

Tuesday- First Week of Advent-Hope in Difficult Times

Seventy-year-old Mrs. MacTavish was driving home at around 11:00 p.m. “Drat,” she said as she felt a flat tire. To her delight, a tow-truck was driving home as well. Robert stopped and helped change the tire. But he would not accept any money. Give it to the next person who might need it.

Mrs. MacTavish stopped at a diner – Linda was pregnant and tired as she had spent all evening on her feet. She was just about to close, but seeing the elderly lady, she opened the door and said, “All I can offer you is some coffee ma’am and perhaps a toasted slice of bread.” “That will do.” said Mrs. MacTavish with relief as she noticed the rather heavily pregnant barmaid. When she had finished eating, she said to Linda, “You will not imagine how good that cup of coffee tasted. I have left something for you – not a tip, but for the baby.”

Linda was flabbergasted! The elderly lady had left three \$100 bills. When she got home, she said to her husband, Robert, who was waiting for her after his long day driving his tow-truck, “You will never guess what an elderly lady left as a tip! We have enough to buy new clothes and perhaps even a pram for our baby.”

Reflection

Our newspapers and TV sets blare out stories of war, violence, and bloodshed every day. In January, Canadians were concerned when the Freedom Convoy seemed to paralyze the capital. But that story soon became history when Russia invaded the Ukraine.

Isaiah tells us in our reading that the Saviour will come to bring peace. It will seem to be like the Garden of Eden again; the predator and prey will live in harmony: the wolf and the lamb, the leopard and the calf,

the lion and the fatling. However, we continue to live outside Paradise. We eat our bread which we have earned with the sweat of hard labour.

The good that we do always returns in a way we do not imagine. It bears good fruit, far beyond our expectations. In the Gospel, Jesus thanks the Father for revealing these treasures to ordinary people. These are the people we rub shoulders with when we are in the supermarket, post office, parks and at school.

Question to Ponder

Recall today a story of joy you felt when in your generosity you reached out to help others. What was it like when you opened your arms and perhaps your wallet to those in need?