

**A Meditation on the Dormition (Falling Asleep)
of Mary the Mother of Jesus
by Pr. Will Weedon**

I remember when the angel came and told me, and my heart burst with joy and terror.

I remember when I came to the door of Zechariah's house and Elizabeth knew my secret and my heart melted and my eyes burned with tears and my mouth prophesied.

I remember when I felt Your movement first inside my body and I realized that I was the living ark of the living God.

I remember when first I saw your face and touched your hands and looked into my Joseph's eyes.

I remember when they came creeping in to see You, to worship You, the shepherds of the night, and told me songs of angels and glory in the highest and peace on earth.

I remember when we brought You to the temple and the old man took You in his arms and blessed God, ready to die, and told me of pain yet to come.

I remember when they came from the East and bowed before You as I held You and gave their gifts – the gold, the incense and the myrrh, while the star's light shone upon us.

I remember when he woke me and we fled into the night ahead of the terror of Herod's sword.

I remember when we came home at last, and people looked and talked, but You were all our joy.

I remember when You stayed behind, when You left us, and we found You in the temple and my heart rose up in fear realizing that You chose to abide in the place of sacrifice and death.

I remember when You spoke to me in roughness and yet made the water into wine.

I remember when we came to make You take Your rest and You taught me that all these in need were dear to You as Your own family.

I remember when they took You, tortured You and crucified You; and before my eyes rose up the old man in the temple – his words haunted me still – and a sword ran me through as I watched You dying.

I remember when You looked on me and the beloved one and gave us to each other for all our days.

I remember when the light died in Your eyes and my heart sank beyond tears and words.

I remember after the empty days when they came and told me that You lived again, and joy flooded my heart, and I knew then what I had always known – Your every promise was true.

I remember when we prayed together after You had gone into heaven and the Spirit came in wind and flame.

I remember how they went and told the news to all the world. And I welcomed each new believer as my beloved child, a brother of my Son, the King of all.

I remember it all now as I die, as I lay my head down in death.

My Son, I am not afraid. I go to You, to You who have conquered death, to You who are the Forgiveness of all sins. Receive me, Child. Receive me.

I remember. I remember. I remember.