

Son of Christos

Hi there, Raymond Peter Luke here. The other anointed one, from Germiston. I would just like to say thank you, to all the people in my life. For lessons and experience shared, and just for life, that we have lived, together.

A special thanks to my older brother, a tradesman. The son of a stonemason. He shared with me once, on an occasion, of time spent with our father, mother, and sister. Over a meal, they talked. And related everyday life events, into stories and parables, using symbols. Telling of perspective and lessons learnt. As did his father before him.

Because we remember these things that, portray, with greater ease, through story telling. It also helps to provoke a curious mind, that needs to unravel their mystery. In their own time.

Under an old olive tree, a special place, in the hearts of the family. From which shade, fruit, and stories, and family bond time originate. My brother told this story.

Our father spoke. He took the simple meal laid out on a table.

In the courtyard, rear of the villa. Our father started off by saying, that we must always give thanks, before a meal.

He continued, with explanation, and of philosophy.

Our father...	Recognize that we are a part of a family.
Which art in heaven...	Attainment of a higher spiritual state.
Hallowed by thy name...	The Maker of all, we consecrate as the whole source.
Thy kingdom come...	Is in all of nature, not made by man.
Thy will be, done...	That we are, charged with the fixing, the preservation, and the creation.
On earth...	Our cultivation, nurturing, and growth, of mind and belief
As it is in heaven...	That we should emulate a higher spiritual state.
Give us today, our daily bread...	And we should, be mindful of our daily interaction, within our environment.
And forgive us our trespasses...	Our encroachments of another's sovereignty.
And forgive those who trespass against us...	Otherwise, or intentional violation from others.

And lead us not into temptation...	That we be against the advancement of self, at the expense of another.
But deliver us from evil...	The understanding to avoid, an opposing force.
For thine is the kingdom...	Your territory over; spirit into matter, and particle. From which none can err.
The power...	Your principle; the control, and the timespan over all nature.
And the glory...	You are truly omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient.
Forever and ever...	And we acknowledge that, which continues after death. The soul. Being part of, the great ocean, of the cosmos.
Amain...	Immediately, with great haste, and with great force.

Beginning with a sigh. My brother retold, the next part. He just knew our father's, few words, would be more than a short speech...I could just imagine that this tested his patience, before a good meal.

Our father then. Gesturing with his right hand, at the table, said:

Before we serve and eat, let me say this. Look at the table before you. The table represents objectively a separation, sturdy, and strong, in its presence. A statement of intent, a commitment to its unwavering task. A faithful servant. That affords people, many a use.

The white cloth represents, a pure intention. Something that is clean, laid over something else. To form a barrier to a functional exterior. We cover up the table, with something nice, and pleasant to the eye. To mask the original intent, with another layer. Like another veil, to a society standard.

Yet, when we finish eating, the white, clean, pretty cloth is now dirty. From our conduct and actions, at the table. Then nobody wants to use the cloth afterwards. We are quick to reject the uncleanness, and tardiness, of this functional barrier. Until presented unblemished, and clean, once again.

The plough, the olive press, the pot and pans, cooking plates, grinders, mortar and pistil, and utensil. All these tools, that help us prepare foods in different ways. From labour, to profit, to rest, to presenting an exquisite tasting meal.

Good and wholesome foods, excellent company, and a place called home. Is a recipe for an afternoon meal of choice. With effort from all sides. Both before and after the many meals.

The plates, soup bowls, a woven bread basket, cups and chalice, are keepers of what we put into them. Some will take liquid, some solids. Essentially in nature, they are smaller storehouses, that keep items of replenishable choice. Created and built by people. For our benefit, our pleasure, and use. We either keep them plain, or even, sometimes, we employ others to craft them to taste. The functional purpose, and the decorative of such items; proves sometimes to be conversational pieces. We display our wealth, our claimed class, and our entitled essence with such, as a family, to outsider's.

To the individual such is pleasing, in style, appearance, and function. And at times shows the choice and reason for such. Amongst family, however, it becomes a remembrance of time spent bonding. Of laughter and tears. Or, of a time, when the children were still at home. The broken-out pieces, of a set, highlight their faithful use, and our emotional attachment, to such events. This proves everything passes with time. When we replace all the pieces.

Our father then, drew attention to the simple mid-afternoon meal itself.

He started with the bread. The unleavened bread, is a type of flat bread, that has no raising agent or yeast. Its ingredients are wheat flour, water, salt, and oil. It is quick and easy to prepare and make. The absence of leavened agents, should be akin, to a humble approach to life. No boastfulness, or blown-up pretenses, or acid feeling toward another.

We break this bread by hand, always in remembrance of this. This is our part in the greater scheme of things, and the environment we find ourselves in.

When we eat a piece of this bread, we must acknowledge, that the Maker dwells with us, and in us. And that we are part of a likeminded spiritual family. In this way, the Maker dwells through us all.

That we also cannot sustain our spiritual embodiment, by the eating of bread alone.

The red wine we drink from the chalice. Measured in small amounts, is good for cleaning the fats accumulated, from the inside our veins. It will keep our veins soft and supply. It has many extended benefits, which includes longevity. The wine keeps our blood flowing strong. Wine has preserving qualities.

However, the chalice and wine represent something more spiritual. If the chalice represents the environment, and the faith of the family. When we hold the chalice, we should consider the fact, that we hold the consciousness of our spiritual family in our hands.

