

Ordinary people: gainfully employed in one of the most stable occupations of the area; fishermen, brothers, successful in their work, perhaps with some “troubles,” but seemingly confident and likely content with their lives the way they were. Each one, likely, feeling comfortable in whatever community they found support, likely caught up in all the various divisions, politics, and religious controversies, of their homeland and faith. Who knows what they thought, agreed on, argued about, the values they held in common, anguish they felt, or gloomy darkness that may have frightened them. They were likely comfortable, happy the way things were!

All we really know about them is that they were seen. Seen in such a way as they had never been seen before. Seen in a new light, which must have touched them in a manner that began to be fill them with an abundance of joy; a light which intrigued, inspired, and compelled each one to see themselves, and the other, in a new light. Suddenly the way things were, no longer met the needs of their spirit. Zebedee, the father of the two, must have seen too—he let them go, likely with his blessing. The heart and mind of each one must have been freed from whatever burdened, oppressed, or weighed heavy upon their heart. All of a sudden, they needed something or someone more true, more fulfilling! Joy and wonder must have filled them as they saw in the eyes of this stranger a love, deeper than they had ever felt before. They were seen, finally seen. The gentle words, the piercing gaze, and the intriguing smile, drew them to hear, and then heed, the invitation, “Come, follow me,” inspiring in them a new mission, a new way of living, feeling, working and being—called away from narrow-mindedness and mean-spirited competition; called from participating in divisions and certitude, (like those Paul describes in his letter to the Church at Corinth), and called from the web of their own prejudices and presumptions. Called to something they themselves did not choose and did not at first see. Alled to a new home, a new house, building a new way to discern the beauty, presence, and wonder of God. It was an invitation to see, as they were seen; a call to become “fishers of people,” especially those who

walk in darkness, and live in the land of gloom; forced to live in ugliness, judgement, ridicule, separation and hatred; the too many distressed, burdened, murdered, or weighed down by the “taskmasters” of the day.

Invited to see all others by the wondrous light and intriguing spirit by which they were seen in the eyes of that stranger walking along the sea. A call from the ordinary to the beautiful, from certitude to wonder, from the way things are to the way they could be; leading to a new promise of life and a new spirit of service. Their eyes and heart must have been opened to the wonder around them, to the beauty of the sea, they never saw before, and the need to both seek and live in a new way. Their home, wherever it was, could never be the same. Now they could no longer live without a longing for the wonder of beauty. Now they had to welcome “strangers” with a new heart, seek peace and long for justice. Their home now had to become a house of hospitality, wonder and beauty, a place to encounter the mystery of God and a home for communion with all.

So here we are today, gathered to work, listen, sing, pray, encounter, offer gifts, give thanks, remember, “go,” and become someone beyond ourselves. We recognize like those fishermen on the seashore that “things are not good enough the way they are!” Here we are celebrating what we have done to embrace beauty and wonder, because someone, sometimes a stranger, walking by opened our heart.

Here we are ordinary people, content, troubled, casting our nets, often in the same old way; and at other times trying to mend the old ones. Here we are all seen—not just by one another, but by the one who is here because we have gathered in his name. Here we are seen hearing the invitation to cast the old nets away and do something new! Here we recognize that we are seen, seen into the very depths of heart and soul, amid our ordinary life, troubles and worries; deeply loved, and chosen to be healed, and sent to heal with “hope, life, and service;” moved to smash the yoke that burdens others and to help them carry the load. Called to

work for unity, hospitality, and peace even in the midst of division and misunderstanding; sent to respect the struggles and commitment of others. Chosen to see and to be seen. Invited to be fishers of people, all people.

Here in this place, around this Table of Word and Eucharist, Christ no longer “walks by:” here he sees and loves us; here he enters our spirit, heart, mind, body, soul, and everyday life. Here we see, feel, and touch him. Here in this house, we must affirm the intimacy and simplicity of this space, made for people to encounter one another, while at the same time discovering Christ among those who gather in his name. But here too we must honor the mystery we enter, the wonder that fills us and the beauty we become as the Lord nourishes us to be his very self. The house must reflect the wonder, beauty, and care we have for that gracious mystery of which we become a part.

Here Christ is seen in us, ordinary people. Here Christ is felt in the beauty and care of the space, in the work of human hands and in the heart of the artist, in the sound of music, pipes and strings, and in the wonder of the human voice echoing through

the universe. Here we are, in this place, gathered to “gaze on the loveliness of the Lord enfleshed in the beauty and wonder of the house *for* the Church. Here we are, like those fisherman, stirred up again by the one walking by, “*to work on his house*.”

The words of Pope Francis shape our vision, restore our promise, and renew our spirit: *“Beauty has the power to heal hearts and souls... It is necessary that sacred buildings... are set forth, albeit in their simplicity, as oasis of beauty, of peace, of welcoming, truly fostering an encounter with God and communion with one’s brothers and sisters.”* Pope Francis, December 6, 2016

*“With such vision and depth can the environment in which we worship be anything less than a vehicle to meet the Lord and to encounter one another? The challenge of our environment is the final challenge of Christ: We must make ready until he returns in glory.”* Environment and Art in Catholic Worship #107, adapted

So, we, “ordinary people,” move forward with **A VISION OF HOPE, A PROMISE OF LIFE, AND A SPIRIT OF SERVICE.**



## A VISION of Hope, A PROMISE of Life, A SPIRIT of Service.

Blessed Trinity Catholic Community Capital Campaign 2026

