

## EVER-CIRCLING YEARS

Our noisy table brood has slipped away,  
This roof, its rules and rituals outgrown. . . .  
Yet we still light the wreath that waits the Day,  
Content to celebrate as two alone.

As Advent marks the end of every year,  
So lately it has brought a final word  
About dear friends who've quit their journey here,  
Whose "Merry Christmas!" won't again be heard.

Despair makes hope and peace seem overdue  
Within this weary world, so worry-worn.  
But Advent shines its starlight ever new  
And welcomes love divine to be reborn.

Grace greets our griefs with Advent's sacred call.  
The wreath's four candles? We'll ignite them all!

— *David L. Hatton, 12/11/2015*