

"Do not weep."

The Gospel of Luke tells us that Jesus comes to Nain one day after He was in Capernaum, where He healed the centurion's servant. Luke emphasizes this detail, even though to us these two miracles may seem entirely different. In Capernaum, Jesus heals the suffering servant after witnessing the faith of the centurion, a faith greater than any He has found in Israel. In Nain, however, it seems that there is no sign of faith. There is only a grieving mother, mourning the death of her only son. It is a silent pain, one that cannot be consoled. Nobody speaks. Death itself is silent. There are no prayers. The heart of the weeping mother is silent. And yet, both the centurion and the mother find each other at the foot of the Cross of Jesus, as emphasized in the Cross of San Damiano.



The centurion, who loves his suffering servant, and the mother, who loves her son and watches him die are both visited by Jesus, as told in the gospel of Luke, just one day apart. They both share in the same love, a love that is still not complete in perfect communion. It is this love that speaks to Christ. In the case of the mother, it speaks through silence, so that God may hear her better. And He comes. That day, she witnesses the resurrection of her son. By the cross, the Mother of God too discovers the beloved apostle.

Both events, separated by a single day in the gospel of Luke, are bound together by the cross: the healing of the suffering servant and the consolation of the weeping mother. The cross magnifies the deep wounds within the community, that are the result of unfulfilled love. These wounds are visited, at the appointed time, by the Word that has become incarnate.

M. came late on Thursday to the mission. He had been passing through the neighborhood and stopped because, as he said, "this is the church," and he felt he needed to enter.

He speaks openly about his life as it is now, and he asks questions with the simplicity of a child, even though he is retired. His main struggle now is loneliness. It weighs on him and challenges both his thoughts and his heart. He says he walks more these days and prays, morning and evening, because he is afraid of death. He asks me if I pray, and if I am afraid too. He is searching for answers and for faith. He has children, but they do not visit. Somewhere along the way, the relationship with them faded. What remains is a loneliness that will not disappear. It manifests itself through fear, and through tears in his eyes. He found those tears, too, after searching for them all his life. In his loneliness, he discovered what he had been longing for.

God does not leave a person alone. Through His grace, He gently warms the soul with a sweetness that reaches even the one who is afraid to believe. So he can find tears.

It is the loneliness of the mother, the widow who buries her only son, that Jesus sees today. It is the same loneliness carried by many parents who have lost their children, whether to death or to a world that has lost its meaning. This is a loneliness that remains, a presence that cannot be replaced. It is also the loneliness of Mary Magdalene, who stood weeping outside the empty tomb, searching for the body of Jesus, only to hear His words: *“Woman, why are you weeping? Whom do you seek?”* (John 20:11–18, today’s Matins Gospel).

This is not a loneliness born of indifference or isolation from others. It is the loneliness of a heart that has loved deeply and now lives in the pain of broken communion. It is a loneliness that helps the heart to weep, because its love was genuine. Jesus Himself weeps at the tomb of Lazarus. The woman who pours oil on His head and washes His feet with her tears also weeps, because she knows she is preparing Him for His burial.

God became man to learn from us how to weep, so that we might learn to listen to His pain, and so that He might teach us the joy of perfect communion.

God does not help us cry. But we should keep praying until tears fall from our eyes. To cry because we have lost peace and mercy toward our brother. To cry for joy, because life is good and Christ is in the midst of His people. To cry because the one who was lost is now found, alive, and forgiven. To cry and not to gaze into an empty sky that only mirrors the emptiness of our soul. To cry because our brother stands ready to forgive us. To learn again from children and from the elderly if we have forgotten how to weep. Today, the funeral has been replaced by the celebration of life, and tears seem like a shame upon cheeks that are no longer allowed to blush. Because life has not yet taken the place of logic in our hearts.

