

THE THIRD THURSDAY OF ADVENT



For The Last Time

*He performs wonders that cannot be fathomed,
miracles that cannot be counted.*

Job 5:9

The first time a young child sees a giraffe, or tastes ice cream or pops a fragile air-blown bubble you'll see the remarkable sense of wonder.

Many grown-ups have bemoaned their own loss of wonder. Can we somehow recapture that sense of awe and surprise at the beauty of this world?

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Betty Smith, the author of *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*, wrote, "Look at everything always as though you were seeing it either for the first or last time: Thus is your time on earth filled with glory." You may not be able to see most things in your everyday life for the first time, but imagine what it would be like if today you saw things as though it was the last time you'd ever seen them.

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This season points us to a baby, but also is filled with the groaning of a world in labor moving toward the end of days. Advent invites us to capture anew the awestruck wonder of seeing the One who was born in a manger as if for the first time, and the awe-filled hope of his soon return. We are drawn to worship as we see things for the first or last time. The season's wait sharpens our sense of wonder.

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**Help me to see your world through
fresh eyes today, Lord.
Amen**

***FOR FURTHER REFLECTION READ
REVELATION 1:7-8***