

## Matthew 6:22 - 28 Context

<sup>22</sup>The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. <sup>23</sup>But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great *is* that darkness! <sup>24</sup>No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. <sup>25</sup>**Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?** <sup>26</sup>Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? <sup>27</sup>Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? <sup>28</sup>And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:

## Matthew 6:31 - 34 Context

<sup>31</sup>Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? <sup>32</sup>(For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. <sup>33</sup>But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his

righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. <sup>34</sup>**Take  
therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take  
thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day *is* the evil  
thereof.**

**I. from Sabbaths 2014**

The long cold drives life inward  
By Wendell Berry

The long cold drives inward  
into shelter, into the body, into  
limits of strength and time.

But of darkness day comes.  
The earth now white, the trees bear  
bright new foliage of snow.

beautiful, yes. “Beautiful, but hell!”  
Junior Wright said, wading  
in knee-deep snow to feed

the snowbound cattle. We were young  
then and really didn’t mind.  
This morning, half a century

later, under the beautiful trees,  
beautiful truly, repaying much,  
I dig out the paths again,

renewing again the pattern of home  
life grown old in this place  
and many times renewed. Continuing  
my difficult study, I remind myself  
again: “Take no thought for the morrow.”