

Reflection Saturday week 5 – 2021

One of the questions the writer of Genesis wanted to answer was, *Why is there evil and suffering in the world when everything that God made was good and we are made in God's image?* The writer comes up with the answer: because MAN was disobedient. Suffering is our fault, we brought it on ourselves. In the part of the story we hear today, Adam blames Eve and Eve blames the serpent. Even the writer blames us. How true to life he is. We all seek to blame someone or something else when we go wrong, make mistakes, are hurtful and harmful. Lent offers the opportunity to learn to take responsibility for our mistakes and our misdeeds and not look to blame someone or something else. In reading this passage from Genesis, hopefully we will hear the words, *"Father, forgive them for they know not what they do!"* echoing over and over again in the background. Words spoken not only about those who engineered his death but to all of us. Jesus offers forgiveness not blame. Throughout his ministry Jesus sought to alleviate suffering, cure the sick, restore health, even raise people from the dead. Jesus cared deeply for us. In feeding the 4000, Jesus shows his care by seeing the needs of the people and responding to them even before they realise it. Lent is a good time to reflect on our lives and recognise how much Jesus has been present, watching over us and caring for us. The more we recognise his presence in our lives in the past, the more we will recognise his presence in our lives in the present.

A blessing of dust by Jan Richardson from Circle of Grace

All those days you felt like dust, like dirt,
as if all you had to do was turn your face toward the wind
and be scattered to the four corners
or swept away by the smallest breath as insubstantial –
did you not know what the Holy One can do with dust?

On Ash Wednesday we freely say we are scorched.

This is the hour we are marked
by what has made it through the burning.

This is the moment we ask for the blessing
that lives within the ancient ashes,
that makes its home inside the soil of this sacred earth.

So let us be marked not for sorrow.
And let us be marked not for shame.
Let us be marked not for false humility
or for thinking we are less than we are

but for claiming what God can do within the dust,
within the dirt, within the stuff of which the world is made
and the stars that blaze in our bones
and the galaxies that spiral inside the smudge we bear.

Three chaps walked into a bar covered in coal dust. The bar tender took one look at them and said, *"Sorry, but we don't serve miners in here."*

While dusting at home, I struck up a conversation with a spider. Nice guy. **He's a web designer.**

