

## Annunciation

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You see I wonder whether there aren't annunciations every day, in every place. I wonder if Gabriel and his ilk aren't hurrying angel-wise even now, eyes full of messages simple as sunlight, disturbing as day. And I wonder whether I am missing them – whether they pass me by, no more than a queasy plunge in the pit of my stomach, no more than a burden of joy briefly shouldered and just as briefly shelved.

Are there frustrated angels with us even now, even here, brushing by on feathered feet, breathing benedictions and aching for imagination to shape mystery into message and give them voice. For I imagine them mute – mute and barely visible – until a human heart discerns them, fashions them flesh, and offers them speech.

Are they here now, heartfelt and eager and pregnant with possibility? For what was born an age or two ago, of a young woman's "yes" they still bear to be born again in you or in me – that same child of God who might change the world, might lift up the lowly, might visit us with peace – if only we, like she, have a vulnerable heart, an imagination full of hope and the humble courage to consent. (From All Things Seen and Unseen by Rob Marsh SJ)

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Sssh. Can you hear it?  
An expectant silence,  
a hushed anticipation,  
as if the very galaxy is holding its breath.  
There are some truths even the stars know,  
like darkness, like loneliness  
and  
how the night can be a living thing.  
And how once, long ago,  
the night waited in wonder  
along with the darkness and the loneliness,  
for the sound of a baby's cry,  
for the miraculous to come down to  
the earth mundane.

(Lucinda Hynet)