

Monday of the Fourth Week of Lent

March 3, 2008

Scripture: Isaiah 65:17-21; Psalm 30:2-13; John 4:43-54

Reflection:

Our psalm today reminds us that weeping may linger for the night, but joy comes in the morning. How hard it can be to remember that joy in the middle of a long, soggy night. How much weeping must have driven the royal official to trek so many miles to seek out the carpenter, Jesus, and ask for his son's healing?

A few months ago in the midst of a toy collection, our wrapping efforts were interrupted when a man burst into our room with arms full of toys all meant to be delivered to poor boys. This man had lost his own six year-old son last year in a tragic auto accident. Every volunteer paused and as we looked at each other, we were all thinking the same thing: these gifts should be under his own tree for his own child.

How much weeping! How far would he have walked, what feat would he have performed if the miracle of the gospel could have been his?

Yet his faith tells him the miracle is already his. God is making all things new! His son lives in the presence of divine love. The grief of this man's loss has opened his heart to the pain and need of other lives, and daily he seeks to respond. "My faith," he tells me, "and the love of this community have saved me."

Jesus asks the royal official to believe without seeing an actual healing take place. No less is asked of us in our own journeys through grief to morning's joy.

Suggested Action:

Call or visit someone recently bereaved and gently listen to his or her story. Pray that joy will eventually come to them.