

Κυριακή τοῦ Παραλύτου (Anthony Bloom Metropolitan of Sourozh (1914- 2003))

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Εἰς τὸ ὄνομα τοῦ Πατρὸς καὶ τοῦ Υἱοῦ καὶ τοῦ Ἁγίου Πνεύματος.

Ἀκούσαμε σήμερα στὸ Εὐαγγέλιο γιὰ ἓναν ἄνδρα ποὺ γιὰ τριάντα χρόνια ἦταν παράλυτος. Τὸ μοναδικὸ πρᾶγμα ποὺ τὸν χώριζε ἀπὸ τὴν θεραπεία ἦταν ἡ δυνατότητα νὰ φθάσει τὸ νερὸ ποὺ ὁ ἄγγελος τάραζε μιὰ φορά τὸν χρόνο. Τριάντα χρόνια εἶχε προσπαθήσει νὰ θεραπευτεῖ, ἀλλὰ κάποιος ἄλλος ἦταν πιὸ γρήγορος ἀπὸ αὐτὸν καὶ προλάβαινε νὰ θεραπευτεῖ. Πόσοι ἄνθρωποι ὑπάρχουν τώρα στὸν κόσμο, πόσοι ὑπῆρχαν καὶ θὰ ὑπάρχουν στὸν κόσμο μας ποὺ χρῆζουν θεραπείας, ποὺ ἔχουν παραλύσει ἀπὸ τὸν φόβο, ἀπὸ τὸ κάθε τι ποὺ μᾶς ἐμποδίζει νὰ κινηθοῦμε μὲ τόλμη καὶ σκοπὸ πρὸς τὴν πληρότητα τῆς ζωῆς; Πόσοι; Καὶ ποιοὶ εἶναι ἐκεῖνοι ποὺ θὰ τοὺς πάρουν καὶ θα τοὺς βοηθήσουν νὰ θεραπευθοῦν ἀντὶ νὰ τὸ ἐπιδιώξουν γιὰ τοὺς ἴδιους; Ἄς στραφοῦμε καὶ ἄς δοῦμε τὸν ἑαυτό μας, ὄχι ὁ ἓνας τὸν ἄλλον ἀλλὰ τὸν ἑαυτό μας. Τί ἔχουμε μάθει ἀπὸ τὸ Εὐαγγέλιο;



Ὁ Χριστὸς λέγει ὅτι ὅποιος δὲν εἶναι ἕτοιμος νὰ προσφέρει τὴ ζωὴ του γιὰ τὸν πλησίον του δὲν ἔχει πραγματικὴ ἀγάπη, καὶ πλησίον, καθὼς εἶναι σχεδὸν ξεκάθαρο ἀπὸ τὸ Εὐαγγέλιο, δὲν εἶναι ἐκεῖνος πὺ ἀγαπᾶμε, ἐκεῖνος πὺ εἶναι κοντὰ μας, ἀλλὰ εἶναι ὅποιοσδήποτε μᾶς χρειάζεται. Θέστε στὸν ἑαυτὸ σας αὐτὸ τὸ ἐρώτημα. Ὑπάρχει ἕνας ἀριθμὸς ἀνθρώπων γύρω σας πὺ θὰ πίστευαν, πὺ μὲ χαρὰ θὰ ἄρχιζαν μιὰ νέα ζωὴ, πὺ θὰ εὐλογοῦσαν ἐσᾶς καὶ τὸν θεὸ πὺ θὰ τοὺς ἔδιναν κουράγιο νὰ κινήσουν τὰ πνευματικὰ τους πόδια πὺ εἶναι δεμένα. Καὶ ἄς ρωτήσουμε τοὺς ἑαυτοὺς μας, τὶ κάνουμε, τὶ ἔχουμε κάνει, τὶ μπορούμε νὰ κάνουμε γιὰ νὰ τοὺς βοηθήσουμε;

Τὰ νερὰ τῆς Κολυμβήθρας τοῦ Σιλωάμ εἶναι ἡ εἰκόνα τοῦ Θεοῦ, τῆς θεραπευτικῆς Του δύνாமης. Ὅταν ὁ Θεὸς ἔρθει κοντὰ, ὅταν συνειδητοποιήσουμε ὅτι βρίσκεται ἐκεῖ, κοντὰ μας, κοιτάζουμε γύρω μας γιὰ νὰ δοῦμε ποιὸς Τὸν χρειάζεται περισσότερο ἀπ' ὅ,τι ἐμεῖς; Ὅχι. Ὅρμᾶμε μπροστὰ, θέλουμε νὰ εἴμαστε ἐκεῖνοι πὺ θὰ καθίσουμε στὰ πόδια Του, εἴμαστε ἐκεῖνοι πὺ ἐπιθυμοῦμε ν' ἀγγίξουμε τὸ κράσπεδο τοῦ ἐνδύματός Του καὶ νὰ θεραπευθοῦμε, εἴμαστε ἐκεῖνοι- καὶ αὐτὸ εἶναι ἀκόμα χειρότερο,- πὺ ἐπιθυμοῦμε νὰ θεωρούμαστε μαθητὲς καὶ σύντροφοί Του ἔτσι πὺ οἱ ἄνθρωποι ἴσως νὰ μᾶς κοιτάζουν καὶ νὰ θαυμάζουν, ν' ἀποροῦν καὶ κάποιες φορές σχεδὸν νὰ λατρεύουν ἐμᾶς τοὺς συντρόφους τοῦ Ἰησοῦ, τοὺς φίλους τοῦ Θεοῦ πὺ ἔγινε ἄνθρωπος.

