

**Week beginning 20th September –
The Baby – A contemplative prayer**

Like the small, sleeping baby spread across the body of its mother, I too fall into you, my Mother God. The baby, fruit of the love of its parents, needs nothing new but love and nourishment to grow into its fullness. Nurtured in loving arms, it grows as a tree grows, expanding from its centre; it unfolds as a flower does, becoming what it already is. At my centre, too, O God, is your very life. Your seed is within me; it will blossom into you. All I do is let myself be loved by you. I am already, in my essence, everything you desire me to be. In peace, without expectation, I simply stay looking at your divine face. I remain loving you, my beloved. I rest in your arms. Free from anxiety, and in no hurry, I am open to your will for me. I rely on nothing, anymore, but you. I am empty of everything except my desire for you and the responsibilities of the present moment. I am content, this evening, my daily tasks over, to behold you, to gaze at you, to wait in repose, in trust and wonder. And, in the waiting, my desire for you will be purified and intensified so that both our desires will become one.

(Travelling Light p 205)