

The Gospel reading this Sunday is especially meaningful to me. It is from the second chapter of John.

John 2:1-11

On the third day there was a wedding in Cana of Galilee, and the mother of Jesus was there. Jesus and his disciples had also been invited to the wedding. When the wine gave out, the mother of Jesus said to him, "They have no wine." And Jesus said to her, "Woman, what concern is that to you and to me? My hour has not yet come." His mother said to the servants, "Do whatever he tells you." Now standing there were six stone water jars for the Jewish rites of purification, each holding twenty or thirty gallons. Jesus said to them, "Fill the jars with water." And they filled them up to the brim. He said to them, "Now draw some out, and take it to the chief steward." So they took it. When the steward tasted the water that had become wine, and did not know where it came from (though the servants who had drawn the water knew), the steward called the bridegroom and said to him, "Everyone serves the good wine first, and then the inferior wine after the guests have become drunk. But you have kept the good wine until now." Jesus did this, the first of his signs, in Cana of Galilee, and revealed his glory; and his disciples believed in him.

I always love any story that involves interaction between Jesus and Mary, between a son and his mother. I try to imagine their relationship, full of the usual teasing and seriousness that any son and mother have. I want to share this poem with you. It is written by John Shea, theologian, storyteller and writer.

"Come now, my Son,
do you tease these gray hairs?"
Late and laughing you arrive and find me finding you.
An entreaty in my greeting,
"They have no more wine."
But you sweep me up
in mock debate,
a young man's arms
around my seriousness
wresting from me a conspiratorial smile.
'What has that to do with you and me?'
you say,
winking words which invite the memory of our meals.
And I tell you quick,
In hushes,
How
I lit the fire in your eyes
And held your head of dreams
And poured water in your hands
When you came burning from the desert sands.
Beyond that,
I say,
You and I,
are strangers,
I say.
But games aside,
I say,
"Jesus,"

I say,
"These empty glasses mock your Father's feast."
'My hour has not yet come,'
You say,
Making me say it all
Right here
In the midst of sober guests.
You hold me now
In roles reversed,
A son giving birth,
A mother young again.
"Steward,"
I say,
"This man who kisses my eyes,
This Son of my love
has need of a canyon
to hold the grapes
that his fast feet
will crush to marriage wine."
Now,
The teeth of our laughter
Blinds the steward
Who does not know what we do,
My secret friend.
"Your hour is the minute
The wine fails."

I keep rereading this. I find it just beautiful. I hope you find meaning in it, too.