Matthew 10: 24-33
Jesus said to his Apostles:
"No disciple is above his teacher, no slave above his master. It is enough for the disciple that he become like his teacher, for the slave that he become like his master. If they have called the master of the house Beelzebul, how much more those of his household! Therefore do not be afraid of them. Nothing is concealed that will not be revealed, nor secret that will not be known. What I say to you in the darkness, speak in the light; what you hear whispered, proclaim on the housetops. And do not be afraid of those who kill the body but cannot kill the soul; rather, be afraid of the one who can destroy both soul and body in Gehenna. Are not two sparrows sold for a small coin? Yet not one of them falls to the ground without your Father's knowledge. Even all the hairs of your head are counted. So do not be afraid; you are worth more than many sparrows. Everyone who acknowledges me before others I will acknowledge before my heavenly Father. But whoever denies me before others,
Our Scripture Reflection

It has been said that a person’s true Christian character is revealed in the tough times in life, the times when we find ourselves in those inevitable pits and valleys of life. Jesus teaches His disciples that when there is a temptation to run or give up....don’t; and, do not be afraid. What comforting words for us to hear. People may physically harm us but they can’t rob us of our immortal souls. Our souls belong to God alone. So, my Friends, when you find yourself in times of trouble remember: Be not afraid.

Food for your Journey

It's a story I hear every year, but not one I enjoy - men and women injured or killed in this dangerous occupation of farming, their crops left standing in the fields, neighbors and friends gathering to bring in the harvest for the widows and children ....

These farmers knew what they needed to do. No discussion was necessary. Moreover, there wasn't time for niceties. After all, their own fields needed attention, and when the crops are ready for harvest, the crops are ready for harvest.

My clue came from the men and women who stepped out of the grain trucks to hand the young widow and her children the receipts for the grain they'd taken to the storage elevators. Their affection for the widow was obvious, but not demonstrative. The grizzled and sunburned workers were clearly having a hard time looking into her eyes and accepting her gratitude.

The mood seemed to be that no thanks were necessary. This was not, I sensed, an obligation, or a gesture of sympathy, or pity, or even love. For the good people of this rural American countryside, the harvest of the widow's crops was as organic as a heartbeat, as much a part of life as breathing.

And who expects to be thanked for breathing?

-CBS Reporter Roger Welsch, " Neighbor harvest," Successful Farming Magazine,

September 1998. Contents reprinted with permission from Roger Welch.
A Prayer from the Heart

Dear God, You sent Your Son Jesus into this world to rescue me from eternal death. I ask You, Lord, to be with me when I find myself struggling or in trouble in this life as well. May I know beyond doubt that Your Son will be with me as He promised, even until the end of time. Amen