

# DAY ONE

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## MY DAY BEGINS

*Even though I lack  
the strength of lions and their courage,  
and am but Adam's fragile rib  
graced with a mystical spirit,  
I saw  
a blazing fire,  
incomprehensible, inextinguishable,  
totally alive, Life itself.*



I heard a voice from on high:  
“Even though you are  
among the least of my creatures,  
and as a woman, unlettered,  
ill prepared to read literature  
with scholarly understanding,  
I have nonetheless touched you with my light,  
which kindles in you  
a fire hot as the burning sun;  
Speak out and tell the world all that I show you.  
Do not be timid.

Speak out about those things  
that through my Spirit  
I have spoken to you,  
and you have come to understand.

Do not be like those  
who should have shown my people the true way,  
but who perversely have remained silent  
about the justice they have come to know,  
unwilling to deny the evil desires  
that cling to them like masters  
and make them avoid the face of the Lord,  
ashamed to speak the truth.

You, whom I have taught  
by mystical inspiration,  
even though you are trodden down  
by the masculine sex,  
speak openly and always of that  
fire you have seen  
and that burns within you.

ALL THROUGH THE DAY

Listen to the Spirit.

MY DAY IS ENDING

Spend a moment welcoming the dark.  
Make friends with the silence of the night.

Silence has its own voice.  
Darkness has its own face.  
Quiet the voices of the day that are still with you.  
Listen for the Spirit.

Be quiet. Listen.  
Let the dark show you its face.  
You will know when it is time for words.  
Speak softly. Speak slowly.  
You will be heard.

#### NIGHT PRAYER

How precious to me is your steadfast love, O God!  
I take refuge in the shadow of your wings  
and feast on the abundance of your table.  
I depend on the river of your gifts.  
For with you is the fountain of life;  
only in your light do I see light.  
Amen.

## DAY TWO

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### MY DAY BEGINS

*I saw  
a single block of iron-colored stone,  
broader and higher than I could measure,  
with a white cloud above it;  
and above the cloud a royal throne,  
round in shape, on which the One who is, was sitting,  
shining brightly and majestically in his glory,  
and so bright  
that I could not see him without difficulty.*



The stone that I saw  
represents the enormous fear of God  
which should forever permeate the hearts  
of even the greatest saints.

I saw it as a single block of stone,  
enormously broad and high and the color of iron.  
We cannot ignore it or shove it aside.  
It has immense breadth  
because God is incomprehensible,

and height because his divinity  
transcends everything else,  
exceeding the farthest range of our senses.

I saw that the white cloud above that stone  
represented human wisdom,  
and the royal throne above the cloud,  
the strong faith of the Christian people.  
For wherever the fear of the Lord takes root,  
human wisdom will also appear  
and faith will emerge.

For when God is feared,  
he is understood by faith aided by human wisdom.

In them, together, God takes his place,  
supreme above all else.

Neither the power of our minds nor the  
force of our wills  
can comprehend him  
but only single minded and open faith  
in One who is  
above everything, everyone else.

ALL THROUGH THE DAY

Faith begins in awe.

## MY DAY IS ENDING

Spend a moment welcoming the dark.  
Make friends with the silence of the night.

In the space around you,  
reconstruct the wall that Hildegard saw.

Begin small. Then let it grow.  
Let it widen until it reaches from wall to wall.

Let it grow from floor to ceiling.  
Imagine a larger room, a wider room, a higher room.  
Watch the wall fill whatever space you can imagine.

It is beyond your power to contain  
or to measure.

## NIGHT PRAYER

How precious to me is your steadfast love, O God!

I take refuge in the shadow of your wings  
and feast on the abundance of your table.

I depend on the river of your gifts.  
For with you is the fountain of life;  
only in your light do I see light.

Amen.

## DAY THREE

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### MY DAY BEGINS

*I saw  
the One who is seated upon his throne,  
the Center of a great circle of light  
as golden as a dawn,  
as wide  
and as incomprehensible.*



This means  
that from the Father,  
whose strength encircles all things,  
there goes out a stream of his creation.

We are meant to see  
that he does all things through his Son,  
who is always with him  
in the majesty of his Godhead,  
ordaining and perfecting all things  
through him  
who preceded all worlds,  
and who was in the world from the beginning.

His Son glows  
with the brilliant beauty of the dawn;  
for by the power of the Holy Spirit  
he took flesh from that wisest of virgins,  
who is the dawn.

We will never comprehend  
the full extent of his glory,  
for no creature can or should have  
a standard of goodness or power  
with which to measure the power of God or his deeds.

Let us approach the living God,  
who reigns over all things,  
who shines  
in the goodness and wonder of his creation.

ALL THROUGH THE DAY  
How shall we measure the Dawn?

MY DAY IS ENDING  
Spend a moment welcoming the dark.  
Make friends with the silence of the night.

Let it fill every corner of the room  
until it is complete.  
Now light a single candle



in the farthest, deepest corner of the silent darkness.

Return to your place. Close your eyes.

Let the darkness deepen.

Open your eyes.

Let the light grow

until everything in the room

absorbs the glow of this one small flame.

It is the Dawn.

How shall we measure it?

#### NIGHT PRAYER

How precious to me is your steadfast love, O God!

I take refuge in the shadow of your wings  
and feast on the abundance of your table.

I depend on the river of your gifts.

For with you is the fountain of life;  
only in your light do I see light.

Amen.

# DAY FOUR

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## MY DAY BEGINS

*I saw  
the One who is sitting on the throne,  
holding to his breast  
what looked like  
a lump of black and filthy clay  
as big as a human heart,  
decorated with precious stones and pearls.*



In the lump of dark, muddy clay  
we are meant to see ourselves—  
widely different from each other,  
full of defects,  
stupid and blind,  
impervious to the good things of the Lord,  
blithely ignoring what we should praise,  
preferring what we should abhor.

When we should be doing the works of justice,  
we choose, often as not, the works of evil.