



RUMBLINGS AND RUMINATIONS

Sharon Snir Monthly Newsletter

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Triune Healing

Integrating Spirit, Science, and Psychology

Warm Greetings,

The Sins of the Fathers

Whether you are a fan face-book or not, there is no denying certainly has the power to connect people.

The story goes like this.

I receive a face book message asking whether I was related to Lionel Jacobs. (who is my father) The message went on, 'because if you are, then we are cousins.' That was about six months ago and through that email I met the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of my father's brother, Reubin.

The excitement of meeting long lost family got me wondering where are all the grandchildren and great-grand children of my father's other five brothers and sisters?

February 2010.

Over thirty people from New Zealand and Melbourne and all part of New South Wales arrived in Sydney to meet for the first time.

My father was born 14 years after his next sister and 25 years after his first brother, and he was in many ways, another generation to his own siblings. They drifted, and as sometimes happens, all but forgot about each other. Until that magical day in February when even first cousins came face to face for the first time. Tentatively at first, we shook hands and introduced ourselves, but as the afternoon wore on and the sun set, a family was reborn in my father's home. Stories of possible family feuds that we children only gleaned from behind closed doors were gently pondered. Family resemblances, that prominent chin, that dimple, the curly hair, were noted with amazement and laughter. We were drunk of the joy of finding each other.

Except for one cousin, only first cousin from my father's family, who was unable to fly in from Perth, we all hugged and kissed and promised to stay in contact.

None of my father's siblings are alive anymore. After all he is 92 years old. But last week he decided we would fly to Perth to visit his sister's daughter. So we did. After forty years, niece and uncle hugged each other warmly. I was reunited with my first cousin and met two of her wonderful daughters for the first time. We stayed for two short days and then flew home, happily recalling the many miracles of our weekend.

So often we, the next generation, unconsciously carry the unfinished energy of our ascendants and I am reminded of the verse in Exodus 34:6-7 which says.



"Then the Lord passed by in front of him and proclaimed, "The Lord, the Lord God, compassionate and gracious, slow to anger, and abounding in lovingkindness and truth; who keeps lovingkindness for thousands, who forgives iniquity, transgression and sin; yet He will by no means leave the guilty unpunished, visiting the iniquity of fathers on the children and on the grandchildren to the third and fourth generations."

Of course we must not take every word literally. The bible is beautiful in its metaphors. So I do not see Spirit punishing anyone. However, the unfinished business we leave behind is often carried over into the generation.

I hope that the burdens of the fathers, grandfathers and great grandfathers was lifted from all our shoulders through that family reunion. And if they could not lay down their swords, I believe, we children did it for them. It may have taken forty years but I think we did it.

For me, the most precious gift we can ever give our children is to complete our own unfinished business. Whether it be an emotional issue, a judgment, a resentment or a regret, we owe it to the next generation to clean up our own mess and not leave it for our children to do it for us.

Love and Blessings

Sharon