

5th Sunday in Ordinary Time

Today, let us open our hearts to hear **the word** of Jesus and to welcome him in **the sacrament** of his body and blood.

Jesus Christ has come among us to proclaim the Good News of God's saving mercy.

Job 7:1-4. 6-7

For Job, life is just one continuous round of drudgery. There is no end in view to his pain and misery.

1 Corinthians 9:16-19. 22-23

Paul takes up his responsibility to preach the Gospel with joy and enthusiasm. He feels free to offer himself to present the Good News for the benefit of all.

Mark 1:29-39

Jesus' healing attracts the crowds, but he needs to be free to bring the Good News beyond the confines of his own area.

Reflection



A busy day in Capernaum: Jesus taught and healed. The miracles that Jesus worked, combined with his authoritative teaching, were signs pointing to the

coming of God's reign, which he announced at the beginning of his ministry. Following the Sabbath service, Jesus went with his four disciples, Simon Peter, Andrew, James and John, to Simon Peter's home where the apostle's mother-in-law was sick. Taking her by the hand, Jesus raised her up and she was healed. In gratitude, she immediately waited on everyone in the house.

With the end of the Sabbath, at sunset, the people were free to bring their sick to Jesus and he healed lots of them. Early the next day, Jesus went to a place of solitude for prayer. Even there his disciples searched him out and urged him to return. Jesus told them that he got to spread the good news throughout Galilee to reveal God's kingdom of compassion and mercy, for that was why he had come.



GOD IN THE ORDINARY

A nun gets into a taxi, and taxi-driver keeps staring at her. She asks him why he's staring, and he says, "I want to ask you something, but I don't want to offend you." She answers, "My dear son, you can't offend me. When you're as old as I am and have been a nun as long as I have, you seen and heard almost everything. I'm sure that there's nothing you could say or ask that I would find offensive." "Well," he says, "I've always had a fantasy of being kissed by a nun." She says, "Let's see what we can do about that. Number 1, you've got to be single and number 2, you must be a Catholic." The taxi driver says, "Yes, yes, I'm single, and I'm a Catholic too." "OK," the nun says,

“pull over to the kerb.” He does, and the nun fulfils his fantasy with a quick peck on the cheek. But when they get back on the road, the taxi driver starts crying. “My dear child,” said the nun, “why are you crying?” “Forgive me sister, but I have sinned. I lied. I must confess, I’m married, and I’m Jewish.”

The nun says, “That’s OK, actually my name’s Kevin, and I’m on my way to a Halloween fancy dress party.”

The trouble with telling a funny story like that is that people remember the story and forget the point of the rest of it.

So, read on carefully, so that when you remember the joke, you’ll also remember the point of it.

The Church’s year revolves around the life of Christ. It begins with Advent, then Christmas, Epiphany, and Baptism of Jesus. The next big focus is Lent and Easter and Pentecost. But at the moment, we’re in the ‘in-between time’: Ordinary Time: today’s the 5th Sunday in Ordinary Time. But Ordinary Time doesn’t mean **unimportant**. Ordinary Time means daily **living-out** the themes of the “extraordinary” times.

Anyway getting back to everyday life doesn’t mean being dull or boring. It means discovering God in the ‘everyday-ness’ of life; uncovering the religious dimensions of **everyday life**. What I’m trying to say is that God is present **in** and **through** ordinary things: very ordinary things can reveal the divine.

A secondary school teacher, told me that one of the hardest things to get over to young people is how the **sacred** relates to their **ordinary experience**. For a lot of them, the realm of “**the holy**” lies beyond their everyday, conscious horizon. Young people (and a lot of adults, too), think that ‘The holy bit’ can only be experienced inside a church. They think of “the holy” as something that somehow comes down “from above” but hasn’t got much to do with the rest of the week; nothing to do with their “ordinary” lives.

This teacher recently read his class that poem called “High Flight.” It was written by John Gillespie Macgee. John Gillespie Macgee was a

Spitfire pilot in WWII. He was killed in his plane over Lincolnshire, at early age of 19. You may know at least the 1st lines:

“Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings.”

