

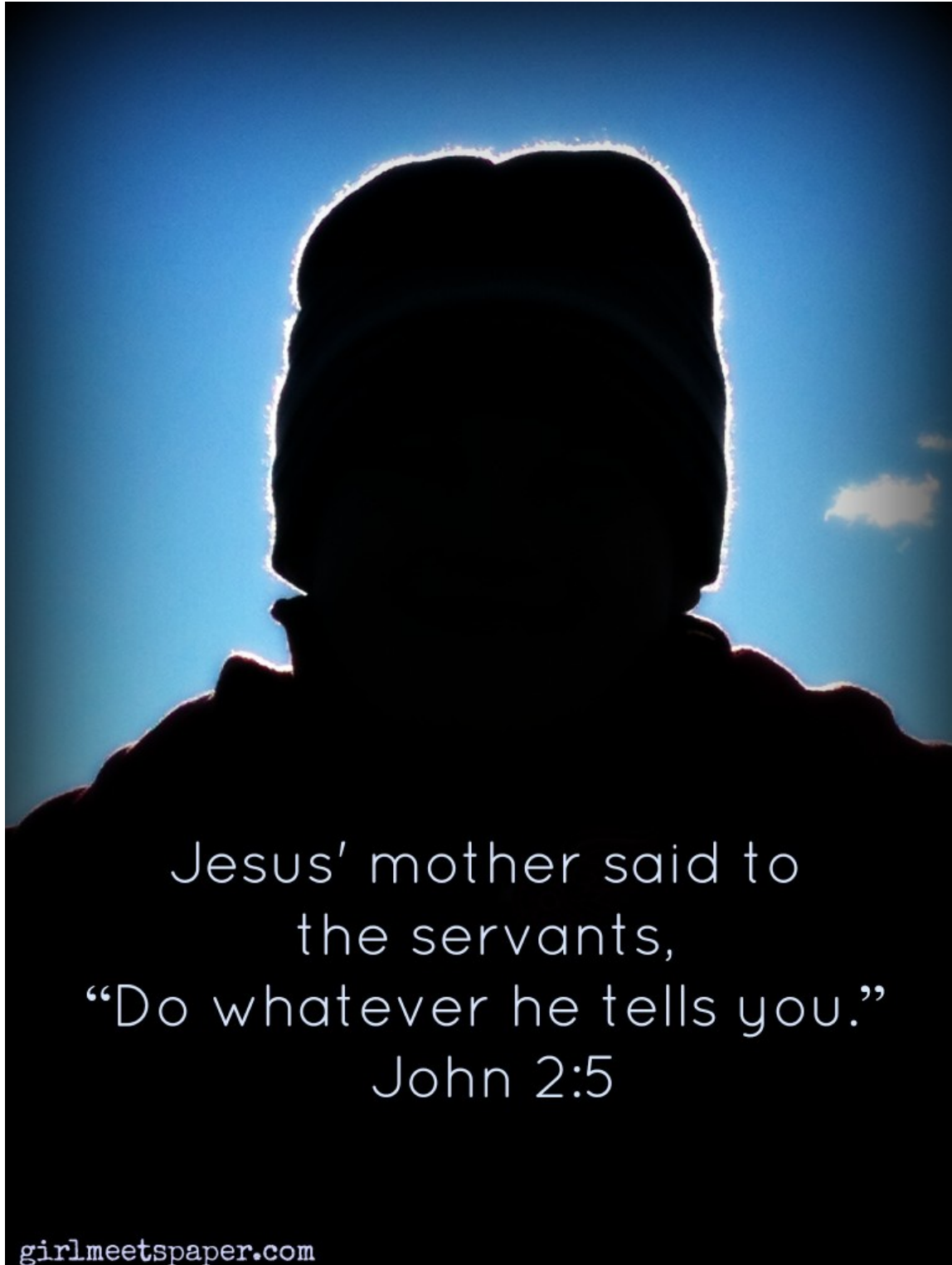
Monday Morning Meditation: John 2:5



Monday Morning Meditations is a faith community that reflects on a Bible verse each week. Thank you for visiting!

If you'd like to join the conversation, simply write a reflection on your own blog **about this verse**, and follow the link-up buttons at the bottom of this post. Then, encourage the blogger who linked up before you by reading her post and leaving a comment.

Of course whether you link up or not, we'd love to hear from you in the comments or on twitter!



The phone sang its curious little tune to the kitchen audience while I frantically hustled to find it. Lifting a stack of graded school papers carelessly tossed from a backpack earlier that day, I pulled the phone from its hiding place in the wreckage and pushed the talk button.

Her voice on the other end of the line was encouraging despite the revolving door of my prayer requests. Each week she calls and most weeks I spill out a new variation on an old problem:

My struggle to make peace with who I am; with who I am not.

My desire to seek after His plan, and my heart tugging me in ways that I don't always understand.

My confusion about what is next -- or what "should be."

She listens and I can hear her nodding through the line.

She understands.

And she prays for me.

What John 2:5 teaches us about our next steps

This has been an emotional and difficult year for me in many ways, and not the least among reasons why has been [sending all three of my children off to school](#). My decade-long stint as "stay-at-home mom" has ended in so far as needing to wrangle Cheerios and change diapers.

It has left me wondering, *What's next, God? Where would you have me?* and *What's best for our family?*

And then this week I heard a sermon about Jesus at Cana.

I walked through the dusty roads, arrived at the wedding with white linen banners billowing.

I heard the urgent concern in Mary's voice when she presented the problem to her son: *there is no more wine!*

I imagined the weight of those stone jars as they were filled with water.

And I received her instruction as though it was meant for me: "**Do whatever he tells you.**"

Do. (stop thinking about it, Jane. Do it.)

Whatever. (no footnotes, no loopholes.)

He. (Jesus is guiding.)

Tells. (Jane -- you must be listening to hear him!)

YOU. (like [our post last week about freedom](#), his voice in MY life will be different from his voice in YOURS. I need to be true to MY calling.)

And so that phone call comes back to me -- that phone call and all the ones before.

And I hear myself again fretting and wondering and doubting.

But what John 2:5 teaches me this week is that my life and my steps forward can be eased by listening to the wisdom of Christ's mother. Like my own mom who used to cradle me and smooth the hair back from tear-streaked eyes and sweaty brow, Mary whispers:

Quit worrying.

Do whatever he tells you.