

Reflection for Thursday 4th week of Easter 2020

The psalmist wrote: *I will sing for ever of your love, O Lord; through all ages my mouth will proclaim your truth.* Ps 88(89) vs. 2. Important as knowledge and understanding of the Truth of God are, they are only part of the equation. Take a leaf out of Paul's preaching. He goes back to the beginning of the Bible and shows how God has worked down through the ages. The key to understanding this work is that God chose people to work *with* him and not *for* him. God gave creation into our hands to care for it, sustain and develop it and God chose to work *with* us to do this. We know there are great leaders but the really great leaders always worked *with* the people not *for* them, and the people worked *with* their leader out of love not because commanded. We are very clear that the commandments are about love of God and love of neighbour, and yet we still get stuck on the word *command*. It is impossible to command someone to love. One of the best examples of this *working with* is Mary, the mother of Jesus. God sought her cooperation to become the mother of Jesus; God did not command her. Although we might find it easier to be a sheep, that is not how Jesus sees us even though he is a true shepherd. He looks after us, protects us, guides us, defends us, gives his life for us, but we are his brothers and sisters. So, the important and decisive element of the Truth of God is *living in the Way of Jesus*, and we sing of his love by the way we live our lives - in loving service of others. In doing so, we discover that we are not working *for* God but *with* God or better still that God is working *with* us. That is why in recent Gospels Jesus repeats again and again "*I and the Father are one.*" – they work together. The early Christians were known as the people of the **Way** and, when we walk and live the Way of Jesus, we are not only one *with* Jesus but also one *with* the Father – and that is certainly something to sing about. Alleluia!

Oh dear!

I'm going to donate my body to science, and keep my Dad happy – he always wanted me to go to medical school.

"So, there I am standing at the Wailing Wall. Standing there, like a moron, . . . with my harpoon."

Overheard, an American talking to his friend: "*My great uncle Arthur died at the Battle of the Little Bighorn. But he wasn't involved in the fighting. He was camping in a nearby field and popped over to complain about the noise.*"