

# The Christchild

One Christmas a number of years ago a friend gave us a special gift. It was a beautiful Christchild. Every year since, sometime in the middle of Advent, we lay him gently on a bed of straw in our hall where anyone who comes to visit us can see him. We gather a last rose from our garden and put it beside him.

Sometimes we have our prayers near him or we sing carols around him. Of course, it isn't that we worship an inanimate object but that the artist moulded this tiny being in such a way that it reminds us of all that Christmas really means. The heavenly Father so loved the world that he sent us his beloved Son.

It is not unusual for someone to ask us if they can sit where they have a good view of the Christchild – something of the peace of God is on his face. One young man whose life was quite disturbed gazed and gazed on the little Son of God. It has not been unknown for others to sit on the stairs wrapped around with wonder as the shepherds were that first Christmas. As we ourselves hurry through the hall as we work, his presence slows us down and reminds us of heaven all around us.



Christmas is a special season. We Sisters are loath to see it end! So, as we enter Epiphany we take our little Christchild and place him in the chapel until Candlemass, which comes at the beginning of February. Our red candles brighten dark winter days. Often in our morning or evening prayers our eyes wander to the little Babe of Bethlehem.

God in Christ says to us, "Come to me like a child". It is the childlike heart to which the heavenly Father responds. Come with all your problems and difficulties. Tell him all about them. He will help you.

O come, let us adore Him,  
Christ the Lord.

