

Homily 18th Sunday Year C 2022

Every day at 12 o'clock a shabby old man went into the church. The preacher who lived nearby saw him through the parsonage window. The old man only stayed a short time but the preacher asked the caretaker to keep an eye in him.

One day the caretaker challenged the old man: "Look here, my friend, what are you up to, going into the church every day?"

"I go to pray," the old man replied quietly. "I cannot pray a long prayer, but every day at 12 o'clock I comes and says, '*Jesus, it's Jim.*' I wait a minute, then comes away. It's just a little prayer, but I guess He hears me."

Sometime later Jim was knocked down by a car, suffering a broken leg and other injuries. He was taken to the city hospital where he settled down quite happily in a ward for poor men. That ward had been troublesome to the hospital for a long time. Some of the men were cross and miserable, others did nothing but grumble from morning till night. Try as the nurses would, the men did not improve. But after Jim arrived, slowly but surely things changed. The men stopped grumbling and became cheerful and contented. They took their medicine, ate their food, and settled down without a complaint.

One day, hearing a burst of happy laughter, a nurse asked: "What has happened to you chaps? You are such a cheerful lot of patients now. Where have all those grumbles gone?"

"Oh, it's old Jim," one patient replied. "He is always so happy, never complains although we know he must have a lot of pain. He makes us ashamed to make a murmur. We can't gripe when Jim's about, he's always so cheerful."

The nurse crossed over to where Jim lay. His silvery hair gave him an angelic look. His quiet eyes were full of peace. "Well, Jim," she greeted him, "the men say you are responsible for the change in this ward. They say you are always happy."

"Aye, Nurse, that I am. I can't help being happy. You see, Nurse, it's my visitor. Every day He makes me happy."

"Your visitor?" The nurse was puzzled. She had always noticed that Jim's chair was empty on visiting days, for he was a lonely old man without any relatives. "Your visitor," she repeated, "But when does he come?"

"Every day," Jim replied, the light in his eyes growing brighter. "Yes, every day at 12 o'clock He comes and stands at the foot of my bed. I see Him, and He smiles and says,

"Jim, it's Jesus."

Not all math puns are bad. Just sum.

My friend has got a butler who only has one arm. Serves him right.

hello, and welcome to the plastic surgery addiction meeting I'm seeing a lot of new faces in the room, and I must say I'm disappointed!!