We are not weeping enough today. Within us, a dry well has been emptied of care. We need to look into the eyes of mothers and the elderly. To gaze at the faces of children. To see Christ in the midst of His people, and the mother who receives back her son. We must learn to cry because the life we love has been wounded and dishonored. It has been fractured and politely set aside. We must learn to weep again from those who have not forgotten what we have lost, from those who cannot be consoled, because their love has genuinely touched both heaven and earth. We need to cry for forgiveness, so that we are not alienated by our sins nor remain forever prisoners of ourselves. We need to pray that God will not stop our tears, but will give us more time to prepare our hearts for joy. We want to weep; we need to weep with the mother and listen to her silence that shatters the fabric of her heart into many pieces. To cry because our generation has become barren, and yet we have turned even this into a celebration of life.

Why should not weep, since we are not aware of what we are losing?

After this it shall come to pass that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh; your sons and daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall see dreams, and your young men shall see visions (Joel:3:1 – whose feast we celebrate today)

Fernando visited us at the mission on Friday. He brought us donations from a friend and stayed for espresso and to listen to the gospel. He shared with us precious memories from the very beginning of the mission. He told us things one could not find in the books. The people in the room listened to him with curiosity and gratitude. It was a precious gift. Like myrrh that runs down on Aaron's head.

Fernando met afterward with Carlos, Luis, Mohamed, Jacob, and David. Michele was in the room as well. All of them are young people who had worked hard throughout the day, some arriving only at the end, others having started as early as 5:00 a.m. He had not seen many others during the week, yet he could sense their presence. Fernando has lived his life for the sake of the Gospel, and today, at the mission, he sees the early fruits of that labor in the offering of these young people. He believes there is hope, as there has always been within the community.

Young people today face a kind of spiritual death, one that paralyzes their souls, fills the hearts of parents with fear, and leaves communities lamenting their loss. Yet they are brought back to life when they encounter Christ in the Church, in the lives of the poor. It is a quiet miracle that happens in their hearts and helps all of us come back to our senses. Today there is a multitude of young people who come to encounter the Good News, and to become Good News for others. Some go to schools and universities; others live with disabilities or have no job. (Every morning, for example, Bridgton drives an hour to help with breakfast at 5:00 a.m., something he has done for more than a year. Warren wakes up at 4:00 a.m. to walk from Lourmel House.) They have been touched by the kindness of strangers who receive their presence with peace and understanding. They step out of themselves to see Christ in the hearts and minds of others. They have wept silently in their loneliness, often ashamed of their tears, and yet, their prayer has been heard. And the grace that warms their hearts becomes like myrrh poured over the hearts and heads of many. To water the dry well in us with fresh new water.

Community life:

Wednesday, 6:30 p.m., Bridges – please come to hear Jacob talk about The Rule and community life. Please stay for Compline after Bridges.

Saturday, Oct. 25, 8 a.m. – Soul Saturday, Liturgy. Please bring koliva and wine. The memorial service will take place after the liturgy.

Wednesday, Oct 29, 6:30 p.m., Bridges - special guest speaker: Dr Ramona Coelho, well known speaker and author of materials on Euthanasia in Canada. Dr Coelho will help us see how the most vulnerable among us are at the highest risk. Please let fr Nicolaie know in advance if you have questions for Dr. Coelho.

Memory eternal to Jodi. She was a close friend of Monica and Frank who died suddenly last Saturday. We will pray for her soul during the coming week and at the Liturgy on Saturday.



Please listen to mission stories on ancient faith radio, share this with your friends.

<https://www.ancientfaith.com/podcasts/parables/>



St Silouan Chapel at St John's Mission

155 Broadview Ave. Toronto, ON M4M 2E9

T: 416-466-1357 E: info@stjohnsmmission.org W: stjohnsmmission.org

St Zoticos Orthodox Church at Good Neighbours Mission

193 Markham Rd Scarborough, ON M1J 3C3

T: 647-358-4105



We are an apostolate of the ecumenical patriarchate "Mother Church of Christ's poor" under the Omophorion of Metropolitan Gregory of Nyssa

St. Silouan Chapel, October 19, 2025

©2025 St. John the Compassionate Mission

4 of 4

www.stjohnsmmission.org