

Readings for December 2, 2012  
First Sunday in Advent

from e. e. cummings

We are never born enough. We are human beings;for whom birth is a supremely welcome mystery,the mystery of growing:the mystery which happens only and whenever we are faithful to ourselves. You and I wear the dangerousness of doom and find it becoming. Life,for eternal us,is now;and now is much too busy being a little more than everything to seem anything,catastrophic included.

—*22 and 50 Poems, p. 11.*

from Mechtild of Magdeburg

You speak to me of my beginnings?  
I will tell you.  
I was created in love.  
For that reason, nothing can express my beauty,  
nor liberate my nobleness,  
except Love alone.

From the beginning God loved us.  
The Holy Trinity gave itself in the creation of all things.  
and made us, body and soul, in infinite love.  
We were fashioned most nobly.  
God takes such delight in the human person  
that Divinity sings this song to our soul:

O love rose on the thorn!  
O hovering bee in the honey!  
O pure dove in your being!  
O glorious sun in your setting!  
O full moon in your course!  
From you, I your God, will never turn away.