

This Week in Kailua-Kona: BLESSED



“BLESSED” blesses our table. Its warm message calls us to hear, to see — from our hearts. It blesses Vance’s 70th birthday this last week, beginning a new decade to live alive.

He loves this memorized passage from Matthew 5:

Arriving at a quiet place, we read that Jesus sat down, taught his climbing companions. You’re blessed when you’re at the end of your rope. With less of you there’s more of God...

You’re blessed when you’re content with just who you are—no more-no less. That’s the moment you find yourselves proud owners of everything that can’t be bought.

You’re blessed when you care. At the moment of being care-full, you find yourself cared for.

Vance’s care blessed, encouraged me when he put the lit-up sign, “BLESSED,” above my work space this week.



People who walk *close* to blessing, bless others.

We’re all on this blessing journey, learning how to give and receive blessing.

The poet David Whyte has said, “*Close is what we almost always are: close to happiness, close to another, close to leaving, close to tears, close to God, close to losing faith, close to being done, close to saying something, close to success, and even, with the greatest sense of satisfaction, close to giving the whole thing up. Our human essence lies not in arrival, but in being almost there.*”

From Jesus’ Silent Years (Vol. 3), Journey, to be released 6/15/21: Two separate excerpts...

Windy to Jesus (after an episode of abuse): *“Back to work now, you and me. Let’s learn the unforced rhythms of grace. Let’s push a little longer, dig a little deeper. Remember the root word of ‘blessing’ is ‘wounding.’ Dig into Father’s blessing long enough, deep enough, and you’ll find a wound. Remember, all parents wound their children, most especially Father.”*

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El Roi came out of the pottery workshop. He still had on that smock he wore when working the wheel. He saw them kneeling and hammering shards into bits. He came over, squatted down on his haunches. His eyes were red. He’d been crying.

He said, “You know, the words kneel and bless are the same in Hebrew—*barach*. Both point to the coming Messiah. He lowers himself—kneels and blesses—and joins our distress. He chooses to mingle his suffering with our sin.”

Blessing and humility pool in the low places.

