

Reading I[Wis 7:7-11](#)

I prayed, and prudence was given me; I pleaded, and the spirit of wisdom came to me. I preferred her to scepter and throne, and deemed riches nothing in comparison with her, nor did I liken any priceless gem to her; because all gold, in view of her, is a little sand, and before her, silver is to be accounted mire. Beyond health and comeliness I loved her, and I chose to have her rather than the light, because the splendor of her never yields to sleep. Yet all good things together came to me in her company, and countless riches at her hands.

Responsorial Psalm[Ps 90:12-13, 14-15, 16-17](#)

R. Fill us with your love, O Lord, and we will sing for joy!

Teach us to number our days aright, that we may gain wisdom of heart.
Return, O LORD! How long? Have pity on your servants!

R. Fill us with your love, O Lord, and we will sing for joy!

Fill us at daybreak with your kindness, that we may shout for joy and gladness all our days.
Make us glad, for the days when you afflicted us, for the years when we saw evil.

R. Fill us with your love, O Lord, and we will sing for joy!

Let your work be seen by your servants and your glory by their children;
and may the gracious care of the LORD our God be ours;
prosper the work of our hands for us! Prosper the work of our hands!

R. Fill us with your love, O Lord, and we will sing for joy!

Reading II[Heb 4:12-13](#)

Brothers and sisters: Indeed the word of God is living and effective, sharper than any two-edged sword, penetrating even between soul and spirit, joints and marrow, and able to discern reflections and thoughts of the heart. No creature is concealed from him, but everything is naked and exposed to the eyes of him to whom we must render an account.

Alleluia[Mt 5:3](#)

R. Alleluia, alleluia.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

R. Alleluia, alleluia.

Gospel[Mk 10:17-30 or 10:17-27](#)

As Jesus was setting out on a journey, a man ran up, knelt down before him, and asked him, "Good teacher, what must I do to inherit eternal life?" Jesus answered him, "Why do you call me good? No one is good but God alone. You know the commandments: *You shall not kill; you shall not commit adultery; you shall not steal; you shall not bear false witness; you shall not defraud; honor your father and your mother.*" He replied and said to him, "Teacher, all of these I

have observed from my youth." Jesus, looking at him, loved him and said to him, "You are lacking in one thing. Go, sell what you have, and give to the poor and you will have treasure in heaven; then come, follow me." At that statement his face fell, and he went away sad, for he had many possessions. Jesus looked around and said to his disciples, "How hard it is for those who have wealth to enter the kingdom of God!" The disciples were amazed at his words. So Jesus again said to them in reply, "Children, how hard it is to enter the kingdom of God! It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for one who is rich to enter the kingdom of God." They were exceedingly astonished and said among themselves, "Then who can be saved?" Jesus looked at them and said, "For human beings it is impossible, but not for God. All things are possible for God." Peter began to say to him, "We have given up everything and followed you." Jesus said, "Amen, I say to you, there is no one who has given up house or brothers or sisters or mother or father or children or lands for my sake and for the sake of the gospel who will not receive a hundred times more now in this present age: houses and brothers and sisters and mothers and children and lands, with persecutions, and eternal life in the age to come."

Music

Be Thou My Vision

1. Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art:
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.
2. Be Thou my wisdom, and Thou my true word;
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord:
Thou my great Father, I Thy true son,
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.
3. Riches I heed not, or man's empty praise,
Thou mine inheritance, now and always:
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my treasure Thou art.
4. High King of heaven, my victory won,
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heav'n's
Sun!
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

Eye Has Not Seen

**Eye has not seen, ear has not heard
what God has ready for those who love him;
Spirit of love, come, give us the mind of Jesus,
teach us the wisdom of God.**

When pain and sorrow weigh us down, be near to us, O Lord,

forgive the weakness of our faith,
and bear us up within your peaceful word.

Our lives are but a single breath,
we flower and we fade,
yet all our days are in your hands,
so we return in love what love has made.

To those who see with eyes of faith,
the Lord is ever near,
reflected in the faces
of all the poor and lowly of the world.

We sing a myst'ry from the past
in halls where saints have trod,
yet ever new the music rings
to Jesus, Living Song of God.

Marty Haugen, b. 1950, © 1982, GIA

Come and Follow Me

Come, be my light, be my voice to the nations.
Be my hands, be my heart for the world.
Would you go where I go? Where I lead, will you
follow?
Would you leave ev'rything for my sake?
By the power of the Spirit, ev'ryone with ears to
hear it
will embrace the call to love within their heart.

**If anyone would come and follow me,
my disciple you would be.
Leave the past behind, seek and you will find
all you're called to be.
If anyone would come and follow me,
know the truth will make you free.
Give and you receive. Trust me and believe.
Come and follow me.**

Go, take your gift to the poor and the lonely.
As you love, so will I live in you.
Will you feed, feed my lambs?
Share your hope with the hopeless?
Bring new sight to the blind in my name?
With a towel and a basin,
t'ward the kingdom we will hasten,
through the narrow gate that leads to Calvary.

Tom Franzak © 1997, GIA

Canticle of the Turning

My soul cries out with a joyful shout
that the God of my heart is great,
And my spirit sings of the wondrous things
that you bring to the ones who wait.
You fixed your sight on your servant's plight,
and my weakness you did not spurn,
So from east to west shall my name be blest.
Could the world be about to turn?

**My heart shall sing of the day you bring.
Let the fires of your justice burn.
Wipe away all tears, for the dawn draws near,
and the world is about to turn!**

Though I am small, my God, my all,
you work great things in me,
And your mercy will last from the depths
of the past
to the end of the age to be.
Your very name puts the proud to
shame,
and to those who would for you yearn,
You will show your might, put the strong
to flight,
for the world is about to turn.

From the halls of power to the fortress
tower,
not a stone will be left on stone.
Let the king beware for your justice tears ev'ry tyrant from his throne.
The hungry poor shall weep no more, for the food they can never earn;
There are tables spread, ev'ry mouth be
fed,
for the world is about to turn.

Though the nations rage from age to
age,
we remember who holds us fast:
God's mercy must deliver us
from the conqueror's crushing grasp.
This saving word that our forebears
heard
is the promise which holds us bound,
'Til the spear and rod can be crushed by
God,
who is turning the world around.

Rory Cooney, ©1990, GIA