

Thursday, December 21

Hope

So they went with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the child lying in the manger.
Luke 2:16 (NRSV)

At the top of the world is the High Arctic. Only here is it more expensive to fly from Resolute Bay to Grise Fiord than from Toronto, Canada to London, England.

Now imagine a young Inuit woman from this most northern community travelling home from Iqaluit, the capital of Nunavut. As many new moms before her, she had gone to birth her child. She is wearing an amauti*. I hear muffled cries first. Quickly the mom moves the young one from the parka's hood to the front. No cold air reaches her child. Amazed - I watch.

As we land I see how her nose is pressed on the small window - tears roll down her cheeks. I don't have to guess who the gathering is waiting to meet.

The Twin Otter's heavy door is open and I hear a cheer. Then we see - all those gathered are smiling and ready to welcome the new mother and a small new member of this remote, isolated community. 'Ahs' and 'oohs' are mingled with tears, and I hear (as in every culture) the joy of new life. Hope is received - in one small baby - a welcome and longing satisfied.

Gracious God, thank you for walking our Advent journey. The travel can seem arduous whether to an arctic home or to our hearts. Heal us to be ready to rush with haste to welcome our Saviour Jesus and know the hope fulfilled in one small baby. Amen.

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***a parka worn by women of the eastern arctic**