



Advent Reflection

Day #15

Sunday, December 13

Isaiah 61:1-2a, 10-11; I Thessalonians 5:16-24; John 1:6-8, 19-28

On Christmas Eve, 1992, I woke up to find that my Mom, whose bedroom was next to mine, had suffered a severe stroke during the night. I am an only child and my Dad had died years before this. Frantic and scared, I went in the ambulance with Mom to the closest hospital to our southwest side home. From there, her doctor arranged for her transport to Rush Medical Hospital where he practiced.

Morning turned into evening, and as anyone who has gone to the emergency room knows, it can take hours before a resolution, or in my Mom's case, being admitted and getting her into her room. I left her room around 11:50pm. I went down to the lobby, only to find it empty and dark. I stepped out onto Harrison Street, wondering how I will get home. The neighborhood at that time was not good and I was scared. It had started to snow, which gave the night a more eerie and desolate feel. No cars in sight. As I stood there, I thought of all the Churches beginning their Midnight Mass liturgies.

Suddenly, through the snowstorm, I saw two headlights. It was a taxi! I flagged him down and he drove me home. The cab driver was Jewish; I remember thinking he would be the only one driving a taxi at that time! I must have told him about my Mom, or maybe he asked. When we got to my home, he said he would wait until I got inside and saw that everything was ok. When I did and then waved that all was ok, he drove away. At that, I realized he was my Baby Jesus sent to me on Christmas.

Reflection by Holy Name Cathedral Parishioner Donna Ciszewski