

Tuesday of the Fourth Week of Advent

Yesterday was the Winter Solstice, the shortest day of the year on the one hand, but a day, no a reality, far more mysterious in the human imagination and the assemblage of meaning than mere number of hours.

It is more than a time, perhaps, a sign.

The days and nights of this season long, long before any conscious or intentional idea of religions or gods or powers that be, were far more influential than any texts or preachers, more like sacraments with a small "s" than anything we associate with religions today, no words, no sounds, silence, silence and more silence in the darkness.

I deliberately went walking last night in the dark and I chose a path that had minimal light and I carried no light. Usually when I walk in the dark or at dusk I look like a drunk person lurching erratically down the street because I have a damaged balance system because of my Meniere's disease.

Our eyes are essential to our balance systems as they send signals to the inner ear where there is a labyrinth that regulates our balance. I have only one labyrinth, so I lurch and stumble until I get going but not last night in the total darkness.

Last night once I was in the dark, the almost total dark, I could tell I was walking smoothly and evenly and without the fear of falling.

I was walking by memory, memory of a terrain I had walked zillions of times before and not by sight but by memory.

Our ancestors looked to the skies of the winter solstice each year and remembered that they would come out on the other side of the darkness.

In these days of darkness, let us remember those ancestors traced back to the earliest days of human love and contemplate our task in this year of 2020.

Our task is to keep walking through the darkness with hope and love, to accept that we cannot control, ultimately, anything but our faithfulness to the task, we can not even control our love.

We fall into love or love falls into us with no prior arrangements or conditions and we can only be faithful to who we love, we cannot arrange it to suit our purposes, as our whole existence is a following of love into mystery, and when we remember that we can walk hopefully because we walk not alone but the Great Mystery of the Dark Heavens walks with us as companion, destination, and origin of darkness, mystery, and love, or so I believe, I hopefully, do.