

**Devotion – Week of January 16, 2022**  
**Rev. Jeanne Simpson**

I'd forgotten how quiet it is when it snows. It's like the whole world has been muffled with this white, cottony blanket. I'm reminded of the words to the anthem "In the Bleak Midwinter":

In the bleak mid-winter  
Frosty wind made moan,  
Earth stood hard as iron,  
Water like a stone;  
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,  
Snow on snow,  
In the bleak mid-winter  
Long ago.

It seemed bleak this past weekend with driving wind and cold, and then the snow. I had to travel to Buford to perform an outdoor wedding. During the rehearsal on Saturday, we were all standing out there under this arbor absolutely freezing, with me thinking that with the addition of snow on Sunday there was no way this could happen. And sure enough, on Sunday the venue lost its power, so the family made do. All of us crammed into the house of the bride's parents, all of the vendors delivered flowers and cake there instead, and we had a wedding. Very intimate with the bride and groom about 6 inches from me, and 10 attendants crammed together, but very special. Everyone was warm, everyone could hear, there was much laughter and some tears, and very special prayers of thanks that this couple could still exchange their hand-written vows on their special day. And outside it was so very quiet with the snow falling. Some pictures were made of the wedding party in the snow, and nobody seemed to mind getting a little wet.

Mary and Joseph also had to make do when Jesus was born. They didn't intend to give birth to their holy child in a stable. But they made do – with whatever could be rounded up for baby blankets and swaddling, and their baby was greeted by shepherds, angels, a special star and the wise men. And nobody seemed to mind being surrounded by the animals with a newborn in a feeding trough.

God makes a way, and often that way results in something more special than we ever thought it could be. And the rest of the anthem reminds us of what is really important – love.

Angels and archangels  
May have gathered there,  
Cherubim and seraphim  
Thronged the air,  
But only His mother  
In her maiden bliss,  
Worshipped the Beloved  
With a kiss.

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.

Happy Mid-Winter

*Jeanne*