

May it be done to me — May it be done to us

The angel said to Mary ...

“The Holy Spirit will come upon you and the power of the Most High will overshadow you.

Therefore the child to be born will be called holy, the Son of God.

And behold Elizabeth, your relative has also conceived a child in her old age,
and she who was unable to conceive, who was barren, is in her sixth month;
for nothing is impossible for God.”

Mary replied ...

“Behold I am the handmaid of the Holy One.
May it be done to me according to your word.”

Luke 1:35-38

- * On this second week, with such a beautiful sense of ourselves as forming a *rahamim*, a communal womb of compassion, we again open the eye of our heart and expand our awareness out to each others' hearts, beholding and holding our communion in oneing love, with one another. We become attentive to this sacred land, Australia, to the hallowed land of all continents and islands, to the soul of the earth, and to our heart centre Uluru. We hold this expansive awareness as we centre within.
- * Gently, we feel our yearning for the fullness of Love to flow freely. We yield into our longing, breath into the stillness, feel allured by our Beloved's desire, and turn into the finest point of our knitting and oneing within the ground of our heart. We continuously surrender into the passion of our desire for God, the potential of our emptiness, the depthless expansiveness of our receptivity.
- * We sense the reverberations of our oneing pouring out throughout the noosphere, grace calming, gentling, returning us to our natural harmony, creating a stronger more stable field of fertile luminous silence. We know we can trust this field of Love. We know the Holy Spirit has come, is coming, and will come upon us, within us and amongst us.
- * As an open receptive womb of compassion, we sensitize to the Holy Spirit breathing in and through us. We feel the overshadowing of the One who is Highest, most Whole, most Holy, the One who is Love. Love is overshadowing, enfolding, enshrouding, wrapping, enveloping, embracing, enclosing, infusing, suffusing, imbuing, drawing us into a communal indwelling.
- * We sense the overshadowing of Mary, the overshadowing of creation, the overshadowing of earth, the overshadowing of each of us, personally and communionally. This one beautiful overshadowing makes us fertile, fecund, pregnant with divine life. We feel the love in the pronoun "I". We feel the love in the pronoun "We".
- * Still, we also know the intense pain of our barrenness, the dryness, the fear, the regrets, the anguish. We weep with all those unable to give birth. We grieve for the limits of our mothering, of our fathering, for the perceived constraints on our capacity to give life. We weep, and we soften, and we yield.
- * Graciously, right in the midst of all this pain, Love's overshadowing tenderly shades, calms and soothes, drawing us into a deep repose, into a tranquil stillness, into the delicacy of the intimacy of mutual indwelling. Love conceives Love. Compassion conceives compassion. Mercy conceives mercy. Our conscious awareness continues to dissolve. We behold, and all there is, is Love.
- * In the silence, our hearts pour out in harmony, expressing a symphony of creation's longing. *Fiat*. May it be done to me, may it be done to us. May your desire come to fullness in us, Beloved One. May we be your womb of compassion holding the Christ in this beautiful world. Amen.



With love, Kerrie Hide