

# September 9, 2018

## *“Changing Jesus”*

### **First Reading** ~ *Mark 7:24-30*

Jesus left Gennesaret and went to the territory of Tyre and Sidon, the costal area of Phoenicia. There he went into a certain house and wanted no one to recognize him, but he could not pass unrecognized.

A woman whose young daughter had an unclean spirit heard about him. She approached Jesus and fell at his feet. Now the woman was not a Jew, but a Gentile, a Syro-Phoenician by birth and nationality. And she kept asking Jesus to expel the demon from her daughter.

He told her, “Let the children be fed at table first. It is not fair to take the children’s bread and throw it to the dogs.”

She replied, “Yes, Rabbi, but even the dogs under the table eat the children’s crumbs.”

Then Jesus said to her, “For saying this, you may go home happy; the demon has left your daughter.” When she got home, she found her daughter in bed, resting, whole and healthy, the unclean spirit gone.

### **Second Reading**

~ adapted from “*Cry Out in Your Weakness*” by Rumi

A dragon was pulling a bear into its terrible mouth.  
A courageous person went and rescued the bear.  
There are such helpers in the world, who rush to save  
anyone who cries out. Like Mercy itself,  
they run toward the screaming.  
And they can’t be bought off.

If you were to ask one of those, “Why did you come so quickly?”  
He or she would say, “Because I heard your helplessness.”

Where lowland is, that’s where water goes.  
All medicine wants is pain to cure.  
And don’t just ask for one mercy.  
Let them flood in. Let the sky open under your feet.  
Take the cotton out of your ears,  
the cotton of consolations,  
so you can hear the sphere-music. . . .

Give your weakness  
to One Who Helps.

Crying out loud and weeping are great resources.

A nursing mother, all she does  
is wait to hear her child.

Just a little beginning-whimper, and she's there.

God created the child, that is, your wanting,  
so that it might cry out, so that milk might come.  
Cry out! Don't be stolid and silent with your pain.  
Lament! And let the milk of Loving flow into you.

The hard rain and wind  
are ways the cloud has  
to take care of us.

Be patient.

Respond to every call  
that excites your spirit.

Ignore those that make you fearful  
and sad, those that degrade you  
back toward disease and death.

Respond to every call  
that excites your spirit.