

New Year's Day, 2019



Here I sit, sipping hot coffee laced with egg nog topped with nutmeg and it is well-nigh 1:00 PM, the first day of the new year, 2019. I sit in my new cherry red velour wrap-around robe, giant pillows propping me as I write, still in bed! Outside there is a faint layer of snow on the boards of the deck, though not enough to coat trees and roof tops. The sky is a light gray, no sun in sight and trunks and branches are in dark relief against it.

Advent celebrations are nearly spent. We're on to the next show. Though it is not Epiphany yet, there is, for me, a mental sense of moving on. I have questions in this regard. Questions that have to do with health, (recovery of full knee strength and the work it will take to rehab the knee with the broken patella not yet healed). Questions of location: can I remain in this house which I love, and if so for how long? Questions of direction: spiritual questions, spiritual desires, spiritual growth and how that can best be achieved.



As a "relationship person" I know that I want all to be well with those I love. I want to be a person who listens more than speaks, who hears deeply, who accepts without judgment. In reading the beautiful book *Barking to the Choir: The Power of Radical Kinship* by Fr. Gregory Boyle, creator of Homeboy Industries, a gang-reclamation non-profit in Los Angeles I have been personally challenged to be open-

hearted to all who are created in the Image of God, Imago Dei. That means *everyone! Even those who are most difficult to love.* Gregory Boyle says, "Don't set out to change the world, set out to wonder how people are doing."

Finally, but not really "finally" for I have much to learn in this year, but for this writing, I want to be grateful in things big and small. To be aware, in the moment, to say "thank you" aloud or in my heart for the amazing gift of life in all its quirks, vicissitudes, mystery, sorrow, suffering, loss, and, yes majesty. I pray by God's grace to be "up for it" in 2019.

