
HOLY HERMITS ONLINE

6th Sunday After Pentecost

[Genesis 24.34-38; 24.42-49; 24.58-67;](#)

[Psalm 45.10-17;](#)

[Romans 7.14-25;](#)

[Matthew 11.15-19; 11.25-30](#)

Rev'd Lauren Martin

Come Weary

Jesus says, "Come to me, all you that are weary and are carrying heavy burdens, and I will give you rest."

There are some words of Scripture that seem to find us wherever we are. These words are like that. They find us when we are strong, but perhaps they find us most truly when we are tired: tired in body, tired in mind, tired in spirit, tired from carrying things that other people cannot see.

And weariness takes many forms. For some it is pain, illness, grief, anxiety, or depression. For some it is the exhaustion of isolation. For some it is the daily labour of navigating a world that does not always understand their body, their mind, their senses, or their way of communicating. For some it is the quiet question: if I cannot show up in the way people expect, do I still belong?

That question sits close to the heart of today's Gospel.

Jesus speaks of people who could not be satisfied. John the Baptist came fasting, and they said he had a demon. Jesus came eating and drinking, and they called him a glutton and a drunkard, a friend of tax collectors and sinners. John was too severe. Jesus was too open. One was too strict, the other too free. Whatever God was doing, someone had already decided it was wrong.

That is not only an ancient problem. It is a human one. We still live among expectations about how faith should look, how strength should look, how participation should look, how community should look. If someone is quiet, we may assume they are disengaged. If someone is expressive, we may think they are too much. If someone needs flexibility or accommodation, we may call them difficult. If someone gathers through a screen rather than in a building, we may be tempted to wonder whether it is really the same.

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But Jesus is not trapped by those judgments. He says, "Wisdom is vindicated by her deeds." In other words, look at the fruit. Look where mercy is growing. Look where burdens are being shared. Look where people are being given room to breathe. Look where the weary are being welcomed rather than measured.

Then Jesus gives thanks because the things of God have been revealed, not to the self-sufficient, but to infants. Not because God is against wisdom or learning, but because the deepest grace of God is often received by those who know they need to be held. Those who know they cannot carry everything by themselves. Those who have stopped pretending they are untouched by need.

And then comes the invitation: "Come to me."

Notice what Jesus does not say. He does not say, "Come when you are fixed." He does not say, "Come when your faith is impressive." He does not say, "Come when your body behaves, your mind is calm, your life is tidy, your words are fluent, your camera is on, and your presence is easy for everyone else to understand."

He says, "Come to me." Come weary. Come with pain. Come with silence. Come with anxiety, sensory overload, chronic illness, limited mobility, grief, attention that wanders, or energy that runs out early. Come from your room, your kitchen table, your couch, your hospital bed, your quiet place, your screen. Come with the energy you have, not the energy you wish you had.

For a digital community – for our community, this is holy news. Christ is not confined by walls. The risen Jesus came through locked doors; surely he can come through distance, bandwidth, silence, and screens. Names typed into the chat in prayer, or posted in the HHO app to our Prayer Wall can be holy. Our muted microphones can still belong to a worshipping hearts. A person listening off-camera is not absent from God. Presence is not always visible. Participation is not always loud. Belonging is not earned by performance.

Then Jesus says, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn from me; for I am gentle and humble in heart." At first, that image can sound like one more weight laid across already tired shoulders. But a yoke is also something shared. It joins one to another. Jesus is not saying, "Carry more." He is saying, "Let me carry this with you."

His yoke is not the yoke of pretending, proving, rushing, masking, or pushing through at any cost. It is the yoke of companionship. The yoke of mercy. The yoke of learning a gentler rhythm from the One who is gentle and humble in heart.

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This does not mean every burden disappears. Jesus does not ask us to deny pain, illness, loneliness, disability, trauma, or difference. He does not call heavy things light by pretending they are not heavy. But he promises that they do not have to be carried in solitude. He offers rest for our souls: the kind of rest that lets us stop pretending, the kind of rest that says we are not problems to be solved, but people to be loved.

So perhaps our calling at Holy Hermits Online is to continue to be a community shaped by that invitation. A community where different bodies, different minds, different capacities, and different ways of showing up are not treated as inconveniences, but received as part of the body of Christ. A community where patience is a spiritual practice, gentleness is a form of strength, and accessibility is not an optional extra but an expression of love.

The question Jesus leaves with us is simple, but not easy: do we believe he means it?

Do we believe he means "come" when we are weary? Do we believe he means "come" when we cannot get out? Do we believe he means "come" when all we can offer is a quiet presence, a fragile hope, or a whispered prayer? And if we believe it for ourselves, can we help one another believe it too?

Christ says, "Come." Come as you are. Come beloved. Come with your burdens. Come into the rest of the One who carries them with you.

Let us pray.

Gentle Christ, meet us in our weariness, hold us in your mercy, and teach us to rest in you. May you bless our community at Holy Hermits Online, gathered across distance yet held together in your love. Make us patient, tender, and faithful with one another, and give rest to our souls.

In the name of Christ. Amen.