

The Good Seed ~ a meditation

Matthew 13 v 1-9, 18-23

And God said,

“What’s the biggest seed you know? If you hold it in your hand, no one can see it. And the smallest of seeds is minute.

“Why did I call the Word of God a seed? The word of the kingdom; the word that was in the beginning with God; the word that was God. In him was life, and the life was the light of men He came into the world, and the world didn’t understand.

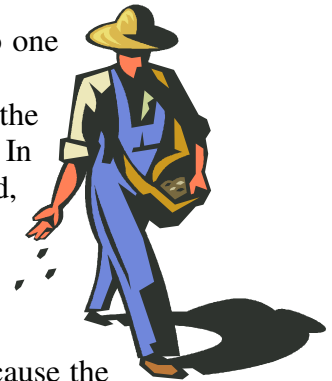
“Do you understand?

“The sower? Yes. We know what a sower does every year, with patience and expectation.

“The soil? Yes. Some indifferent; some rocky; some just useless because the seed is snatched away or covered over with thorns.

“But do you understand about the seed; the Word?

“You need to think it through”



What does it mean for me? Do I receive the word? Have I welcomed the Word? My thoughts turn to vague notions of being linked with God in my life.

But the soil, did I welcome Him with warmth?

Have I watered that seed with tender care?

Have I pondered, and worked it over in my mind until I understood just what that word was?

And why am I the soil?

Maybe I wasn’t good soil after all; so where is the seed now?

Where is the Word? Where are you, Lord?

Was I so hard that you were snatched away? Then what will grow in my life?

I don’t want barrennessor weeds.

Do you come and look, Lord, to see what happened to the seed you wanted to grow?

Are you filled with disappointment to find it’s no longer there, or has been overgrown? The brambles grow so fast, and root so easily. The bindweed coils itself around and strangles. The light can’t get through

Maybe the bindweed is my busyness. It has such a pretty flower, and smells so lovely – but what will the harvest be? More bindweed?

When did you plant that seed, Lord? I’ve let it drift from my memory, the ‘Word’ that told me you had called me, the Word that said I could trust you, the Word that reminded me of your love, the Word that asked me to die to myself.

Perhaps that’s why I didn’t want to nurture it. It was easier to let it get dry.

If that sort of seed grows, the dying could really hurt.

Did I really want to be good soil?

Do I really want to understand, to receive, to keep it, to think about it, to meditate on it, to nurture your word in my life?

Do I have the time? time? time for you, the seed? The one that told me you had called me? The one who said that I could trust you? The one who reminded me of your love?

Yes, I can re-arrange my time, of course I can.

I do want a good crop

at harvest time.

Dearest Lord, teach me to be generous.
Teach me to nurture the seed of your word that you have planted in my life;
to serve you as you deserve;
to give and not to count the cost;
to fight and not to heed the wounds;
to labour and not to seek for rest;
to give of myself and not to ask for reward,
except the reward of knowing that I am doing your will.
May your word cleanse me, so that my life is suitable for you to abide in me.
May I continue to hide your word in my heart so that I might not sin against you.
May your word in me be living and active,
powerful in bringing your love to others.
When people are ill,
or in despair,
struggling for one reason or another, they need to hear.
May your word through me speak what is good and positive, kind and true. Amen

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