



*Each winter as
the year grows older,
We each grow older too.
The chill sets in a little colder;
The verities we knew
Seem shaken and untrue.*

*When race and class
cry out for treason,
When sirens call for war,
They overshout the
voice of reason
And scream till we ignore
All we held dear before.*

*Yet I believe beyond believing,
That life can spring
from death:*

*That growth can flower
from our grieving;
That we can catch our breath
And turn transfixed by faith.*

*So even as the sun is turning
To journey to the north,
The living flame,
in secret burning,
Can kindle on the earth
And bring God's love to birth.*

*O Child of ecstasy and sorrows,
O Prince of peace and pain,
Brighten today's world
by tomorrow's,
Renew our lives again;
Lord Jesus, come and reign!*

Poem by William & Annabeth Gay
Set to music by Marty Haugen · Listen here: <https://chcmd.me/eachwinter>
Original card art by Hawthorne Summerfield, found on a Christmas
card kept for years by my mom at her home



May the Child
of Christmas renew
us & our shaken world.

Man



1960 seasonal greeting card from my mom
with her high school senior photo.

My mom, Elaine DelMonico, went home to
God on October 4 of this year, joining my uncles
Robert Padula (March 29) and Robert DelMonico
(August 12) who also died this year.

Visit my mom's memorial page
<https://churchmd.com/elaine> for recordings of her
funeral liturgy and homily and reflective program.

Please continue to hold their memory, and my family,
in your hearts and prayers during this holiday season.