

Women's Creed

We believe in one God, whose names are many, just as our names are many. This God, in whom there is no time, hovers at creation, bringing all into being, no less our new-found selves.

We believe in Jesus, the Advocate of women and men, the face of God without discrimination. This Christ teaches us about love and reckless trust. We lean upon his heart to learn of wisdom, and call wisdom by the name Sophia.

We believe in the abiding company of God. This Breath of God is Holy. All our gifts are pieces of this God and we go forth inhaling grace and breathing it where tyranny has made its home.

We believe our mother, Mary, was first of grace-filled women. Her Fiat teaches us to bend and embrace God's yes for us. She knew God by the power of the Breath of God. From this union she brought forth Jesus. We continue breathing Jesus into spaces evil tries to restrict.

For our sake, and for our brothers, Jesus suffered and died. He dies again when we seal our eyes against our planet's crises. On the third day his body and his spirit blended in uncharted ways. He was new, yet others recognized him. The finality of death could not grasp him, nor touch us later when our time has come.

He ascended to the bliss called heaven, where he waits for us. He tells us to rejoice when we are lacking, to pray for those who cause us pain. We begin to live in paradox, preparing for the time when valleys shall be filled and mountains levelled.

Sophia will return in radiance to judge all living and all dead. She will assemble us as flowers in the field, to winnow weeds and jewels. We will adorn her wrath forever.

We believe the truths our mother-Prophets whispered:
You are delight to God.

A Prayer of Empowerment

Empower me
to be a bold participant,
rather than a timid saint in waiting,
in the difficult ordinariness of now;
to exercise the authority of honesty,
rather than to defer to power,
or deceive to get it;
to influence someone for justice,
rather than impress anyone for gain;
and, by grace, to find treasures
of joy, of friendship, of peace
hidden in the fields of the daily
you give me to plow.

Ted Loder
Wrestling the Light