

Contemporary Reading : *Blessing the Questions*, a poem by
Jan Richardson

Let them come:
the questions
that storm through
the crack in the world.

Let them come:
the questions
that crawl through
the hole in your heart.

Let them come:
the questions
in anguish,
the questions,
in tears.

Let them come:
the questions
in rage,
the questions
in fear.

Let them come:
the questions
that whisper themselves
so slow,

the questions
that arrive with
breathtaking speed,

the questions
that never entirely leave,
the questions
that bring
more questions still.

Let them come:
the questions
that haunt you
in shadowy hours,
the questions
that visit
in deepest night,

the questions
that draw you
into rest,
into dream,

the questions
that stir
the wakening
world.

For words of insight in contemporary spirituality.

We give thanks

Gospel: Listen for words of faith in the Gospel of Luke 15:1-3,
11b-32

Meanwhile, the tax collectors and the “sinners” were all gathering around Jesus to listen to his teaching, at which the Pharisees and the religious scholars murmured, “This person welcomes sinners and eats with them!”

Jesus then addressed this parable to them.

...

“A man had two sons. The younger of them said to their father, ‘Give me the share of the estate that is coming to me.’ So the father divided up the property between them. Some days later, the younger son gathered up his belongings and went off to a distant land. Here he squandered all his money on loose living.

“After everything was spent, a great famine broke out in the land, and the son was in great need. So he went to a landowner, who sent him to a farm to take care of the pigs. The son was so hungry that he could have eaten the husks that were fodder for the pigs, but no one made a move to give him anything. Coming to his senses at last, he said, ‘How many hired hands at my father’s house have more than enough to eat, while here I am starving! I’ll quit and go back home and say, “I’ve sinned against God and against you; I no longer deserve to be called one of your children. Treat me like one of your hired hands.”’ With that, the younger son set off for home.

“While still a long way off, the father caught sight of the returning child and was deeply moved. The father ran out to meet him, threw his arms around him and kissed him. The son said to him, ‘I’ve sinned against God and against you; I no longer deserve to be called one of your children.’

But his father said to one of the workers, 'Quick! bring out the finest robe and put it on him; put a ring on his finger and shoes on his feet. Take the calf we've been fattening and butcher it. Let's eat and celebrate! This son of mine was dead and has come back to life. He was lost and now he's found!' And the celebration began.

"Meanwhile the elder son had been out in the field. As he neared the house, he heard the sound of music and dancing. He called one of the workers and asked what was happening. The worker answered, 'Your brother is home, and the fatted calf has been killed because your father has him back safe and sound.'

"The son got angry at this and refused to go in to the party, but his father came out and pleaded with him. The older son replied, 'Look! For years now I've done every single thing you asked me to do. I never disobeyed even one of your orders, yet you never gave me so much as a kid goat to celebrate with my friends. But then this son of yours comes home after going through your money with prostitutes, and you kill the fatted calf for him!'

" 'But my child!' the father said. 'You're with me always, and everything I have is yours. But we have to celebrate and rejoice! This brother of yours was dead and has come back to life. He was lost and now he's found.'

pause

For words of challenge and inspiration in Scripture

We give thanks.