

'This Earth the Beloved Left and, Leaving, Left to Us'

Reflection for Week of May 18, 2020

As we commemorate Jesus's ascension, let us recall the invitation and responsibility extended to us to carry on the mission.

Suggested Music: [Silent, Surrendered – Margaret Rizza \(click here\)](#)

Silent, surrendered, calm and still, open to the Word of God
Heart humbled to his will, offered is the servant of God.



The eleven disciples headed to Galilee, to the mountain where they were to meet Jesus. When the disciples saw Jesus there, many of them fell down and worshiped, as Mary and the other Mary had done. But a few hung back. They were not sure (and who can blame them?). Jesus came forward and addressed his beloved disciples.

“I am here speaking with all the authority of God, who has commanded me to give you this commission: Go out and make disciples in all the nations.... And I will be with you, day after day, to the end of the age.”

-- Matthew 28:16-20 (Source: *The Voice*)

For Your Reflection:

Our call in these times includes working to see the deeper invitation that the pandemic is providing. How might we be conscious of the transformation occurring within ourselves, our communities, the nation, and the global community as we live through this time? Reflecting and perhaps journaling with the following questions and, if possible, engaging in contemplative dialogue on them may be one of the most important contributions we can make in this challenging time.

Where are you feeling an invitation in your life to care for the earth whose well-being was bequeathed to us?

How might you/we respond to the beloved's instructions: “Turn me into song; sing me awake”?



Concluding Prayer

Let us go forward to tenderly care for all that has been bequeathed to us. We do so remembering the promise of the Beloved: “I will be with you, day after day, to the end of the age.” Amen.

Untitled

This is what was bequeathed us:
This earth the beloved left
And, leaving,
Left to us.

No other world
But this one:
Willows and the river
And the factory
With its black smokestacks.

No other shore, only this bank
On which the living gather.

No meaning but what we find here.
No purpose but what we make.

That, and the beloved's clear instructions:
Turn me into song; sing me awake.

-- Gregory Orr
How Beautiful the Beloved