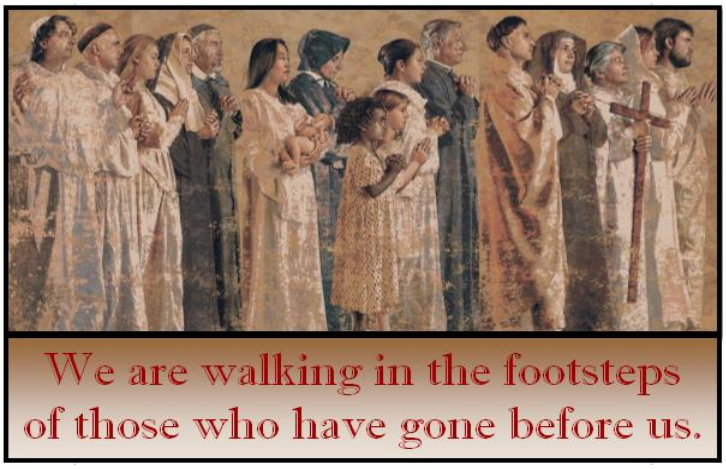
Blessed Trinity Catholic Community ✠ Spirit of Christ Mission

Thirty-second Sunday Ordinary time, November 8, 2026

Wisdom 6:12-16; Psalm 63:2, 3-4, 5-6, 7-8; 1 Thessalonians 4:13-18; Matthew 25:1-3

Homily, Father Ed Hislop



Weariness can sometimes overwhelm us. Words tire us, divisions frustrate and hurt, and whose heart does not feel broken as we witness so much horror in far too many places. It seems we are on a long vigil in the night, with no time left to look for a path that should have been shaped long ago. "When will we ever learn?" we wonder again; but sometimes, sometimes we do learn and act.

Saints and Souls surround us. Life and memories engulf us. We have remembered. Inspired and motivated by our memories of the many who have loved us, and helped shape our lives and our faith, we find meaning, and we can, in spite of everything, still learn, live, believe, hope, and act.

Our memories, and the honor we give to those who have gone before us, including the thousands who have recently died from hatred and war, *and the many who risked their life, and lost it, to save and preserve us,* teach us to feel and discover that life is much shorter than we might expect or desire. Too short to be overwhelmed, tired, overcome or divided; too short for hate, violence, war, and revenge. Too short not to learn. Short enough to be more present to the moment, to another, to the many, and to the wonder of life.

The past, with all its gain and loss, hope and frustration, sin, and grace, has the power to teach wisdom—a wisdom for which to search in our memories, both personal and communal.

Even as our lives are shaped by what was and by a vision of what must yet be, we can only live in the present. The past cannot be changed, but wisdom leads us to long for a future filled with unfading promise, days to come bringing hope and new life to times of disaster.

The present is the open gate by which we sit and watch for the dawn of days to come resplendent with hope for what can yet be in our life, home, church, nation, and world.

A vision to awaken, heal and soothe the weariness of the times. Such a vision of what could be, demands, a vigilant and patient "watch" for a light breaking in the dawn, a light which reveals a new way forward, a new door opening.

A vigil marked by burning lamps of justice, kindness, truth, and real freedom filled with an abundant oil of hope and deliberate determination. A vigil marked by open eyes and fiery hearts fueled by compassion, reconciliation, and a generous "letting go," for the sake of life, justice, and hope for the children, children far away and very close to home.

So even as we live in the present and long for a new future, we can learn, and we can act now. Our waiting is neither idle nor naïve dreaming. We live in the real world, with real needs and real gifts.

The lamps of hope in the darkness of the day are carried by those made innocent by mercy, compassion, humility, truth, and the simple humanity of each person longing for the feast of living in peace; carried by wise servants working today to open doors and welcome all to the banquet of life and love. A flame carried by those who choose hope, instead of discouragement, action instead of passivity, determination instead of growing weary or tired, learning instead of ignorance.

We can only live in the present moment, shaped and formed by our past, limited by what was. But we bear lamps today which must be filled again and again with the oil of justice, mercy, kindness, truth, freedom, generous love and faith--deeper faith.

So do not grow weary, rather be ready. Stay awake and alert. At the dawn you shall not be disappointed or overwhelmed, *"if you touch the hearts of those imprisoned by hatred; convert those who fuel and foment conflict. Dry the tears of children, be present to those who are elderly and alone; strengthen the wounded and the sick;*
protect those forced to leave their lands and their loved ones; console the crestfallen; awaken new hope."

Saints and souls surround us, here and in every part of this weary world. They remember.

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