A boy named Andrew who was always very inquisitive. One day he asked what language does God speak? But no one could answer him. He traveled all over his country asking everyone but could not get satisfactory answer. Eventually he set out for distant lands searching for an answer. For a long time he had no success.

One night he came to a village and there was no room in the local inn. He went outside the village in search of shelter for the night. At last, he came to a cave and found that a couple and a child also occupied it. He was about to turn away when the young mother spoke, welcome Andrew, we have been waiting for you.

The boy was amazed that the woman knew his name, and even more amazed when she went on to say for a long time you have been searching the world over to find out what language God speaks. Well now your journey is over. Tonight you can see with your own eyes the language God speaks. He speaks the language of love, He speaks the language of poverty, He speaks the language of Joy, He speaks the language of Hope, He speaks the language of peaces

Dear friends each Christmas we contemplate the mystery of our God who became man. He is born in silence, poverty, simplicity, peace, joy, hope and love in Bethlehem, the house of Bread.

Our God became man, later taking bread and wine and transforming it into his body and blood. This is the mystery of his incarnation, continued for us in the mystery, of the Eucharist where God is made real for us.

Each time we come to the Eucharist we come to a new Bethlehem. He who rested once in a manger, now rests in our entire being, as we, receive him in the mystery of the Holy Eucharist.

Dear friends on this Christmas eve let us open our heart to the will of God and share the language of God that is ultimately the language of LOVE.

Merry Christmas and Be at Peace