



# Emmanuel

God With Us

Gather... Light the Candle... Opening Prayer

## Opening Song

Be Born in Me by Francesca Batiscelli

## Scripture Reading

Psalms 139; Luke 2: 1-21

Joy: God with us in our birth

 *This Moment is a Gift* 

Laugh.  
Be joyful  
Though you  
have considered  
all the facts.



Don't squander  
the gift of this moment  
Because of all the facts,  
This moment is a gift.

Notes

# Joy: God with us in our birth

## Reflection

*Inhale... Emmanuel*  
*Exhale... God with us.*  
*Inhale... Emmanuel*  
*Exhale... God with us.*



### Where I'm From

I am from clothespins,  
from Clorox and carbon-tetrachloride.

I am from the dirt under the back porch. (Black, glistening  
it tasted like beets.)

I am from the forsythia bush,  
the Dutch elm

whose long gone limbs I remember  
as if they were my own.

I am from fudge and eyeglasses, from Imogene and Alafair.

I'm from the know-it-alls and the pass-it-ons,  
from perk up and pipe down. I'm from He restoreth my soul  
with cottonball lamb  
and ten verses I can say myself.

I'm from Artemus and Billie's Branch, fried corn and strong  
coffee.

From the finger my grandfather lost  
to the auger

the eye my father shut to keep his sight. Under my bed was a  
dress box  
spilling old pictures.

a sift of lost faces  
to drift beneath my dreams.

I am from those moments --  
snapped before I budded --  
leaf-fall from the family tree.

*by George Ella Lyon*

### I Am From

I am from  
English Breakfast Tea,  
Gently sweetened,  
White with cream.

I am from  
A big brown  
Rocking chair  
Where I listened

As my dad read me books.

I was held in his arms of love  
In the moments before sleep.

A ritual of love,  
a 360 degree spinning sanctuary  
For my soul.

I am from  
Redwoods and mists  
Imprinted on my soul.  
Their scent and colors  
Linger still in the recesses of my mind  
Ever present, ever living,  
loving, witnessing  
This lifetime and the timeless place...  
The before and the after,  
Presence in all moments  
Where time becomes meaningless  
And souls take flight

Like condors  
stretching out their wings  
Stepping into air,  
Knowing they are supported  
by that which is not seen  
But can be felt and known.  
*by Mary Ann Matthys*



Consider the origin stories above... or the origin story of Psalm 139... perhaps Jesus' birth story.  
As you reflect on these birth stories, recall the story of your birth.

Consider writing your own origin poem or story... or perhaps drawing a "where I am from" image...  
Notice the joy... the anticipation... the beauty of birth.