

Blessed Trinity Catholic Community † Spirit of Christ Mission  
Twenty-fifth Sunday Ordinary time-C. September 21, 2025

Amos 8:4-7; Psalm 113: 1-2, 2-6, 7-8; 1 Timothy 2:1-8; Luke 16:1-13

Homily, Father Ed Hislop

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*"Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light," autumn begins, and Jesus asks: "What is this I hear about you?"*

The question flows from the context of God's word today, as the Prophet Amos reminds us of our commission to care for the poor of the land; to be honest in our dealings with others, with attitudes and ways defining the sincerity of our heart and community. The Lord feels the care we extend, the hospitality we provide, and the vision we offer, even as we gaze upon one another wondering how Christ is a "real presence" among us, and among the "them?" Those haunting and affirming words will open our minds and help us see: *"Never will I forget a thing they have done."*

*"What is this I hear about you?"* The question comes each time we lift up our hands, not with anger or argument, but with gratitude, with a spirit of thanksgiving, for one another, our neighbor, "the many."

*"What is this I hear about you?"* The question comes each time others, or we ourselves, encounter weakness and choose not to let it define us, but work to still be trustworthy, like the good steward we meet today, in service to others. Trusted to build up a house of hospitality, compassion, and mercy—and thus to be trusted with greater vision and care.

*"What is this I hear about you?"* Jesus asks again. You, among whom I live? My heart, hands, feet,

eyes, and ears are yours, my wounds yours, your wounds, mine. My presence is real. I am "them." I am the outcast, the wretched and the sore, I am those trampled upon, I am the immigrant turned away, sent away, blamed, used as a mere political pawn; I am the wounded, crushed, trampled upon, the cheated and abused, the victims of war and torture; I am the people and children in Ukraine and Gaza. I am the one on your street corners seeking help. I am the homeless on your sidewalks or camped in your city and under your bridges. I am the forgotten and despised, the troublesome. I am the tired, the hurt and angry, the difficult due to the struggle endured and the hurt I feel. I am the kind, trustworthy and honest steward who honors what belongs to others and serves the common good. "Do you see?"

But, I am not with the dishonest steward or those untrustworthy in great matters, or who choose to claim to serve both God and "mammon," that is "the greedy pursuit of gain," or power; or who take what belongs to another. I am not those who deny truth or seek revenge. I am not among those who speak words of hate and division. "Do YOU see?"

"NEVER WILL I FORGET WHAT IS DONE TO THE PERSECUTED AND POOR." But I am the joyful, the caring heart, the kind smile, the loving parent and innocent child. Look and "see," I am everyone who cares and laughs, I am all who wait. With you, I am the good steward risking generosity. I am the one seeking a welcome in the homes of "debtors" and sinners. I am the one who is easy to pass by, likely not seen or conveniently judged.

Christ is a "real presence" among, in and with us. Really present when, like Christ, we go to look for the lost, judged and rejected, *"lift them up,"* and seat them *equally* at table with the powerful. Christ is present when we leave the safety of our own world or presumptions, *and go to seek him in "them."*

Christ is seen when we share an abundant and careless compassion, daring vision, generous stewardship, trustworthy belonging and vigorous

truth-telling. Christ is really present, whenever and wherever “the many” gather to celebrate a feast of joyful thanksgiving, grateful for having been seen, heard and welcomed! That is the one “master” we serve, the only one we follow.

These are the “greater things” which are entrusted to us, the stewardship for which we are nourished, the way we become ourselves.

This, we hope, is what is “heard about us:” “For

*the Eucharist to be itself, the Church must become herself; for the Church to become herself. . . Christians must form a living procession from their altar into their world.”* Daniel Berrigan, SJ

Thus, as we sang with the psalmist, *lift up the poor, raise up the lowly, seat them with the princes...* “Taste and see the goodness of the Lord, taste... AND SEE...”.

*“Unresting, unhasting, and silent as light.”*

