



Dear People of God: I need you at the dimming of the day...So goes the refrain of a song which I love sung by Bonnie Raitt and others. I listen to it more these days. Tears come. Heart water seems very near the surface these days.

It begins with "This old house is falling down around my ears...I'm drowning in a river of my tears..." Dimming of the day, twilight, gloaming, maybe times of flickering gentle light when our eyes don't actually see as well and our other senses need assist. We need God and each other too. In our first Zoom Bible Study on the Prologue of John yesterday we kept returning to "Light" as though we needed to remember it especially. And we do. The Light of Christ is coming into the world. Light has many meanings and many intensities.

I spent much of last evening, as the day dimmed, pondering the importance of light. I thought about Rembrandt. I remembered chiorascuro, the magical technique of painting light which renders his portraits so unique. The Head of Christ appears to be in liminal space, the threshold of here and yet to come.

Twilight is such a liminal space, between day and night, full of greys and mutedness, and full of possibilities.

Sometimes the presence of Christ is perceived in this light and embraced by our fully sensing selves. As we approach the dimming of a day with renewed intentionality and codependence (the good kind), may we realize those possibilities and pray the hymns which speak to this ineffable quality.

Lord you now have set your servant free to go in peace as you have promised. For these eyes of mine have seen the Savior whom you have prepared for all the world to see, a Light to enlighten the nations and the glory of your people Israel.

Nunc Dimitis. Now I depart.

*Rev. Dr. Martha Tucker*

*"And what does the Lord require of you? To act justly and to love mercy and walk humbly with your God"*

*--Micah 6:8*

*"We seldom notice how each day is a holy place Where the eucharist of the ordinary happens, Transforming our broken fragments Into an eternal continuity that keeps us."*

*— John O'Donohue, To Bless the Space Between Us: A Book of Invocations and Blessings*

*I would love to live like a river flows, carried by the surprise of its own unfolding.*

*— John O'Donohue*