

John 14:23-27

Jesus replied, "If anyone loves me, he will obey my teaching. My Father will love him and we will come to him and make our home with him. He who does not love me will not obey my teachings. These words you hear are not my own; they belong to God who sent me. All this I have spoken while still with you. But the Counselor, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, will teach you all things and will remind you of everything I have said to you. Peace I leave with you; my peace I give you. I do not give to you as the world gives. Do not let your hearts be troubled and do not be afraid. These words you hear are not my own; they belong to the Father who sent me.

John 17:20-26

Jesus said: 'I ask not only on behalf of these, but also on behalf of those who will believe in me through their word, that they may all be one. As you, God, are in me and I am in you, may they also be in us, so that the world may believe that you have sent me. The glory that you have given me I have given them, so that they may be one, as we are one, I in them and you in me, that they may become completely one, so that the world may know that you have sent me and have loved them even as you have loved me. I desire that those also whom you have given me may be with me where I am to see my glory which you have given me because you loved me before the foundation of the world. Righteous God, the world does not know you, but I know you and these know that you have sent me. I made your name known to them, and I will make it known, so that the love with which you have loved me may be in them, and I in them.'



'Embodied Wisdom'

But we are more than nature defines
A living soul with a conscious mind.

Patricia Hofer

On Mother's Day the Creator of heaven and earth, who had lit up the heavens with the stars, moon, and sun; who had covered the sky with clouds and filled them with falling rain; who had made the sea and all that swims in it; bent down low to the earth, scooped up a handful of earth and shaped it into a baby girl. After making earth's newest beloved child, our Heavenly Parent looked upon her . . . smiled widely and said....she is very, very good. Next on her heart the Holy One engraved the words: "I love you," and sealed the Forever Promise with a kiss. Then, with a sigh deeper than words, the Holy Spirit breathed into her, the breath of Life and Eternal Wisdom wove the poem 'Threads' by Howard Thurman into her the fabric of her soul:

One thread comes from a life that is sick, it is taut with anguish and always there is the lurking fear that the life will snap; I hold it tenderly, I must not let it go. . .

One thread comes from a high flying kite, it quivers with the mighty current of fierce and holy dreaming, invading the common life with far-off places and visions bright . . .

One thread comes from the failing hands of an old, old friend---
Hardly aware am I of the moment when the tight line slackened
and there was nothing at all---nothing . . .

One thread is a strange thread, it is my steadying thread---
When I am lost, I pull it hard and find my way . . .

When I am saddened, I tighten my grip and gladness glides
along its quivering path:

When the waste places of my spirit appear in arid confusion the
thread becomes a channel of newness of life.

One thread is a strange thread---it is my steadying thread---
God's hand holds the other end . . .

The strange thread which grounds the Mother's soul in the heart of her Maker is the steadying thread of Unconditional Love. In the womb of her Heavenly Parent, it is the umbilical cord of intimate communion, of being 'At-One-With God'. It is the security blanket of being held safely in Everlasting Arms. It is the nourishing life line of pulsing heart. It is the embodied wisdom of God which every baby born of woman calls, Motherly Love.

It is also the embodied wisdom that fades as we separate from our mother and individuate in our identity. You may remember the story of four year Sachi who begged her mother to let her talk with her new-born brother, alone. When Mom said 'no,' Sachi continued to beg. Finally Mom asked her what she wanted to talk with her brother about. Sachi replied: 'I want to ask him what God is like. I am beginning to forget.' Some say that when Divine amnesia of this kind hits they feel a hole in their heart. Others feel forsaken, lost, and alone. Many deal with abandonment fears or a heavy sadness of loss.

Some say that God gave us mothers to ease the pain of Divine Amnesia and to help us re-member into consciousness our body's taste of God's Nurturing First Love for us. That's why when a Sunday School teacher asked little Johnny: Tell me, do you say prayers before eating? his reply was, 'No, ma'am, I don't have to. My mom's a good cook.'

And for our remembrance of being held in the Everlasting Arms we have this story of Grandmothers: For two solid hours, the lady sitting next to a man on an airplane had told him about her grandchildren. She had even produced a plastic-foldout photo album of all nine of the children. She finally realized that she had dominated the entire conversation. "Oh, I've done all the talking, and I'm so sorry. I know you certainly have something to say. Please, tell me . . . what do you think of my grandchildren?"

And for our remembrance of being 'At-One-With-God' we have Constant Contact Mom's like Seven Chu's mom. When this Nobel Prize winner called up his mother to tell her the awesome news that he had won, she said, "That's nice-and when are you going to see me next?"

And for faith's remembrance of God's First Love for us, we have Jesus, born of Mary and her Motherly Love, praying with his Heavenly Parent that all souls be united in and transformed by a conscious awareness of Unconditional Love. In Luke 6:45 the gospel writer wrote: 'For it is out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaks.' In his devotional on this verse, Rev. Robinson reflected: There's a popular wisdom that says words don't matter. It's actions that are important. You hear it in expressions like, "It's not what you say, but what you do that counts," or "Your actions speak so loud, I can't hear what you're saying." Yes . . . and no. Of course, what we do matters. But so, too, do our words and their integrity. Words may seem fragile yet be surprisingly powerful. Which is what I had in mind in writing this poem, 'Just Words'.

They are just words, not hard things, like guns, not precious,
as gold, but ink on paper, lines, this way and that or sounds,
invisible, vapors.

Words-how many fly, fall, are carelessly flung in day, in a minute,
we are as wanton with words as the dandelion with its
winged seed.

But just words are sometimes the best we have, sometimes all we
have, and even all we need. A right word, a true word, a sharpened
word, a clean word, a graceful word, (a word of faith) is all we
need to create the world again.

Prayer. Gracious God, we thank you for our mothers and Motherly Love. May their love and loving words cure us of our embodied wisdom amnesia and make us mindful of your unconditional love for us. And we thank you for the words of Christ Jesus whose prayer of intimate inter-being with you, assures us of your unconditional love for us, both now and forevermore. Amen.