Something in me wants to be born in winter

Lord of All Light,

When my days are filled with doubt,
Something within me will not cease believing.
When I feel despair,
Something in me still hopes.
Even when I see hatred,
Something within me is still moved to love.
I am not Mary:
Sinless, blameless, ever-virtuous.
Yet something in me wants to be born in winter.

Teach me to nourish it, protect it
Give it life.
Teach me to say Yes.
To faith, and to hope, and to love.
To your coming to live among us in this strange place.
For even when I am broken, fragmented, shattered even.
Something in me wants to be born in winter.
And in that Yes
Beyond any mercy I can imagine
I am made whole.

Amen