

# Lenten Reflection

Thursday, First Week of Lent     March 9, 2017



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Both of today's readings seem to be about asking or what we might call prayers of petition. In the first reading we can feel Esther's cry to God for help in her all-encompassing loneliness. In the Gospel we find Jesus instructing his disciples to "ask and what you seek will be given to you." These are wonderful examples of God's great and Provident generosity.

Yet I found myself more fascinated by the method—"knock and the door will be opened to you." I have always found doors and how they are perceived and used somewhat of interest, not totally in and of themselves, but in terms of the people who are using them. In the case of this Gospel, certainly a polite knock seems like a normal gesture. Personally, however, I have followed an "open door policy" as much as possible. The only time that was not true was during my years as a professional therapist, where confidentiality called for privacy. As an administrator, however, I loved letting the door ajar, and delighting in or being surprised by who arrived. Along with surprise, however, there is a certain vulnerability involved. Who knows who or what may be just around the corner?

Over the years this open door philosophy also has been directly tied to my relationship with Jesus. This month at Kearns Spirituality Center's book discussion, we are using Richard Rohr's book, *The Divine Dance*, which is based upon insights into the Trinity and relationship with the Triune God. The reflections are wonderful! In meditating on my own relationship with Jesus, I find that there is no need to knock. Why? In a poem to "Yeshua", written several years ago in retreat, I began: "You live in the mess, by choice, no less..." and ended: "You bathe in oceans; you wander through worlds and whirlpools of grace...And I, I rarely kneel." For many years I did not know why I wrote that ending about not kneeling. It seemed disrespectful. Recently, however, I discovered that what it described was my relationship with Yeshua. It is so close, so personal, so interconnected, that kneeling is replaced with holding the hand of Jesus as I walk, and that the door is always open.

This Lent I wish an open door for you, the reader.