Ποιὸς ἀπὸ ἐμᾶς εἶναι προετοιμασμένος νὰ παραμερίσει, νὰ μείνει ἀφανῆς, ἢ μᾶλλον νὰ βοηθήσει κάποιον ἄλλον νὰ προχωρήσει μπροστὰ ἀντὶ, ὅταν ξέρουμε ὅτι

θὰ εἶμαστε κατὰ κάποιον τρόπο οἱ χαμένοι, – ἐπειδὴ ἂν τὸ κάνουμε αὐτὸ, θὰ ἔχουμε χάσει ὅ,τι νομίζαμε ὅτι ἐπιθυμούσαμε, ἀλλὰ θὰ ἔχουμε γίνει μαθητὲς τοῦ Χριστοῦ ποὺ ἔδωσε τὴ ζωὴ Του γιὰ νὰ ζήσουν οἱ ἄλλοι.

Ἄς προβληματιστοῦμε πάνω στὴν παραβολὴ αὐτὴ. Δὲν εἶναι ἀπλὰ μιὰ παλιὰ ἱστορία γιὰ πράγματα ποὺ ἔγιναν πρὶν δύο χιλιάδες χρόνια, εἶναι κάτι ποὺ συμβαίνει κάθε μέρα καὶ εἶμαστε ἐκεῖνοι ποὺ ὁρμοῦν μπροστὰ καὶ ἐμποδίζουν ἄλλους νὰ καταδυθοῦν στὰ ἱαματικὰ νερὰ τοῦ Σιλωάμ.

Ἄς ἀκούσουμε τὸν Θεῖο Ἅγιο Ἰωάννη, τὸν δάσκαλο τῆς ἀληθινῆς ἀγάπης, ἃς ἔτοιμαστοῦμε νὰ θυσιάσουμε κάθε τι ποὺ περιμένουμε μὲ λαχτάρια, κάθε τι ποὺ ἐπιθυμοῦμε γιὰ νὰ τὸ ἔχει κάποιος ἄλλος, νὰ τοῦ δοθεῖ ἀπὸ τὸν Θεό, ἃς ἔτοιμαστοῦμε νὰ πληρώσουμε τὸ τίμημα γιὰ νὰ βροῦν τὴν ἐλευθερία ἄλλοι ἄνθρωποι, τὴν ζωὴ σὲ κάθε ἐπίπεδο, ἀκόμα στὸ πιὸ ἀπλὸ ποὺ εἶναι τὸ φαγητὸ καὶ τὸ κατάλυμα καὶ ἡ ζεστασιὰ ἐνὸς προσεχτικοῦ βλέμματος ἢ ἐνὸς τρυφεροῦ, διακριτικοῦ λόγου. Ἄς ἀπελευθερωθοῦμε, καὶ τότε πόσοι θὰ σωθοῦν, θὰ σωθοῦν ἀπὸ τὴν πείνα, ἀπὸ τὴν ἔλλειψη στέγης, θὰ σωθοῦν ἀπὸ τὴν κυριαρχία ἄλλων, ἀπὸ κάθε τι ποὺ δεσμεύει καὶ βάζει σὲ δεσμὰ τὴ ζωὴ. Ἄς γίνουμε ὅ,τι ἦταν ὁ Χριστὸς-Ἐκεῖνος ποὺ ἐλευθερώνει στὸ ὄνομα τῆς ἀλήθειας καὶ τῆς ζωῆς. Ἀμήν.

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Πρωτότυπο Κείμενο

In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

We have heard today in the Gospel of a man who for thirty eight years had laid paralysed. The only thing that separated him from healing was the possibility to reach the waters, which the angel brought into motion once a year. Thirty eight years had he attempted to move towards healing but someone else has been quicker than he and stolen healing from him. How many are there now in the world, how many have been and will be in this world of ours who need healing, who are paralysed by fear, paralysed by all that prevents us from moving with boldness and purpose towards fullness of life? How many? And who are those who will take them and help them to receive healing instead of seeking it for themselves? Let us look at ourselves, not at each other but ourselves. What have we learnt from the Gospel?

Christ says that no-one has true love who is not prepared to give his life for his neighbour, and the neighbour, as it is quite clear also from the Gospel, is not the one whom we like, whom we love, who is close to us, it is whoever needs us. Ask

yourself this question. There are number of people around you who would believe, who would gladly start a new life, who would bless you and God for giving them courage to move not physical but spiritual limbs that are tied. And let us ask ourselves, what do we do, what have we done, what are we capable of doing to help them? The waters of Siloam are an image of God, of His healing power. When God comes close, when we become aware that He is there, near, do we look around to see who needs Him more than we do? No. We rush forward, we want to be those who will sit at His feet, we are those who wish to touch the hem of His garment and be healed, we are those - and this is even worse, - we are those who wish to be seen as His disciples and companions so that people may look at us and wonder, admire us, at times almost worship us, the companions of Jesus, the friends of God become man. Who of us is prepared to step aside, to become inconspicuous, or rather to help another to step forward instead of us when we know that we will be the losers in a way, - in a way only because if we do this, we will have lost what is thought we coveted but we will have become disciples of Christ who gave His life that others may live.

Let us reflect on the story. It is not simply an old story about things that happened about two thousand years ago, it is something that is happening every day and we are those who rush forward and prevent others from merging themselves into the healing waters of Siloam. Let us listen to St. John the Divine, the teacher of true love, let us be ready to sacrifice all we long for, all we desire for someone else to have it, to be given it by God, let us be prepared to pay the price of other people's finding freedom, life on all levels, even on the simplest level of food and shelter and the warmth of an attentive gaze or a loving, sober word. Let us become free of selves, and then how many will be saved, saved from hunger, from homelessness, saved from the dominion of others, saved from all that is fetters and imprisonment of life. Let us become what Christ was - the One that sets free in the name of truth and of life. Amen.

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