

Threads

My beloved daughter and I were having a conversation sometime in the last two weeks, the professor teaching and giving interviews about voting rights, and we stumbled upon the concept of threads. It's a theory, maybe a reality that I've embraced as long as I can remember. She became interested in it from an ancestral point of view, which my darling little sister (six and a half years older but a foot shorter) is pursuing.

I believe, no, I know, it started with One Thread. A humiliating description in a sense of He that is All, made All. Everything started with Him, the One Thread. Out of Him came two threads created in His Image and Likeness. Those two Threads almost immediately became frayed, though given everything, could not find the will to obey, to submit to their Creator. Instead, they wanted to be the One thread.

And so they became frayed and passed this on to the billions upon billions of other threads that all came from the One Thread, many of whom frayed beyond human decency.

Then One Thread came as His Son, to repair the frays in the threads, to make us threads whole again, to provide a way to repair that one original fraying, and to fortify each and every will thread with His Spirit of the One Thread. There are phenomenal examples of whole threads, like Francis of Assisi and Theresa of Calcutta.

Over the years I have wondered about the paths my own thread has taken over time, going back to the threads I was connected to by birth, still of the One Thread though, and back and back and back. I think now about this massive array of threads woven like an ever expanding immense tapestry, all coming from the One, and how many are frayed by choice or by circumstance. I think about how the Son came to repair and if you look at the world as it is presented to you by media or some political persuasion of any kind, you would think we are very very frayed.

Yes, many of us are, some more than others. But there are many many threads that let Him repair them, and so again they can see their way forward and all the way back. These are the Threads we need to nurture and make their deeds known, so that those who despair the tapestry will completely fray and fall apart, will come to know that it is whole and working well despite what you hear and see from those who say otherwise.

This morning's readings from Acts....

*For a whole year they met with the Church
and taught a large number of people,
and it was in Antioch that the disciples
were first called Christians.*

And so we see where our thread and threads were named. Because we go all the way back through them to the One Thread. Our best friend and maid of honor at our wedding who made the Great Leap via cancer about six months ago was very proud of this fact, because she was Greek, very Greek, and a very devout Greek Orthodox Christian.

Just another proof that we are all one in Him, that we all come from Him, and that we are to weave our threads into his tapestry with all the strength and spirit He gives us, however much that might be. Some of us are gold threads, silver threads, or threads of every color.

But we all came from One Thread. It's best we do His will, so His tapestry is full of all that is important, Him and Love. And the best thing we can do is pay attention to all the threads around us and help create an environment that all will be the very best and strongest of threads in His everlasting tapestry woven in so many colors.

Clement