

Reflections for Wednesday 5th Week of Easter 2020 – The Vine

Some thoughts for reflection: Jesus said “*Make your home in me, as I make mine in you.*” Jn 15:4

I stand on the edge of myself and wonder, **Where is home?**
Oh, where is the place where beauty will last?
When will I be safe? And where?
My tourist heart is wearing me out
I am so tired of seeking for treasures that tarnish.
How much longer, Lord? Oh, which way is home?
My luggage is heavy; it is weighing me down.
I am hungry for the holy ground of home.
Then suddenly, overpowering me with the truth,
a voice within me gentles me and says:
There is a power in you, a truth in you that has not yet been tapped.
You are blinded with a blindness that is deep
for you’ve not loved the pilgrim in you yet.
There is a road that runs straight through your heart.
Walk on it!
To be a pilgrim means to be on the move, slowly
To notice your luggage becoming lighter
To be seeking for treasures that do not rust
To be comfortable with your heart’s questions
To be moving toward the holy ground of home
With empty hands and bare feet.
And yet, you cannot reach that home until you’ve loved the pilgrim in you.
One must be comfortable with pilgrimhood
before one’s feet can touch the homeland.
Do you want to go home?
There’s a road that runs straight through your heart.
Walk on it! (TOURIST OR PILGRIM - Macrina Wiederkehr)

We are invited to be part of the Mystery of Jesus the Vine:

‘To enter into mystery’ means the ability to wonder, to contemplate; the ability to listen to the silence and to hear the tiny whisper amid great silence by which God speaks to us (cf 1 Kings 19:12). To enter into mystery demands that we not be afraid of reality: that we not be locked into ourselves, that we not flee from what we fail to understand, that we not close our eyes to problems or deny them, that we not dismiss our questions. Pope Francis

Through the Vine:

We are connected like branches to the tree
We all walk the planet, let’s walk with dignity
No matter our colour, no matter our creed.
All of us are gifted and all of us we need.
We are connected one great family.
Let’s light the fire together and let it shine for all to see.
Shine, everybody standing in the light.
Shine, everybody warmed by the fire.
Shine, no one left in the dark or in the cold.
Shine, come together to embrace and to hold.
Shine, forgive and heal the hurts that divide.
Shine, standing with, along, beside. Shine, Shine!
We are connected, connected!
Breath and life, connected, earth, sea and sky, connected.
Hands and hearts, connected, believe it, believe it!

(WE ARE CONNECTED – CHRIS SKINNER)

AND KNOW: You are a love song; beauty set to music. You are a love song. I have chosen you.

—Theresa Hucal

And a final story

A man was having a haircut prior to a trip to Rome. He mentioned the trip to the barber who responded, "Rome? Why would anyone want to go there?"

It's crowded and dirty and full of Italians. You're crazy to go to Rome.

So, how are you getting there?" "We're taking Delta Airlines," was the reply. "We got a great rate!"

"Delta?" exclaimed the barber. "That's a terrible airline. Their planes are old, their flight attendants are ugly, and they're always late.

So, where are you staying in Rome?" "We'll be at the downtown International Marriott."

"That dump! That's the worst hotel in the city. The rooms are small, the service is surly and they're overpriced. So, whatcha doing when you get there?"

"We're going to go to see the Vatican and we hope to see the Pope."

"That's rich," laughed the barber. "You and a million other people trying to see him. He'll look the size of an ant. Boy, good luck on this lousy trip of yours. You're going to need it."

A month later, the man returned for his regular haircut and the barber asked him about his trip.

"It was wonderful," explained the man, "not only were we on time in one of Delta's brand-new planes, but it was overbooked and they bumped us up to first class. The food and wine were wonderful, and I had a beautiful 28-year-old stewardess who waited on me hand and foot.

And the hotel-it was great! They'd just finished a £25 million remodelling job and now it's the finest hotel in the city. They, too, were overbooked, so they apologized and gave us the presidential suite at no extra charge!"

"Well," muttered the barber, "I know you didn't get to see the pope."

"Actually, we were quite lucky, for as we toured the Vatican, a Swiss Guard tapped me on the shoulder and explained that the pope likes to personally meet some of the visitors, and if I'd be so kind as to step into his private room and wait, the pope would personally greet me. Sure enough, five minutes later the pope walked in and shook my hand! I knelt down as he spoke a few words to me."

"Really?" asked the Barber. "And what did he say?"

The Pope said, "**Where'd you get the lousy haircut?**"