

Where our journey ends – Chris Chapman

'We are now approaching St. Pancras International where our journey ends.'

As I heard the train announcement I wondered whether I would get a similar message towards the end of my life journey. One thing is for sure: the follow up instruction to 'please make sure you take all your belongings with you' will not apply. As Job said: *'Naked I came from my mother's womb and naked shall I return there*
[Job 1.21].

Both natural and liturgical season remind us that all things end – and yet begin. The open-handed trees stripped of leaves, the bare earth and the brief day hint of our own day of letting go. Advent shifts our gaze to the final days when so much that seemed important will be swept away. And yet in this moment and beyond this moment there is birth, beginning, and the budding of a yet hidden spring. We are taken back to 'the mother's womb'. Life is renewed in her child of Love.

It is sobering, but liberating, to live in awareness of journey's end. Knowing we must one day let go can help de-clutter our attachment to trivial things. Only the giving and receiving of love matter in the end. It is time to savour and to spend.

Savour the gift of being alive, of having breath, of the rain and the sun, of music and beauty, of the people in your life and what they give you and are for you.

Spend who you are and what you care for. Dare to live, for this is the moment given to you. Don't hold back in sharing what you have. Now is the moment to love, whatever the cost. Nothing can be saved in the end.

Now, as we see our final destination, we dare to give and live.