



## *Magnificat of the Annunciation*

In those days when the people of Judea were oppressed  
in the reign of King Herod  
in the town of Nazareth there was a woman named Miryam.

In prayer Miryam watched.  
Eyes of her soul turned inward, she watched.  
Ears of her spirit stretched out, she watched.  
Watched for Yahweh in stillness.

In awe Miryam listened.  
With the firm beat of her heart, she listened.  
With the deep stroke of her breath, she listened.  
Listened for Yahweh in stillness.

In the stillness Miryam reached out.  
Mind alive, she reached out.  
Memory reflecting, she reached out.  
Inviting her God to inspire.

The Shadow streamed into her being.  
Greeting the core of her soul.  
Hearing, she stretched for the life source.  
Embracing the quickening call.

“How is this? I know not!” She responded.  
Stumbling in God’s desert of time.  
“But you speak and all things come together.  
I will do as you say; let it be.”

Her lifetime of shadowy knowing was  
confirmed in the quieting joy  
Summoning cadences, ancient and deep,  
echoed the call of God’s peace.

Miryam arose and went out.  
Holding the knowledge of change, went out.  
Accepting the newness of challenge, went out.  
Went out to begin the task.

Miryam embarked on the journey.  
Her mind precise for the journey.  
Her soul enflamed for the journey.  
Journeyed to the arms of Elizabeth.

In the warmth of those arms, she knew.  
Ancient pathways opening before her, she knew  
Words of her people streamed from her mouth, she knew.  
Knew that her God lived within her.