Waiting with Mary

A drawing of a cartoon character

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Mary in Poetry

Daily Reflections for Advent 2019

**After Annunciation**

*This is the irrational season*

*When love blooms bright and wild*

*Had Mary been filled with reason*

*There’d been no room for the child.*

*Madeleine L’Engle*

On the following pages are 24 poems, one for each day in Advent 2019. We hope they provide you with a fresh look at Mary and her message for us today. As you read the poems, use the following questions to guide your reflection.

1. How do you respond to the image or understanding of Mary and her message portrayed in the poem? What insights have you gained?
2. When you receive shocking news, do you wait to see God at work?
3. How do you wait when there is mystery, when you don’t understand what is going on?

1. Who are your models for bearing God’s love to the world? Who gives you hope in the darkness?
2. How will you wait this season? How are you called to bear love to the world?

*Adapted from questions written by The Rev. Lauri Diamond, Pastoral Director and Missions Pastor at*[*Redemption Anglican Church*](http://www.redemptionfrisco.org/)*in Frisco, Texas and theologian Lindsey Paris-Lopez, editor-in-chief at the Raven Foundation.*

**Maria Sacerdota –**

**Mary, Protopriest of the New Covenant**

Before Jesus

was his mother.

Before supper

in the upper room,

breakfast in the barn.

Before the Passover Feast,

a feeding trough.

And here, the altar

of earth, fair linens

of hay and seed.

Before his cry,

her cry.

Before his sweat

of blood,

her bleeding

and tears.

Before his offering,

hers.

Before the breaking

of bread and death,

the breaking of her

body in birth.

Before the offering

of the cup,

the offering of her

breast.

Before his blood,

her blood.

And by her body and blood

alone, his body and blood

and whole human being.

The wise ones knelt

to hear the woman’s word

in wonder.

Holding up her sacred child,

her God, in the form of a babe,

she said, “Receive and let

your hearts be healed

and your lives be filled

with Love, for

this is my body,

this is my blood.”

*The Rev. Dr. Alla Renée Bozarth*

**Mosaic of the Nativity**

*Serbia, Winter 1993*

On the domed ceiling God

is thinking:

I made them my joy,

and everything else I created

I made to bless them.

But see what they do!

I know their hearts

and arguments:

“We’re descended from

Cain. Evil is nothing new,

so what does it matter now

if we shell the infirmary,

and the well where the fearful

and rash alike must

come for water?”

God thinks Mary into being.

Suspended at the apogee

of the golden dome,

she curls in a brown pod,

and inside her the mind

of Christ, cloaked in blood,

lodges and begins to grow.

*Jane Kenyon*



Mary, Detail from 14th C Serbian Fresco

**Mary, Nazareth Girl**

Mary,

Nazareth girl:

What did you know of ethereal beings

with messages from God?

What did you know of men

when you found yourself with child?

What did you know of babies,

you, barely out of childhood yourself?

God-chosen girl:

What did you know of God

that brought you to this stable

blessed among women?

Could it be that you had been ready

waiting

listening

for the footsteps

of an angel?

Could it be there are messages for us

if we have the faith to listen?

*Ann Weems*

**Why the Image of a Starry Womb is Not Poetic Claptrap but Good Science**

Once,

in a fit of romance,

I wrote of a woman:

“She wants to break, but not end,

to hold him through the night

and like all lovers,

become not salt or tears,

but stars.”

I threw it out;

it sounded too poetic.

Then I saw

the pregnant Virgin

contained in a rush

of seraphim wings, her blue mandorla

shot through

with starlight, shadow,

and a sober

quantum physicist

whispered in my ear, “each atom in your body

was once inside a star . . .”

I found the future

cradled

in this past:

called forth by stars

God calls by name –

This God who labors to give us birth –

we come,

as all things come,

to light.

*Kathleen Norris*

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*Virgin in Cloud of Angels with Saints Barbara & Catherine*, The Porcher Hours

**The Annunciation (Center Panel from the Mérode Altarpiece by Flemish Artist Robert Campin, Circa 1425-28)**

An ordinary room with everyday

furniture, utensils, common floors and ceiling.

Mary is there. We see an open door.

As yet unseen by her, an angel kneeling

preludes the proclamation God has given.

The window blinds are partly open, where

billows of clouds are figured. From another

oval of aperture the Spirit’s seven

gifts penetrate to fill the future mother,

and we perceive the marriage of earth and heaven.

