

Today we remember Margaret of Antioch

Who is this Margaret? No evidence she even existed. We only know people of the Middle Ages worshipped “a Margaret” as a saint. A figure grown from a pagan priest story, Diocletian, who had a daughter called Margaret. That itself is dubious; so here’s Margaret’s story peppered with some of my additions.

A mother dies soon after childbirth. This child born to a pagan priest is sent away to be brought up in a Christian household. Margaret grows up within a life of prayer. Learning to make space for God. Understanding how to receive his love and offer this same love to others.

Imagine when she returned to her birth community. A woman with her heart full of love for this God. No more idols for her. A heart wanting to share this God. But her father and the community leaders were not going to let this God in. Whatever they tried Margaret was having none of this. She held fast to her faith. The next move can go in two ways.

1] Her father marries her to a pagan man. That only managed to bring him towards Christ. In anger she was thrown in prison. Even death threats she would not be moved. This even had the effect of some guards turning to her God.

2] She rejected the advances of Olybruis. This was followed by the most amazing events. One being swallowed by a dragon representing Satan.

The combination of Margaret’s legendary reputation for righteousness and extraordinary wisdom underpins a faith that explodes with significances.

This is important in how we live within our relationship with God. The design to inspire and console. To hold onto the visionary concepts that enable people to look upwards and outwards.

Following Christ is a life built on truth, understanding, imagination, dreams and expectations. Alongside Christ’s blue print encouraging us down his path.

Here we are at a point with opportunities to refresh, renew God’s vision. How are we going to share his love and grace? How will we make people different from this point onwards?



THE DASH by Linda Ellis

I read of a man who stood to speak at the funeral of a friend. He referred to the dates on the tombstone from the beginning... to the end.

He noted that first came the date of birth and spoke of the following date with tears, but he said what mattered most of all was the dash between those years.

For that dash represents all the time they spent alive on earth and now only those who loved them know what that little line is worth.

For it matters not, how much we own, the cars... the house... the cash. What matters is how we live and love and how we spend our dash.

So think about this long and hard; are there things you'd like to change? For you never know how much time is left that still can be rearranged.

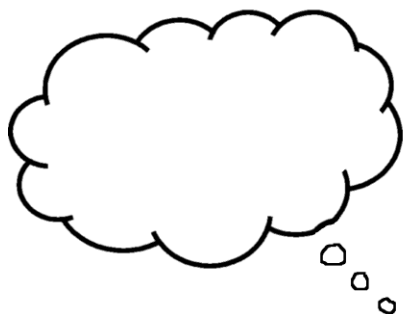
To be less quick to anger and show appreciation more and love the people in our lives like we've never loved before.

If we treat each other with respect and more often wear a smile... remembering that this special dash might only last a little while.

So when your eulogy is being read, with your life's actions to rehash, would you be proud of the things they say about how you lived your dash?

Margaret part true part legend shows us what it really means to dream of God breaking into our lives. A life interwoven with Christ with explosive dramatic experiences or quiet simple interaction.

God gives us a life with signs of gracious action.



Today's thought:

what words

will speak of your dash?