

*The Promise

6th Week of Easter – John 14: 15-21

They came at dusk to my father's house with the request to celebrate the Passover together. There was an intimacy and joy that surrounded this group of men. I could see their joy, their love and their fear reflected in the warmth of the fading light of day as they entered our home. They made their way to be seated for the annual celebration of victory. Thirteen gathered in the darkness of our upper room with only the glow from the light of the lamps illuminating their identity. I was to wait table in complete silence. They were to have no idea that I was in shadows watching, listening in awe and silence. It was a man's world with only the promise of things yet to come.

My father had heard of him, had heard that Jesus was the Christ, the anointed, the one sent from God to redeem Israel. And so, my services of cook and maid were provided so that the Master and his twelve could dine in private. Oh so much took place that night. Jesus rose to wait on each of them. Washing the feet of the twelve and commissioning them to do to others as He had done. He told them of a time when His life would end. He told them that they would betray and deny Him. And they argued amongst themselves and with Him that this would never happen.

At table that night, Jesus said that He was the way the truth and the life. He was the one to follow. His passion and His love spilled forth into that room, only to be dismissed by their petty concerns over who truly knew the Father, who truly was the Son.

And then there was The Promise... **“If you love me, you will keep my commandments. And I will ask the Father, and he will give you another Advocate to be with you always, the Spirit of truth, which the world cannot accept, because it neither sees nor knows it.”**

The room stood still, as if time did not pass. This promise seemed to sink into each man. It was a truth, marked by a Divine voice. Telling those gathered that **“I will not leave you orphans, I will come to you.”**

I heard from my father that Jesus was killed the next day. I am sad and yet I have hope as my father has told me that Jesus was raised from the dead, that He truly lives! There is joy in my heart as I continue to remember that night and the words that Jesus spoke, **“And whoever loves me will be loved by my Father, and I will love him and reveal myself to him.”**

I believe Jesus, that He, and the Father, Son and Holy Spirit are one and the same. I believe that they will continue to illuminate and animate the world in which we live, giving to each one of us the promise of eternal salvation.

Happy Easter
Sue Schettler



*I have “recycled” this article from three years ago. Please note that I took a bit of “poetic license” to reflect on this gospel. This gospel passage is set into the wider story of the Last Supper from the Gospel of John. The Church will celebrate both the Ascension of the Lord and Pentecost in the next couple of weeks. The teaching of the Holy Trinity is central to all that the Catholic faith teaches and believes. Father, Son and Holy Spirit are one and the same. This is an intimate relationship that we are invited to embrace in our on-going journey to God.