*Christmas*

Our sun burns 27 million degrees Fahrenheit at the core. That’s intense heat. Yet in winter, ice forms on the water like a giant sheet of silver glass, mirroring a deep, crimson sunrise. The blazing heat of the sun is reflected on a surface void of heat itself. A seeming contradiction. But it’s beautiful . . . breathtaking.

I think Mary must have felt the same as she held the Christ child: A fragile baby with tiny fingers and toes, little, tiny toenails and fingernails, chubby arms and legs, and glossy, brown eyes sparkling. She held an innocent baby vulnerable to the cold wind. Why would the all- powerful Creator of the Universe become vulnerable . . . fragile like us? Is it so we could one day share in the Divine? What can we say about such a miracle? Anything we could say would weigh less than a grain of sand or spec of cosmic space dust, when compared to the Infinite. Perhaps the best we can do . . . is simply sigh in silent awe and wonder like Mary did.