

June 3, 2018
Genesis 1:1-27
The Tie That Binds “Woven”
The Rev. Lynn P. Lampman

Today, begins the second Sunday of our series, “The Tie That Binds”. Our focus last Sunday, was looking at ourselves, and others being “formed” as clay by God the Master Potter. This morning, we will look at what it means to be “woven together”.

As I had to learn pottery for my job as recreation for a children’s center in rural Kentucky, I also had to learn weaving. You know me, can’t let anything go to waste – not the potters wheel, nor the loom.

As we dissected last week clay and what goes into the making of pottery. So, we will do so today, with the warp and weft of weaving.

We are woven together with all of creation and God, and weaving is a great metaphor for us to see what is really involved in our relationships of interdependency. For what affects one, affects the other. The tie that binds calls us to care for all.

WARP AND WEFT TOGETHER: GOD AND OTHERS

Weaving reminds us what is true for our life.

First there is the vertical dimension, the part that goes from heaven to earth, where we see God manifest in creation. We see God establishing that heaven to earth component not only as the Creator, but also as in the coming of Jesus, the God-man, Emmanuel – the God who is with us, in the here and now. You can’t just have the warp - the horizontal.

God could have gone solo, but rather God designed things so it would not just be weft only, but warp as well.

Many years ago an accomplished organist was giving a concert. (In those days someone had to pump large bellows backstage to provide air for the pipes.) After each selection, the musician received the thunderous applause of a delighted audience. Before his final number, he stood up and said, "I shall now play," and he announced the title. Sitting down at the console, he adjusted his music and checked the stops. With feet poised over the pedals and hands over the keys, he began with a mighty chord. But the organ remained silent. Just then a voice was heard from backstage, "Say 'We'!"

It is so wrong and so not true, when anyone of us says we don't matter. Each of us is needed. This is the way God designed it – intentional interdependency. One impacting the other, in both very positive and negative ways. Each dependent upon the other to survive, much less thrive. This is how God set it up – and who are we to question the wisdom of the Almighty, our and the world's Creator.

To bring this home in a small, but powerful way, let's look at what happens when one key on a computer or typewriter is not functioning

(ON SCREEN)

"Xvxn though my typxwritxr is an old modxl, it works wxll xxxcpt for onx of thx kxys. I'vx wishxd many timxs that it workxd prfxctly. Trux, thxrx arx 42 kxys that function, but onx kxy not working makxs thx diffxrxncx.

Sometimes, it seems to me that our organization is somewhat like my typewriter -- not all the people are working properly. You might say, "Well, I'm only one person. It won't make much difference."

But you see, an organization, to be efficient, needs the active participation of every person. The next time you think your efforts aren't needed, remember my typewriter, and say to yourself, "I am a key person and they need me very much."

We end up with this, difficult at best, impossible at worst. Yet, it could be like this, if all were functioning and working at capacity:

"Even though my typewriter is an old model, it works well except for one of the keys. I've wished many times that it worked perfectly. True, there are 42 keys that function, but one key not working makes the difference.

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But you see, an organization, to be efficient, needs the active participation of every person. The next time you think your efforts aren't needed, remember my typewriter, and say to yourself, "I am a key person and they need me very much. Matter of fact, they can't do it without me."

Thich Nhat Hanh writes,



"If you are a poet, you will see clearly that there is a cloud floating in this sheet of paper. Without a cloud, there will be no rain; without rain, the trees cannot grow; and without trees, we cannot make paper

The cloud is essential for the paper to exist. If the cloud is not here, the sheet of paper cannot be here either. So we can say that the cloud and the paper inter-are." —Thich Nhat Hanh

Where does all this interdependence leave us, where do we go from here:

First, we **recognize the beauty** of what comes from the interplay of the warp and the weft. Recently, I shared some of my photo notecards with a friend, asking her which ones she liked. She responded with I don't like color and I don't like patterns, only monochrome. Yet, that's not how God designed it, and thus she did not like most of my photos, since I can't help but show what is – God's warp and weft, color pallet, and design patterns.

Second, we don't count ourselves out. Some of us can't imagine our contribution, much less acknowledge or celebrate it. Yet, that doesn't then equal, you did not make a contribution.

So, **take in the compliments** you receive, about how much you gave, and how your part in it made such a difference.

Finally, **become the shuttlecock in the Weaver's hand.**

Realize that God cannot make the weaving God desires for this world without you. You like the weft are to wrap yourself

around and gain strength, and durability by weaving the very fibers of your being around God's very being.

In conclusion, the poem: the Master Weaver

"Our lives are but fine weavings,
that God and we prepare,
each life becomes a fabric planned,
and fashioned in his care . . .

We may not always see,
just how the weavings intertwine,
but we must trust the Master's hand,
and follow His design.

For He can view the pattern,
upon the upper side,
while we must look from underneath,
and trust in Him to guide.

Sometimes a strand of sorrow,
is added to His plan,
and though it's difficult for us,
we still must understand.



That it's He who flies the shuttle,
it's He who knows what's best,
so we must weave in patience,
and leave to Him the rest . . .

Not till the loom is silent,
and the shuttles cease to fly,
shall God unroll the canvas,
and explain the reason why.
The dark threads are as needed,
in the Weaver's skillful hand,
as the threads of gold and silver,
in the pattern He has planned."

