

Homily  
Friday of the 22<sup>nd</sup> Week in OT  
September 2, 2022

In the 1993 American sports biographical film, Rudy, Father Cavanaugh offers sage advice for the young, struggling college student trying to get into Notre Dame. Rudy has tried everything from taking pre-requisite classes at a local college, working with the Notre Dame student booster club even though he wasn't a student, to prayer, lots of prayer. In near despair, Rudy asked the priest what else can he do and then asks for his help. In his great wisdom, Fr. Cavanaugh says, "Son, in thirty-five years of religious study, I've come up with only two hard, in-contro-vertible facts; there is a God, and, I'm not Him."

How often do we try to control our lives? How often do we want to control other's lives? How often do I make a plan, a really, really good plan that covers all contingencies and possibilities, and it falls apart at the start? Do you know how to make God laugh? Tell Him your plans.

When we try to control our lives, we are making judgements. We make judgements about how things should go. If only everyone would drive like me, the streets would be safer and I would be happier. If only everyone at work would work like me, organizing their online shared files and folders like me and being on time to meetings like me and staying on topic like me. If only they would follow my lead, work would be more productive and I would be happier.

The scribes and Pharisees were like this, especially in today's Gospel. They compared Jesus and His disciples to John the Baptist's disciples and their own disciples. Jesus tries to explain to them the differences in this situation, but the point is made: the scribes and the Pharisees are judging Jesus.

Paul tells us not to concern ourselves with judgment, especially the judgement of others. It is the Lord who judges. If we are not to worry about others who may judge us, it certainly makes sense for ourselves not to judge.

We have one Father in heaven who judges, we have one advocate, the Holy Spirit, who defends us and we have one sacrifice who sacrificed all for us and defeated death on our behalf. We are called to love. We are called to serve. We are called to be Christ for one another. There's no room in these callings to judge. Why can't I seem to get that through my thick skull? Why do I continue to think my way is the best way?

The phrase, "Let go and let God," comes to mind. Not that we let go of the steering wheel when we drive or let the keyboard click itself when working on a report at work. No, we let God work through us, using those gifts He's given us. We keep our focus on God and let our work glorify Him. Easy enough to say, so hard to actually do. But that's what we do, rely on God to help us along the way until we meet Him face to face and hear those glorious words, "Well done, good and faithful servant."