

*Life is hard, filled with loss and suffering. Life is glorious, stunning and incomparable.*  
Francis Weller *The Wild Edge of Sorrow*

*The God of love is peeking behind the curtain of every holy moment,  
and we just hope to be alert to it.*  
Father Gregory Boyle *Cherished Belonging*

Christmas, 2025

Dear Family and Friends:

I got my wish—snow, beautiful snow to stimulate my Christmas letter writing juices. Oh, it is glorious this morning. Already every branch and twig covered—even the pond across the street coated white. Snow for me, all my life has conjured a holy moment.

Holy moments. One day with 50 mile an hour wind gusts Natalio and two of his kids do the final leaf clean-up, no mere feat. Then work together to light up my outdoor bushes with their own brand of cool design. Long ago I gave up my aesthetic, simply grateful—their glowing motif a reminder of all they have given me over the years.

Holy moments. Great grandson twins, micro-preemies, now age three rocking their early childhood program in St. Charles. Their lives have been precarious from the outset. Interventions galore from birth 'til now and continuing. We call them “Angel Warriors”.

Holy moments. Purple mountain majesties—Colorado, a heart-home state for Bob and me. Reminiscent. Driving shotgun in Barrett and Erica's pick up. Back roads, family connections, favorite tunes, depicting transition, loss, gain, beauty.

Holy moments. Every scan that remains stable. Healing that takes place in body, mind, and spirit. Holy moments. A client's spoken insight, their “aha” illuminating their faces, our session. Holy moments. Home concerts, music that overwhelms, brings tears close. Holy moments. Deep conversations bathed in an atmosphere of trust.

Holy moments. In winter, owls call morning and evening from oaks on my property. Their haunting hooting thrills me, comforts me. It's been this way on Indian Knoll Trail ever since Bob and I bought our house nestled in an oak forest on an acre of land all those many years ago. For a time, I exclaimed how much I loved owl repartee, and owls in general. Kind and generous friends and family gave me owl memorabilia, ornaments, cards, a fabulous two-foot metal replica of a great horned owl. I made my own stationery, sketching a freehand owl in the corner of good paper stock. Then owl memorabilia got a bit out of hand, too much of a good thing. Not owls, of course, not the real-life great-horned behemoth slow-flapping giant wings, ancient, rhythmic on a frosty dawn if we're lucky enough to see him.

And Bob. How we relished a fresh snowfall, relished owl calls, prayed together before sleep. Those holy moment memories pierce my soul.

Now Advent: The Holiest Moment of All: Isaiah 6:3  
“Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts; the whole world is full of his glory.”

May we be on the lookout! With so much love, gratitude and regard for each of you,



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