The poem was written on the back of a letter to his parents. He said “I am enclosing a verse I wrote the other day. It started at 30,000 feet, and was finished soon after I landed.” The poem finishes:

I’ve topped the windswept heights with easy grace
Where never lark or even eagle flew.
And, while with silent, lifting mind I’ve trod
The high, un-trespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

This fighter pilot said that flying helped him to “touch the face of God.” So the teacher asked his students to reflect on something that let them touch the face of God. Here’s a sample of what they wrote:

The things that make me feel as if I could touch the face of God are times when I’m **overwhelmed** by love and friendship. The last time I went to a family get-together, I was touched by the loving and caring everyone showed me. There’s nothing like the feeling of being loved. I would say that love is the one thing in life that can really take a person to another level in life, because the source behind love, and the source behind just about everything, is God.

Another pupil wrote:

In my life, I think that the only activity that helps me touch the face of God is probably listening to or making music. When I listen to music, I am amazed at the ability musicians have to make such wonderful sound. The creativity, in many ways, is “mind-blowing,” and it makes the experience totally beautiful.

Another wrote:

During the summer I actually put up a tent in the back garden. It may sound a bit odd, but there’s some attraction in distancing myself from technology and returning to an old way of life. It’s nice just to lie down, hear the birds chirp, smell freshly cut grass, and look up to see the blue sky through open tent flaps. We take a lot of things for granted, the twitter of birds, the meandering scuttle of ants, the chirp

of crickets, everything that God has created.

These young people were articulating (and expressing it very well) what's called the '**experience of transcendence**'—(in other words, that there's more to life than what appears on the surface). When you become aware of a mystery that is totally "**other**", a mystery of awe and wonder, the mystery of the beauty of nature or the mystery of the ability of the human beings to be creative; or even experiencing the unquenchable desire to **know** and the mystery of that desire that's in us all: the desire to love and be loved. This is discovering the religious elements of everyday experience. This discovery can be an important connection between our so-called 'ordinary lives' and the church's sacred liturgy.

Discovering the religious element of everyday experience.

That's the message today. That's what "Ordinary Time's" all about. God present in the routine, in ordinary things and in ordinary people, if we only notice.

In the joke at the beginning, behind pretence of being a single Catholic Taxi-driver was actually a married Jewish driver. Behind the pious nun was really a young man going out for an evening's fun. Behind what we see everyday, the people, the reality, there is **a Presence**, there's a **caring God**, there's a **transcendent love**. Ordinary Time is an opportunity to become aware of that.

I've quoted a lot of young people and I'd like to end with a poem by another young man: Joseph Mary Plunkett. He was executed after the Easter Rising in Ireland, at the age of 28. You probably remember this Poem – I certainly had to learn it at school. It's very Franciscan, very Christocentric. I think it says in a nutshell, everything those young people were saying:

I see his blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of his eyes,
His body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies.

I see his face in every flower,
The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but his voice—and carved by his power
Rocks are his written words.

All pathways by his feet are worn.
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,
His cross is every tree.

What young Joseph Plunkett is saying, is that roses, stars, snow, sky, flowers, thunder, birds, rocks, pathways, sea, thorns, trees—**all ordinary things** – all are a revealing of the divine.

The sacraments of the church give us the grace and strength to live sacramental lives **in the ordinary**. Discovering the sacred **in the ordinary** may help deepen our experience of the sacramental.

If we know **where** to look;
If we know **how** to look, we **can** see

God **in the Ordinary**.



WORDSEARCH

I	E	Y	H	E	A	L	I	N	G	LEPER
T	N	V	S	O	M	L	E	S	N	PLEADED
A	N	G	I	O	Y	E	T	E	I	HEALING
P	D	W	S	D	R	R	P	E	R	EVIDENCE
L	P	E	O	R	E	P	O	N	E	RECOVERY
E	S	N	R	T	V	N	E	K	F	TOWN
A	E	K	C	U	O	H	C	L	F	STRETCHED
D	N	H	O	H	C	U	A	E	O	HAND
E	E	R	E	P	E	L	C	N	N	TOUCH
D	E	R	E	D	R	O	S	H	D	KNEES
										CURED
										OFFERING





During this Covid Virus Pandemic, people who are unable to attend Mass are encouraged to make an **Act of Spiritual Communion**.

This 'act' by St Alphonsus Liguori is offered as a help to our Spiritual Communion:

My Jesus, I believe that you are present in the most Blessed Sacrament.
 I love You above all things and I desire to receive You into my soul.
 Since I cannot now receive You sacramentally,
 come at least spiritually into my heart.
 I embrace You as if You were already there,
 and unite myself wholly to You.
 Never permit me to be separated from You.

AMEN.