*Luke 1:26-38*

*Thomas John Carlisle*

A group of people posing for a photo

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*Annunciation Triptych (center panel)*, Workshop of Robert Campin

**The Annunciation**

Ashes of paper, ashes of a world  
Wandering, when fire is done:  
We argue with the drops of rain!

Until one comes Who walks unseen  
Even in elements we have destroyed.  
Deeper than any nerve  
He enters flesh and bone.  
Planting His truth, He puts our substance on.  
Air, earth, and rain  
Rework the frame that fire has ruined.  
What was dead is waiting for His Flame.  
Sparks of His Spirit spend their seeds, and hide  
To grow like irises, born before summertime.  
These blue things bud in Israel.

The girl prays by the bare wall  
Between the lamp and the chair.  
(Framed with an angel in our galleries  
She has a richer painted room, sometimes a crown.  
Yet seven pillars of obscurity  
Build her to Wisdom's house, and Ark, and Tower.  
She is the Secret of another Testament  
She owns their manna in her jar.)

Fifteen years old -  
The flowers printed on her dress  
Cease moving in the middle of her prayer  
When God, Who sends the messenger,  
Meets His messenger in her Heart.  
Her answer, between breath and breath,  
Wrings from her innocence our Sacrament!  
In her white body God becomes our Bread.

It is her tenderness  
Heats the dead world like David on his bed.  
Times that were too soon criminal  
And never wanted to be normal  
Evade the beast that has pursued  
You, me and Adam out of Eden's wood.  
Suddenly we find ourselves assembled  
Cured and recollected under several green trees.

Her prudence wrestled with the Dove  
To hide us in His cloud of steel and silver:  
These are the mysteries of her Son.  
And here my heart, a purchased outlaw,  
Prays in her possession  
Until her Jesus makes my heart  
Smile like a flower in her blameless hand.

*Thomas Merton*

**In the Kitchen**

*('In the sixth month the angel Gabriel...' Luke 1:26)*

Bellini has it wrong,  
I was not kneeling  
on my satin cushion,  
in a beam of light,  
head slightly bent.

Painters always  
skew the scene,  
as though my life  
were wrapped in silks,  
in temple smells.

Actually, I had just  
come back from the well,  
placing the pitcher on the table  
I bumped against the edge,  
spilling water on the floor.

As I bent to wipe  
it up, there was a light  
against the kitchen wall,  
as though someone had opened  
the door to the sun.

Rag in hand,  
hair across my face,  
I turned to see  
who was entering,  
unannounced, unasked.

All I saw  
was light  
white against the timbers.  
A voice I've never  
heard greeted me,

said I was elected, would  
bear a son who'd reign

forever. The spirit would  
overshadow me.  
I stood afraid.

Someone closed the door  
and I dropped the rag.

*Kilian McDonnell, OSB*



*Annunciation*, Giovanni Bellini

**Annunciation**

Sorrowfully

the angel appeared

before the young woman

feared

to ask what must be asked,

a task almost too great to bear.

With care,

mournfully,

the angel bare

the tidings of great joy,

and then

great grief.

Behold, thou shalt conceive.

Thou shalt bring forth a son.

This must be done.

There will be no reprieve.

2

Another boy

born of woman (who shall also grieve)

full of grace

and innocence

and no offence –

a lovely one

of pure and unmarked face.

3

How much can a woman bear?

4

Pain will endure for a night

but joy comes in the morning.

His name is Judas.

That the prophets may be fulfilled

he must play his part.

It must be done.

Pain will endure.

Joy comes in the morning.

*Madeleine L’Engle*

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**She Said Yeah (From *Mysteries of the Incarnation*)**

The land lies open: summer fallow, hayfield, pasture. Folds of cloud mirror buttes knife-edged in shadow. One monk smears honey on his toast, another peels an orange.

A bell rings three times, the Angelus, bringing to mind Gabriel and Mary. “She said yeah,” the Rolling Stones sing from a car on the interstate. “She said yeah.” And the

bells pick it up now, saying it to Mechtild the barn cat, pregnant again; to Ephrem’s blue-birds down the draw; to the grazing cattle and the monks (virgins, some of them) eating silently before the sexy tongue of a hibiscus blossom at their refectory window. “She said yeah.” And then the angel left her.

*Kathleen Norris*

A picture containing wall, indoor, building

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*Annunciation*, Henry Ossawa Tanner

**From Three Songs of Mary**

1. O Simplicitas

An angel came to me  
And I was unprepared  
To be what God was using.

