



Daily Reflections

July 8, 2018

Scripture

Mark 6: 1-6

Jesus departed from there and came to his native place, accompanied by his disciples.

When the sabbath came he began to teach in the synagogue, and many who heard him were astonished.

They said, "Where did this man get all this?

What kind of wisdom has been given him?

What mighty deeds are wrought by his hands!

Is he not the carpenter, the son of Mary,

and the brother of James and Joses and Judas and Simon?

And are not his sisters here with us?"

And they took offense at him.

Jesus said to them,

"A prophet is not without honor except in his native place and among his own kin and in his own house."

So he was not able to perform any mighty deed there,

apart from curing a few sick people by laying his hands on them.

He was amazed at their lack of faith.

Our Scripture Reflection

Oh, they thought they knew Him. As the old saying goes, "Familiarity breeds contempt." In their arrogance and ignorance they failed to appreciate the fact

that the Savior of the world was in their midst. What a grievous error on their part. He had so much to give them but they were not open to Him at all. It's sad that so many people in our own day have nothing but contempt for Jesus. Why? Because they think they have Him all figured out. They want a god that they can see and touch and manipulate according to their whims and wishes.

Food for your Journey

But perhaps the hardest part of the spirituality of dailiness is having faith enough to deal with the discouragement that comes with finding ourselves trapped in a moment that never ends. In that one long, drawn-out moment of sadness, disquietude, frustration, rejection that comes into every life and has a way of staying, sometimes for years, can lie the most arduous moments of the spiritual life. "Who will roll away the stone for us from the entrance to the tomb?" Janet Ross-Heiner wrote, as if in memory only of one tomb long gone and not mine. But I've seen people in tombs called marriages, called failure, called depression, called ennui. And I have known a few tombs myself.

It's the dailiness of the tomb that really calls for faith, for trust, for perseverance and persistence. We want to live in resurrection all our lives, but it is the waiting time that makes us worthy of it.

It's when we go on in the heat of the noonday sun that we know what it is like to walk the dusty roads of Galilee. It's when we go on without firecrackers or music that we understand what the desert is like. It's when we go on despite the fact that quitting would be more satisfying that we know that God has taken control of our lives. Then, we are being used for something greater than ourselves. Then, we are being used to bring the world around us to fullness. It's licking the stamps and taking down the chairs and making the callbacks that finally, finally change the world. And that is the spirituality of dailiness.

--Joan Chittister, *Called to Question: A Spiritual Memoir* (Sheed & Ward, 2004), 203-204.

A Prayer from the Heart

Precious Lord, You came into this world because You love me and want to save me. Open my eyes to Your wonderful Presence in the Holy Scriptures

and Sacraments. Help me to see Your Presence in the poor, the elderly, the lame and the hungry so that I may love You and serve You as I love and serve them. Amen