

A Short Teaching on Who's Your Daddy
by Deacon Gerry Palermo

Greetings on the Eighth Sunday in Ordinary Time.

Readings: IS 49:14-15; PS 62:2-3, 6-7, 8-9; 1 COR 4:1-5; MT 6:24-34

No one can serve two masters. He will either hate the one and love the other, or be devoted to one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon. This isn't a binary choice, rather, a Superior and Inferior choice. We rely on ourselves and become our own gods even as we know we cannot add to our life-span. We cannot be the god we want to be, therefore, it is our common problem to hold onto anxiety and fear tighter than we seek the face of God.

It comes down to this: we die.

(We) the wild flowers grow more beautiful than any of the wealth of Solomon. We grow and mature and then we die (into furnace). For some this generates fear so deep that we obsess on food, drink and clothing hoping to delay the certain day of death. In philosophical terms we say: the contingent desires self-sufficiency. The effect, however, is to become the slave of mammon.

Jesus gently reminds us of the constant attention God gives us using the example of the wild flowers and grasses. Can we stay here longer expressing persons as flowers?

The first flower and the first seed of the first flower still live even today! Each seed is planted, by the mystery only God knows, it germinates and grows. Bursting through the surface it develops and matures into a beauty beyond all material wealth: a mature human person. We tend to think our maturity is vibrancy of the mature adult body. God says no. Our full maturity comes in seeking the kingdom of God and his righteousness. During this journey God will provide food, drink and clothing. When our time comes to 'be thrown' the fiery furnace (death), our mortal pilgrimage, God will be present with us, journey with us from this world to the next. Do you not know the story of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego? Do you remember the furnace?

Then King Nebuchadnezzar was startled and rose in haste, asking his counselors, "Did we not cast three men bound into the fire?" "Certainly, O king," they answered. "But," he replied, "I see four men unbound and unhurt, walking in the fire, and the fourth looks like a son of God."

I will never forget you my infant baby. Know in God your soul finds rest. You are beautiful as you are of His image. The Lord comes to you and even on that mortal day, he will be in the furnace with you. Stop obsessing on life. Start living life in the freedom of God's love.

Peace be with you.

Deacon Gerry