Mother I was to be.  
A moment I despaired,  
thought briefly of refusing.  
The angel knew I heard.  
According to God’s Word  
I bowed to this strange choosing.

A palace should have been

the birthplace of a king

(I had no way of knowing).

We went to Bethlehem;

it was so strange a thing.

The wind was cold, and blowing,

my cloak was old, and thin.

They turned us from the inn;

the town was overflowing.

God’s Word, a child so small

who still must learn to speak

lay in humiliation.

Joseph stood, strong and tall.

The beasts were warm and meek

And moved with hesitation.

The child born in a stall?

I understood it: all

Kings come in adoration.

Perhaps it was absurd;

a stable set apart,

the sleepy cattle lowing;

and the incarnate Word

resting against my heart.

My joy was overflowing.

The shepherds came, adored

the folly of the Lord,

wiser than all men’s knowing.

*Madeleine L’Engle*

**An Old Woman Remembers (Shame)**

Pregnant before the bridal  
bed, child carrying  
child., knowing nods

as the village women see me  
pass down the back  
alley, whispers, sudden

silences at market as I reach  
across the leeks for fresh  
hard cucumbers from the country,

-- every choice signs away  
tomorrow – teenage sideway  
glances and giggles. Secret

awe at the unwed mother.  
(How long had this been going  
on?) No one sits beside me

on the bench in synagogue.  
I see bags under Joseph’s  
dark eyes. I’m alone.

*Kilian McDonnell, OSB*

*A picture containing text, book

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*Annunciation (detail)*, Simone Martini & Lippo Memmi

**The Visitation**

She shared her feelings with Elizabeth

who recognized her coming as a sign

they two had been impressed into a role concordant with the grace of the divine

purpose and plan. Excitement filled their talk

as though each babe was calling to the other.

High dreams of Israel’s hope burst into song:

the joy, the mission granted to a mother.

Children to be prepared for great events

that those who bore them might not comprehend.

How much it meant to share the faith, the fear,

the anticipation with a trusted friend.

*Luke 1:39-56*

*Thomas John Carlisle*



*The Windsock Visitation*, Mickey McGrath, OSFS

**Magnificat**

If Mary had sung

her song of songs

with our accustomed

unmagnificence

and dearth of urgency,

all the commitment

all the charm

and all the challenge

and anticipation

would have been

completely dissipated.

O sing anew

anew

anew

anew

the simple song

which magnifies

rejoices

dares to vision

the fall of kings,

the exaltation

*Le magnificat*, James Tissot

of the small

unviolent

trusting and faith-full

servants

of the spectacularly

creative God.

*Luke 1:46-55*

*Thomas John Carlisle*



**Mary’s Song: A Psalm for Every Woman**

My soul celebrates Shaddai!1

My spirit sings to Shekinah-Shaddai,2

for She erases my anonymity

so that all generations of women

are blessed.

She Who has power to open the womb

has done great things for me.

Holy is her name.

Her mercy flows

through mother to daughter

from generation to generation.

Her maternal strength

strikes at the roots of evil,

and it departs.

She pushes the proud

from the pinnacles of power

and lifts up little people.

She feeds her hungry daughters,

but those who are filled to the brim

with opportunity,

She sends away.

She soothes all those who turn to Her,

remembering Her compassion,

keeping Her promise to Sarah

and her progeny forever.

*Miriam Therese Winter*

*A picture containing text, book

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*Mary’s Song*, ©2008 Julie Lonneman

*1One of the Hebrew names for God, usually translated as God Almighty*

*2Feminine word meaning God’s presence on earth.*

**From Three Songs of Mary**

1. *O Sapientia*

It was from Joseph first I learned  
of love. Like me he was dismayed.  
How easily he could have turned   
me from his house; but, unafraid,  
he put me not away from him  
(O God-sent angel, pray for him).  
Thus through his love was Love obeyed.

The Child’s first cry came like a bell:

God’s Word aloud, God’s Word in deed.

The angel spoke: so it befell,

and Joseph with me in my need.

O Child whose father came from heaven,

to you another gift was given,

your earthly father chosen well.

With Joseph I was always warmed

and cherished. Even in the stable

I knew that I would not be harmed.

And, though above the angels swarmed,

man’s love it was that made me able

to bear God’s love, wild, formidable,

to bear God’s will, through me performed.

