



*Through the tender mercy of God, from which the Dayspring on high has visited us; To give light to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death, to guide our feet in the way of peace' Luke 1: 78*

Between conflict and war is “the way of peace.” This is the path of humbling love and incomprehensible oneness across cultures, gender and generations. This is our *Salvation* in the 21<sup>st</sup> century; this is our human inheritance and legacy. Lying between our existence and eternity, *he* is our divine imprint: this *Dayspring on high* who has visited us, giving light as we sit in darkness and guiding our feet in the way of peace.

It is this *way of peace* that possesses me this Christmas. This way (incarnated in a miraculous divine-human babe, who grew to fulfill his calling: an even more spectacular life into death into resurrection into the Life-giving Spirit) imparts the faith, which works in love to strips us of our selves, and makes us willing to yield to each other. Thus, *Peace* becomes *our way*, permeating all of our relationships: the ones we cling to and need for our existence at home, in our families, and the ones abroad, with/in our extended families, to which we cling in prayer, believing that the *Day spring on high* is there too, even as he is with us, being peace in the midst of all and any of our storms.

This Christmas, no less filled with the love and joy of *Immanuel*, is haunted also with hope of the *way of peace* embodied in the registration and referendum in South Sudan. While rumors of war wrestle with the *way of peace* in the atmosphere around the Sudan referendum, and while Sudanese families disrupt their usual flow of life, migrating from north to south seeking a safer belonging, we who continue to reap the harvest of the *Dayspring's on high* visit, entrust the hearts and feet of our Sudanese brothers and sisters to the *way of peace*. Tears come and go, and prayers too come and ascend, but this we always know: the *Light of the world* is with/in us, therefore, we will not fear even as we walk through the valley of the shadow of death. For while we are inhabitants of this world of chaos, confusions and a continual failure of governments, our belonging, our citizenship is not of this world. As bearers of *eternal life*, we drink and impart deeply from the *Dayspring on high*, so that while that which will not last, falls away, we continue to embrace one another with/in the *Shalom* of Christ Jesus, supporting and guiding each other's feet in the *way of peace*.

This Christmas, and always, I am beyond thankful for the guidance and support I have received from each of you, in hugs, in tears, in funds, in cards, in emails, in meals, in cookies and brownies, but most of all, in the prayers that continue to make me strong and whole. For this goodness that follows me all the days of my life, I thank you and bless the Lord Jesus, our *Day-spring on high* who is indeed our way of peace, amen.



In the Great Love of Immanuel,

*Ingrid*