

Reflection Wednesday Lent 5 – 2021

Oscar Romero d. 24 March 1980. El Salvador

How often have you been in hot water and been saved by the Son of God? For me it has been countless! I can vouch for the infinite patience and good will of God.

Jesus says to us *“If you make my word your home, you will indeed be my disciples, you will learn the truth and the truth will make you free.”* The Word of God is Jesus and his word contains wisdom and insight into God, into love, beauty, goodness, joy and hope. The word of God is also creative. God spoke and creation came into being as well as life at all levels. That same word changes bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ. Making the word of Jesus a home means living in wisdom, goodness, love, hope, and joy; all of which are creative of even more goodness and love. The same Word creates community and family.

Learning the truth is an infinite task, which is why we will need to live in eternity to come anywhere near to appreciating its immensity. Ultimately, truth only sets us free when we are able to look through the eyes of our hearts, minds, souls and bodies and see with the eyes of Christ, of God. This, too, is a never-ending journey. Thomas Aquinas found that the more he knew and thought he understood the truth, the more he realised there is to know of truth. Truth is a paradox. Some think that we need knowledge, understanding and wisdom to grasp the truth when in fact truth is what leads us to the knowledge, wisdom and understanding of what is true. Some argue that we need to be humble before the truth when, in the presence of truth, we will always be humbled. Truth sets us free not because we possess it but because truth possesses us if we let it.

I died for beauty (Emily Dickinson)

I died for beauty, but was scarce adjusted in the tomb,
when one who died for truth was lain in an adjoining room.

He questioned softly why I failed? “For beauty,” I replied.
“And I for truth – the two are one; we brethren are,” he said.

And so, as kinsmen met a-night, we talked between the rooms,
until the moss had reached our lips, and covered up our names.