

A Mark of Generosity:

One of my first teachers of Generosity was my father.

I grew up living along US 20, a highway that runs between Oregon and Boston. It was a route traveled by those who were homeless and traveling through between major cities. There must have been a mark along the highway where those travelers knew that the next house would provide a meal.

Because of the frequency of those meal visitors, a picnic table was set up outside our back door. My father insisted that if a person showed up at our back door and was hungry, we would feed them.

I remember one time when my father was gone and it was just my mother, brother, and myself at the house. A traveler came to the door and knocked, but we didn't answer

it. I now believe my mother was just afraid for us and told us to hide and she simply didn't answer the door.

Her mothering instincts were on high alert. She told us not to tell dad.

Well when dad got home, that's the first thing we

told him. It's the only time I ever saw my father upset with my mother. It never happened again, but he insisted that even if we didn't have a lot, we would always have enough to share, we could be generous with what we did have so that no one ever went hungry. He was simply fulfilling the message of the mark along the road.

Each of us wears a mark. It was put there at our baptism. It is the mark of the cross, the mark of sacrifice, the mark of suffering for the sake of others.

It is the mark of the generosity of God, ...for God so loved the world that he gave... It is the mark of those who are called to share for the sake of the others.

We have all been loved generously. We abound in grace. We can do no less than live generously, give generously and rejoice greatly in our response to this generous, gracious and loving God. How will you live your mark?

Soli beo Gloria. Thank you.