

## A Christmas Prayer

Not gold, nor myrrh, nor even frankincense would I have for you this season, but simple gifts, the ones that are hardest to find, the ones that are perfect, even for those who have everything (if such there be).

I would (if I could) have for you the gift of courage, the strength to face the gauntlets only you can name, and the firmness in your heart to know that you (yes, you!) can be a bearer of the quiet dignity that is the human glorified.

I would (if by my intention I could make it happen) have for you the gift of connection, the sense of standing on the hinge of time, touching past and future standing with certainty that you (yes, you!) are the point where it all comes together.

I would (if wishing could make it so) have for you the gift of community, a nucleus of love and challenge, to convince you in your soul that you (yes, you!) are a source of light in a world too long believing in the dark.

Not gold, nor myrrh, nor even frankincense, would I have for you this season, but simple gifts, the ones that are hardest to find, the ones that are perfect, even for those who have everything (if such there be).

*Source: Rev. Maureen Killoran*