



Daily Reflections

January 4, 2019

Scripture

John 1: 35-42

John was standing with two of his disciples, and as he watched Jesus walk by, he said, "Behold, the Lamb of God."

The two disciples heard what he said and followed Jesus.

Jesus turned and saw them following him and said to them, "What are you looking for?"

They said to him, "Rabbi" (which translated means Teacher), "where are you staying?"

He said to them, "Come, and you will see."

So they went and saw where he was staying, and they stayed with him that day.

It was about four in the afternoon.

Andrew, the brother of Simon Peter, was one of the two who heard John and followed Jesus.

He first found his own brother Simon and told him,

"We have found the Messiah," which is translated Christ.

Then he brought him to Jesus.

Jesus looked at him and said,

"You are Simon the son of John;

you will be called Cephas," which is translated Peter.

Our Scripture Reflection

Jesus asks: "What are you looking for?" Love? Peace? Health? Wealth? Happiness? Security? Joy? All of the above? What would you say to Jesus? One thing I know for sure: Jesus really is the answer, even though it may not seem so. How is He the answer? When we are RIGHT with Him then we are able to discern and separate our wants from our needs. Being right with Him first leads us to make the right decisions, the decisions that bring life rather than stress. Why not allow Jesus to help plan your course for the new year?

Food for your Journey

Some years ago, a Buddhist monk traveled from Vietnam to New York to take part in a gathering of American veterans of the Vietnam War. All were feeling wounded in some way, either physically or deep within their spirits. As a way of leading them gently in the direction of healing, the monk told them a story.

During the course of that terrible war, a Vietnamese man was making a living as a peddler. When his wife died, he was forced to leave his 5-year-old son with neighbors as he traveled from village to village, selling his wares.

It so happened that the peddler returned to his home village one day, only to find it completely destroyed. Looking for some sign of his son and of the life he knew, he started digging through the charred remains of a hut that looked very much like the one his neighbors had lived in. Sifting through the ashes, he found a pile of small, human bones. He felt sure they must be the remains of his child. Lovingly he gathered them up and placed them in a cloth bag. From that day onward, he carried the bones with him at all times, a symbol of his grief and loss.

Years went by. One night, just before dawn, he heard knocking at his door. The knocking was urgent. The man called out from his bed, "Who's there?"

"My father!" cried a young man's voice from the other side of the door. "I am your son."

"Go away," replied the man. "My son is dead."

"But, father," continued the voice from out of the dark, "when our village was attacked, I wasn't killed. I was kidnapped and taken away. I served my captors for years, but at long last I escaped. I've come home to you!"

"Go away," muttered the old man, becoming more annoyed by the minute. "Do not mock me in my grief." At last the knocking ceased. The son went away, never to return.

And so, concluded the monk, "The son was rejected, because his father loved a bag of bones more than his real, flesh-and-blood offspring."

How often is such a story repeated, again and again, in real life -- as we hold tightly to a vision of God's activity in the world that's just too small?

A Prayer From the Heart

Dear Jesus, I need You. So many times in the past years I have sought to make it on my own. I need to be united with Your desires and Your will. Then and only then will my life have purpose. Amen