

## Meditation based on Luke 1:39-45

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How many of you have ever been in a completely dark cave – you know, when a park ranger turns out the lights and you are surrounded by complete darkness?

How do you feel about it? Why?

I'm going to ask you to close your eyes for a moment and imagine that you are in a situation like that now.

You are in complete darkness. Darkness above you, darkness below you, darkness in front of you, and darkness behind you. If you raised your hand and put it in front of your nose, you wouldn't be able to see it.

Now imagine that this darkness is all you've ever known. You've been in that darkness your entire life.

But it's familiar to you. And you're not alone. You are surrounded by familiar people. You recognize their voices when they speak; and you hear their footsteps as they come and go. You've never imagined that your life could be any other way.

One day, you hear a new footstep, a new voice. You sense a new presence. You don't recognize who it is, but you know – somehow – that whoever it is will change your entire life!

You raise your head and turn to hear the sound better.

You move to get closer to this strangely familiar person in your world of darkness.

"Ah!" says your mother to her cousin Mary. "The baby kicked at the sound of your voice. It felt like he leaped inside me! I wonder what he knows that we don't know."

Now open your eyes again and come back to the world of the light.

Do you remember Nicodemus from John's gospel? Nicodemus visited Jesus at night, in the dark.

Nicodemus thought that he was mighty smart, but he was really clueless. In fact, according to Jesus, he was really only a baby. Nicodemus was wrapped in darkness so great that he might as well have been in his mother's womb. Nicodemus needed to be born again (or to be born from above, it's the same word in Greek). He needed the Messiah to be a midwife and pull him out into the light.

We are waiting for the same thing, aren't we?

We are waiting for the Messiah to come and be our midwife.

We know it more than ever at this season of the year when we yearn for life to be right; but all too often it is all wrong.

And he will come. He has promised us that he will come!

If you listen, you can hear his footsteps coming closer.

You can hear his voice calling you, although you may never have heard it before.

And together with the infant John the Baptist, we leap in our dark wombs anticipating our birth into the light.