

DECEMBER 3, 2020

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ADVENT DEVOTIONAL HOPE IN A TIME OF COVID A LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

1 PETER 2:9

BUT YOU ARE A CHOSEN PEOPLE, A ROYAL PRIESTHOOD, A HOLY NATION, GOD'S OWN PEOPLE, IN ORDER THAT YOU MAY PROCLAIM THE MIGHTY ACTS OF HIM WHO CALLED YOU OUT OF DARKNESS INTO HIS MARVELOUS LIGHT.



Oh how I repeatedly looked out of the steamy windows of our home. I hoped the barn would be dark. The lights were out. That would mean Dad was finished milking. Soon he would open our door, stomp snow from his boots, wash his hands, put on clean clothing and Christmas Eve would begin!

This was in the 1950's. I was a kid. Our home was filling with my sisters and brother and their families. The smell of Mom's homemade rolls and roast chicken from her brood filled the air. The base of our Christmas tree was overflowing with presents. Why was Dad taking so long? Why couldn't the barn lights go out?

Hmmm. Now I'm 70 and I can appreciate Dad's side of the equation. Lawrence was kneeling beside Holsteins, washing udders, hauling tall cylindrical pails of milk to the milk house, to cool in the bulk tank. He was watching for a light too. During each trip from the barn to the milk house he must have been looking to the light from our house thinking "Karen is probably mashing potatoes," "The butter has been melted for the Lutefisk," "The grandkids are here, ready for a whisker rub."

I was looking for a light to go out so the "Show could get on the road." Dad was grateful for the light that beckoned him with the thought of family, food, and festivity.

I didn't realize that Dad was watching for a light too.



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DEAR LORD,
HELP ME REMEMBER THAT MY
ACTIONS, MY WORDS, MY LISTENING
EAR ARE LIGHTS PROCLAIMING YOUR
GOODNESS.
AMEN.