

## REFLECTION FOR THE SOLEMNITY OF CHRISTMAS DAY

It is Christmas and our hearts overflow with joy because Jesus has been born among us, ***he has come to us!*** As the second reading from the Letter to the Hebrews tells us, throughout the ages God has spoken “*at many times and in many ways,... [through] the Prophets, but in these days he has spoken to us by his Son, whom he appointed heir of all things, through whom... he created the world.*” In Bethlehem God was born, the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, as we are told in the Gospel. Let us rejoice in the birth of Jesus because it is the greatest event in our history. Out of love, God became man, so that people would understand that our story is not one of condemnation, but of salvation, a story ***with God.*** That is why we want to sing with the psalmist: “*Sing to a new song to the Lord for he has worked wonders. His right arm and his holy arm have brought salvation... The Lord has made known his salvation; he has shown his deliverance to the nations. He has remembered his merciful love and his truth to the house of Israel. All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of God.*”

Our God is born, he is the Savior, the King of Peace. As Isaiah tells us in the first reading, “*How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who brings good news, who publishes peace, who brings good news of happiness, who says to Zion: ‘Your God reigns.’*” God is born in Bethlehem; he is our King and Lord. Let us gladden our hearts by allowing him to be born in us, in our lives, and to bring us his peace.

Cardinal Tolentino de Mendonça tells us:

Be born, O Jesus, and teach me to be born:

when hopes break like worn-out things,  
when the day has not fulfilled even half of its promise,  
when I lack the strength for the next step and hesitate,  
when all I think I have sown is emptiness,  
when the path seemed lighter and simpler than it actually was!

Be born, O Jesus, and teach me to be born:

when I cannot turn love into legible writing,  
when dissatisfaction corrodes even the space of joy,  
when my hands unlearn the transparent dance of giving,

when I do not know how to truly abandon myself to you!

Be born, O Jesus, and teach me to be born:

tell my heart that it is not too late, nor too far away,

tell me that I do not have to do anything,

but let me be loved.

Let us look at the crib and see in it that Love has made a child. May this Love come to us and in us become the seed of a new world of justice and peace. A world where God always has a place in an invitation to love him, especially in our poor brothers and sisters, and to let ourselves be loved.

Have a blessed Christmas. Amen.