

## "O COME THOU WISDOM FROM ON HIGH"

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The Second Sunday of Advent



"O Come Thou Wisdom from on High . . ." By now, the Second Sunday of Advent, many of us will have prayed, sung and reflected upon these words, words which hold special significance for all Seekers of Wisdom. And on this Sunday, we are accompanied by two kindred spirits: the Prophet Baruch, who I have named "Wisdom's Scribe" (just

read his words proclaimed at the Easter Vigil); and John the Baptist, whose roaming, preaching and call to repentance were an inspiration to our Holy Co-Founder Louis de Montfort on how to "prepare the way of the Lord."

Advent, the season of joy, hope and expectation, has meant different things to me throughout my faith journey. In my younger days, Advent was a time to remember the longing of the Hebrew people for their messiah. During my early adulthood, I was involved with the Charismatic Renewal. Advent then became a time when we waited for the second coming of Christ. The Parousia was the focal point of the season. While both of these are part of what we remember during Advent, my focus has certainly changed. Advent is a time to remind me to stay awake, to become more keenly aware of the times when God, whom I lovingly and endearingly know as Wisdom, "slam dunks" from on High, unexpected and disguised, into my life. Let me share two such experiences.

On a cold, blustery, inclement February afternoon, I had to leave work and get home quickly because of a serious health situation with my husband.

I got into a taxi, and told the driver where I needed to go and why I had to get there quickly. The driver, an immigrant from the Cameroons, negotiated the traffic, the awful weather conditions and still checked with me for updates. When he got me to my door, I told him that my husband had already been taken by ambulance to the hospital. He turned off the taxi-meter and told he me was taking me to the hospital! God arrived in my life that February afternoon, disguised as a NYC taxi driver. He brought Light to me on a day of boding darkness.

Getting on the #7 train one morning on my way to work, my subway sense told me not to ask a man, who looked completely unaware of his surroundings and the people around him, to make room for me. My back was toward him, as I held onto a

pole in the middle of the subway car. Just as the conductor announced, “stand clear of the closing doors please,” I felt several tugs on my coat. As I turned around, this man pulled his girlfriend closer to him and invited me to sit down. I thanked him and told him how kind he was. He then began to share with me how, when growing up in the south, his mama always taught him to be kind to strangers. The two of us engaged in conversation and then blessed each other when I got off at my stop. My heart was pounding as I walked onto the platform – I knew Who it was I bumped into that morning.

The prophet Baruch directed the Israelites to look all around them, to the east and to the west, to see their exiled brothers and sisters. This is precisely what Advent challenges me to do. If you are waiting for God’s arrival, if you want to see God, look at the people around you, especially those we think are unlikely to be of any assistance to us in our life. You will be, as I have been, profoundly surprised!