

Fifth Sunday of Ordinary Time...Feb. 5, 2012

...In USA: Super Sunday

Remember that my life is like the wind...Job 7:7

So laments Job and are we not all Job at one time or another? The anxious times, the bereavement times, the failure times, the betrayal times all can put us in Job's shoes.

And yet, despite all his travails, Job in the end remains faithful.

Today's Gospel:

In the Gospel today, Jesus is surrounded by many Jobs:

"The whole town was gathered at his door. He cured many who were sick with various diseases, and he drove out many demons, not permitting them to speak..."

Would that Jared Loughner who shot Gabby Giffords could have been close to Jesus' healing touch. It may well be that in many instances in the Gospel, where the Gospel writers thought Jesus was expelling demons, he may have been healing schizophrenics like Loughner. People with this terrible affliction hear many voices and may emit many voices.

Super Sunday

If you are like me and many others, you will probably curl up somewhere with a bottle of Bud, (or something better—I like their horses, not their beer.)

It will be a fun place to be. But curling up can also be a reminder that maybe too often at other times we lounge into couch potatoes. I have a new dog, Buddy, and he is good for me because every morning he rousts me up and we walk our mile together. He will not have it otherwise!

ACTA Publications recently featured my Wolf Prayer as its "Prayer of the Week" and since the wolf is cousin to the dog, I thought I would end with that prayer reflection on Super Sunday/Couch Potato Weekend:

Creator God,

Are not my deepest powers dammed up? Frozen over?

There are times when I feel listless,

Made inert by repetitious days and long winter nights.

I wonder if there is life beyond Monday night football,

Or milling at the mall?

It can become easy to become simply a spectator of life,

Dazed and dulled.

*The consumer society can swallow my soul.
I am programmed to be passionate about:
Bud Lite, little leagues, small advances in the stock market,
And little else.*

*Life can too easily become a monitor-
Hard drives, soft drives, cathode tubes,
It is to be viewed, reviewed, instantly replayed,
Recorded, canned, put on the shelf.*

*It is not just cold outside.
I can be frozen within.
Never so much sex, never so much action
Up there on the screen
And so little passion within.*

*Let me befriend the wolf within.
The wild energy of my own life force,
My zest for life, my alertness of spirit
Let me make the move,
Shake the springs,
Reawaken my wild dynamism from slumber.*

*Let me own my own imagination.
Dream a better dream,
Howl at the moon
And seek my bliss.
Help me be alert to the direction
Where a prize lays waiting for my prowl.*

*Let me be compassionate about compassion,
For I share my trek
With the human pack.
Like the wolf,
We are both the hunters
And the hunted.*

*Let me lope with the wolf,
For life is an adventure
And we must make our tracks
Across the snow.*

- From 100 Cranes, Praying With the Chorus of Creation: ACTA