

Thursday, December 22

Reading: John 1:10-13 NRSV

He was in the world, and the world came into being through him; yet the world did not know him. He came to what was his own, and his own people did not accept him. But to all who received him, who believed in his name, he gave power to become children of God, who were born, not of blood or of the will of the flesh or of the will of man, but of God.

To be a child of God is to embrace

God in us

Our shared draw

To create, to

Sing, to gather,

To shout with joy,

To love.

Let us strain

And stretch the

Divine, the muscle

Of compassion, of

Grace, mercy, humility.

By and through your will, amen.

Yes, it could be that I am a tiny piece of God, and each of you too, or at least of his intention and his hope.

Which is a delight beyond measure.

I don't know how you get to suspect such an idea.

I only know that the river kept singing.

It wasn't a persuasion, it was all the river's own constant joy which was better by far than a lecture, which was comfortable, exciting, unforgettable.

Mary Oliver, *At the River Clarion*, Lines 31-38