

Silent Hands

By His Eminence Metropolitan Saba (Isper)

I am struck by the silence in which You entered our wretched world, my sweet Jesus.

You came to us, my Lord, with awe-filled humility. You did not appear in glory and splendor. You turned toward us with a veiled majesty and stillness. You were born in the flesh on a quiet night, in a desolate place where no people dwell. And a great multitude of men was not present at Your birth.

You wished to tell a few shepherds who, in the stillness of the night, were beginning to rest from the day's toil. You sent Your angels to announce to them, with great joy, "Unto you is born a Savior, who is Christ the Lord." And You encouraged them with a multitude of angels singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Did You choose them alone, above all others, because You knew that the simplicity of their lives would grant them the ability to discern Your divinity, and consequently, to accept Your message of salvation?

You said with Your silence, O Christ, that noise does not produce life, and that being satisfied with appearances increases problems, and does not solve them.

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Silence was not only at Your birth, but You willed it to be Your constant companion throughout the years You spent among us. Did You not conceal your Messianic mystery, choosing to reveal it only on the Cross?

And in performing miracles, did you not ask those whom You healed not to spread the news of their healing, but to simply thank God?

You asked no thanks from anyone. You sought neither praise nor glorification.

Even Your glorious Resurrection, O Lord, was accomplished in silence. It was not accompanied by clamor or noise. There was an earthquake, yet no one felt it. We learned of Your Rising from the women who brought spices, who found the stone rolled away from the tomb.

And Mary Magdalene did not recognize you until you called her by name, for she mistook You for the gardener!

Silence, my Lord, is a language understood only by those freed from the noise of their passions. It is the language of the age to come, as your saint, Isaac the Syrian, said.

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You deign to lower Yourself, though You are the Most High Lord. You become humble, though You are the Almighty God. You take on flesh and blood, though You are the Holy of Holies!

You become poor so that we may become rich. You empty Yourself so that we may be filled. You die so that we may live. You distribute Yourself to us so that we may be nourished.

And because You alone are the Compassionate One, You saved us without fanfare. Yes, O Christ, for compassion is born of a full heart, and the full heart needs no adornment.

If we were truly captivated by You, we would no longer seek life from anyone else, our very beings would be filled with Your presence, and we would never again drink water that does not quench our thirst.

If we were to prostrate ourselves at Your feet this feast day to behold Your unique beauty, then the “good portion” would be ours.

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You saw us floundering in pain and misery, so You pitched Your tent in our neighborhood, and it remains there, to open for us the door to true life.

You came to us in absolute simplicity to tell us, through action and not just words, that You are all we need.

You taught us, from your humble manger, that we cannot find You unless our souls are emptied of all worldly glory. How can we know Your worth unless we experience that “money is ashamed to be gathered in the presence of your poverty?”

Strengthen us so that we do not run from confronting ourselves, but rather that we may present ourselves to You as we are, so that Your silence may purify us, and we may join Your angels in praise.

Strengthen us so that we do not flee to what makes us forget our reality, but rather face it armed with Your gentle strength, so that we may find the security we lack and yearn for at the same time.

Be with us, O Almighty and Compassionate Jesus, so that we may not throw ourselves into the noise of the flesh, or money, or pride, or any of the deceptive noises of this world.

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You neither argued nor disputed nor engaged in debates to prove that You are the truth. You simply said, "I am the truth, I am the way, I am the life." And those who believed You discovered the truth of what You said. As for us, Your followers, it is ours to take refuge in the shadow of Your humility, confident in Your power at work within us.

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Teach us, O Lord, on this day of Your birth, to kneel and be silent, so that we may be filled with You.

Teach us, O Lord, to gaze upon Your manifest poverty, so that we may cast off our deadly desires and taste the joy of liberation from enslavement to them.

Grant, O Lord, our hearts a tranquility that makes them independent of the allurements of this world, so that they may find true peace.

We yearn for peace on this feast day. O Lord, guide our steps to Your true path, so that when we experience Your peace, we may, by Your grace, share it in deed, not just in word.

The shepherds bowed down to You, possessing nothing but their need for You. O Lord, help us to cast aside to whatever we cling when we come to You.

Grant us the courage, O Jesus, to accept that we cannot truly open our hearts to You unless we come to You with empty hands.