



DIOCESE OF ABERDEEN & ORKNEY

FROM ASHES TO FIRE: A JOURNEY FROM LENT TO PENTECOST

Tuesday 13th May 2025

Words from Others - Jesus, the Good Shepherd (Vocation)

On Tuesdays & Wednesdays we'll explore words from others and resources from the arts - music, art, poetry to help us reflect and engage deeper. The Christian Life involves many different actions, engagement with scripture and the world.

As you reflect on these quotes, poetry, and reflections on the scriptures this week what do they make you think about the theme of Jesus, the Good Shepherd (Vocation).



You will know your vocation by the joy that it brings you. You will know. You will know when it's right. – Dorothy Day

A true vocation is nothing other than the firm and constant will possessed by the person called, to want to serve God in the manner and in the place where the Divine Majesty calls her. – St. Francis de Sales

The place God calls you to is the place where your deep gladness and the world's deep hunger meet. – Frederick Buechner (on Vocation)

The Christian vocation is to be in prayer, in the Spirit, at the place where the world is in pain, and as we embrace that vocation, we discover it to be the way of following Christ, shaped according to his messianic vocation to the cross, with arms outstretched, holding on simultaneously to the pain of the world and to the love of God. --N.T.Wright

Like A Vocation by W.H. Auden (1907-1972)

Not as that dream Napoleon, rumour's dread and centre,
Before who's riding all the crowds divide,
Who dedicates a column and withdraws,
Nor as that general favourite and breezy visitor
To whom the weather and the ruins mean so much,
Nor as any of those who always will be welcome,
As luck or history or fun,
Do not enter like that: all these depart.

Claim, certainly, the stranger's right to pleasure:
Ambassadors will surely entertain you
With knowledge of operas and men,
Bankers will ask for your opinion
And the heiress' cheek lean ever so slightly towards you,
The mountains and the shopkeepers accept you
And all your walks be free.

But politeness and freedom are never enough,
Not for a life. They lead
Up to a bed that only looks like marriage;
Even the disciplined and distant admiration
For thousands who obviously want nothing
Becomes just a dowdy illness. These have their moderate success;
They exist in the vanishing hour.

But somewhere always, nowhere particularly unusual,
Almost anywhere in the landscape of water and houses,
His crying competing unsuccessfully with the cry
Of the traffic or the birds, is always standing
The one who needs you, that terrified
Imaginative child who only knows you
As what the uncles call a lie,
But knows he has to be the future and that only
The meek inherit the earth, and is neither
Charming, successful, nor a crowd;
Alone among the noise and policies of summer,
His weeping climbs towards your life like a vocation.