

## Advent 3C

*With the lighting of the Pink Candle, the mood of the Advent Season changes when we become less focussed on his Second Coming and more on the joy surrounding his birth. Hence this third Sunday of Advent is known as 'Gaudete' - it being the Latin word for joy.*

Firstly joy is not the same as pleasure. Of course, we cannot live life without a certain amount of comfort but some people have an inordinate attachment to it, especially the wrong kind, which doesn't do their body or soul any favours. We can even get a warped form of pleasure at someone else's expense – his misfortune, her humiliation. There is pleasure in sin and excess. Compared to the post-war generation, self-indulgence is imbedded in our culture.

Those who seek pleasure, whether innocuous or harmful, usually find it, albeit briefly. What pleasure lacks is permanence. It's like the soft surface of an unruffled sea – one brisk wind destroys it. But there are calm waters below. That's where joy resides. Pleasure is often the artful dodger. It can find its home in illusion and in a fantasy world somewhat removed from reality. But like December Sun and December snow, it comes and goes. But joy is different.

I would also say that there is no true joy that is not the outcome of some struggle, some endurance, some contest. Jesus, before his sacred passion, prayed that his disciples would share his joy - and to the full. Scripture tells us that he 'endured the passion disregarding the shameful of it'. But this didn't rob him of the inner joy of giving His life for us. When we put ourselves out for others, or show patience when tested, we too experience joy. St Theresa, for instance, made a particular point of befriending the least appealing person in her community. That's why she's a saint. A less than mature person seeks escape routes when put to the test.

Karl Marx saw this as one of the dangers inherent in organised religion – disdainfully describing it as the 'opium of the people'. He could have a point if people falsely see religion as an escape hatch from facing up to life's problems or if God is only there to shield us from the harsh realities of life. God will undoubtedly sustain us through the dark times when our faith in him doesn't waver and remains constant throughout. This is when we experience joy. Jesus promised his apostles that if they stick with him when confronted with trouble, their 'sorrow will be turned into joy'.

We can be tempted to even sanitise the Crib. A homeless couple, a winter's night, a child born in the last place a mother would want - there is nothing here which resembles pleasure. The circumstances surrounding the birth of Christ are anything but congenial but joy is the enduring characteristics of the Christmas story. On meeting her cousin Elizabeth, Mary cries out: 'my soul rejoices in God my saviour'.

*It's the Holy Spirit who is the source of all our joy - a joy which no person, situation or circumstance can take from us unless we allow it. May we be imbued with that same spirit of joy this Christmas and beyond?*