

21st December 2021

Searching

**“What can I give Him, poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb.
If I were a wise man, I would do my part –
Yet what I can I give Him, give my heart.”**

Christina Georgina Rossetti, In the Bleak Midwinter

I wrote a story called “The real meaning”** for the Sunday before Christmas in *Welcoming Each Wonder*. Though this contemporary parable is written in the third person, it really is – scene by scene – autobiographical. Yes, *I* was the one searching for chipolata sausages on Christmas morning because I’d forgotten to buy them the week before.

There’s a lot of searching that goes on as Christmas approaches. Perhaps I should have searched my heart to make sure I was ready to “do my part” in what was to come – and not just for the completion of the Christmas Dinner menu either ...

There was once a man who went on a search for the meaning of life.

He travelled far and wide, covered many miles, and looked in many places.

*He gained wealth, status and fame. ‘I will find meaning here,’ he said.
But wealth gave no purpose, and status no peace; fame was only an illusion.*

*He found ritual and tradition. ‘I will find meaning here,’ he said.
But ritual became empty, and tradition a dull routine, devoid of substance.*

*He met saints and heroes. ‘They will give me meaning,’ he said.
But though he copied their ways, he felt no fulfilment of his own.*

*He saw sights and wonders. ‘They will give me meaning,’ he said.
But though he marvelled at mystery and beauty, he was not changed.*

*So he abandoned his travels and gave up his search for meaning.
He came home to what was familiar, where he knew what to expect.*

He lived simply, for he needed no wealth.

He reflected deeply, for he had no ritual to use.

He communed with his own soul, for he had no other companion.

He found mystery in the silence, and guidance in his dreams.

*There was once a man who went on a search for the meaning of life,
but discovered it only when he came home and found himself.*

A prayer for today

Lord, I keep searching ... till I realise you’ve found me. Amen

An original reflection by © Tom Gordon Also available at <https://swallowsnestnet.wordpress.com>

** See: “Welcoming Each Wonder” by Tom Gordon – www.ionabooks.com