

Spirit-Led Living
August 30, 2026
Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost
Green
Romans 12:9-21

I've been told all my life to stop wearing my heart on my sleeve — a saying popularized in William Shakespeare's *Othello*, where the villain asks, "Shall I wear my heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at?" (By the way, a "daw" is a bird in the crow family.)

Shakespeare, though, can't take full credit for the saying. Its origin can be traced to medieval jousts when dashing knights would literally wear the affection of fair maidens in the way of ribbons and other trinkets tied to their armor sleeve.

Today, wearing one's heart is far from romantic. It's viewed as a negative trait of a sensitive soul that's weak. Yet saints like Catherine of Sienna and Thérèse of Lisieux saw sensitive souls as grace-filled gifts to the world.

So, for all you sensitive souls reading this, know that you are strong beyond measure and that the world needs such love and care on display. For that heart on your sleeve is beating with the heart of God, showing others what it truly means to live a spirit-led life.

Spirit-led living is something of a struggle these days as it is marked by authenticity and vulnerability. It also means doing that hardest thing we can ever do — love in all circumstances, especially when you are in the presence of your enemies.

Paul, the very apostle who told us to "rejoice in the Lord always," while imprisoned in Rome, was also the one who urged us to let love be genuine. If your enemies are hungry, feed them. If they are thirsty, give them something to drink.

While I've always appreciated Paul's advice, very seldom have I followed it. It's more satisfying (albeit a short-lived satisfaction) to stoop down to the enemies' level. But overcoming evil with evil, is not a marker of a spirit-led life. Rather, vulnerable love is, and such love is disarming in today's world.

There is no preventive to take to ensure we never get hurt, betrayed or rejected in life. I wish there was. But allowing true feelings to be expressed and not buried, allowing tears to fall with those who are hurt, makes for an environment where God can come and transform the gunk into something beautiful. And when our sensitive souls are on display, what we are showing is that we know our worthiness comes from God alone.

I don't know about you, but my heart will always be on my sleeve for all to see. Where is your heart?

Loving God, in a world of raging hate and distrust, may our lives reflect Your goodness and grace. Help us to stop trying to protect our hearts from hurts, but to share them openly. May this day the heart on our sleeves that the world sees be not our own, but Yours. In Jesus' name, we pray. Amen.

(Rev. Donna Frischknecht Jackson is a communications specialist for the United Church of Christ and author of today's *Sunday Bulletin*.)