

**Embodied Love & Compassion** Mother's day 5-11-25 Rev Brigid Beckman

### **Great Mother Meditation**

As we come into our time of stillness feel free to close your eyes if that's comfortable, or simply let your gaze soften.

Sense the places where the back of your body rests wherever you are sitting and let your body surrender into that support...

As you feel your body supported, and notice the rhythm of your own breath, I invite you to notice too...with compassion... any areas of your body where tension is held, and invite those areas to surrender and soften...

Breathing in....and out...I invite you to bring to mind a time you felt held and comforted...

Is there a person or four legged friend who brings you into the *embodied presence* of love and compassion?

Is there a time you felt the need for comfort, and yet felt alone? I invite you to gently hold in your heart-mind those moments too

And breathe in the comfort, the peace that surpasses understanding, the love that births you into being and trust that *you are held* in the heart of the Great Mother, the Blissful Mother, the Spirit of nurturing love and creative energy alive in the world, she who is known by many names.

The Great Mother who holds all beings in her gentle, powerful embrace...

As I breathe in...I let go... and rest in the heart of the Great Mother

As I breathe out...I let go... and rest in the heart of the Great Mother

### **Message:**

Some of my finest moments as a human have been in my role as mother. And some of my ugliest moments as well (my kids will be happy to back me up! 😊). Right now in this evolution of my life as a mother and as a daughter, I am remarkably blessed-- as many of you have witnessed in my time here at Unity. My mom is my earliest spiritual teacher and my biggest cheerleader. My relationship with my parents continues to grow deeper,

to grow past-- and through-- hard times to nourish the tender level of *knowing* and love we share today.

My kids might say the same thing. We also continue to grow past and through the hard times, and in their adulthood, along with their life-partners, we have navigated into a deep knowing of each other. And those grandbabies, and fur grandbabies--my soulmates--bring me untethered joy.

In my privilege and abundance, it would be easy for me to look at Mother's day as the Hallmark holiday this day has become. Culturally, we are facing a moment where motherhood is held up as a pinnacle of womanhood, yet daily life for many families continues to be a struggle. And the sentimentalized images, the narrow definitions, and the mixed messages-- about "woman" and "mother" that pervade popular culture are damaging to women, to men, and to folks whose identities don't fall neatly into a checkbox on a form.

Beyond those cultural images and messages, who in your life has embodied love and compassion? Maybe you are also blessed with a mother who offers-- or offered- that deep, unconditional love, and maybe that mother gave birth to you, or chose you through adoption. Maybe it was your father who mothered you, or a beloved teacher or mentor, a family friend who became family. Perhaps you have mothered your own inner child when no one else did.

Today is a lovely day for many of us, but it is also a day that evokes grief-- for mothers who have buried a child; for children of all ages missing their mother's physical presence; for those who had a complex, tough relationship with their mother; for those who long to be a parent but are not.

***Who in your life has embodied love and compassion?*** And how are we each called to BE the embodiment of love and compassion? How might we call on the image of the Great

Mother to remind us we are capable of love that is both fierce and tender, love that is both gentle and exacting? Love that calls us to give birth to a world transformed by Love. Love that recognizes we are here, in this moment and time, to ask **“what wants to be born in me, through me, and as me in service to Love?”**

I found myself thinking about something that Heather Cox Richardson wrote a couple of years ago, that I know I’ve shared before. It seems particularly relevant today:

... “Mothers’ Day”—with the apostrophe not in the singular spot, but in the plural—actually started in the 1870s, when the sheer enormity of the death caused by the Civil War and the Franco-Prussian War convinced American women that women must take control of politics from the men who had permitted such carnage. Mothers’ Day...was part of women’s effort to gain power to change modern society.”

In the chaos of this moment in history, we face the same unthinkable scourges of war, violence, of systemic injustices, of silencing some voices and lives while elevating the few and the powerful. Love is not a sentimental feeling. Are we empowered by love to speak out when we see injustice? Do we face our own warlike tendencies that create fear and destruction in our relationships? How are we called to use our gifts generously and wisely in service to our communities-- and in stewardship of the earth? Do we see each moment of our everyday lives as a prayer of thanks?

So today, we honor those who show us the way to a life of embodied and unconditional love and compassion. Our parents. Our teachers and mentors. Our children and young ones. Our beloved friends and companions and the families we gather along the way. We recognize that today is a day of rejoicing for some, and a day of heartache for others. And in all of it, we trust that we are a living, breathing, loving cell in the One Body of the Great Mother. To close, I’ll share my prayer, written 5-10-25, inspired by a yearlong course I’m taking, Rooting in the Sacred.

Great Mother whose hallowed womb  
gave birth to all creation, life out of chaos--  
we are because *You* are.  
Your name is written in stardust.  
Your breath sounds in the roar and whisper  
of wind and waves.  
Your heartbeat calls to life the 10,00 creatures  
of sky and sea and earth,  
every one of us kin to all.  
Source of our wholeness,  
Forgive our fragmented beliefs  
that keep us from entering  
each day with grateful reverence.  
Open us to live in communion with our siblings  
the trees, the rivers, the rocks, and all beings.  
Now is the time.  
Now is the awakening.  
Now is the power  
that births love beyond love.  
And so it is from the joined ages of the past and the now and the age to come.  
Aho. Amen.

Recognizing all this day holds for us, and resting in the arms of the Great Mother, I invite you to sit with the questions: "What wants to be born in me, through me, AS me? How am I called to be the embodiment of love and compassion? What is the chaos of this moment giving birth to, and how am I an embodied part of that birthing?" Let them work gently on you as we celebrate the relationships here in our Unity family while we watch our mother's day slideshow (and as we step into our week!).