

Saturday, March 8, 2025



*Day 04*

*“I am the good shepherd. I know my own, and my own know me.”*

—JOHN 10:14 (NRSVUE)

## Reflect

When I was a teenager my mother picked up on something she thought I should apologize for, something that seemed to cause a fight between my sisters. (Notice my emphasis on “seemed to” because I’m still not convinced she was right and one of those joys of aging is re-telling these stories *however I want, Mom!*) I hemmed and hawed and finally said, “Okay, I’m zzorry.” Mom couldn’t suppress her giggles, and soon we were all laughing and repeating, “I’m zzorry.” Problem solved, to a degree. Certainly a bridge was needed between sisters at odds with each other, and an apology could possibly be that bridge, but rarely does a mandated one work. The best kind of apology is open-faced, concerned, and honest, offered freely and willing to hear how the other was affected. Apologies are hard. Maybe we need to start with a little “zzorry.”

# *Respond*

Is there someone you've been thinking about reaching out to? Or someone you might want to offer an apology to? Maybe you could find a small gesture, it doesn't have to be perfect—just a little nudge or a quick “zzorry,” and go from there.



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# Blessing for that unsettled feeling

*Blessed are you,  
who remember what contentment felt like—  
if only for a minute or two.*

*When every lovely feeling is smoke,  
and peace seems impossible to be caught.*

*Blessed are you  
who long for a version where  
every good memory stacks up like bricks,  
built to wall out every pain,  
every remorse, every stinging fear.*

*But that's not how it works.  
No matter what you do  
to build up your reserves  
you find yourself at the mercy  
of every new negative feeling.*

*Contentedness feels elusive.  
Fulfillment feels inaccessible.*

*But here's the truth:  
You are not feelings alone.  
Sometimes you'll feel  
the weight of your purpose,  
the glow of love,  
the deep certainty that you belong.  
And other times?  
You'll just have to shrug  
and wait for contentment to return.*

*Blessed are you,  
who trust that when your emotions waver,  
there is a love that doesn't.  
A hope that stays.  
A peace that rests in your hands.  
May you find calm in your unsteadiness.  
May you be reminded that  
this ache will pass.  
And the in the meantime  
you are not alone.<sup>4</sup>*

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<sup>4</sup> Kate Bowler. Adapted from "A Blessing for That Unsettled Feeling" in *Have a Beautiful, Terrible Day: Daily Meditations for the Ups, Downs, and In-Betweens*. (New York: Convergent Books, 2024). 105.