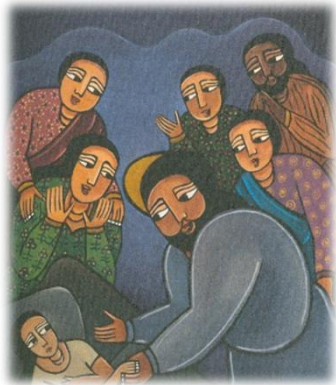


Thirteenth Sunday Ordinary time-B. June 30, 2024

Wisdom 1:13-15; 2:23-24; Psalm 30:2,4 5-6, 11, 12, 13; 2 Corinthians 8:7, 9, 13-15; Mark 5:21-24; 35b-43

HOMILY, Fr. Ed Hislop



The storms, like in last Sunday's Gospel on the Sea of Galilee, still rage all around us. Too many children are thrown overboard, or cling for life in the midst of rage.

Standing by the vastness and beauty of the sea of Tiberius, reflecting the mystery of life beyond ordinary expectations and presumptions, a powerful, influential, and privileged man named Jairus, "a synagogue official," "crosses to the other side" of his living to where healing is possible, and change is real.

He throws himself at Jesus' feet, not in his role as a religious leader, but as a father, pleading for mercy: "bring healing to my child..." words echoed today by so many in our world, and by those who wait, weep, and mourn: "bring healing, give us hope;" change hearts, minds and ways. A daring request, a courageous hope.

Jarius' daughter, like all children, when we finally see them as persons, rather than faceless problems, or victims we do not know, have a way of breaking the barriers of division, politics, religious bias and indifference, urging us "to the other side" where children really struggle and despair to the "point of death."

Those cries, once heard, urge a new vision, even when too often voices clamor, that there is no hope, they have already died, they are a danger to us, to our ways, to our life; it is too much "trouble" to go, see and change. The same resistance Jesus encountered.

Once the daring journey is made, however, and the children are seen, touched and held, even in all the commotion and ridicule, hearts can then

change and sadness can be turned into dancing, despite worldly comfort, official positions, self-centeredness, national politics, or religious intolerance.

Think of the children in Gaza, Ukraine, and at our Southern Border this very moment. If we listen, we can all hear them crying, pleading, and dying, just as own children and grandchildren would. Despite all the "commotion," "trouble," name calling, and lies, we ought not "be afraid" to look into their eyes, hold their hand and utter, as a whole people, those wondrous, daring words: "Little girl, I say to you arise."

These children, every one of them, have the right to the life into which they were born, the right to be seen, the right to be cared for and the right to live. Our voice, and the voice of the whole Church, ought to be loud on behalf of those children and their "right to life."

No one has the right to take that from them for any reason. They are all our children. Our anguished voice must echo through the universe: "Bring healing to my child!"

So, as the Body of Christ, we take the hand of every child on the death bed of hate, war, name calling, rejection, and ridicule, letting Jesus' words come from our lips: "Little girl, I say to you, arise!" We might be "utterly astounded" when they do rise, and in the end, stand up to free us from the raging storms.

The boat awaits, ready to cross again to the other side, where, at last, we can "live the law of kindness, justice, compassion and charity," with hands of healing love, transcending pain and strife," (Gathering hymn, Christ Before Us) singing with the whole world, "I will praise you Lord, for you have rescued me." Psalm 30. "Do not fear, only believe."

