Homecoming

But now, Lord, what do I look for? My hope is in you. Psalm 39:7 (NIV)

Hope,

A friend just called and asked me to pray for her daughter who is in labor.

My first thought surrounds the baby whose passage has begun. A moment later I envision the strong mother exuding joy and raising the child to her breast.

Hope,

After a month of being surround by decay and threats of death I welcome the promise of new life.

Like a sunflower I have embodied both deep darkness and bright light.

Now I am ready to harvest from my center the seeds which hold abundant possibilities.

Hope,

Recently I have named so many hopes that relate to completions.

This unborn child reminds me that endings are also beginnings. What I embrace this morning is Your presence.

Hope,

You are the hope inside all my other desires. I dream my visions for the future with You. And I ask, "What do You want to do together?"

Hope,

Which dreams do You pray for me?

What in me needs to bravely push its way into a new phase of existence?

Will I, like a mother, take the new life I meet and instinctively and joyfully nurture it?

Hope,

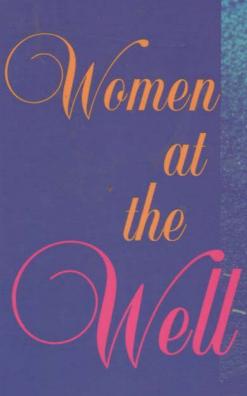
Oh, beautiful Hope,

Oh, fragrant Hope,

I long for You even though You are with me and within me.

Hope, for all that is ready to be born, we pray . . . Amen.

Iill Kimberly Hartwell Geoffrion



Meditations on Healing and Wholeness

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