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The wonderful thing about the Ascension is that it is always on a Thursday! It is believed to be the fortieth day after Easter (and ten days before Pentecost). Up to this moment, Jesus has been among the disciples—and among us—on this earth, coming to us even through closed doors to break bread with us. Yet now he ascends; the disciples witness it. It is a special sort of leave-taking: not an occasion for sorrow but of joy. Jesus has told us that he is the gate, he is the way, and he has prepared a place for us. The last verse of the first chapter of John has this astonishing statement Jesus makes to Nathaniel: "...“Very truly, I tell you, you will see heaven opened and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man.”" (John 1:51) As the beautiful Christmas hymn says, "Love came down at Christmas, love all lovely, love divine..." Yet now the ascension takes place so that we can know, and can experience that God is "all in all." A former priest of mine reminded me of the beauty of the Rite I language of the collect for Ascension:

*Grant, we beseech thee, Almighty God, that as we do believe thy only-begotten Son our Lord Jesus Christ to have ascended into the heavens, so we may also in heart and mind thither ascend, and with him continually dwell; who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. Amen.*

**Who Knows Where the Time Goes? Sandy Denny**

Across the evening sky, all the birds are leaving  
But how can they know it's time for them to go?  
Before the winter fire, I will still be dreaming  
I have no thought of time  
For who knows where the time goes?  
Who knows where the time goes?

Sad, deserted shore, your fickle friends are leaving  
Ah, but then you know it's time for them to go  
But I will still be here, I have no thought of leaving  
I do not count the time  
For who knows where the time goes?  
Who knows where the time goes?

And I am not alone while my love is near me  
I know it will be so until it's time to go  
So come the storms of winter and then  
The birds in spring again  
I have no fear of time  
For who knows how my love grows?  
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**Who Knows Where the Time Goes?** *Sandy Denny*

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