

Many Parts

“We are many parts—we are all one body...one the love that we share, one our hope in despair, one the cross that we bear...” (lyrics of significance of a song gone by).

The Body of Christ is all God’s human creation; I believe that we all play our part to make this world what it is. It is sorrowful that many fall into the deep waters of evil and create havoc for so many others, though.

If we are all one Body, sometimes that body gets a disease, or injured, or out of whack in some way and starts destroying itself. This is the common plight of humanity. Even in our own individual hearts and souls we can play a part in our own demise...in little ways of unacceptance, self-hatred and accepting confusion as “just the way it is.”

We all need some sort of compass to the compassionate side of life—a way to find a way—a beating heart of Love and inclusion, to keep us going on the mighty path we choose. Basking in the sunlight of a new day dawning, I can see and feel how my brothers and sisters in Christ may sometimes feel a clench of tightness on their spirits. This brokenness that seems to fill every cell in the body, the One body that we share—becomes too heavy to handle, with the injustices of our world.

If it were up to me, I would tell all that we are loved and cherished by the One who knows our hearts and souls; but it is not up to me, it seems, for I am only one voice among the multitudes. But we all can be that blind Bartimaeus, calling out our Truth to the world, if only we recognize that, indeed, we are all one body, one Spirit in Christ.

The Gospel of Mark (13:24-32) speaks to this brokenness as the end times are described, with “the Son of Man coming in the clouds” to free the captives, to tend to the poor and lame. Aren’t we all in that category at times? When one part of the Body is not working, and other parts overcompensate, they too get weary and can fall.

But we have a God who knows us and creates adventuresome alternatives to dread and loneliness, if only we would SEE and believe in the Grace that surrounds us; in spite of the troubles, we can know that God SEES what is intensely written in stone on our hearts of flesh, and the bewilderment may be no more if only we can grab that ray of sunlight and hold it close.

If we “learn the lesson from the fig tree,” that “when we see these things happening (we) know that He is near,” Jesus could revive the roots and harvest the fruit of our inmost being. THIS is the gift we so long to experience, the One who knows every part of the Body, and truly loves each part—collectively and individually. That day will come, I know, in its fullest spectrum colors if only we reach out to grasp the good in others and that which lies within.

Knowing all this calms the pulse and enlivens the mind because we all want to be known for who we really are, and through the guidance of the Spirit, we can and will SEE that wholeness, that greatness, that pure belief in the One who has sent us to fulfill the Word—in deed and in thought. For God knows us, even in the shadows of our hiding and the sunlight blazing through the beginnings of a grateful heart.

We are loved, we are of one Body, in Christ as we travel through the vastness of this one life we get to live. Don't waste it. Become it, and you will forever know the beauty of Spirit and Light that conforms to the container we offer through our openness to Love.

Corsair