



## **How Much is Enough?**

Third Week of Advent (Dec 5 or after)

Prophets throughout the ages have invited people to live with “changed hearts and lives,” making sure no one is cheated or left without the basic necessities of life. A full life of joy is the birthright of all people. May we act to make it so.

*Read this out loud, and together if you are with others...*

Joy waits for us at Advent Joy waits for us to sing. Joy waits for our amazement at the grace in everything. In this time of preparation for the work of co-creation, for the birthing of a world where wonder is restored. Joy is born in us once more!

### **Light three candles.**

Today I add the Light of Joy to Hope and Peace, to illumine the Door of Welcome. May this light shine in my heart, in my life, and in this community

May Peace awaken us to possibilities and lead us to greater hospitality. There IS room in this Inn, a House for the Holy.

What could I/we do to add more joy to the life of someone who is not feeling that right now? to make sure someone else also has “enough?”

## **An Ancient Proclamation**

### **Isaiah 12: 2-6**

God is indeed my salvation; I will trust and won't be afraid. Yah, the Lord, is my strength and my shield; he has become my salvation. You will draw water with joy from the springs of salvation. And you will say on that day: "Thank the Lord; call on God's name; proclaim God's deeds among the peoples; declare that God's name is exalted. Sing to the Lord, who has done glorious things; proclaim this throughout all the earth." Shout and sing for joy, city of Zion, because the holy one of Israel is great among you.

### **A Poem**

#### *"Enough"*

by John van de Laar

Worry and stress are not hard for us, God,  
we do them without thinking.

There is always the potential of threat  
to our security,  
our comfort,  
our health,  
our relationships,  
our lives,

and we foolishly think that we could silence the fear  
if we just had enough money,  
enough insurance,  
enough toys,  
enough stored away for a rainy day.

It's never enough, though;  
the voice of our fear will not be dismissed so easily.

But, in the small, silent places within us is another voice;  
    one that beckons us into the foolishness of faith,  
    that points our gaze to the birds and the flowers,  
that, in unguarded moments, lets our muscles relax,  
    and our hearts lean into loved ones;  
In unexpected whispers we hear it,  
    calling us to remember your promises,  
        your grace,  
        your faithfulness;  
And, suddenly, we discover  
    That is enough.

[Space to write your thoughts about this poem]

### **Breath Prayer**

**Make of my heart a stable,  
    a house for the holy,  
    a warm and sturdy place  
    for hope to live and grow.**

In this moment we open the doors of our hearts,  
    letting go of all we do not need  
        Take a deep breath in...  
        and then breathe out regret...  
        and breathe in forgiveness...  
        and out again, inviting peace.

In this moment we open the doors of our hearts to the Spirit,  
    inviting us to become more than we can ask or imagine.

Take a deep breath in...  
and then breathe out fear...  
and breathe in courage...  
and out again, inviting hope.

In this moment we open the doors of our hearts,  
filling it with compassion for all those who are struggling.

We remember and pray for...

... those who are suffering economic hardship, and insecurity in basic needs;  
may abundance be shared.

... those who are suffering mentally, finding it difficult to cope; may paths open  
and hope return.

... those who are suffering illness or injury; may healing abound.

... those who are suffering loneliness and isolation; may companionship and  
solace arrive.

... those who are suffering discrimination, fear and violence; may they know  
respect, respite, and safety.

May the Advent of Compassion be born in us,  
reside within us, move outward from us,  
to meet the needs of the world,  
making a house for the Holy that is each and every child of God.

### **A Blessing**

May God's Door of Welcome  
swing open just a little bit more.

May Jesus' humble first dwelling  
remind you of the plenty you already know.

And may the Spirit lead you into  
more possibility and hospitality that you can imagine,  
making room in The Inn for all.

May it be so.