

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PARISHES OF

ASSUMPTION

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RESURRECTION

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Christmas 2022

In him was life and the life was the light of all people. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness did not overtake it.

John 1:4-5



In our civilisation, where technology is power, it is often the individual's capacity to innovate that measures human value.

Ours is a civilisation where "spirit" means only the human obsession to dominate, manipulate and control the natural forces gifted to us, where progress is exploitation, and success necessitates the slavery of the unseen poor.

In such a civilisation, of what value is a child lying in a manger?

In such a civilisation, of what value is the divine?

There were only two groups of persons who hastened to hear that Divine Infant's cry: the shepherds and the wise men. Those whose life revolved around finding fresh pastures to feed their flock, and those whose life revolved around searching the heavens to unlock the mysteries of the present. Those whose gaze was ever on the earth, and those whose gaze was ever on the stars. Those who understood they knew nothing, and those who understood they did not know everything.

Both groups who sought out the Christ-Child understood that truth is not something manufactured; truth is something uncovered. And so, truth is accessible only to the humble. Truth is always something received, as a gift. And its value originates outside of the self.

We are not loved by God because we are valuable; we are valuable because God has first loved us (1 Jn 4:19). We do not invent our own value; our value arises from the outpouring of God's Spirit into our being. This is the opposite of exploitation; this is fulfilment and it confers on us the true freedom that comes from being children of God.

There are no words recorded in Scripture spoken by the shepherds or the wise men when they finally reached the crib of Jesus. Their only response was that of silence, contemplation and adoration. The angels alone sang, as was their right. Love reduces us to silence, to the expression of truth that exceeds all words. We are never so true as when we are loved in our poverty.

It takes a God so great that he can be veiled in our humility, to love us with a love so wonderful that it can pierce to the depths of our poverty.

Wishing you a blessed Christmas.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Creurer', written in a cursive style.

Fr. Philip Creurer
Pastor