

Blessed Trinity Catholic Community

Twenty-eighth Sunday Ordinary time, October 11, 2026

Isaiah 24:6-10a; Psalm 23:1=13a, 3b-4,5,6; Philippians 4:12-14, 19-20; Matthew 22:1-14

Gathering Hymn, HOLD ON TO LOVE, Jesse Manibusan; Procession to Font, RIVER OF GLORY, Dan Schutte

Homily, Father Ed Hislop



A moment ago, just after we gathered with the words, *"Hold on to love, hold on to love,"* we sang these words of the psalm: *"I shall live in the house of the Lord, all the days of my life."*

It was on the day of our baptism that we first entered *"the house of the Lord,"* and were charged with the "command" to *"Hold on to love."* We were plunged into *"sacred dancing waters,"* clothed in the white wedding garment of love and sent to find our way to the wedding feast of the Lord's Table.

At the font in this house, since 1988, we have baptized our infants, as we promised, and witnessed the promise of so many, to live a life faith and find nourishment and welcome at the Table of the Lord, Sunday after Sunday. Here adults of every age have entered its healing waters at the Easter Vigil to be baptized into Christ. Here we were anointed with the sweet order of Christ and clothed in the white "wedding garment" of ministry and love.

To these sacred waters we have brought loved ones who had been called home to eternal life, here we marked their body, or the cremated remains of their body, with the waters of resurrection as we sang with the angels the song of eternal life.

This font holds many memories both joyful and sad. Its flowing water reminds us of who we are, where we have been; it tells the stories of our dreams and struggles and reminds us of who we are to become.

This is truly the place of *"sacred dancing waters."* Each time we touch these waters, we remember and are remembered. Each time we touch these waters our faith is renewed and we are clothed again in the "wedding garment" of care and shared ministry. Each time, if we listen, we can hear the song echoing through the universe and through our own lives, *"Hold on to love, where hope is found. Hold on to love where joy abounds, where grace and mercy—mercy, overflows"*

Now we prepare to build anew this sacred font with all our memories, beginnings, promises, loss, and grief, as its deep and firm foundation.

We build it anew to never forget, to hold our faith and hope, our tears and laughter. We build it anew with the faith and life of all who have gone before us, washed in faith and immersed into the life, death and resurrection of Christ. We build it anew to speak again, with strength, beauty, and conviction, that we, with all who have entered its *"sacred dancing waters,"* have been cleansed of death into new life.

We build it anew because we believe, deep in our heart, that we are washed in the *"river of glory"* to be made ready Sunday after Sunday for the wedding feast of Christ at this Table.

We build it anew with the firm conviction that BAPTISM MATTERS. The promises to believe, belong and *"live in the house of the Lord, all the days of our life,"* are heard through the heavens. We build it anew with firm conviction that it is never just a trickle of water or a simple matter of convenience, custom, or "obligation," but a deliberate plunge into the *"sacred dancing waters"* of eternity.

At the font we enter the flowing 'river of life,' carrying us through both calm and treacherous times. BAPTISM MATTERS. Up from the waters we are anointed and dressed in the white garment of *"holding on to love,"* clothed for—the wedding feast of the Lord's table every Sunday. *"We are born from the darkness and clothed in the light."* We have been washed, anointed and dressed for the feast of life.

Baptism is the garment for admission to the Lord's Supper. So, the font matters, it must be able to bear witness to the truth it holds, to the mystery it opens and to the flowing, moving, wondrous waters of living faith and hope; for it holds the truth of life and belief, with all its promise, struggle, joy and doubt. In it death is drowned, the life journey of faith begins, and promises are fulfilled.

So, Sunday after Sunday, we touch its sacred waters, on our way to the wedding feast of the Lord's Supper. Sunday after Sunday we renew promises made as we enter, marking ourselves

with the sign of the Blessed Trinity, the holy cross. Sunday after Sunday we remember our baptism and our promise to belong and to take our place at the Table of the Risen Christ to be nourished for the journey begun when we first entered the *"River of glory."*

To the font we have been invited, and in its *"sacred dancing waters"* we are chosen to *"live in the house of the Lord, all the days of our life."*

"Hold on, hold on to love."

