

One joy over the past two terrifying years  
has been my fellowship with the congregation here,  
maintained during lockdown by weekly emails  
with meditation attached.

I wasn't so much trying to bring church into your homes  
but explore how our homes could become church,  
how our kitchen table could be an altar, our bath a baptistry.

I also discovered hyperlinks,  
where highlighting a word and pressing on the hyperlink icon  
could link that word with a you-tube site  
featuring a hymn or song or whatever.

It made my 2D communication 3D,  
and I was thrilled to bring a new dimension to my messages.

Think of Jesus, just a baby, just a man,  
being highlighted by the Gospels and becoming our hyperlink  
to God and a creation teeming with his wonders.

I'm not sure how hyperlinks work, but they do.

I'm not sure how the incarnation works, but I think it does:

*No love that in a family dwells,  
No carolling in frosty air,  
Nor all the steeple-shaking bells  
Can with this single Truth compare -  
That God was man in Palestine  
And lives today in Bread and Wine.*

Those meditations took a fair bit of crafting  
so I was always heartened  
when one or two folk got back to me who'd enjoyed them,  
or been challenged by them, or been baffled by them.  
Thing is whenever I sent out a photo of our Naomi  
rather than the odd one or two responding,  
my email in box was quickly full to bursting.

It makes me think how canny of God  
not to send us a learned treatise,  
but to simply send us a baby.

*The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us,  
and we beheld his glory,  
the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father,  
full of grace and truth.*