

Homily for January 24, 2000  
32th Sunday in Ordinary Time

By Father Charles Bowes

2 Maccabees 7:1-2, 9-14

2 Thessalonians 2:16, 3:5

Luke 20: 27-38

# *A new existence... freed from the limitations of this life.*

2nd Sunday of Lent Cycle B

March 19, 2000

Genesis 22:1-2, 9a, 10-13, 15-18

Romans 8:31b-34

Mark 9:2-10

God is one with us in our struggle to be true.

People coming together...people coming together for a purpose...here we are to pray...but more importantly to be united around a common thing...the most common thing of all: our struggles, our sins, our unloving choices.

Folks stand in our midst in a moment...most will kneel - all share a common journey to the table by means of reconciliation...what unites us all is our sinfulness, our need.

Notice, it's not our strength that makes us one - it's our sin... and it is out of that that we give support to one another because this common brokenness invites the invasion of God not just upon us as individuals, but upon us as a people struggling to be true.

When have we felt most in need of the

touch of others? A grandmother on

her way back from visiting her son and daughter-in-law and new grandchild,

wept as she narrated her ineffective efforts to be part of that family. I

touched her hand in a gesture of support. Later she thanked me for that comfort.

Our candidates for full communion and the completion of the sacraments of

initiation will feel a touch of a hand upon their head. What enables us to

touch another in their journey? Is it not that we journey with them -

experience the same things, doubts, questions, unresolved issues of search

and yearning for closeness? Is not God found in all the efforts to be with

one another as we travel?

Do we not become transfigured by our sharing in the journey as Jesus was so

transfigured on the mountaintop? Does God ever refuse to answer an honest

question put by those who search or struggle? Will not this holy food

nourish us for a journey in which we are

ultimately never alone?

A boy consistently came home late from school. There was no good reason for his tardiness, and no amount of discussion seemed to help. Finally, in desperation, the boy's father sat him down and said, "the next time you come home late from school you're going to be given bread and water for supper - and nothing else. Is that clear, son?" The boy looked straight into his father's eyes and nodded. He understood perfectly.

A few days later the boy came home later than usual. His mother met him at the door without a word. When he approached the dinner table he saw his parent's plates heaped high with food. At his place, however, sat a plate that held a single slice of bread. Next to that was a lonely glass of water.

The father waited for the full impact to sink in. Then he quietly took the boy's plate and placed it in front of himself. He took his own plate and put it in front of the boy. Years later the boy said, "All my life I've know what God is like by what my father did that night."

God is one with us in our struggle to be true.