

A Water Blessing at Christmas

Great Creator Spirit, as we are blessed with Your life giving water we gather up our fragmented lives. We remember the joys of the year just past; we remember hard things too; and we wait in joyful hope with Mary, our mother, for the coming of the promised spirit Child.

Procession of the Coolamon, Advent Wreath and the lighting of the Mary candle.

Creator Spirit, may the coolamon become a symbol of Your Eternal Spirit in this land. Inspiring us to share with all people the warmth and strength of your love. Gather up our broken and fragmented hearts as grain is gathered and kneaded into bread for the Eucharist. Knead and shape us to become a new and whole people through the new Dreaming.

As the candles are lit

God of all creation, you blessed Mary with the breath and light of Your Spirit. May we look for your light in her and listen with open hearts as we sit with her in the stillness during the waiting time of Advent.

The Giant Coolamon

In the ancestral creation time a large group of women danced across the sky in the Milky Way. While this ceremonial dance was taking place one woman put her baby, who was resting in a wooden baby carrier or Coolamon, out of the way of the dancers. The Coolamon however, toppled off the edge of the dancing space, crashing to earth. At the place where the Coolamon crashed into the ground, rocks were forced up from the earth forming the circular walls of a huge crater known as Tnorala. The mother and father searched for the baby, but to no avail as sand had covered him. Even today, as the story goes, the mother – the Evening star, and the father – the Morning star, continue their search for their earth-bound while the star women still nightly dance their ceremonial way across the sky – the Milky Way.

This story comes from the Arrente people of Alice Springs. Many millions of years ago a huge meteorite fell on their land forming a huge crater. It devastated 20 kilometres of the earth and was 5 kilometres in diameter. It is

called Gosse's Bluff. The centre is in the shape of a coolamon. The people call the crater Tnorala.

Response

We do not know where we are going
Until we have seen where we have been
And when we see where we have been
We see God's hand, unseen then,
Guiding us here, where we are.