*Madeleine L’Engle*

**

*The Nativity*, Walter Rane

**Nativity**

Immensity cloistered in thy dear womb,  
Now leaves His well-belov'd imprisonment,  
There He hath made Himself to His intent  
Weak enough, now into the world to come;  
But O, for thee, for Him, hath the inn no room?  
Yet lay Him in this stall, and from the Orient,  
Stars and wise men will travel to prevent  
The effect of Herod's jealous general doom.  
Seest thou, my soul, with thy faith's eyes, how He  
Which fills all place, yet none holds Him, doth lie?  
Was not His pity towards thee wondrous high,  
That would have need to be pitied by thee?  
Kiss Him, and with Him into Egypt go,  
With His kind mother, who partakes thy woe.

*John Donne*



*Nativité*, Maurice Denis

**An Old Woman Remembers (Bethlehem)**

Eight months gone, I ride  
donkey, Joseph walks  
ninety miles to Bethlehem.

Our cave is cold and damp,  
oxen stamp their feet  
at the invasion, two nervous

A group of people posing for a photo

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doves shuffle back  
and forth on the rafters as though  
knowing my water had burst

on the back of the donkey, which looked   
around to see whence  
the warm June shower

in December. The unappeasable pain  
on spikey schedule, while  
Joseph cobbles dirty

straw from the stable corners  
to make a bed; my birth  
stool a broken feed box.

*The Adoration of the Magi*, Netherlandish (Antwerp Mannerist) Painter

I push the child into his  
knobby hands as the stable  
door creaks and three

oriental potentates kneel  
before the bawling baby --  
the placenta on the ground.-- They bring

gifts on dromedaries over  
Arabian sands, laying  
gold, frankincense and myrrh

at our feet, while I need a basin  
of hot water, clean  
towels, and piles of diapers.

*Kilian McDonnell, OSB*

**Had We Been There**

Into the stable they straggled, poor and dirty,

hardly suitably dressed for polite society.

Had we been Joseph

we would have feared robbery.

Had we been Mary

we would have feared germs around our newborn.

Had we been God

these are not the ones we would have chosen

to first come and see the Child.

After all, they showed a certain carelessness

about the rules of the church.

And yet, God-chosen, they came

to kneel and worship him

whom we would later call the Good Shepherd.

Perhaps we could brush up on our humbleness.

*Ann Weems*

*A silhouette of a person

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**Five Meditations On Mary**

**1**

The Virgin Mary sat on a rock that was not wholly rock  
in a world that was not wholly world

in a light that was Light direct  
in the echo of a Command that came from God direct

whose womb was now to house a halo more than she could  
possibly long for

and which made her fear  
and caused her angel messenger to comfort her

as he stood at the door and mentioned how  
God had designated her the hallowed hall for His pure breath to enter

to make a child with no seed but Himself  
to show mankind His holy fatherhood over all

within the physical  
but without physical union

**2**

The pen is hardly lifted

The penalty for birth is death

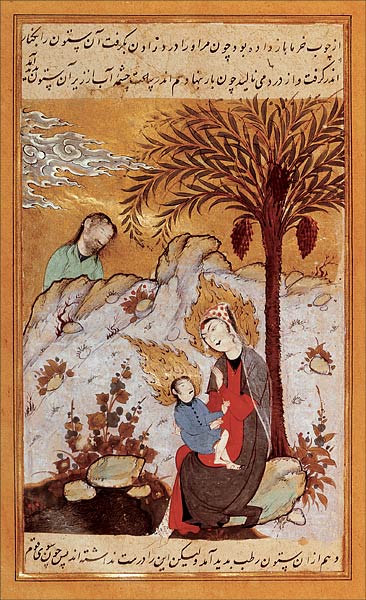
But he who would be born without coitus  
would slide out of death without its mortal coil

Would be taken up to God without entering death’s womb  
as he had entered Mary’s womb without birth’s usual folderol

She clutched a tree to steady herself  
and dates fell to the ground around her

And he spoke to her from herself  
to steady her

Rings of tumult sang around her  
The Garden’s tree was now there to strengthen her



*Persian miniature of Mary & Isa (Jesus)*

her nearing it part of God’s ordained structure  
to redeem Adam and Eve’s descent to earth

by new prophecy through standing under  
the virgin birth-tree’s sacred agency

Adam of no visible parents  
Eve of no mother but father Adam’s rib-side

being both mother and father  
now terrestrialized again in Mary’s husbandless pregnancy

though all of us are actually children  
of much more than our mere mother’s earthly sympathy

