



**A Meditation for the Sixth Sunday of Easter  
Mothers Day & Rogation Sunday  
May 9, 2021**

*This is my commandment, that you love one another as I have loved you. . .  
. I have called you friends, because I have made known to you everything  
that I have heard from my Father. You did not choose me but I chose you.*

[John 15:12, 15-16]

These words appear at the center of what is called Jesus' "Farewell Discourse" during his last dinner with his disciples (Chapters 14-17). Some of the Gospel's most beautiful and poignant lines are in this discourse, especially when we realize how Jesus chooses to say goodbye. He does not promise a time when they will meet again; he does not commission them to be an elite leadership group; he does not invite their apologies or self-recrimination. He does not present himself as one who is set apart to be wiser, or more intimate with God, or invulnerable. Rather, Jesus reassures them, over and over again, of just the opposite. The relationship that they have shared will continue to bring them peace and insight, not because of he has said or done but because their love is grounded in their shared trust in God.

This meditation by Kahlil Gibran expresses this same love, a love with which we let go of those to whom we might cling most tightly, a love grounded in trust that God continually brings forth the unending life that we share.

**Kahlil Gibran, *The Prophet***

*Your children are not your children.  
They are the sons and daughters of Life's longing for itself.  
They come through you but not from you,  
And though they are with you yet they belong not to you.  
You may give them your love but not your thoughts,  
For they have their own thoughts.  
You may house their bodies but not their souls,  
For their souls dwell in the house of tomorrow, which you cannot  
visit, not even in your dreams.*

*You are the bows from which your children as living arrows are sent forth.  
The archer sees the mark upon the path of the infinite, and He  
bends you with His might that His arrows may go swift and far.  
Let your bending in the Archer's hand be for gladness;  
For even as He loves the arrow that flies, so He loves also the  
bow that is stable.*