Our first reading from the prophet Isaiah is unusual. It is a piece written toward the end of Israel's exile in Persia. Many are discouraged. Many aren't completely sure that they want to leave Persia... even though their rights are limited. Many have married Persian men and women. Many fear that they will have to start over again by leaving Persia. Many feel beaten, bruised, and forgotten.

Somehow a few know their *first identity*. It isn't their **only identity**. They are wives and husbands, laborers and teachers, fathers and mothers. They are members of the **Jewish** religion, captives of the **Persians**, forgotten by **God**. They are farmers, potters, rabbis, and priests. They are also the **image and likeness of God**.

It is this image and likeness that is being remembered in our reading from Isaiah. Nothing that happens to them — good or bad — can change this established image. Their likeness to this image, however, is often lacking.

This is the human journey. We have many identities or likenesses, but we only have one first identity or image. This image can never change. It is God's gift to us. It is how we are created: as the image of God. The difficulty comes with our ability to forget or not be aware - conscious - that we are the image of God. We, instead, settle for a likeness that is skewed - disfigured - by our small-self: the other

likenesses that our egos develop in order to survive.

Jesus repeatedly instructs us to practice living consciously. That is, to observe the numerous likenesses that our egos have acquired or developed — without judgment and with compassion — so that we can practice living the likeness of our big-self. We sometimes call this daily prayer.

One of the ways in which we recognize our first image is in our unexpected ability to hold seemingly separate and different things together. We can live with another identity and with our first identity. We can practice living the likeness of our first image and practice living the many likenesses of our egoic self. As we do, we learn to embrace our poverty: our inability to make ourselves live the likeness of our first image, because we know that the image of God is gradually becoming more and more real for us. As it does, our lives are transformed. Welcome to Advent.