

Reflections

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The Grain of Wheat That Dies

The Gospel reveals the secret to happiness: how we can live “another” life with Jesus, down here and forever. It reveals how to escape death, not physical death, which lastly is only a stage of life – but true death: interior death which definitely kills: Jesus Christ tells us: “If the grain of wheat does not fall to earth and die, it is infertile; but if it dies, it bears much fruit.” When He speaks of the grain of wheat: Jesus is speaking of Himself.

What happened to Jesus? What also happens today to men who are committed, men who give of themselves because of their convictions. Jesus annoys the men of his time. Then He is spied on, persecuted. An occasion is sought to arrest Him. And one night He is taken captive because a friend betrays Him. After an unjust trial, He is condemned, tortured and executed.

Now then, did those men really achieve “taking” the life from Christ? No, because although He is nailed to the Cross, Jesus is truly free. When the men think they have taken his life, He saves it from death, giving it freely to his Father for the salvation of mankind: “Father, into your hands I commend by spirit.”

Let us think for a moment on our life. We have received it and we receive it daily. It comes to us from God because nobody has given life to himself. We are not the absolute proprietors of the life received which is made to flow. It is like the living water from the river: if it stagnates it remains asleep, it decays and dies.

The only infallible means to escape death: is love. Indeed, to love is not to keep life for oneself, but to give it away. Because I love, I give some of my time, of my life. But nobody can give his life if he does not give it up, if he does not give up something of his life. This giving up in order to give, is a form of dying to oneself. Therefore, whoever wants to live, has to love.

To love this way, authentically, is not easy and does not always work. Why is it that at times we are tired of living? I think because we only live with 25 or 30 % of life. The rest remains unused, closed up, blocked.

Why is it that very frequently we experience a taste of death in our heart? Because we are covered with pieces of dead life which hinder the sprouting of the joy of life.

They are, for example, my small or great sufferings, buried in the depth of my heart which decay and poison my life. All which I have not accepted nor digested: myself, what I am or what I am not; my excessive sensitivity, my limited intelligence, my illness or my old age.....

Or perhaps I do not accept others: the home I have or do not have; my spouse who is not him/her I had dreamed of; or simply my neighbor, my colleague who is bothersome.....

Perhaps I do not accept my past, the events in my life: the education I received, the examination I failed, the estrangement of my children, the death of a loved one...

It is not about resigning oneself – Jesus did not resign himself passively when facing what was happening to Him. It is about striving with all one's strength against everything which is wrong/bad.

But at the same time, it is about not hiding anything, of not keeping anything: like the grain of wheat which refuses to die and denies life to the sprig; like a Jesus who does not offer his suffering and blocks the redemption of the world.

Dear brothers and sisters, let us all seek in the depth of our heart what we have refused to love, what we have refused to give, perhaps since months or years ago. What is life good for if not for giving it away? “He who wants to save it, loses it, and he who wants to give it away, finds it,” Jesus tells us. Brothers and sisters, here is the secret to happiness!

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