

As we begin, this week, a section of Matthew's Gospel concerned with the parables of Jesus, I share with you this wonderful little piece by the Scottish Poet, Ruth Burgess. It is called, "He was a Storyteller", and needs neither introduction nor explanation...

He was a storyteller  
And he drew pictures with words;  
A tiny seed growing into a huge tree  
A lamp under a bed  
A lost sheep crying  
Buckets of fish  
Hungry birds gobbling up corn  
A house built on a rock  
Workmen grumbling....  
He was a storyteller  
And he asked his listeners questions;  
Who was a neighbour to this man?  
Why do you call me good?  
What do you think the owner of the vineyard would do?  
What is the greatest commandment?  
He was a storyteller  
And he knew how to deliver the punchlines that stuck in your memory;  
No servant can be the slave of two masters.  
Whatever is hidden will be brought out into the open.  
Whatever you do for the least of my brothers and sisters, you do for me  
Your heart will always be where your riches are.  
He was a storyteller,  
With words he could draw pictures  
He asked questions that made you stop and think  
And people listened  
And people remembered  
And some of them followed him.  
They called him  
The Word of God

May Mary Magdalene and all the Saints walk with you this week...

*Sam*