

Word for 2022: Glory

My word for this year was glory.

Glory to me is majesty. It is awe-inspiring wonder. It is jaw dropping magnificence.

With some fear and apprehension mixed in.

Because you realize next to this glory

You are small and powerless. You are just a child.

Glory is something divine. It is overpowering. It is the holy.

The wild. The other.

You feel the need to bow down in humility

Because this is something big and important.

This year, I saw glory at Arlington Cemetery in Washington DC

I saw it at the White House surrounded by secret service.

In the US Capital in the steel gates and steeled officers.

In the bigger than me moment at the Lincoln Memorial

I also saw glory in nature

In a perfect sunset over Midway;

Storm clouds rising hundreds of feet into the air.

A rainbow; A frozen creek

In a bald eagle swooping along a river

Rabbits chasing each other in the garden.

On a camping trip, seeing the depths of space and a million stars

The planet Jupiter rising over a football practice.
It was being the presence of something mysterious and wonderful.
Something so great, it made you feel small.

Sometimes glory overtakes you.
It surrounds you and overwhelms you like a host of angels.
But more often, I found a thousand hidden glories.
Hidden treasures, hidden joys and wonders.
Wrapped up in a small simple package
The divine and holy presence of God visible for a second
Right next to you, in the same room with you.
I encountered it at funerals where people shared special memories
In tears and laughter during prayers
At my cousin's wedding, which I got to officiate with a rabbi in
Michigan
In the community garden, where I meet people hungry for connection
In the sandwich ministry, which has quietly inspired people, even those
once on the street themselves.
At the Hope Center kitchen, where we scoop potatoes and serve juice
and clean tables with the men in the recovery programs.
At youth group, eating chocolate chip cookies and praying for one
another
On that day, I spent some time talking with my dad, just the two of us.

On Christmas Eve, with the voices of children belting out Silent Night.
On Christmas Day, where we gathered as we were, with what we had,
and things felt so real and honest.

Glory is a wondrous thing. A moment with greatness.

But it is fleeting. We get a glimpse and then it is gone.

We can only see a little, until gradually we can see more.

Our eyes need time to adjust.

Until we suspect it is everywhere. Hidden under everything.

God is near. And the greatness of God is so close.

The wonder and majesty and power of God are there.

Seen and unseen, hidden and revealed.

Above us, beyond us. Beside us. Ready for us to embrace it like a child.