



18th SUNDAY in ORDINARY TIME ***YEAR B – August 5, 2018***

Ordinarily, on this weekend, our focus of attention is on the Bread that came down from heaven – the Holy Eucharist. However, in the first reading today (Exodus 16:2-4, 12-15) we hear about people who complain to Moses and Aaron. The whole community with one voice cries out, “Would that we had died in the land of Egypt where we had food to eat. But you had to lead us into the desert to make the whole community die of famine.”

Allow me to direct your attention to complaining. There is an interesting piece on the internet by Rudy Francisco that is worth checking out. Just google his name and you will find it.

He writes: “The following are true stories: May 26th, 2003 Aron Ralston was hiking, a boulder fell on his right hand. He waited four days, then amputated his arm with a pocket knife. On New Year’s Eve, a woman was bungee jumping in Zimbabwe. The cord broke, she then fell into a river and had to swim back to land in crocodile infested waters with a broken collarbone.

The most amazing part about these stories is when asked about the experience they all smiled, shrugged, and said “I guess things could have been worse.”

So, go ahead. Tell me you’re having a bad day. Tell me about the traffic. Tell me about your boss. Tell me about the job you’ve been trying to quit for the past four years. Tell me the morning is just a town house burning to the ground and the snooze button is a fire extinguisher.

Tell me, how blessed are we to have tragedies so small they it can fit on the tips of our tongues? You see, when Evan lost his legs he was speechless. When my cousin was assaulted, she didn’t speak for forty-eight hours. When my uncle was murdered, we had to send out a search party to find my father’s voice. Most people have no idea that tragedy and silence have the exact same address.

When your day is a museum of disappointments hanging from events that were outside of your control, when you find yourself flailing in an ocean of “Why is this happening to me?”, when it feels like your guardian angel put in his two week notice two months ago and just decided not to tell you, when it feels like God is just a babysitter that’s always on the phone, when you get punched in the gut by a fistful of life, remember that every year two million people die of dehydration so it doesn’t matter if the glass is half full or half empty, there’s water in the cup. Drink it, and stop complaining.

Muscle is created by repeatedly lifting things that have been designed to weigh us down. So when your shoulders feel heavy, stand up straight and lift your chin – call it exercise. When the world crumbles around you, you have to look at the wreckage and then build a new one out of the pieces that are still here. Remember, YOU are still here.

The human heart beats approximately four thousand times per hour. Each pulse, each throb, each palpitation is a trophy engraved with the words “You are still alive”. Act like it.”

“Lord, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can and the wisdom to know the difference.”

If you're not helping to make it right, then stop complaining about it being wrong.