Then, the wine represents the cohesion of our emotions, our thoughts, our words, our conduct, and our actions. When we drink from this chalice, know this; it is from the collective "blood, or deed" offering of the family.

Toward a greater healthier whole. I am, then part of; because of; my spiritual community.

The salt. Our father continued. It is an important mineral from the earth, that much of life depends on it. When consumed in moderation, it helps regulate the blood pressure, and other

body function. We use it to add taste to our food. We can use it as a food preserve. Salt has healing properties. And there is so much more, that we can use salt for.

The point is, we are like "the salt of the earth". Wise use of the mineral, and great care taken, is always a good thing. In our journey together, and toward each other in our conduct. Too much, or too little, can spoil things for another member of family. Or a member of our spiritual community.

Hence, why we use so many idioms and expressions, that involve the use of salt.

Olives are a gift from the Highest, our Maker. By giving, the recipe to nature, that has endured the test of time. And has produced a fine fruit, for our pleasure. Eating of the fruit has so many health benefits. For our heart, our bones, and our stomach. It can keep away diseases, and improve memory, when eaten every day.

So, we take advantage, of our creativity, and cold press the olives to make oil. We have discovered many good uses, for olive oil. We have captured the goodness, for year-round use. We dress our salads, use it on unleavened bread with herb, and cook with the oil. Even drinking a little every day has extended benefit.

We also use olive oil in our religious sacraments. After consultation, with the person, or people involved.

To anoint someone. To help them let go of memories, and attachments, that holds someone from releasing, that which holds them back in life.

Also, from an ailment. Whether physical or mental. That proves the power of the mind, and a person's belief. This has the power to restrain, conform their mind, and hold them back. This process aids in healing, and the recovery.

A similar sacrament is, administrated; when saying goodbye to a loved one, after a long life of fulfillment. So, the elderly can depart in peace, with the acceptance, and comfort from the family.

The most used ingredient is water. An essential liquid element of abundance, and entitlement to all natives. The repository to known life, and from which all life stems. Without water you cannot survive for more than forty days. You will eventually dry out, and wither away. It is that crucial to life.

Water always must be in constant motion. This allows it to absorb and trap air, mineral, energy, and very small types of life forms. All vital to the function of every other life form. So, if water had a spiritual paired luminary. Influenced, and inspired by its message of life. From our father, the Maker of all, we consecrate as the whole source.

Today then, I might be the storehouse, that holds this water. Tomorrow you may be.

When we combine all the ingredients, as other intelligent beings do. We feast in good health, and have abundance.

Our sister asked a question. She asked why, would such knowledge, be in the hands of a common tradesman, like father? Surely this the domain of learned people!

My stomach then objected with a rumble. To another speech. But I held my attention, and said nothing.

Our father answered. My child. My answer is three-fold.

1. Knowledge is for everybody. Some people improve their lives, because of it. Others are only curious enough to satisfy, an unanswered, or outstanding questions. That have lingered for a while. Most people, however, are too busy with daily life. Some are lazy, or preoccupied, others bother not. Some just do not know. Others are just hesitant to help answer, for fear of ridicule, and status reason. Pre-conditioned, however, the majority opinion of people, refer others to an accredited expert in that field.

2. There are others, that are far more influential and learned, that seek to profit from such knowledge. Mainly because their studies, now earn them their wage. They have become professional people, within an allowed and created system of society.

By answering only enough to satisfy the query. They then invite people back, to further their knowledge and make study of it. This is part of the system, of selling their skill, that keeps them earning a wage.

They support and recommend other professional people. Usually of greater esteemed status.

3. On the other hand, a tradesman. Knows the dedication it takes to master something. They also learn to create. They learn to, understand the cause, decode, and discover. Then re-create the problem or cause, and give solution to tangible problems. And then fix things. They also learn to preserve all things, during their lifetime. They know of this importance; to pass across their knowledge, to the next dedicated person. Before such knowledge disappears to time. They are observers, teachers, guides, and mentors, of principle and application. They only do this with select people, who are interested, and show aptitude to help themselves, and others. People who like to pay things forward.

Some tradesman, help other tradesman. And others do not help or teach at all, for fear of loss.

A master tradesman however, has learnt how to deal with people, and their demands, and their selfishness. They also learn in life, that educating people, prevent the same people from breaking stuff quickly. And preserving the same. And they also help others, to understand their demands, and what it takes to build. And how any person should plan for maintenance, and further commitment.

A master tradesman, also learns to fix their own mistakes. Then afterwards, helps another tradesman do the same. Thereafter, helping the same tradesman, or person, to teach another. Therefore, a master tradesman, is a teacher. A mediator, and a skilled communicator. And then pays this forward, investing time and effort. Into another tradesman.

And knows that there is, a wider vision. Creating a pool of knowledge, and resource. In service to the community, without compensation.

In short, a master tradesman, learns to plan, manage time, and process, and resource, and people. Then still is, expected to produce result.

Eventually...my brother said, they ate. The conversation, during the meal, continued a much lighter note, with the whole family joining in. Back and forth, till all had their fill.

That day, my brother ended his story, with the following statement. The body, the mind, and the soul received nourishment that day. After cleaning up. The rest of the day, all continued in high spirits.

I thought often about this story, my brother, the son of Christos, told me.

By
Raymond Peter Luke

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