



## January 15, 2012 Second Sunday of Ordinary Time

*"They said to him, 'Rabbi...where are you staying?' He said to them, 'Come and see.'"  
—John 1:38-39*

Dear Friends;

When you were a child did you have a friend whose home was the place where all the kids wanted to gather? Maybe it was your house. This place was special not only because the mom made great cookies or the dad would play catch with all your friends. This place was special because all were welcomed and love would embrace everyone who went there.

Jesus must have been that type of person to whom people were automatically drawn and with whom they immediately felt comfortable. Jesus was the type of friend whose home everyone wanted to see. His words and the things he did made everyone want to know him. They wanted to know from where he came so they could "hang with him" and share experiences with him.

This very human process of being attracted to the person of Jesus and getting to know him is very normal and real. But with Jesus it leads us to a deeper and more profound reality. We come to know who we are in light of this love we feel. We are moved to share his message of the Kingdom. I recently saw a translation of "kingdom/reign of God" from its Aramaic (the language of Jesus) understanding and context as "Companionship of Empowerment." We are empowered to be companions and companions to empower others.

The Reign of God that Jesus proclaims helps us to discover our deepest self as friends of Jesus and one another. The invitation of Jesus is more than mere hospitality it is an invitation to a new way of life, lived with him. And we are empowered to share the healing power of love. We are empowered to share the good news that is Jesus, so others can also come to know him and live in him. This is our mission and we are missionaries of the Good News.

A faith formation class was asked to write about a missionary that they knew about and one twelve year old girl wrote:

When I was asked to write about a missionary that I knew, a few people crossed my mind, like Mother Teresa of Calcutta, but then I stopped and thought, 'I can't write about one of these great people because I really don't know them. It's true that I have heard about their names and have read and been told about them but I don't know what they are like.'

The person that I think is a missionary, and a good one, is my mother. This may sound strange but surely you do not have to be a priest or sister to be a missionary. My mom's mission is to be a wife and mother to me and my family. Though she has a job she always has time for us. She has never been selfish and puts us first before herself. I have never been starved or without her endless love. Just like the famous missionaries my mother has needed lots of courage. She could have easily gone off and did her own thing and left me, but she didn't. She made the supreme sacrifice of thinking about me before herself. I am very lucky to have a missionary mother.

We become missionaries not by preaching but letting others see the love of God shining through our own love. The way others come to know Jesus will be that they come to know us. By the lives we lead they will see Jesus. And then they will want to come and hang out with him. My hope and prayer is that St Anne be that kind of place where people want to hang because Jesus is here.

Peace,

*Fr Ron*