

BLESSING

Do not expect
to return
by the same road.
Home is always
by another way,
and you will know it
not by the light that waits for you

but by the star
that blazes inside you,
telling you
where you are
is holy
and you are welcome
here.

Jan Richardson

And may the blessing of God,
Earth-maker, Pain-bearer, Life-giver,
be with you and remain with you. **Amen**

KEEP ON

Worlds and music by Neil Millar. © 2025 Neil Millar.

JANUARY GATHERINGS

Online meditation

8.15am weekdays & 5.30pm daily

Shared Reading Circles

7 & 14 January, 10.30 – 12.30pm

Summer Nights (BYO drinks & nibbles)

14 January, 5-6.30pm

See website for details: www.benedictus.com.au

*We invite contributions to the ministry of
Benedictus through the retiring collection
or direct debit to the Benedictus account
BSB: 633 000, Account No: 153841135*

Sources: Janet Morley, *All Desires Known* (Morehouse Publishing, 2006); Michael McCarthy, *Birds' Nests & Other Poems* (Bradshaw Books, 2003); Jan Richardson, 'The Map You Make Yourself' in *Circle of Grace* (Wanton Gospeller Press, 2015).

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BENEDICTUS
contemplative church

A LIGHT TO MY PATH 4 JANUARY 2025 FEAST OF EPIPHANY

WELCOME – Sarah Bachelard

OPENING RESPONSES

The heavens are telling the glory of God;
**and the firmament proclaims God's
handiwork.**

Day to day pours forth speech,
and night to night declares knowledge.

There is no speech, nor are there words;
their voice is not heard.

Yet their voice goes out through all the
earth,
and their words to the end of the world.

Psalm 19.1-4

ACKNOWLEDGING COUNTRY

GATHERING PRAYER

O unknown God,
whose presence is manifest
not among the impressive
but in obscurity;
come, overshadow us now,
and speak to our hidden longing;
that, entering your darkness with joy
we may discover the light of life,
through Jesus Christ. **Amen**

Janet Morley adapted

THE WORD OF GOD

Let us listen for the word of God (*silence*)

Isaiah 60. 1-6

Matthew 2. 1-12

REFLECTION

MEDITATION

To meditate, sit still and upright. Close your eyes lightly. Sit relaxed but alert. Silently, interiorly begin to say a single word. We recommend the prayer-phrase, 'Maranatha'. Say it as four syllables of equal length. Listen to it as you say it, gently but continuously. Do not think or imagine anything – spiritual or otherwise. If thoughts and images come, these are distractions at the time of meditation, so keep returning simply to saying the word.

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FALLING INTO LIGHT

Words and music by John Coleman. © 2022 John Coleman.

PRAYERS

*Your word is a lamp to my feet
and a light to my path.*

Psalm 119. 105

Light of all,
we gather before you in this new year,
bringing with us the needs and hopes of
our own lives, the needs and hopes of our
world. We seek your wisdom to light our
way, your love to lighten our hearts.

We name before you our concern for the
world and our fear that darkness – in
forms of tyranny, war, false witness and
greed – encroaches more nearly. We pray
for the peoples of Ukraine and Russia,
Gaza and Israel, Syria, Yemen, Sudan and
for all who face yet another year marked
by violence, torture, disappearances and
hunger. We pray for those who seek
peace, justice and mercy.

In your light, may we see light.

We name before you our concern for the
earth and waters, the forests, grasslands
and tundra, the creatures great and small,

so threatened by global heating,
unchecked exploitation and human
heedlessness. We pray for all who love
our world, who advocate and act for the
conservation of its diversity, variety and
wondrous life.

In your light, may we see light.

We name before you our concern for
ourselves and for those we love. We pray
for those who have asked for our prayers
and entrust them to your goodness ...
We commit ourselves to seek your way for
us. Help us so attune our eyes to your
light, that we may follow where you lead
and be led where you are.

In your light, may we see light.

METANOIA

Let me be mad for awhile
unhinged; by some passion
made daring and deliberate

lured into the heart's motion
into the wild asunder
the broad and daredevil sky

inebriate with longing
mad with love or poetry
the dangerous delirium of flying.

In this madness we will meet
young in our reckless hopes
old in our dreaming

shaken loose and shocked
we'll sorrow, salt our crying.
We will not regret

how it made us different
changed our looking hearts
until we could see blind.

Michael McCarthy