**3**

I saw Mary board a bus at Broad and State  
her head covered and her face radiant

small and held within herself  
careful and preoccupied

a heaven seeming to be wrapped around her  
her cheeks red her lips dry her eyes lowered

interior moisture her preferred cloister  
the bus passengers sudden ghosts before her

her shoes small and tattered  
her hands carrying a book

If any had spoken to her she might have become lost

If she had spoken to anyone  
they might have become saved

**4**

None can be “Mother of God” but God

nor Creator of us but God Himself

Jesus begat in light sat in light and was transformed into light  
beyond light’s shapes of dark and light

his salutation from where he is continues to excite us  
just as Mary’s humility brings us home

to where impossible things are true  
and true things impossible or possible by our own lights

to submit as purely to God’s sheer command of: *Be!*

more than enough to be  
in Being’s age-long mystery

**5**

In Ephesus is Artemis  
with multitudes of breasts  
and legend says where Mary went  
and where she died and rests

Teets our forms are fed from  
virgin light that salves our souls  
the two eternal females  
through whom our life unrolls

The Virgin ever virginal  
in modesty extreme  
and Artemis whose many breasts  
supply an endless stream

One statue standing among rocks  
the other in her cave  
whose house of stone is all alone  
within the Light we crave

*Daniel Abdal-Hayy Moore*

**An Old Woman Remembers (The Flight into Egypt)**

When dark clouds cover moon’s  
craters we push open creaky stable  
doors, lead the donkey out to leave  
for Egypt before Herod’s  
soldiers pound upon gate. We hear

Rachels screaming, sons slaughtered  
by decree, while we angle across  
plowed barley fields, like robbers  
with sagging bags of silver drachmas,  
always looking back, avoiding

roads. Stadia and stadia later  
we hear uncertain night noises  
of distant battles, lost and won:  
an ox bellowing, and the hissing  
of ten skin-headed vultures

as they claw and squabble over a dead  
sheep. We pass on the far side.  
After two weeks off Gaza roads  
we’ve not crossed the border, but far  
enough to rest a day beside a huge  
abandoned columbarium, rebels’ lair,  
filled with white bird droppings,  
and coppery green pigeon feathers.  
To rest the donkey Joseph stops  
beneath a turpentine tree while my infant

wails, wet diaper full once  
more. On a flat rock I change  
him, give him my nipple. He’s  
beautiful beyond all imagining.  
In thorn bushes Joseph finds a nest

of sand colored eggs, enough to get us  
to the Nile. What cobra-crowned  
Ramses reigns as Son of sun-  
god Re, demanding bricks,  
withholding straw, and knows not Joseph?

*Kilian McDonnell, OSB*

A picture containing building, outdoor, ground

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*The Flight into Egypt*, Henry Ossawa Tanner

**The Refugees**

Into the wild and painful cold of the starless winter night

came the refugees,

slowly making their way to the border.

The man, stooped from age or anxiety,

hurried his small family through the wind.

Bearded and dark, his skin rough and cracked from the cold,

his frame looming large in spite of the slumped shoulders:

He looked like a man who could take care of whatever

came at them

from the dark.

Unless, of course, there were too many of them.

One man he could handle . . . two, even

. . .

but a border patrol . . .

they wouldn’t have a chance.

His eyes, black and alert,

darted from side to side, then over his shoulder,

then back again forward.

Had they been seen?

Had they been heard?

Every rustle of wind, every sigh from the child,

sent terror through his chest.

Was this the way?

Even the stars had been unkind –

had hidden themselves in the ink of night

so that the man could not read their way.

Only the wind . . . was it enough?

Only the wind and his innate sense of direction . . .

What kind of a cruel judgement would that be,

to wander in circles through the night?

Or to safely make their way to the border

only to find the authorities waiting for them?

He glanced at the young woman, his bride.

No more than a child herself,

she nuzzled their newborn, kissing his neck.

She looked up, caught his eye, and smiled.

Oh, how the homelessness had taken its toll on her!

Her eyes were red, her young face lined,

her lovely hair matted from inattention,

her clothes stained from milk and baby,

her hands chapped from the raw wind of winter.

She’d hardly had time to recover from childbirth

when word had come that there were hunted,

and they fled with only a little bread,

the remaining wine,

and a very small portion of cheese.

Suddenly, the child began to make sharp noises.

The man drew his breath in sharply;

the woman quietly put the child to breast.

Fear . . . long dread-filled moments . . .

Huddles, the family stood still in the long silence.

