sing the new refrain
Which hearkens to the old, old song
Of generations past,
That, hope of hope and dream of dreams
Messiah comes at last.
A third time, as a candle beams
Its light in darkest day
We pray that we, with open hearts,
Prepare Messiah’s way
And hear the ancient prophets speak
Of days to surely come
When God will gather all dispersed
And call his people home,
With shouts of joy, with praise and dance,
With never-ending song
Along the royal highway as
We join the happy throng.
A fourth candle, we seek its glow,
Reveals the day is near
When God will wipe away our tears
And free us from all fear,
For we know that Immanuel,
“God With Us” comes to be
The answer to our every prayer,
The one who sets us free
From darkness, sin and even death,
His presence is new life,
His promise certain to give strength
Which comforts us in strife.
A moment rips all time apart,
“Before” and “after” split,
And in that fleeting breach is born
A child who is fit
To be God’s presence in our lives
Today and evermore,
His life is given unto us,
Of this we can be sure
So, celebrate, this Christmas time,
This child, your hope secure.