

Blessed Catholic Community † Spirit of Christ Mission

Homily ~Fourteenth Sunday Ordinary time -C-

Isaiah 66:10-14c; Psalm 66:1-3, 4-5, 6-7, 16,20; Galatians 6:14-18; Luke 10:1-12, 17-20

July 7, 2019 ~Fr. Ed Hislop

Last Sunday we began a Gospel journey moving through a world of turmoil and confusion, hearing that through it all we must still follow Christ with a deep and abiding love for every neighbor, listening carefully to the words Christ speaks, the vision he gives and the hope he promises. Words spoken, stories told, a vision given and a hope proclaimed, not in some distant past, but in the midst of what we see, hear, fear and celebrate in these days.

On this Fourteenth Sunday of the Church year and on this weekend of continuing national celebration, God speaks reminding us again of who God is, who we are, who we follow and whose vision we must embrace.

God is a mighty woman, Isaiah tells us, a “nursing mother....” comforting her child/her children, giving an abundance, with a generosity and care without limit, only with love. As I comfort, God says, so must you do for one another—nurture, nourish, give with an abundance of love. *“When this is done and seen, then you will be comforted, your hearts will rejoice and your bodies will flourish like the grass!”*

And then we hear that circumcision, which once separated Jews from Gentiles and men from women...no longer has meaning! We are reminded that a “new creation” is upon us.... there can be no looking back.

On the journey of discipleship we are to discover and embrace this truth: division and separations are not acceptable to those who follow Christ, indeed it is as if Jesus is naming separations and divisions *“serpents and scorpions.”*

No longer can we separate people by gender, race, national origin, sexual orientation, or religious tradition: There is a new reality, *“a new creation,”* so do not carry those separations

with you, and greet no one who embraces or teaches those divisions, *“shake the dust of where they live off your feet!”* Such division, prejudice and hatreds, you are to replace with hospitality, mercy, truth, compassion, a shared meal and peace!

On the journey we discover that the HARVEST IS ABUNDANT, but it can only be harvested if we refuse carry in the purses of our treasures, the old ways and old expectations and prejudices.

The Gospel we have acclaimed last Sunday, today and on the coming Sundays of summer tell us that to reap the harvest of life’s journey, we must LISTEN to the cry of others, especially those different from ourselves; we are to open doors to the stranger, refugee and alien alike, embracing our common humanity. Our greeting must be: *“Peace to this household.”*

The sacrifice of abandoning the fear of others, which keeps people separate, mistrustful and violent, is the beginning of peace, we are told. But that kind of peace demands sacrifice: The daring grace to let go of fear; the heart rending willingness to embrace trust.

Peace means to minister to the needs of others, wherever those needs may be with whatever talent, gift or resource a person, household, community, nation, church or parish may possess.

Peace means casting out the demons that hold our world by the throat: The “serpents and scorpions” of “they are different,” “they do not belong;” “I am afraid.”

But we are on the way, not yet arrived, far from it....but on the way, making the journey, asking the questions, letting the Gospel tell us this Good News in a new way for a new time:

- ❖ God is a mighty woman and a gentle, nursing mother;
- ❖ people are not to be separated by gender, religion, race or nationality;
- ❖ mercy and compassion is the order of the day—every day;
- ❖ addiction to the administered drug of fear must be named, cast out and healed;
- ❖ the Gospel must be proclaimed, even when unwelcomed;
- ❖ the journey must be made into an unreceptive world, hoping that one day a whole generation will finally arrive.

And there is no turning back, we can no longer embrace or believe in, the divisions, prejudices and hatreds of days past, no matter how tempting those illusions may be for some. We and the whole church, as Jesus just last week reminded us, have put our hand to the plow, and as He told us, *"those who look for what was left behind are not fit for the dwelling place of God!"*

The peace of Christ, the Gospel tells us, will rest on those to receive it.

During these days of national celebration, in this time with all the struggles we endure as a nation and as a people, it is good to remember the vision inscribed on our shore for all the

world to see and embrace" (many of us memorized these words in grade school):

Not like the brazen giant of Greek Fame, with conquering limbs astride from land to land; Here at our sea-washed shore, at sunset gates, shall stand a mighty woman with a torch, whose flame is the imprisoned lightning, and her name, mother of exiles.

From her beacon-hand glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command the air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.

"Keep ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cries she with silent lips:

"Give me your tired, your poor your huddled masses yearning to breathe free.

The wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me, I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

(Inscription on the Statue of Liberty)

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"PEACE TO THIS HOUSEHOLD!"



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