

Homily, June 27, 2010  
Thirteenth Sunday in Ordinary Time  
1 Kings 19:16b,19-21; Ps 16:1-2,5-11; Gal 5:1,13-18; Lk 9:51-62 (cycle C)



Jason had just hurried home from work and as he finished changing his clothes he looked at the clock. It was almost eight, time to head to the park for the fireworks show. It wasn't seeing the fireworks that had him anxious. It was Meg Landry. He heard that she was going to be there too, coming with some mutual friends that he was going to meet up with.

The phone rang. He looked at the caller id. It was Mrs. Norris, his next-door neighbor. She was an elderly widow that he helped out with small chores. Sometimes he ran errands for her too, or took her to mass when no one else could give her a ride.

He sighed and thought, "please Lord, I really need to get to the park." He answered the phone.

"Jason," said she said, sounding a little distraught, "I can't get the faucet in my bathroom to turn off. Can you look at it?"

"Sure," he said, "I'll be right over."



Mrs. Norris led him down the hall to the bathroom. "It's been dripping all week, but if I turned it hard enough it would always stop," she told him as they entered the bathroom.

Sure enough the drip from the faucet had become a constant trickle and turning the handle harder wasn't going to fix it. It just needed a new washer, but he didn't have time to fix it now.

"I can fix it. It's nothing serious," said Jason. "It just needs a new washer. Would it be okay if I did it in the morning? I can turn off the valve under the sink to shut it off for tonight. I'd do it now, but I promised to meet some friends at the park for the firework show."

Mrs. Norris paused for a moment. "You go on Jason. I can wait 'til morning. But that reminds me, can you take me to mass? Marge and George are both out of town for the weekend and I don't have anyone to give me a ride."

"Sure," said Jason. "Why don't we go to the early mass and I'll fix the faucet after that."



Jason was half way to the park when the thought struck him: tomorrow is Sunday and the 4<sup>th</sup> of July. What if the hardware store isn't open? He looked at his watch. He had just enough time to get to the store before it closed.

He didn't get to the park until after the show was well underway and his chance to visit with Meg was gone.

After the show they told him everyone was going to get together for golf first thing in the morning. Their tee time was at eight.

Jason closed his eyes for a moment. The he said: "I have to pass on that. I promised my neighbor I'd take her to mass and fix her bathroom faucet."

He noticed Meg was looking at him kind of intently. "Maybe some other time," he added softly.



"Thank you Jason," said Mrs. Norris as they sat down in pew. You're a good man."

Jason just smiled faintly. He didn't feel good, just disappointed. "Thanks God," he said in prayer, wondering if God would appreciate the sarcasm.

Someone sat down in the pew next to him. He didn't look. He didn't feel sociable.

Then a voice whispered, "Jason, I thought I'd find you here." He looked up. It was Meg. "I'm not much for golf," she said and knelt down to pray.



Later that morning, after mass and after the faucet was fixed, they were sitting in Mrs. Norris' kitchen sharing bagels and coffee.

"I liked Fathers' homily on Paul," said Mrs Norris, "but I kind of wished he would have preached about the Gospel. Those sayings always bothered me. Jesus' replies to the man who wanted to bury his father and the other who wanted to say goodbye to his family, just seem out of place somehow."

"I don't think," said Meg, "that the message is that our human relationships aren't important. I mean an awful lot of the scripture tells us that our care for others is what makes us Christ's disciples.

Maybe the point is that real discipleship is hard because we let our concerns turn us from the path God wants us to follow ... didn't the reading begin by telling us that Jesus had resolutely begun his journey toward Jerusalem?"

Jason grinned. He looked over his cup of coffee at Meg. "Well ..." he said, "I'm learning that you have to trust that God has your best interests in mind ... which is hard to do when his way isn't your way.

But I'm beginning to understand that if I go where he sends me, I usually end up exactly where I want to be."

At that, Mrs Norris looked at Jason and then over at Meg, and smiled a little smile of understanding.

"That's enough theology for now," she said as she got up and set her dishes in the sink. "I have things to do, and I imagine that the two of you have plans for the day."