



Reflection by Rev'd Andrew Down

Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity
Matt 22:1-14
15th October 2023

Dressing for the occasion

In the parable in Matthew's Gospel this week we see how being called/invited is not enough, our response and actions are vitally important. We can choose to respond and act in accordance to the call of love / God in our lives or not. There is a choice to be made to join the party and to put on the appropriate clothes. The call of love is only realised when we choose to act in accordance to that call otherwise the invitation offered is futile. In acting in accordance to love / God we become not just the invited but the chosen.



Therefore, as God's chosen people, holy and dearly loved, clothe yourselves with compassion, kindness, humility, gentleness and patience. Bear with each other and forgive whatever grievances you may have against one another. Forgive as the Lord forgave you. *Colossians 3 12-14*

And because I love a good poem here is 'Ode to clothing' by the Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. What does it tell us about the call to clothe ourselves (act in accordance) with love I wonder?

Each morning you're
waiting
My clothing, on a chair
For me to fill you
With my vanity, my love
My hope, my body
I hardly
Have gotten out of sleep
I say goodbye to the water
I enter into your sleeves
My legs look for
The hollowness of your legs
And so embraced
By your tireless faithfulness
I go out to walk in the grass
I enter into poetry
I look through windows
At things
Men, women,
Deeds and struggles
Keep forming me
Keep coming against me
Laboring with my hands
Opening my eyes
Using up my mouth
And so,

Clothing,
I also keep forming you
Poking out your elbows
Snapping your threads
And so your life grows
Into the image of my live.
In the wind
You ripple and rustle
As if you were my soul.
In bad minutes
You stick
To my bones
Empty, through the night
Darkness, sleep
Populate with their fantasies
Your wings and mine.
I ask
If one day
A bullet
From the enemy
Might leave a spot of my
blood on you
And then
You would die with me
Or maybe
It won't all be

So dramatic
But simple
And you'll just get feeble,
Clothing,
Growing old
With me, with my body
And together
We will enter
The earth.
That's why
Every day
I greet you
With reverence and then
You embrace me and I
forget you
Because we are just one
And we'll keep going on
together
Against the wind, in the
night
The streets, or the struggle
One single body
May be, may be, some time
will be immobile.

