
Blessed Sacrament Weekly Email - December 20, 2024

*And the Word became flesh
and made his dwelling among us,
and we saw his glory,
the glory as of the Father's only Son,
full of grace and truth.*

(John 1: 14)

Caryll Houselander was an 20th English Mystic & Spiritual writer.
Here is one of her many meditations and insights.

How small and gentle his coming was.
He came as an infant.
The night in which he came was noisy and crowded;
it is unlikely that, in the traffic and travelers to Bethlehem,
the tiny wail of the newly born could be heard.
God approaches gently, often secretly, always in love,
never through violence and fear.
He comes to us, as God has told us,
in those whom we know in our own lives.
Very often we do not recognize God. God comes
in many people we do not like,
in all who need what we can give,
in all who have something to give us;
and for our great comfort.
God comes in those we love. In our fathers and mothers,
our brothers and sisters, our friends and our children.
Because this is so we may not be content ever to love with only natural love.
We must also love everyone with a supernatural sacramental love.
We must love Christ in them with Christ's love in us.
It would be well if those seeking perfection
ceased trying so painstakingly to learn how not to love
and learned instead how to love well.
— Caryll Houselander

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Parish website

<https://www.blessedsacramentwv.org>

Faith in West Virginia

<https://faithinwv.org/latest-bulletin/>

This Sunday's Readings

<https://bible.usccb.org/bible/readings/122224.cfm>

Now Hear This

HOLIDAY DATES

December 24th - Christmas Masses at 4pm & 7pm

December 25th - Christmas Mass at 10 am
followed by brunch.

December 31st - Holy Day Mass at 4:00pm for
Solemnity of Mary, Mother of God

January 1st - Solemnity of Mary, Mother of God
Mass at 10:00am

January 3rd - Epiphany Concert at 6:00pm



There will be a **CHRISTMAS BRUNCH** served right after 10am Mass on Christmas Day. Please sign up in the Gathering Space by 1pm Sunday December 22 to eat, prepare, set up, and/or cleanup.

POEM

The Visitation

Here is a meeting made of hidden joys
Of lightnings cloistered in a narrow place
From quiet hearts the sudden flame of praise
And in the womb the quickening kick of grace.
Two women on the very edge of things
Unnoticed and unknown to men of power
But in their flesh the hidden Spirit sings
And in their lives the buds of blessing flower.
And Mary stands with all we call 'too young',
Elizabeth with all called 'past their prime'
They sing today for all the great unsung
Women who turned eternity to time
Favored of heaven, outcast on the earth
Prophets who bring the best in us to birth.
— Malcom Guite

CARBONATED GRACE

Politically Correct Santa

'Twas the night before Christmas and Santa's a wreck ...
How to live in a world that's politically correct?
His workers no longer would answer to "Elves,"
"Vertically Challenged" they were calling themselves.

And labor conditions at the North Pole
Were alleged by the union to stifle the soul.
Four reindeer had vanished, without much propriety,
Released to the wilds by the Humane Society.

And equal employment had made it quite clear
That Santa had better not use just reindeer.
So Dancer and Donner, Comet and Cupid,
Were replaced with four pigs, and you know that looks stupid!

The runners had been removed from his sleigh;
The ruts were termed dangerous by the EPA.
And people had started to call for the cops
When they heard sled noises on their rooftops.

Second-hand smoke from his pipe
Had his workers quite frightened.
His fur-trimmed red suit
Was called "unenlightened."

And to show you the strangeness of life's ebbs and flows,
Rudolph was suing over unauthorized use of his nose
And had gone on Geraldo, in front of the nation,
Demanding millions in overdue compensation.

So, half of the reindeer were gone; and his wife,
Who suddenly said she'd had enough of this life,
Joined a self-help group, packed and left in a whiz,
Demanding from now on her title was Ms.

And as for the fits, why, he'd ne'er had a notion
That making a choice could cause such a commotion.
Nothing of leather, nothing of fur,
Which meant nothing for him. And nothing for her.

Nothing that might be construed to pollute.

Nothing to aim. Nothing to shoot.
Nothing that clamored or made lots of noise.
Nothing for just girls. Or just for the boys.

Nothing that claimed to be gender specific.
Nothing that's warlike or non-pacific.
No candy or sweets ... they were bad for the tooth.
Nothing that seemed to embellish a truth.

And fairy tales, while not yet forbidden,
Were like Ken and Barbie, better off hidden.
For they raised the hackles of those psychological
Who claimed the only good gift was one ecological.

No baseball, no football ... someone could get hurt;
Besides, playing sports exposed kids to dirt.
Dolls were said to be sexist and should be passe;
And Nintendo would rot your entire brain away.

So Santa just stood there, disheveled, perplexed;
He could not figure out what to do next.
He tried to be merry, tried to be gay,
But you've got to be careful with that word today.

His sack was quite empty, limp to the ground;
Nothing fully acceptable was to be found.
Something special was needed, a gift that he might
Give to all without angering the left or the right.

A gift that would satisfy, with no indecision.
Each group of people, every religion;
Every ethnicity, every hue,
Everyone, everywhere. ... even you.

So here is that gift, its price beyond worth ...
"May you and your loved ones enjoy Peace on Earth."

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