

Homily

27 Sunday (C)

2 October 2016

How long, Lord, am I to cry for help?

We are the lucky ones. We don't live in Aleppo. We don't have to hide in the cellar every night.

We don't live in a refugee camp.

We are not trying to trek across Europe desperate for a home.

Outrage and violence, this is all I see, all is contention and discord flourishes.

We may well be the lucky ones, but we have our problems too - tyranny and oppression in the workplace, personal relationships that cause pain and difficulty, a sense sometimes of darkness and despair.

How long, Lord, am I to cry for help?

Or, as the apostles said to the Lord, "*Increase our faith*". Help us to cope. Help us to believe that you really exist. Help us to believe that you love us. Help us to believe that you are in control.

The Lord replies, "*Were your faith just the size of a mustard seed...*" then miracles would begin to happen. And it is true. It is all we need, that flicker of faith in the heart of our being, the cry of protest, the cry for help, that basic sense that there is a God.

"Fan into flame the gift that God gave you," says St Paul. Nurture that mustard seed, water it and fertilise it. This gift that we have is *not a spirit of timidity, but the Spirit of power, and love, and self-control.*

Our little mustard seed of faith can change the world. Our little mustard seed can stop bombs in Aleppo, can break through the walls and barbed wire fences of fortress Europe, and, what's even more important, that little mustard seed can burst open our own innermost being.

*O that today you would listen to his voice!
Harden not your hearts.*

Fr Michael