

Embracing the Truth





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*The winds of winter whistle their December song as the silent moon sheds a glowing beacon
Upon the modest church that stands proudly as the centerpiece of town.
For almost four centuries, it has watched a country grow from the inspired actions of committed founders,
Its hallowed grounds a tribute to their lives and to the solemn values that formed our country.
A twisting stone path weaves through weathered headstones, leading to the holy nativity scene.
In the darkened night, a guiding star peers through the clouds, illuminating the creaking stable,
Summoning us to return to the unforgettable, spiritual lessons of that blessed night,
Urging us to stay focused on the truth as we honor Him with lives filled with hope, compassion and selflessness.*

*Sixty years ago, a steadfast, peaceful visionary stood bravely in the center of erupting, turbulent times in
The sadly oppressive years of violence and discrimination toward citizens of color.
A noble man, he called for peace and justice and stood unflinchingly as an ambassador of hope.
Enduring hostility, arrests, and endless cruelty, he never wavered from his vision of a better way.
He spoke eloquently and passionately as he stood firmly "on the mountaintop,"
Providing us with hope and a dream of people loving one another as we would love ourselves.
His brief time with us modeled and embraced the teachings of the Infant born centuries ago and
Created a lasting change that continues to ring the bell of freedom.*

*On the top of a simple flatbed truck, a rising leader stood before a mourning crowd
To console, pay tribute, and plead for change, his Boston accent cracking in the cold spring night.
He summoned the dazed crowd to cast aside their differences and eliminate the erratic evils of violence and hatred,
And replace them with the perpetual ideals of love, wisdom and compassion.
Months later, he stood beaming in the center of a crowded ballroom, his strong voice resonating in triumph.
As the adoring, cheering crowd followed him, he navigated through a bustling hallway only to be silenced forever.
His passionate words of love, of seeing "wrong and trying to right it, and finding suffering and trying to heal it"
Became his legacy as he believed and lived the compassionate example of the Man born to die for us.*

*In the mountains of India, a young teacher abandoned a sheltered life, her calling
Leading her to the streets of Calcutta, where she immersed herself amongst the destitute.
Kneeling in the dirt with her imploring eyes raised in prayer, she was elevated by her faith as
She embraced the sick, the dying and the poor, graciously providing food, shelter and inspiration,
Putting aside the "noise, the distractions and restlessness," she found God in the sounds of silence.
In her unadorned life, she mirrored His humble beginnings and lived His selfless life while
Inspiring us to make a difference in the lives of all that we touch.
Her faithful, sacrificial life truly exemplified that we are all enriched through our commitment to others.*

*During this Christmas Season, may we purposely seek and embrace the truth,
Never straying from the simple beliefs, ideals, and values that must lead us to harmony.
May we remember the passionate people of faith who modeled His path and
Worked to eliminate the ignorance of injustice, the challenge of discontent, and the pain of violence.
May we promise to reject complacency with faith in our souls and hope in our hearts while
Giving meaning to our love by putting it into action with our service to one another.
A newborn Child, lying in a manger, His out-reached hands and inviting eyes summoning us to
Live our lives with hope, compassion and selflessness at the core of all we do.*

*Frank Allocco
Christmas, 2014*