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Reflection: Harvest grains

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Harvest grains

Pat Fitzpatrick CSSp

Sower God sent a seed to feed the peoples of the earth. It ripened in the womb of Myriam of Nazareth and saw the light of day in Bethlehem, the House of Bread. Its cradle was a manger — a feeding trough for animals.

The seed fell freely on the beaten paths and fertile earth of Galilee. But it could not break and enter dry and stony ground. Hardened hearts excluded it, cluttered living choked it. Those whose lives were chock-a-block had room for nothing more.

But where the soil was soft, the seed could nestle, die, take root and yield abundant harvest grains.

In Galilee the teacher took the bread they brought, said grace, broke and gave it to his friends: “Give the hungry something to eat.” They fed five thousand hillside guests. Twelve hampers were collected, leftovers from the picnic — abundance now where once was want.

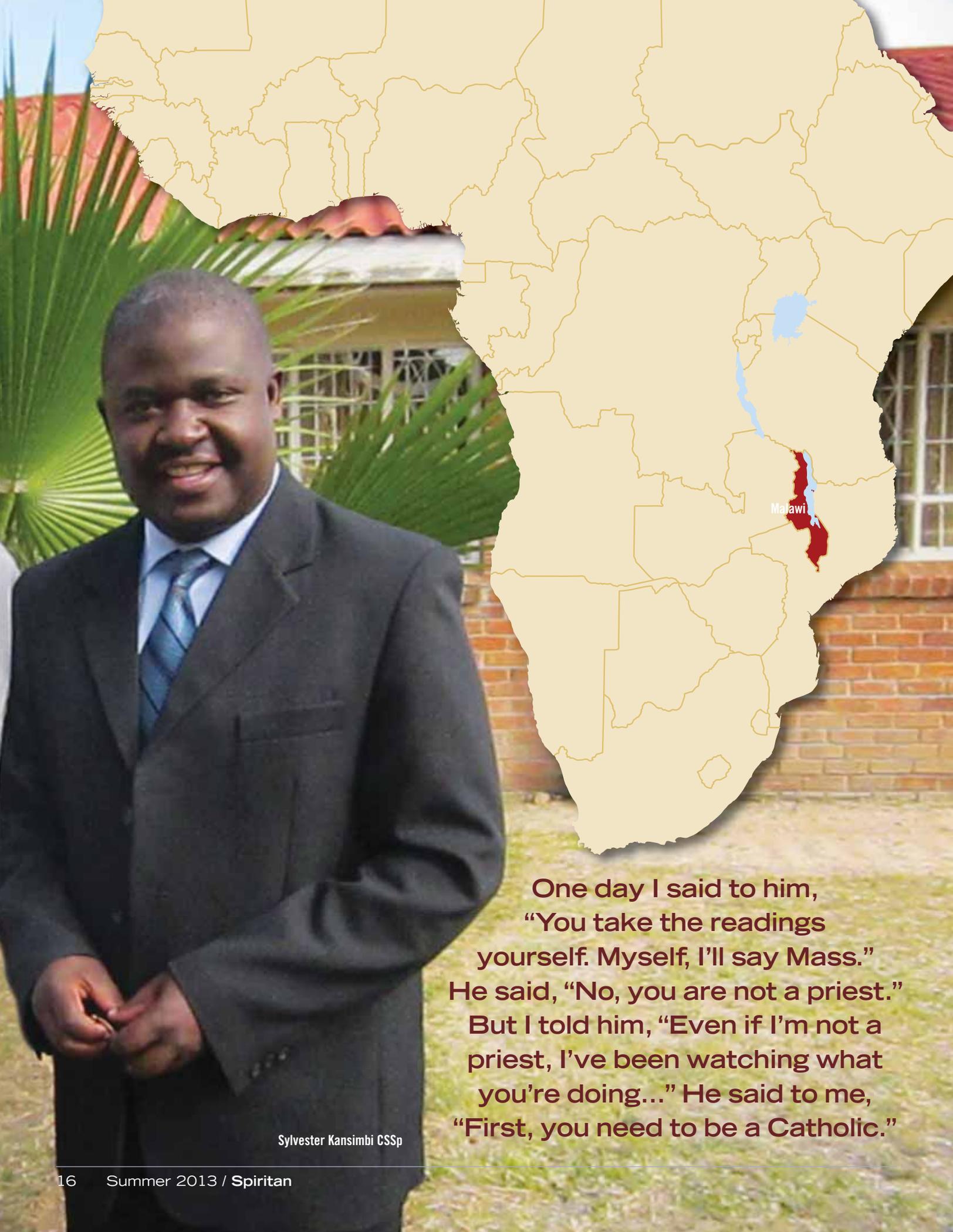
In Bethany, against the custom of her people, Martha entertained her rabbi friend. She toiled to make the welcome real — the food, the drinks, the setting, the preparations and the

cooking, the kitchen heat, the timing of the courses. At his feet, where a rabbi’s male disciples normally reserved their seats, Mary kept him company — a woman friend. Host and guest sat and talked, smiled and laughed together. Martha’s presence was delayed till all three sat together at the table. Meal is more than menu. Feast is more than food.

In Jerusalem the supper menu was unleavened bread and choicest wine. He took the bread, said grace, broke and gave it to them: “My body given for you. Do this in memory of me.”

En route to Emmaus a stranger bore the brunt of two disciples’ dead and buried hopes. Their damned-up disappointment sluiced slowly through their words as they re-lived a field of dreams become a desert of discouragement. At their evening meal, the stranger gave himself away. They knew him when he took the bread, said grace, broke and gave it to them.

Still the Sower scatters seed to feed the peoples of the earth: with us evermore in harvest grains and the breaking of the bread. ■



**One day I said to him,
“You take the readings
yourself. Myself, I’ll say Mass.”
He said, “No, you are not a priest.”
But I told him, “Even if I’m not a
priest, I’ve been watching what
you’re doing...” He said to me,
“First, you need to be a Catholic.”**

Sylvester Kansimbi CSSp