

A LETTER FROM REV RONA

Happy New Year,

I write this in storm Darragh, uncertain of the damage occurring, but you read it as we step into this New Year, 2025. As always, we do so with hearts that are perhaps a little weary. The chill of January can feel like a stark reminder of the challenges we face—personal, communal, and global. And yet, as people of faith, we are invited to choose hope, even when it feels distant or fragile.

A line from the carol O Holy Night rings in my head at New Year –

*A Thrill of hope, the weary world rejoices
For yonder breaks a new and glorious morn.*

I invite you to reflect on a phrase in that sentence and perhaps write a poem, a ‘Haiku’, or make something (be creative) which reflects your Thrill of Hope for this New Year. By looking forward not just positively, but also as a sharing community, we can be part of a hopeful and joyful ‘new and glorious morn’.

My offering is this:

The Thrill of Hope

In the stillness we wait; we hold our breath,
bare branches stretch toward hidden light.
The thrill of hope stirs quietly,
not loud or certain, but steady and true.

Beneath the frozen ground, life begins,
unseen, unhurried, unstoppable.
Hope does not need the warmth to grow—
only the promise of its return.

And so this weary world rejoices
soundlessly trusting Jesus’ promise to return, and
carried by this quiet assurance
we know the light will come,
and the darkness cannot, and will not
ever overcome it.



With love, Rev Rona