

“Indeed, the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Don’t be afraid; you are worth more than many sparrows.” Luke 12:7 NIV

## [lectio] // LUKE 12:4-12

listen to the text by reading out loud slowly and repeat up to 3x if desired

## [meditatio]

reflect on – what word, words, phrase, or sentence speaks to you from the text, then write them down

God watches every detail of our lives, including the animals (and probably the earth itself!). Jesus, red-letter-words, tells us God sees, he knows, he counts, he cares. Then he says, “Don’t worry.” But worry is what we do - as humans. It feels productive to worry. It feels responsible to worry. It feels better than waiting or faith or trust. Worry feels like work that is worthy! Jesus says don’t and we say, “we must.” Worry is like breathing. I don’t think about it, but I feel that if I stop something worse may happen. Don’t worry? What else am I supposed to do? Trust? Trust feels wimpy, lazy, pompously arrogant. This human heart and the world that it lives in is so backward from the Kingdom of God. I believe that I am worth more than some sparrows, but my mind needs something to do.

## [oratio]

pray as responding to the words, phrase, sentence that God has stirred within you

Dad,

I continue to believe that folks glorify faith as something glamorous, all sparkly and cuddly feeling. That is not the faith I experience at all. The faith I experience is terrifying and electric, like I handling high voltage with my bare hands and I could get fried at any moment. Faith is all cheers and celebration when you come through and makes me feel like I did something heroic. But things don’t always end like a storybook. Faith, trust, belief - they are all very risky to me. I know they are spiritual, I know they are healthy and whole and good. But initiating, or responding is frightening. Jesus said, “don’t worry about the one who can kill your body” but it feels so unnatural to really dive into these words, concepts and actions. I wish I were more.

## [contemplatio]

rest in the presence of God, allowing the words revealed to take root