

“The kingdom of heaven may be likened to a man who sowed good seed in his field.”

It is easy to get lost in the vastness of this image. The kingdom of heaven, after all, is a never-ending space of God’s love – so perfect, so big, populated by the perfect creatures of God. Or at least that is what it seems to us. We get lost in this image because it is too perfect. What does it have to do with my daily experience of life, with my daily experience of myself? That’s why it comes as a certain shock when Jesus explains to his disciples that the one who sows the good seed is the Son of Man, and the field is this world. It is a truly shocking detail that the kingdom of God is *right here*. Unexpectedly, we find ourselves in the very center of the parable of God’s story. This is not some sort of a metaphor: the Word of God tells us the story of God’s love for this world and reveals his care for even the smallest good. God loves the good in us much more than he is concerned about evil. Where does it leave me? Am I condemned to a life in a mixed reality where good is accompanied always by evil, where nobility is always undermined by mediocrity? What should I do? Does God even understand me?

In answering this specific question Jesus first presents the larger picture. Two small images: mustard seed and yeast; tiny things that grow and transform the whole organism. The kind of things that have this invisible power to bring life and goodness out of broken and rotten matter. The tool that Jesus points out to us, in the imperfect world, is the power of faith. The power of faith, of the longing for God and God’s longing for me, is the guiding power of the world and of life. This is the reason why the landowner is waiting. He knows that this enormous power of faith is too precious to be lost, even in those who look to us like they are already lost. He is waiting because he knows that this tiny and yet enormous power is at work in creation at all times, the field is bringing fruit, the harvest grows.

In our modern times, we very often lose the perspective of this larger picture. Locked in our self-absorption we suspect that this world is run by blind and evil forces. The fact that things are imperfect we take as a final proof that perfection is impossible. We even carry a quiet suspicion that the Church might be simply a badly camouflaged manifestation of human dreams, rather than God’s field of harvest. Yet even in our tired and cynical hearts, particularly when everything seems overcrowded by despair and injury, we still thirst for that image of the harvest. The voice of the Creator never stops speaking to us in the parables: there is a patient, merciful Love that waits; there is a Faith that grows every shred of love in us; there is a patient and merciful Hope that doesn’t want anybody to be lost.

The weeds, as annoying as they are, are not our enemy. We just need to learn to rely on the little portion of yeast that is still in our hearts. Jesus wants every seed of goodness and holiness to bear as much fruit as possible. This is our true mission. If we want to see renewal of our society, renewal of the Church, we are being offered a hopeful proposition: learn to believe. Learn to live in the dimensions of the geometry of God’s love in every day and in every moment. Let this yeast bring back color and taste to everything we do. When everything seems cynically twisted and manipulated, we must learn to believe in the little mustard seed that has been sown

and is growing in human hearts. In your heart. Trust Jesus when he says that this is the time of harvest, and that you live in it.