

Hope

((Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune--without the words,
And never stops at all,) - This is not part of the children's sermon. It is a poem by Emily Dickinson, the beginning of the poem "Hope." This message is to pick up on the lighting of the first candle of the Advent wreath. Also, hope is the theme of Jeremiah's prophetic words in the Old Testament lesson for the day. Jeremiah 33: 14-16)

Do you ever pretend?
Pretend with me.

Pretend you are a bird with feathers
Looking for a tree.
A home where you can build a nest
The perfect place to be.
You also want a home to share
With someone who will care.

You fly around and around
And then you see
The perfect place to rest and make a nest.
A home with the friend – your tree.
It is the best place for you to be.
So you are the bird with feathers
That found a nest in the tree.

Pretend with me once more
I have something else in store.
Pretend that you are now the tree
And the bird has come to nest in me
You can hear the bird sing
Without words, it is more like a soft ring.
The bird is now within you
It's right inside your soul.

Oh, I forgot to tell you your name.
Your name is Charity
And Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in your soul
And sings the tune – without the words

And never stops at all.

I want you to ask your mom and dad
What all this pretending means.
Ask them about Hope,
The thing with feathers that perches in the soul.
Surely they will know!

Dear God

You are the hope within us
You are the song we sing.

Amen

Rev. Larry D. Laine