

## *Questions for Reflection*

Consider reflecting on these questions as you listen to the podcast. You can do this individually, with a partner, or a small group of people.

Begin discussion in the larger group.

Where are you experiencing peace this Advent season?

What are your hopes for peace in your life, in your community, in our world this Advent ?

What moments of your life have you experienced the most peace?

Have you ever experienced a loss of peace?

How do your senses experience peace? (Sight, touch, smell, taste)

What are your sources of peace?

What lessons has peace taught you?

Who in your life exhibits peace?

### ***Luke 3:1-6***

In the fifteenth year of the reign of Emperor Tiberius, when Pontius Pilate was governor of Judea, and Herod was ruler of Galilee, and his brother Philip ruler of the region of Ituraea and Trachonitis, and Lysanias ruler of Abilene, during the high priesthood of Annas and Caiaphas, the word of God came to John son of Zechariah in the wilderness. He went into all the region around the Jordan, proclaiming a baptism of repentance for the forgiveness of sins, as it is written in the book of the words of the prophet Isaiah, "The voice of one crying out in the wilderness: 'Prepare the way of the Lord, make his paths straight. Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways made smooth; and all flesh shall see the salvation of God.'"

## *So Many Tears, So Many Flowers*

Performed by Nancy & Lee Pennington

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So you tell me, my friend, that the answer lies in war,  
That with our missiles we can blast our way to peace.  
But I ask you, my friend, what is this killing for?  
Does the blood of others really make us free?

So you tell me, my friend, there is no other way  
Than to finish that which someone else begun.  
But I ask you, my friend, will there ever be a day  
When another's grief can bring me back my son?

So many tears, so many flowers,  
So many theirs, so many ours,  
How many more before we say, "Enough"?

So you tell me, my friend, we must show that we are strong,  
Before the enemy we daren't lose face.  
But I ask you, my friend, when adding wrong to wrong  
Did ever make this world a safer place?

So you tell me, my friend, that by settling this score  
We can stop it ever happening again.  
But I tell you, my friend, that's all been said before,  
So many times I cannot count the pain.

So many tears, so many flowers,  
So many theirs, so many ours,  
How many more before we say, "Enough"?

So you tell me, my friend, that we do not have a prayer  
Of a world where peace for all will have its day.  
But I tell you, my friend, if we'll only learn to share  
With dignity, we'll live a better way. So many tears, so many flowers,

So many theirs, so many ours,  
How many more before we say, "Enough"?  
So many tears, so many flowers,  
So many theirs, so many ours,  
How many more before we say, "Enough"?