



Advent Reflection for Monday, December 6

Jenna McAuley

You can listen to the reading and reflection by clicking [here](#).

Psalm 43:3-6

Send out your light and your truth, that they may lead me, and bring me to your holy hill and to your dwelling;*

That I may go to the altar of God, to the God of my joy and gladness; and on the harp I will give thanks to you, O God my God.*

*Why are you so full of heaviness, O my soul?** and why are you so disquieted within me?

Put your trust in God; for I will yet give thanks to him, who is the help of my countenance, and my God.*

The thing I love most about Advent is that it is a story about hope—the hope of welcoming a child (something I experienced myself 8 years ago). But it is also a story about God’s greatest gift to us all: the Messiah. If I could go back in time to witness those final days before Jesus’ birth, I would see the Three Wise Men searching for an ember of hope, an invitation to an act of faith. They might not have known why they followed a far-off star—but they knew they’d better bring some gifts. They had hope that something wonderful awaited them, even though they didn’t know how the story would end.

“Send out your light and your truth, that they may lead me,* and bring me to your holy hill and to your dwelling...”

These days feel more uncertain than ever, at least in my neck of the woods. In that uncertainty I can forget that the God of my joy and gladness may yet have an ember burning that I just can’t see or feel.

“Why are you so full of heaviness, O my soul?*

Put your trust in God;* for I will yet give thanks to him, who is the help of my countenance, and my God.”

This Advent I am going to remind myself of Balthazar, Gaspar, and Melchior and their journey of faith—I am not retelling a story already knowing the outcome. This Advent I'm going to put my trust in the God of My Joy and Gladness and know there is a star for me to follow, too.

Jenna McAuley started attending Holy Apostles in the height of the pandemic when God called her to walk down a street she had never wandered before and she happened upon our beautiful little church. She lives in Ditmas Park and is blessed to be raising a 7 year-old daughter named Etta. In her spare time Jenna fights cyber-crime and visits art museums.

