

Homily 5th Sunday Year C 2022

It is tempting to think that the Gospel about the great haul of fish by the apostles is the inspiration behind vegetarian's love of fish??? Let us not forget that Jesus shows great confidence in those he chose to be his special friends, the apostles, that they would fulfil their mission to be and to preach Good News and that they would not fail him. Do we ever fully appreciate the faith, trust and love Jesus has in us, in calling us to be his followers?? We can spend too much time reflecting on our failures, our failings and our sins to recognise the goodness of our lives as God sees us. Ron Rolheiser puts it like this: *Mostly the problem isn't with our goodness, but with our frustration in trying to live out that goodness in the world.* The early disciples often had difficulty in understanding who Jesus was as the Messiah, but, after the resurrection, they found God in everything and everyone. Try and find God in those little areas of life, the smallest moments of silence and reflection like Macrina Wiederkehr.

It was only a small wind rather gentle, like a breeze.

*It blew a strand of hair across my forehead
and I knew that it was God.*

*I was awakened by a tiny gleam of light
it slipped through my curtain, onto my face.*

It drew me to my feet and on towards the window.

Drawing back the curtains, dawn stepped softly into my room.

I knew that it was God.

In the middle of my loneliness the phone rang.

A voice I knew so well, said,

"Hello, I love you." Love stirred in my soul

I knew that it was God.

Rain fell gently on the thirsty ground.

Slowly, carefully, steadily it came

to an earth parched with waiting.

Through those holy raindrops

I walked, unafraid — without an umbrella.

I knew that it was God.

It was only a little bitterness I thought

but it wouldn't leave my heart.

It hung around my soul for ages

until a storm came, violent and terrifying.

It shook me to the depths of my being

and blew all the bitterness away.

I knew that it was God.

It was only a Silver Maple

but in the morning's sunlight it was filled with heaven.

I stood in a trance as one touched by angel wings.

I knew that it was God.

O God, I cried, Endearing One, I love you!

You cannot hide from me.

Between the cracks of daily life

I find you waiting to be adored.

You slip into my life like night and day

like stars and sunshine.

I know that you are God.

Who's idea was it to sing "Happy Birthday" while washing your hands? Now every time I go to the bathroom, my children expect me to walk out with a cake.

My husband purchased a world map and then gave me a dart and said, *"Throw this and wherever it lands—that's where I'm taking you when the pandemic ends."*

Turns out, we're spending two weeks behind the fridge.

I never thought the comment *"I wouldn't touch them with a six-foot barge-pole"* would become a national policy, but here we are!