



LIKE A LITTLE CANDLE

By Ian Menzies

Our light globes have just been changed. Again. It seems only recently that the old incandescent ones were swapped for compact fluorescents. Now they, too, are old hat ('Oh, they contain mercury, you know!') and have in turn been updated to LEDs. But as for candles, now there's a different matter. There's something about candlelight. Its softness, warmth and vulnerability. Birthday candles are celebratory. Dinner candles are romantic. Memorial candles are solemn. Prayer candles are humble.

Christmas candles are joyful. Sparkling candles are exciting. Candles are just wonderful. Each little flicker seems so frail and fleeting: it's no wonder they are symbolic of life, to be savoured and enjoyed while it lasts. In Luke we are told not to hide our light under a bushel (an archaic term for 'a bowl'); rather to do as Susan Warner's hymn implores, to "*shine ... like a little candle, burning in the night*". There's a genuineness in candlelight that no LED artificiality can replicate, a calling to a life of warmth and light and simplicity

Reflection:

If therefore your whole body is full of light, having no part dark, it will be wholly full of light, as when the lamp with its bright shining gives you light.

Luke 11: 36