

Something in me wants to be born in winter

Lord of All Light,

When my days are filled with doubt,
Something within me will not cease believing.
When I feel despair,
Something in me still hopes.
Even when I see hatred,
Something within me is still moved to love.
I am not Mary:
Sinless, blameless, ever-virtuous.
Yet something in me wants to be born in winter.

Teach me to nourish it, protect it
Give it life.
Teach me to say **Yes**.
To faith, and to hope, and to love.
To your coming to live among us in this strange place.
For even when I am broken, fragmented, shattered even.
Something in me wants to be born in winter.
And in that **Yes**
Beyond any mercy I can imagine
I am made whole.

Amen