

REFLECTION
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Mark 6:30-34, 53-56

The apostles gathered around Jesus, and told him all that they had done and taught. He said to them, “Come away to a deserted place all by yourselves and rest a while.” For many were coming and going, and they had no leisure even to eat. And they went away in the boat to a deserted place by themselves....

Come away to a deserted place all by yourselves and rest a while.

Isn't it wonderful to be out here on this gorgeous morning in the Centennial Memorial Garden Chapel? The heat has lifted and there's a breeze. Birds seem to be singing along in harmony! It takes me back to one of my earliest memories—when I was about five. I spent many summer days playing in the dusty driveway outside my grandparents house. As the youngest of ten grandchildren, I was born the year my grandfather retired. He bought a piece of property on the South River just outside of Annapolis. It was called Crab Creek. I was never sure exactly how we got there from where we lived but I remember a fork in the road that had a name—Spa Road—and we stayed to the right until we saw a sign—tin letters nailed on a wooden board with the name—TUTTLE. Then we turned right onto a long bumpy gravel driveway with scrubby trees, tall grasses, red-winged blackbirds and some fencing covered with honeysuckle. The wooded property dipped down to the river where my grandfather had a small pier, a wooden rowboat, and a crab box hanging off the side. As the youngest—when my mother visited her parents she took me along. There wasn't much to do so I played alone in the sandy patch of driveway just outside the living room window for hours on end, drawing roads with sticks and piling up small stones. There's one more important thing I remember. I sang. I sang a song that was popular on the radio those days. I sang it over and over again.

*Que sera, sera.
Whatever will be will be
the future's not ours to see.
Que sera sera.*

Today's Gospel take me back to that sandy patch of driveway. “*Come away to a deserted place all by yourselves and rest a while.*” This is what Jesus said to his disciples who

were at task, doing the work they were commissioned to do, unable to take time to rest and reflect.

I've always been a fan of "boring." To get bored is to have time to be creative. Isn't it Einstein who said, "Creativity is the intellect at play." I worry about our children now. Keeping them so busy. "That's boring" they say when not given a schedule of events. "Boring is good!" I say. You know what kids say about Odenton? What's "Odenton spelled backwards?" they tease. "Not'ne-t'do." I say to them, "You got to have nothing to do to have time to do the important things." And what are these important things? In Jesus' world the important things are: Relationship. Relationship. Relationship. Righteousness isn't about being right—it's about being in right relationship with God, your neighbor and yourself.

Loving God with your heart, soul, and mind—
which means loving what God creates as well.

Loving and caring for God's people—
near and far.

And, taking time to enjoy the gift of life we have each been given—
making time with not'ne-t'do—all by yourself or with a
friend.

As Jesus went ashore, he saw a great crowd; and he had compassion for them, because they were like sheep without a shepherd; and he began to teach them many things. ...and they begged him that they might touch even the fringe of his cloak; and all who touched it were healed.

You got to have *nothing to do* to see what is important and to have time to do the important things. The future's not ours to see. *Que sera sera*. This doesn't mean that we don't care. It means that we care very deeply. It means that we trust God and take time to do what is most important. The answers to life's most important questions can be found in our trust in God and our faithfulness to each other.

I find myself singing this song again after all these years, especially during this time when we as a community have just experienced the death and loss of four of our dear

members—three of them having reached over 90 years of age and the other after a long illness. I breathe very deeply when I sing these words—it is for me like a prayer.

When I was just a little girl, I asked my mother, what will I be?

Will I be pretty? Will I be rich? Here's what she said to me:

Que sera, sera - whatever will be, will be.

The future's not ours to see. *Que sera, sera*. What will be, will be.

When I grew up and fell in love, I asked my sweetheart, what lies ahead?

Will we have rainbows? Day after day? Here's what my sweetheart said:

Que sera, sera - whatever will be, will be.

The future's not ours to see. *Que sera, sera*. What will be, will be.

Now I have children of my own, they ask their mother, what will I be?

Will I be handsome? Will I be rich? I tell them tenderly:

Que sera, sera - whatever will be, will be.

The future's not ours to see. *Que sera, sera*. What will be, will be.

Que sera, sera.

AMEN