

Matthew 4:1-11 “Jesus Is Tempted”

**His mother was in a nursing home,
well and happy since she had been an activist teacher,
bringing her son along as she led her union
for better working conditions,
inspiring this son to go into politics.
He was a man for the People,
I heard him give a proclamation
to Black Jazz musicians for their improvisations,
the saxophone scrapping dreams in the air,
a man’s piano fingers racing like fire,
the cello – a woman’s body to be embraced,
the beauty of music astounding him.
Now mother and son are both in a desert,
she, suffering in a hospital place
because the governor allowed COVID patients
to be placed in the same nursing home with healthy seniors.
The governor took \$90,000 from
nursing home owners to forbid lawsuits
from the families of residents in their care.
Like Jesus in the desert,
this governor was tempted by the Tempter
who saw our Lord weakened as He was fasting.
The Tempter said,
“If you are the Son of God,
command that these stones become
loaves of bread.”
Have you ever been so hungry
that you would accept any wrong doing
to satisfy your hunger?**

**That is where many of us are now,
feeling alone in the desert
since COVID's disruptions spread across the city
like the closing of stores
and the loss of jobs,
quieting of a voice from Death.**

The desert.

**Our Lord, starving,
replies, "Thou shalt not live by bread alone,
but by every word that comes from the mouth of God."
Yet and still, today's son's grief does not let him pray,
his heart breaking into the stones**

Satan pointed to.

**How many of us,
walking in the desert and without food,
recall those words of Jesus?**

**How many of us pray without believing
in the One who brings a sun day
with new mercies and the power of a resurrected Christ?
We live as though the temptation was not defeated,
feel sadness so that we hear the Blues in birds singing.
How many of us think of a scripture to become a piece of
bread?**

**Another said her mother was dying from COVID,
and the doctors would not allow the family
to be by the side of their cherished one,
they stand in the hallway,
crying as they hear the cries of their mother
who leaves without touching their hands.**

The desert.

Do we know that salvation is as near

**as an angel by our sides?
Do we see the naked brown winter trees
as a season to endure
like the days winds blew leaves from branches?
In our personal desert we are lost,
hungry, hurt, and feeling separated from our Maker.
Do we know with our Heavenly Father
there is the life of Christ in our deserts?
Will we hold out our arms to God,
and wait on His timing for feeding us?**

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