



ST. JOSEPH SPIRITUAL MINISTRIES
A Congregation Ministry
of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Boston

Staying Connected in this Uncertain Time

As we carry on here at St. Joseph Spiritual Ministries in remote locations, we are taking some contemplative time to reflect on a favorite Scripture passage that has held meaning for us in past difficulties and what it may be saying or inviting us to look at in new ways during this global crisis.

This reflection by Betsy Conway, CSJ, is dedicated to the work of racial justice, in the name of Love.

“I am with you always until the end of time. And beyond.” Matthew 28:20

“I am the way and the truth and the life.” John 14:6

So often in times of crisis, we have heard the cry, “Where is God?” When life is especially frightening and uncertain, and we are at our most vulnerable, it is easy to wonder if we are really in it alone, or why hasn’t Someone come to our rescue.

Though I have been at this place at various times in my life, there were only glimpses of this during this pandemic. What I most often felt was, “What is God asking of us, and offering us, in this time?” I have never believed in a punishing God, though for one brief moment, I went there. Then when I saw generosity and sacrifice on so many levels, I thought perhaps God was healing us, healing the earth as well. That with this crisis, we were brought to our pre-birth memory, perhaps, that we really are all connected, all one. And I began to feel that we were like fish swimming in an ocean of God. Truly, and that feeling has mostly been what has sustained me.

So, as I began a new, more committed relationship with the telephone and with Zoom, it seemed as if my call, our call, was to remind myself and others that we are never alone. God was, is, and will be forever more. Jesus, the Holy Spirit, the Companioning Presence of the Holy One – is timeless. In sickness and in health, in good times and in bad, even in death never parting.

Images of those alone in nursing homes, hospitals and homes were heartbreaking ones and left me praying for the trust to believe that somehow God’s presence was felt, in the hands and eyes of a healthcare giver, or a phone call, or a grace. I needed to believe and trust that God’s compassion was and is greater than ours, beyond our understanding.

So when I offered the image to one of our sisters that she was surrounded by God’s healing light, I was reminding both of us that this was a true story, not just a comforting image. My mother, in her wisdom, used to tell us as children that Jesus was either the Son of God or the biggest liar who walked the earth. She and we knew better than that. So though we need to remind each other of the promises made, the promise to protect even when it doesn’t look that way, to be present, even when we doubt and fear, to make all ultimately well, we believe that Jesus was and is the truth, and our way, and our life. And so we swim, in the storms of life, in the ocean of God.

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