



# Daily Reflections

## December 6, 2018

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### Scripture

#### **Matthew 7: 21, 24-27**

Jesus said to his disciples:

"Not everyone who says to me, 'Lord, Lord,'

will enter the Kingdom of heaven,

but only the one who does the will of my Father in heaven.

"Everyone who listens to these words of mine and acts on them

will be like a wise man who built his house on rock.

The rain fell, the floods came,

and the winds blew and buffeted the house.

But it did not collapse; it had been set solidly on rock.

And everyone who listens to these words of mine

but does not act on them

will be like a fool who built his house on sand.

The rain fell, the floods came,

and the winds blew and buffeted the house.

And it collapsed and was completely ruined."

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### Our Scripture Reflection

The most important part of building a house is the laying of its foundation. A weak foundation leads to disastrous consequences in time. And so it is, says Our Lord, with our lives. If there is no real faith to serve as our foundation,

when storms arise, and they are inevitable, we fall apart. And how do we acquire such a rock-solid faith?

1. You have to prayer for it. Faith is a gift from God.

2. You have to work at it. And how do you do that?

A. Take the time to list on a piece of paper or in a journal book those times in your past when you were unquestionably rescued by the Lord. Dig deep, stretch your memory. As you list those times think: If God rescued me, pulled me through those rough times through the years, why would He not do the same now?

B. Do something nice/good for someone who can't pay you back. How did you feel?

Yes, Christmas is not far away; Yes, you are extremely busy....but pray and work. What better way to greet the Christ Child on December 25?

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## **Food for your Journey**

My spiritual life took a dramatic turn one sizzling, Texas day in mid-June of 1992 when I was strapped onto an icy-cold table in a chilly room, my head held motionless by a custom-made plastic mesh mask and the rest of me immobilized by fear -- fear of imminent radiation therapy, fear of my lymphoma and fear of pain and death. The technician shut the heavy lead door, leaving me the only living creature in the room. The machine's light focused on my neck and chest, and a buzz sounded. Without realizing what I was doing, I started chanting in my head the familiar Hebrew words of the ancient central prayer of Judaism. The words of the Shema were rote, but the prayerfulness behind them was foreign and emanated from an unfamiliar part of me. I believe it came from my soul. What struck me was not the newfound spirituality of my fervent praying, but that I felt heard. Mine was the only heartbeat in that radiation suite, but I was not alone. With all earthly distractions silenced, I experienced an indescribable sense of spiritual company in my physical aloneness. Once introduced to this awareness, I've been able to tap into it ever since. It brings me peace and strength whenever needed. Like Job, I don't know if I connected with God in that radiation suite, not the way I know if I'm hungry or I know that two plus two equals four. I have faith, and it's a faith that has made my life happier.

--Wendy Schlessel Harpham, M.D., Happiness in a Storm: Facing Illness and Embracing Life as a Healthy Survivor (Norton, 2005), 335-36.

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## **A Prayer from the Heart**

Oh Come, Oh Come Emmanuel, and bring to Your people a deeper faith in and love for You. Amen