



God of Heaven and Earth,

We speak of your coming
Born of woman in the flesh, into time:
A time of violence and oppression
Of confusion and despair
In a period of antiquity.

And we speak of your coming again
Clothed in glory, crowned a king
At the end of days
In some unknown future.

But I am a child of the light
And even in this season of prayer and waiting
I know of a third coming:
Of you born anew each day into the human heart.
Not in some epoch of the past
Or prophecy of the future.
But in the here and now
Even as I call out to you.

In cries and whispers
In song and in tears
We speak your name and you are near
The embodiment of God's love and mercy
Born into the cradle within us.
Growing within us and walking among us, even in the darkest places.

Be born anew, Lord!
Today and all days!
Maranatha! Come, Lord Jesus, come!

Amen