

Sunday, December 13, 2015

## 3RD SUNDAY OF *Advent*

The third candle lit in the Advent Wreath represents the joy that we have in the birth of Jesus.

*Mary quietly treasured these things in her heart and thought about them often. Luke 2:19*

It's very easy to catch a glimpse of God in children's faces. I find that children can easily display the most complex emotions without uttering a word simply through facial expressions. My grandson, Banks, has this gift, and can swiftly draw you into his extreme elation or intense concentration.

When Banks was eighteen months old, he had a favorite Bedtime Buddy. It was a blue and white, floppy eared, doggy head, attached to a tiny, soft, blanket square. Banks called it, "Whoopee". Whoopee, along with the family's French bulldog, Frankie the Tank Todd, were an inseparable trio capable of endless entertaining antics. With this being said, the need to pull them apart to wash Whoopee now and again would often upset Banks' nap or evening bedtime. My daughter's solution was to order and purchase two more Whoopee Bed Buddies – one to sub while Whoopee Number One was being laundered, and the second one to save in the event of a Whoopee catastrophe.

In concept, rotating Whoopees was a good idea. The parcel arrived during dinner time one evening. My daughter eagerly opened the box at the table as Banks curiously looked on. What I witnessed with the unveiling of the new Whoopees was the immediate and stunning glow of delight on Banks' face! He leaped from his seat with Whoopee Number One in tow and Frankie by his side. Banks grabbed the two new Whoopees in his tiny fists and held them securely to his heart. Exhilarated, and revved up like a Formula One, he gleefully sprinted from the kitchen, circling the dinner table, mud room, living and dining room three times with Frankie faithfully by his side, desperately trying to snatch at least one Whoopee from Banks' tight embrace. I shared the joy of this touching time with my daughter and son-in-law. Banks' moving giggles and contagious delight stirred the love in our hearts. His pure and simple childhood euphoria so often leads our family to a sweetened and wonder-filled glimpse of God's Heaven.

*Thank You, Heavenly Father, for the glimpse of glory masterfully expressed from Your hand to the face of creation. Give light to these things so we may treasure them in our hearts and think about them often. Amen.*

**Sally Insinga**