



O Come, O Come, Emmanuel

The cry of the exiled people of God still echoes across the ages – plaintive, hopeful, unfulfilled, steady, trusting, not yet finding.

We wait for Messiah.

We wait for Emmanuel, for God with us, for the deliverer who will do what even Moses could not do, who will ransom us from our captivity, our exile.

We wait for Dayspring, for the breaking of a new dawn through the darkness that surrounds us, who will defeat the gloom and the shadows and death itself.

We wait for Wisdom, for the ability to know how God really sees things, for the one who is knowledge, who brings order, who will show us the way.

We wait for our heart's Desire, the true hope of all nations (whatever their color or background or history), for the Prince of Peace, who will bind us together and end our quarrels.

Let the cry end! Let the steady faithful ones know that their hope is fulfilled! Emmanuel shall come!

We celebrate Advent and anticipate once again His coming. All too often, we find in ourselves the temptation to lift an Old Testament cry of longing, to wonder when we will be delivered.

Let it not be. Rejoice! Emmanuel has come! We no longer live in a world of a distant coming savior. We live in a world with a present Christ, who has come. He is Emmanuel, for God is with us. He is Dayspring, for our light has come and the glory of the Lord shines round about us. He is Wisdom, and the government is on His shoulder. He is our Desire, for we have trusted in God, who has given us the desire of our hearts and brought us peace.

Rejoice! Rejoice!

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