

Lighting the candle

God is Spirit and you will worship him in Spirit and in Truth.

We light the Christ candle which sits atop the Karna candlestick.

Truth.... Spirit.

Spirit.....Truth

Clay and light and heat. Necessities for life and spirit.

Opening prayer: Spirit

And they took him away, but he never left.

They burnt to the ground the tree of his life but the seeds of his knowledge, scattered and cracked and searched for the light.

They shattered my peace, but I found comfort studying the industry of ants.

They challenged all I held dear and when everything else was stripped away, I discovered there is no more encompassing principle than love.

They convinced me that life was too hard and that all effort was pointless but then a small voice reminded me that even one small act of kindness can matter greatly to another.

They insisted that all the world is mine to enjoy thanks to good fortune, but they could not silence the notion that faithfulness is more important than ownership.

They said pleasure must be your guide until I realized I was creating around me a wall that excluded others and that the bricks were cold.

They told me that to survive I needed to be tough, but I had observed that to be strong, the human being craves gentleness.

They told me the laws of the land were imposed for my own good but that did not stop me seeing injustice all around.

They mocked goodness as weakness, but I had discovered that indifference was a soul destroyer, a life extinguisher.

They took him away, but he never left

They shamed him and mocked his teachings but like planks forced deep into water, they surge to the surface, piercing the sky, like a cross towering over the world.

They said God was dead yet everywhere we see people stooping to heal and encourage and comfort, all in the name of God.

They took him away, but he never left.

And in the quiet hours when the house is still or in the thrill of crowds in streets, we see him, feel him, hear him.

And we remember that old teaching:

God is a spirit and you will worship in spirit and in truth.

So, the dance goes on, the dancers change, the rhythms vary but the instinct to lift one foot above the other, the pleasure in kindling the light in another grows the spirit.

The spirit is restless, always searching for a place to call home, to settle in whether in the seed, the rush of wind, or the heart of people who are warmed and invigorated by it.

They took him away, but he never left and has taken up residence in our thoughts and motivations, our consciousness and our journey into joy.

We are not alone.

Amen