

The farmer in the Gospel today (Matthew 13: 24-43) realizes that his seed has been invaded by pesky weed seeds. He decides not to pull up the weeds because it might pull out the plants, as they grow. The farmer says, “Let them grow together until harvest; then at harvest time” we will separate the grain from the weeds, and “collect the weeds and tie them in bundles for burning....”

The St. Francis prayer starts with the following, which has been embellished poetically, portrays an alternative way of looking at sowing seed:

sow love

“... where there is hatred, let me sow love . . .”

this is what I need to do – sow love!

to scatter it abundantly upon all the earth
not just on the fertile soil
but on the pathways, the ragweed,
the thistles the rocky passes . . .

to shower the love given to me from God
– not so much as to ask for or need love in return
but to toss the seeds of love
into the whining wind
allowing the Spirit to guide their descent

to sow is to never know how my love, when shared,
will affect others . . . never to know if they
will ever even recognize this love

only to do so . . . powerfully, open-mindedly, diligently

by Rich Corsair Melcher