

Into Every Single Heart, and blowin' in the wind...



I think the thing that always strikes me about this reading, is God's amazing profligacy.

A sower went out to sow, and he sowed his precious seed.... Absolutely **everywhere**.

Nothing held back. No assessment of the suitability of the soil, no looking at profitability or potential for yield.

He just ... sows seed ... what kind of lunatic farmer does that?

What a waste!

Well... God does.

We know, of course, that Jesus here is talking about the seeds of the gifts of the Holy Spirit, and the soil is our hearts ...

So, he throws them everywhere... Every. Single. Heart

You see... he doesn't believe it is a waste... he believes Every Single Heart is worthy of seeds, of gifts, of blessing. That Every Single Heart can bear fruits of love, hope, grace and kindness. That Every Single Heart can yield a harvest... and then self-seed, and self-seed some more, blowin' on the wind of his Spirit, until the whole world yields the fruits that he has sown.

[I have come](#), says Jesus, [that you might have life, and have it abundantly](#)¹. God's exuberant desire to see life springing up knows no ends and no limits.

¹ John 10: 10

The Sower sows, and Isaiah tells us God's promise – that as sure as when rain and snow fall to water the earth and life springs forth - so the waters of his love and spirit are constantly poured upon us, and will spring up in life and love.

Not they *might*, or they *could do with a following wind ...*
but ***they will.***

God has infinite faith in us, his soil.

That the seeds of his love *will* bring a harvest.

But like all seed, to flourish best it needs nourishment. Through prayer, through reading our scriptures, through sharing in the sacraments, through the learning graces of living in community, Without these things we do not grow well and fully.

Without the stories and wisdom of the Word of God, to guide us, we are left to our own judgements and experience to discern our path. Without Prayer, we never really get to know the God we learn about and form a relationship with him, and let him get deep roots in our hearts. Without each other we cannot hold each other up, and learn from our and each others' mistakes. Without the sacraments – Baptism, Holy Communion, Confession and Absolution – we are left without his bodily presence blessing and protecting our bodies, our souls – washing, renewing and healing us - feeding us from within ourselves in ways we don't even have words for.

We know God is speaking to Each and Every Single one of our hearts. What kind of soil is my own soul for God's Word? Is the seed God plants in me choked by wrong priorities, by the cares of this world? Does my own selfish behaviour starve it? Do I mumble? Grumble? Hold a grudge when I don't get my own way? Sulk? Lose my cool in ways that upset, dishearten or discourage others? Does a bit of hardship, pain, disappointment in my life kill it off?

Yes, guilty. God help me.

Or does the soil of my heart nourish God's Word? Do my acts of generosity, prayer and kindness irrigate it, nourish it, feed it? Do I offer words of encouragement, kindness, share gently in honesty and truth, forgive and receive forgiveness? Pray for others, and hope they pray too for me? Am I open to learn, and grow, and lay down? Sometimes. Thank you, Lord.

But the thing is, Jewish teachers and prophets spoke not so much to individuals, but to communities. So, Jesus' story calls us to look perhaps even more at how we might be an ecosystem *together*. Soil is a whole ecosystem of minibeasts and microbes and minerals, that together make a fertile ground. I wonder... perhaps we are asked to reflect on what kind of soil we make together as a community? How can we tell?

Well, seeds are very little, so we could ask, about ourselves here in church – how patient are we with each other? How loving? How do we celebrate each other and give thanks for each other's graces and goodness? How do we look at each other with God's eyes? How do we love each other when we irritate each other, or see things differently to each other? How tough is our commitment to love then? How careful and blessing are we with our words to and about people? We were talking about love and kindness in Messy Church yesterday with the Good Samaritan story ... How kind are we – especially across our differences? How do we help each other to be fertile ground?

Are we a place where God's love can grow? And from where the seeds can flow... blowin' in the wind?

How do we connect with, and empower, those around us? We were told in deanery synod on Thursday about a rising tide of racial hatred in our local area, and spreading of misinformation, false news and prejudice. We know there is so much that is broken and hurting in our community – how do we stand against that? Do we make sure we check our stories before we believe or share them, offer healing, solidarity, dignity and hope to all those who we meet, seeing in them God's image?

We are so fortunate to be growing here at S. Peter's in a diversity of culture and background, age, personality, new Christians and old, those young of age and ... a bit less young; all worshipping together.

I am always so proud here at S. Margaret's at the depth of grace and love that is shared – the determined effort and the beauty in the way you pray and support each other, and welcome all and everyone as they walk through these doors.

Let us rejoice in that, glimpsing here a little of the table of heaven. How do we continue to draw in, and to breathe out a love that treasures Every Single Heart? For if... the variable soils of our own hearts are worth God sowing his seed... so we are called to share those seeds into all the different soils around us- and also to find them there waiting for us!

Let us be confident that – as we say at Baptism – *in the Grace of God* - our small dreams can come to an amazing harvest of glorious beauty... and also, sometimes, just that one flower, growing in a hard place, can change someone's life, or bring hope and comfort.

In the world sometimes it feels it is only ever about the big things – about productivity, and power. We might feel we need to be like genetically modified crops, perfect, huge in yield, and indestructible in nature.

But no... God says, every little tiny ear of corn, every small flower is worth it to him. He rejoices in the little flowers that come up between the stones, and the lopsided corn, just as much as the towering haystacks...

God throws his seed everywhere, not just the rich and fertile soil. Is he making a mistake, or is he opening our eyes to the sort of abundant love that he calls us to share in?

That seed has fallen on us – on you, on me, and on us as a church family; given to us to have and to hold, to give and to share - and ***it cannot fail***. Trust this. God's love for you, his beloved, no matter how you feel or where you are. We humans, we can delay the growth of God's seed, choke it, smother it for a time – maybe even for a long time – but not forever.

Because we, God's beloved children – are the soil - the place where God's seed will flourish in amongst all that we are together. And from where the seeds can go, blowin' in the wind.

Let us open our hearts anew. Repent, and Rejoice.

Because God believes in us enough to throw his seed.

Into Every Single Heart.