

Readings for November 19, 2023

1 Corinthians 1:4-8 (paraphrase)

Every time I think of you—and I think of you often!—I thank God for your lives of free and open access to God. There's no end to what has happened in you—it's beyond speech, beyond knowledge. The evidence of Spirit has been clearly verified in your lives. Just think—you don't need a thing, you've got it all! All God's gifts are right in front of you... And not only that, but God is right alongside to keep you steady...

Another Sacred Text

We need each other

Each time we grasp the hand of another,
God is there, in the flesh entangled.
Queer lovers stroll together, one hand squeezes
the other,
“we got each other” as passing eyebrows furrow.
At the hospital, one hand, soft with skin that is
loose and free
rests gently in the firm, calloused hand of a father.
I'm sorry. Thank you. I love you.
In his palm, a whole life is held.
When it's little, itty-bitty fingers that
can only almost wrap around an adult pinky finger
that counts too.
The most gentle squeeze
that knows not its own power.
Melting hearts with such an effortless reaching out
like that's an easy thing to do.
A long string of people with hands clenched tightly
screaming with the most courageous kind of fear.
Traffic is shut down.
Cries for justice just loud enough
to mostly drown out those screaming from their cars.
The police will be here soon.
Heart rates pulse.
Can't tell if it's yours or mine or ours.

Hands holding hands.
A prayer too rare.
A site of the holy.
Where the reaching out and the receiving,
the grasping and being grasped,
the need to be held and the needing to hold,
all get perfectly mixed up.
A returning
to that which is always true
but so rarely spoken to
in the language of flesh.
We need each other.
We need each other.
We need each other.

~ m jade kaiser, enfleshed