

Homily for The Eleventh Sunday in Ordinary Time.

Introduction

I once had a teacher, who, like Jesus the teacher, used to teach us his students in class, by teaching us through his own self crafted parables. Listen to one of his many self crafted parables that he taught us, now years ago, containing so much truth, his teaching parables has outlasted time itself.

Here is how he began his lecture to us in his classroom. I was a student, almost 50years ago. By uttering that sentence I am giving away to you all, the ancient time since I was a student , sitting at my student desk in a classroom setting. Reflecting from within looking back over those many years ago of memory, I have been taught,-- Truth rides across the centuries. This is how my professor begun his lecture to us his Students.

I invite you all present to listen to his words and you will quickly learn now years later how that old man in his Wisdom helps

us, here to understand what God is saying to us his family in his scriptures today. The Professor began his lecture: Some people here get the point, indeed one student interrupted the old professor early on in his lecture: "I've got sick of listening to these truth parables of yours and asked him "Why don't you speak plainly to us what you mean. The said professor politely side stepped the rude interruption and continued to teach us b with these words: Truth was a man who walked the street as naked as the day he was born. Because he was naked, people were scandalized by him. Truth, had a lot to say but nobody would have him in their home. Whenever he tried to make conversation people would turn their backs on him and tell him cover yourself up. Depressed and dejected TRUTH decided to leave town. On his way out Truth met STORY. Now, Story was a beautiful woman, who always dressed in the finest clothes. Everybody loved the company of Story. She was given the place of honor in every home she called into. Story saw that TRUTH was depressed .She asked him what

was the problem and TRUTH told his tale of woe and dejection. For the first time someone really listened to TRUTH, and STORY was moved by his honesty and wisdom. The two fell in love and got married. Nine months later, Story gave birth to a baby daughter, PARABLE. Parable inherited her father's honesty and wisdom but she also inherited her mother's beauty and sense of style. Just like her mother people loved the company of Parable. She entertained and delighted any home she went into. But she also had a lot to say and people listened for they were disarmed by her charm.

You see when we read the parables in Scripture we seem to spot a nice simple message and leave it at that. For example in today's Gospel we have the mustard seed and the shrub giving shelter to the birds of the air. The nice interpretation would say that there is a place for everybody in God's Kingdom. But if the parable contained a nice simple message I don't think Jesus would have bothered crafting the message into a story. You see, Parables are spoons of sugar

disguising bitter truths and hard medicine. We all should be suspicious of parables. They are always up to something The parable itself is like the mustard seed .Planted in unsuspecting ground, it takes over. When listening to parables you must realize that it is telling you something which He thinks you are going not to like. Why else would He be so indirect? Yes the mustard seed produces a beautiful shrub providing shelter, but it has also taken over the plants. Parables are more akin to health warnings than words of comfort to those who want to take their faith seriously. AMEN.