

Ordinary 26A - 2020

Getting All the Facts

A little boy was standing on the sidewalk in the middle of a city block. He was obviously waiting for something. An older man approached him and asked for what he was waiting. The little boy confidently told the older man that he was waiting for the bus. The man laughed and said the bus stop was in the next block. The boy acknowledged that fact but insisted the bus would stop for him right here. The older man became annoyed at what he thought was insolence. He raised his voice and told the little boy that he'd better start walking if he hoped to ride that bus. The boy politely turned down the suggestion and said he would wait for the bus right where he stood. The man fumed at the little boy and started walking off. But before he was too far away, he heard the screeching of brakes. He turned around and couldn't believe his eyes. The bus was actually stopping for the little boy. The bus door opened and the boy started to climb aboard. But just before he did, he turned toward the man down the street and yelled, "My daddy is the bus driver." (by Billy D. Strayhorn from [Seeing Is Believing](#))

Be Careful Who You Judge

A young minister graduated from seminary just before World War I and he was appointed to a church in a very small town. He had been there only a couple of weeks when he received the call every new minister dreads -- the call to do his first funeral. The person who had died was not a member of his church. She was, in fact, a woman with a very bad reputation. Her husband was a railroad engineer who was away from home much of the time. She had rented rooms in their house to men who worked on the railroad and rumor had it that she rented more than just rooms when her husband was away.

The young preacher, faced with his first funeral, found no one who had a good word to say about this woman, until he entered the small old-fashioned grocery store on the day before the funeral. He began to talk to the store owner about his sadness that the first person he would bury would be someone about whom nothing good could be said.

The store owner didn't reply at first and then, in his silence, he appeared to make a decision. He took out his store ledger and laid it on the counter between him and the preacher. He opened the ledger at random and,

covering the names in the left-hand column, he pointed to grocery bills written in red - groceries that people had bought on credit -- and then the column that showed the bill had been paid.

He said, "Every month, that woman would come in and ask me who was behind in their grocery bills. It was usually some family who had sickness or death - - or some poor woman trying to feed her kids when her husband drank up the money. She would pay their bill and she made me swear never to tell. But, I figure now that she is dead, people ought to know -- especially those who benefited from her charity who have been most critical of her."

"Truly I tell you, the tax collectors and the prostitutes are going into the kingdom of God ahead of you." (by Roger G. Talbot from *Good News for the Hard of Hearing*, CSS Publishing Company)

Availability

A man applied for a job as a handyman. The prospective employer asked, "Can you do carpentry?" The man answered in the negative. "How about bricklaying?" Again the man answered, "No." The employer asked, "Well, what about electrical work?" The man said "No, I don't know anything about that either." Finally the employer said, "Well, tell me then what is handy about you." The man replied, "I live just around the corner." Sometimes the greatest ability we can have is availability. To be where God can call us, to be within whisper range of his summons, that is the beginning of a life of meaningful discipleship. (by King Duncan from *Time for Action*)

"I am the Jesus you say you love!"

There is a story that comes out of the Second World War that will haunt you if you think about it. It is about a little Jewish boy who was living in a small Polish village when he and all the other Jews in the vicinity were rounded up by Nazi troops and sentenced to death.

This boy joined his neighbors in digging a shallow ditch for their own graves. Then they were lined up against a wall and machine-gunned. But none of the bullets hit the little boy. His naked body was splattered with the blood of his parents, and as he fell into the ditch, he pretended to be dead. The grave was so shallow that the thin covering of dirt did not prevent him from

breathing. Several hours later, when darkness fell, this 10-year old boy crawled out of his grave.

With blood and dirt caked on his little body, he made his way to the nearest home and begged for help. A woman answered the door and immediately recognized him as one of the Jewish boys marked for death by the Nazis. So she screamed at him to go away and slammed the door. Dirty, bloody, and shivering, this little boy limped from one house to the next begging for help. But he always got the same response. People were afraid to help.

Finally, in desperation, he knocked on a door, and just before the lady of the house could tell him to leave, he cried out, **"Don't you recognize me? I am the Jesus you say you love!"**

The lady froze in her tracks for what seemed like an eternity to the little boy. Then with tears streaming down her face she threw open her arms. She picked up the boy and took him inside to safety.

Sometimes we need to be reminded that when we do it unto the least of these, we do it unto Him.

Christian Discipleship as explained through today's Gospel parable, is a call to availability. It is also a call to sensitivity.
(Fr. Tony) (<http://frtonyshomilies.com/>).