

RESONATIONS

By Julie Mussché

The child's father and mother marveled at what was said about him. Then Simeon blessed them and said to Mary, his mother: "This child is destined to cause the falling and rising of many in Israel, and to be a sign that will be spoken against, so that the thoughts of many hearts will be revealed. And a sword will pierce your own soul too."

LUKE 2:33-35

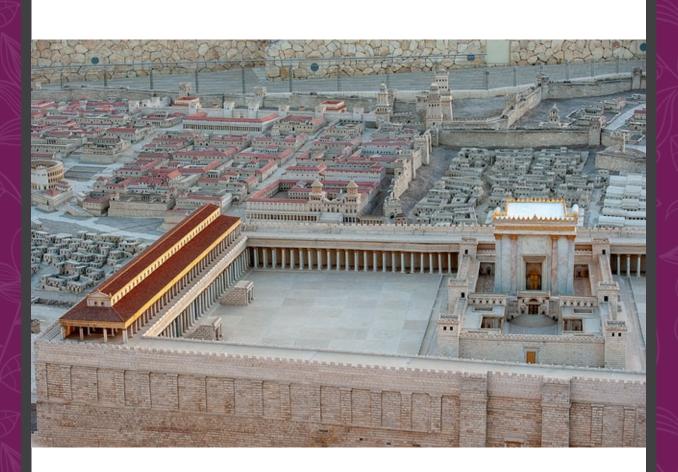
Reflection

A note to the reader: recently while preparing a presentation for a Parish women's group looking at the connection between the Jewish tradition of Passover and the Lenten journey, the following imaginative reflection emerged. It is a bit derivative from something penned a number of years ago and starts with a question: what were the women doing the day and night of the Last Supper?

Jerusalem, 30 C.E.

Mary, awakened by the smell of the food being prepared, slowly opened her eyes to glimpse the afternoon light filtering through the room. Her eyes felt gritty, the result of several days of provision and travel for the Passover meal. She reflected on the early morning preparation. The men, Peter and John, had done the lion's share of the work; the cleansing of the room of any leavened bread, purchasing the food and wine for the celebratory rituals and meal, preparing the table, just as Jesus had instructed them to do. Mary thought back to wending her way through the crowded thoroughfares, pilgrims everywhere, families possibly reuniting for the first time in a year. The tension in the city was palpable, with the occupying force fiercely roaming the streets in anticipation of acts of defiance and treachery during this celebration of liberation and freedom.

Jesus' followers were particularly wary knowing that the leadership of the Sanhedrin was becoming more and more aware of her son's following and influence. Mary gazed out the window knowing in her heart there was tribulation ahead. What would this night bring, this night of remembering, story-telling, prayer and sharing the special meal? As Mary gazed toward Herod's temple, a testament to his vanity, smoke from the multitude of temple sacrifices hung like a pall over the city. Mary quietly prayer the *Shema*, "*Sh'ma Yisra'eil Adonai Eloheinu Adonai echad.*-Hear, Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is One."



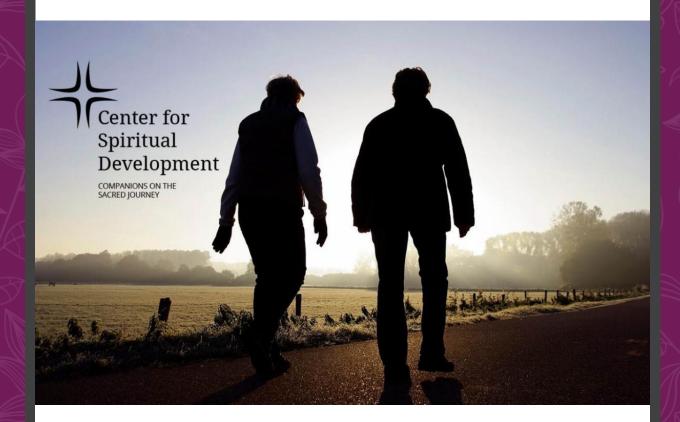
For Pondering & Prayer

- How and when does your prayer include imagination?
- Where is your spirit invited to sojourn this Lenten season?

Spirit of Inspiration and vision, help me to find you in all that I see and do. Let my spirit run wild with the fruits of holy imagination. Amen

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