Sometimes with God We Sense a Silent Presence

A woman anoints Jesus' feet with ointment and tears

Proper 6, Year C

Sometimes with God we sense a silent presence, the wordless music of a windless night, pervasive as the force that binds our atoms and unobtrusive as the moon's gray light.

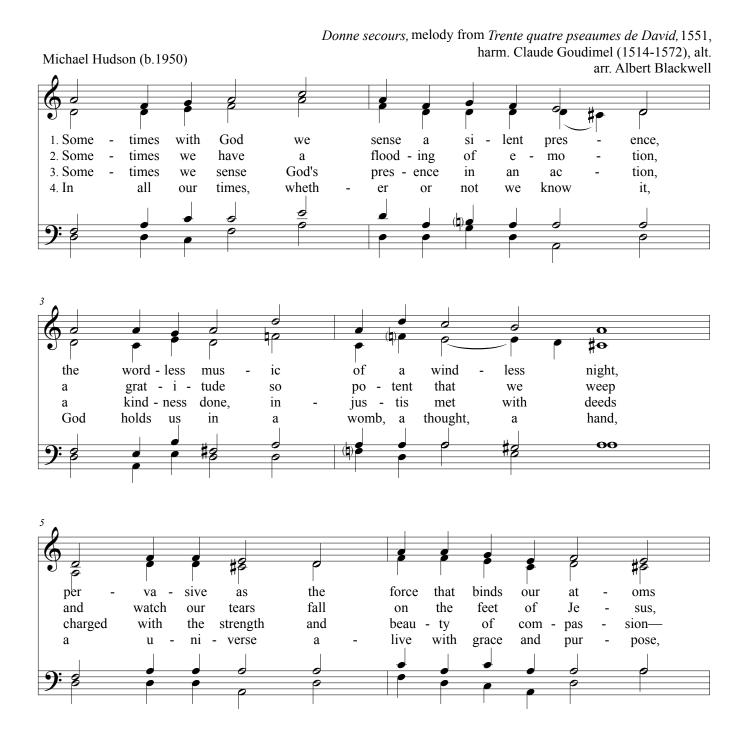
Sometimes we have a flooding of emotion, a gratitude so potent that we weep and watch our tears fall on the feet of Jesus, amazed, as deep is calling out to deep.

Sometimes we sense God's presence in an action, a kindness done, injustice met with deeds charged with the strength and beauty of compassion—faith taking flesh to follow where Christ leads.

In all our times, whether or not we know it, God holds us in a womb, a thought, a hand, a universe alive with grace and purpose, as consciousness evolves to understand.

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