

In the hottest hour of the day there is hope. In the darkest hour of the day there is hope. In the hottest hour of the day God in the form of three men appears to Abraham and because he receives them without question, without hesitation, that is with love, he and his wife are gifted with a child — given their age an impossible situation and yet there is life. In the darkest hour of the day Mary and Martha mourn for their brother Lazarus and receive Jesus with what we might consider an implied criticism or question. ‘Lord, if you had been here my brother would not have died’ — so why didn’t you come? But it’s the other Jews who ask this later on the way to the tomb and what Mary and Martha are saying is more of a statement than a question, an acknowledgement of who Jesus is, the one who brings life - which he duly does, because of their faith, because of their love — which he, like the three men at Mamre also shares. So we don’t have a distant God here, indifferent to our losses, to the pain of death which afflicts us all, but who brings life whatever the appearances are to the contrary, an eternal life which transcends death, and gives death itself meaning. This is our comfort now even in the midst of climate change, in the hottest hour of our day
We are not after all promised an eternal world but an eternal life.

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