

## *What will you post?*

*John 2: 1-11 Wine at a wedding*

It is the day after the wedding; a young mom gets up early. She thinks how glad she is that she left the party early, knowing that her 5 year old would wake up early, and she begins to get ready for her day. And a few houses down, an old couple are getting up. They too feel a little creaky from the night before and are grateful they thought to leave early; important to get your sleep. As they go about their day though, they begin to hear an odd rumor; the story is that about the time that all the young parents had to leave and all the seniors had to leave: that's when they brought out the good stuff. Well, you know, *how* prejudicial against young parents and old people. Think of it...how rude are a groom and bride's parents when they give the cheap stuff out knowing oh *they'll* go home soon and then we can bring out the good stuff.

Though it happens that social media was not yet a thing, can you imagine? Can you imagine the posts of anger: How dare they? How dare they serve the good stuff after the important people have left? How dare they not give young parents some. If anybody needs a drink it's a young parent. How come they didn't get the good stuff?

Now everyone who did stay late and got the good stuff doesn't really know what to say; partly because they're hung over and can't see through their own eyes. And so it's not until a few days later that word comes through that a miracle might have happened; that it might not be the groom's father's fault, that it might not have been personal. Now of course you and I would never assume bad intentions. Oh well ok, ok except for yesterday and the day before that.

Yesterday there was a driver driving so slow in front of me and I know that he was doing it just to ruin my day. And the day before, well, the waitress, I could tell by her eyes, she didn't want to serve me. That, I could tell. I was in the grocery store a few days ago and people were looking at me funny, and I know it was because of

my age, the colour of my hair, perhaps the colour of my skin or what I was wearing. But, I know it was about me, because just like you, I am the centre of the universe.

Now, this is not a bad thing. This is a natural thing. It is important at times to think of ourselves; very important. It also is very helpful in Christian community and in other places of our lives to assume good intentions. This is when we bring a frame to an incident. This is when we, upon growling behind the car that's going way to slow, put a frame on it and think; maybe he thought he saw a pedestrian out of the corner of his eye. Maybe this is the first day she is driving since she got back on her feet after being so sick. Maybe they have no idea I exist! Or to put a frame around something that we are pretty sure might have been a slight; not a frame that says it wasn't, but a frame that says I better ask what that was about.

This is helpful when you have someone in your life a little like me who gets "hangry." If you don't know what "hangry" is, this is a new combination of the word 'hunger' and 'angry'. It's when a very nice person becomes a really not nice person. And while you could take the anger personally, you could also do what my friends and family have learned to do and just give her a granola bar, wait 2 minutes and then find out how she *really* is feeling. For those people we are close to, we do this quite often. We know each other well enough. "Well, of course you are grumpy, it's Monday." "Of course you're grumpy, you got that bad phone call last night." But it is more difficult to do when it's a stranger, when we're not quite sure what their motivations are; and that's when we begin this inner voice listening thing. Listening to the voice that says: I think it's about you. I think they are judging you. I think they are trying to hurt you. And in this month of Epiphany, this pondering time of what is honestly going on, we can think of those times, where we have presumed bad intentions.

Mary assumed the best. Her first reaction to the wine running out wasn't, what poor planning, or isn't the groom's father being rude. Somehow she saw through that and said, "I wonder. I wonder if this is the kind of thing my son could transform into joy." Now Jesus of course says that lovely line that helps me know he was human: What's it got to do with me? We don't usually think of Jesus using that tone, so it's always good to remember this is Jesus at the beginning of

his ministry. This is the Jesus that is actually trying to sort out what does it have to do with him? And he turns to his mom and says, “I don’t think this is my thing.”

She smiles at him and gives him a look that we don’t even hear about in the Bible. All it says is she went to the servants and said “Do what he says.” Which means she gave him “the look”. And I hope you have someone in your life you have learned “the look” from. It’s one of those things moms, dads, aunties, uncles, brothers, sisters have the look. And, the look says, *I know you want to make this about you and I need you to reframe that.*

Jesus was not sure and at times we are not sure what has this got to do with me. And so we use ‘they’. Well if *they* could just get their act together, church could start on time or end on time. If *they* could just get their act together, the coffee would be hot or cold or stronger, or weaker. If *they* got their act together...

When you find yourself saying that, thinking that, ponder that Jesus too asked what has it to do with him and was reminded by one of his great teachers, Mary, that all he needed to do was do what he could. Now Jesus, what he could do of course, was turn water into wine and I am not expecting that, I don’t think, from any of you (unless there’s hidden talents) but I would hope that sometime this week when you find yourself saying, well *they* should do that, to think, wonder what part of that *I* could do.

As Karen and I pondered this month of giving you hard questions, one of the words/phrases that kept coming to us was something that we say in baptism vows, and in confirmation vows, and I am very tempted to add it into wedding vows all the time. And that is ending each sentence with, *God being my helper*. We are not called to be disciples to be in hard challenges. We are called to be disciples because God wants us to meet the person inside us that God can see and God will help us draw out our best selves. Do not forget God truly is with you. God is being your helper, their helper, our helper, and may we try to frame our world in hope.

Amen.