At last the man breathed deeply again,

reassured they had not been heard.

And into the night continued

Mary, Joseph and the Babe.

*Ann Weems*

**A Blesséd Embarrassment**

Mary is a blessed embarrassment

to a harassed world

for she is great in more ways than one

and we wonder how she managed

to contain the salvific secret

seeing all that she had seen and heard.

How absurd, say all the knowing,

unknown as we are to such magnificence.

What guidance, what star, what manger

can cradle our indifference?

An offense against our apathy

this pathetic refugee mother.

But what other birth will ever be able

to make us strong and stable with shalom –

home again in the world God made.

Home with Mary’s – and Joseph’s – aid.

*Thomas John Carlisle*



**The Body is Like Mary**

The body is like Mary, and each of us has a Jesus inside.  
Who is not in labour, holy labour? Every creature is.

See the value of true art, when the earth or a soul is in  
the mood to create beauty;

for the witness might then for a moment know, beyond  
any doubt, God is really there within,

so innocently drawing life from us with Her umbilical  
universe – infinite existence …

though also needing to be born. Yes, God also needs  
to be born!

Birth from a hand’s loving touch. Birth from a song,  
from a dance, breathing life into this world.

The body is like Mary, and each of us, each of us has  
a Christ within.

*Mevlana Jalaluddin Rumi (translated by Daniel Ladinsky)*

**From Three Songs of Mary**

1. *O Oriens*

O come, O come Emmanuel

within this fragile vessel here to dwell.

O Child conceived by heaven’s power

give me thy strength: it is the hour.

O come, thou Wisdom from on high;

like any babe at life you cry;

for me, like any mother, birth

was hard, O light of earth.

O come, O come, thou Lord of might,

whose birth came hastily at night,

born in a stable, in blood and pain

is this the king who comes to reign?

O come, thou Rod of Jesse’s stem,

the stars will be thy diadem.

How can the infinite finite be?

Why choose, child, to be born of me?

O come, thou key of David, come,

open the door to my heart-home.

I cannot love thee as a king –

so fragile and so small a thing.

O come, thou Day-spring from on high:

I saw the signs that marked the sky.

I heard the beat of angels’ wings

I saw the shepherds and the kings.

O come, Desire of nations, be

simply a human child to me.

Let me not weep that you are born.

The night is gone. Now gleams the morn.

Rejoice, rejoice, Emmanuel,

God’s Son, God’s Self, with us to dwell.

*Madeleine L’Engle*



*Nativity from The Book of Hours of Louis* XII, Jean Bourdichon

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**Illustrations**

Dec. 2: Detail of Mary from Fresco,. Monastery Gracanica, Serbia, 1318-1320

Dec. 4: *Virgin in Cloud of Angels with Saints Barbara & Catherine*, The Porcher Hours, 1500; J. Paul Getty Museum, Los Angeles

Dec. 5: *Annunciation Triptych (center panel),* Mérode Altarpiece, workshop of Robert Campin, 1427-1432, Metropolitan Museum of Art

Dec. 7: *Annunciation*, Giovanni Bellini, ca. 1500, Gallery of Accademia, Venice

Dec. 9: *Annunciation*, Henry Ossawa Tanner, 1898, Philadelphia Museum of Art

Dec. 11: *Annunciation* (detail), Simone Martini & Lippo Memmi, 1333, Uffizi Gallery, Florence, Italy

Dec. 12: *The Windsock Visitation*, Mickey McGrath, OSFS, 1995, Visitation Monastery of Minneapolis

Dec. 13: *Le magnificat*, James Tissot, 1886-94, Brooklyn Museum.

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Dec. 14: *Mary’s Song,* Julie Lonneman, 2008. Online

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Dec. 15: *Behold the Lamb of God*, Walter Rane. Online <<https://www.churchofjesuschrist.org/media-library/images/walter-rane-nativity-183368?lang=eng>>

Dec. 16: *Nativité*, Maurice Denis, 1894, Musée des St. Augustins, Toulouse, France

Dec. 17: *The Adoration of the Magi*, ca. 1520, Netherlandish (Antwerp Mannerist) Painter, Metropolitan Museum of Art

Dec. 19: Persian miniature of Mary and Isa (Jesus), prior to 20th century

Dec. 20: *The Flight into Egypt*, Henry Ossawa Tanner, 1923, Metropolitan Museum of Art

Dec. 24: *Nativity* from *The Book of Hours of Louis XII*, 1499, Jean Bourdichon