



*What is precious
inside us does not
care to be known
by the mind
in ways that diminish
its presence.*

David Whyte, The Winter of Listening

It is the second week of advent. As you wait for the sun's return, as you listen for your deepest knowing to awaken from these long dark nights of winter, listen to your heart. Listen to the silence and winter calling you to know the otherness.

This is the time of endless nights growing darker. Of day's light growing weaker in the soft approach of winter solstice, in the coming light of the child's birth drawing near.

This is a time when our patience grows thin as we rush about, fighting crowds and traffic, endlessly hurrying towards one more checkmark on the list, one more item scratched off on the gifts we must buy.

Patience is a virtue and at this time of year, a necessity. Yet, we struggle against giving it time to grow, to take form, to inhabit our being present in the darkness of these wintery days so that we can lean into the silence to hear the song of joy being born within our hearts.

We cannot change the course of night, just as we cannot change the path of the earth moving around the sun. Winter will pass in its time, and whether we wait with calm heart, or battle against time's slow passing, the sun will appear upon the horizon, raising itself up into the sky, with or without our permission. No matter how many items are checked off on our list, the sun will return, days will lengthen and nights grow shorter. The cycle of time passing will continue, again and again, in its ever ending circle of life.

This is a time when I seek that place of quiet within where I can hear my heart giving birth to the new life I must call my own. This is a time when I yearn to fall into place with the world around me and the world within me. A place where the hustle and bustle of the season wanes as I find that place within where I know communion with the world, within and outside of me. This is the place where I let go of that which I 'hate' about me and find the courage to live from my poet's heart growing up within me. It is in this place I sense the world through the beauty expressing itself through my soul's desire to give birth to the one I have been waiting for, just as over 2,000 years ago, Mary gave birth to the one she waited for, the One the world awaited.

And in this moment of quiet, as I sit in the stillness of the night, a song arises within me, and I find myself settling into my heart. In silence I wait patiently for the sun to return, for a child to be born, for peace, hope, love and joy to become the essence of my world.

[Audio File for Week 2](#)

Reflections:

1. What song is your heart listening to?
2. Where do you need to stop listening to 'those who had nothing to say' so that you can hear the miraculous within you?
3. What can you do this week to make space for the 'new life' that you must call your own to be born?
4. During the meditation, was there a space where you felt yourself letting go of diminishing your presence? How can you carry that sense of the vastness of your being into the world with you today and for the next week?



As thoughts and ideas, as images, visions, emotions arise throughout the week, take time to write them down, to capture them. Don't judge them. Just collect them.

If you wish to share, or ask a question, or explore an idea, please feel free to email me at:

[louise \[at\] louiseagallagher.ca](mailto:louise@louiseagallagher.ca)

I look forward to your feedback and to being with you throughout the week as we journey through this holy of holy seasons together.

Namaste.

[Audio File for Week 2](#)