

Luke 12:22-52

*“And the Lord said, “Who than is the faithful and prudent manager whom his master will put in charge of his slaves, to give them their allowance of food at the proper time? (NSRV)*

I often ponder on what it means to be a “steward”. What is our role exactly? And, how do we fit in with what already exists? As a striving urban farmer and beekeeper, I strive to serve God in a way that coincides with the needs of our planetary home; as it stands, for me getting to heaven is no longer a necessity, nor, is it a spiritual goal. My goal is to help serve and co-exist; rather than, journey towards the heaven I learned to believe in. In many faiths I seem to be going in the wrong direction. In many minds, I should be more worried about getting to heaven; rather than, worrying about any earthly possession, that potentially could create heaven on earth. As the earth continues to be a financial commodity to many, I find myself ever broken and sick. I find myself responding to the pain; rather than, celebrating our leader’s victories. For they are not my master, I cannot serve the ones who make me writhe in pain and seek out a morereclusive existence. I again ask, what exactly is our role in regards to stewardship? The Native Americans believe that all of our actions should seek to serve seven future generations. With this in mind, I believe we have to change our vision, our place and our direction. It seems now the masters of today are not really masters. According to many native traditions the masters are the unborn; however, it could be that the masters are the meek, the dying, and, or, the ones who continually encourage us to think beyond our own existence. Or, it just might be, the masters are not even human. This might sound strange; nevertheless, the ones who continue to teach me are the bees. As a beekeeper I am constantly confronted on who the master is and who the slave is in the relationship. Ask any beekeeper, no matter the age or experience they always say the same thing. “I still am learning about bees. Or, the bees continue to teach me.” I am constantly encouraged to focus downward towards the earth; rather than, up towards heaven, for there is a lot of work to do down here. As the bees work hard to get enough stores for the winter, I work hard to be their voice, advocate and servant, while I learn to keep them healthy and happy. What does it mean to truly serve? I learn that I have to redefine my understanding of place as well as my vision of stewardship? I find that I am called to be a servant to the bees. I am learning to coexist with extraordinary beings. The bees continue to teach me gentleness, grace, forgiveness, and compassion. Along with these teachings, the bees continue to lead me by showing me their strength, perseverance and drive for community. They keep me connected to the Divine’s creation. In short, they keep me connected to God. The Lord does indeed work in mysterious ways and the Lord used bees to bring me back home to serve the Divine Master. As I learn my place, I learn to coexist with the bees and in return we work together both as stewards and masters of each other. Our relationship becomes an *and/and* existence. I seek out the Divine Spirit in bees, and in all living things that surround me in the garden. Not everyone is called to be a beekeeper; nevertheless, we are all called to serve the Divine. To answer in my own way the questions stated above, what is our role exactly? And, how do we fit in with what already exists? Our role is to seek out, to serve and become open to the Divine teachings that continue to coexist alongside us. Once we open ourselves up and become vulnerable to the teachers we will begin to learn our role as stewards.

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