

From the Pastor's Office

26th Sunday in Ordinary Time

There was a rich man who dressed in purple garments and fine linen and dined sumptuously each day. Straight away I know stuff about this man. In ancient Roman times, purple was the color of the Imperial Court. This man was upper class, aristocracy. He dined sumptuously every day. Who does that anymore? Today it is all Caesar salads without the chicken. Then we have the poor man Lazarus covered with sores. The nice Catholic says, "Oh, that poor man." The truth is we prefer people like Lazarus to stay far away from us. I have been looking at police shows or shows about people in prison. Lots of them have shifty eyes. They are covered in scars and bruises. Bad teeth and terrible skin. We like the rich man better. He wears nice cologne. They both end up in the Heavenly court and the tables have turned. Poor Lazarus smells of nice cologne now. His teeth are fixed and somebody gave him a shave. Rich man talks to everyone like they are beneath him. He talks from privilege. He assumed privilege. Tell Lazarus to do my bidding. I have to save myself. I have to save my family. Lazarus, his fate, doesn't matter. He is expendable. Our society is full of those kind of people. They choose to separate themselves from the rest of us. They have their estate walls. They have their yachts. They have their dark glasses and their private jets. People don't matter to them. Struggling humanity is all around us but they don't care. As long as I can eat sumptuously. As long as I can wear my Imperial purple. As long as I can stay rich, other people don't matter. The thing is, other people do matter. The thing is we have a responsibility to the wellbeing of our fellow men and women. The words of the song come to mind, "If I can help somebody as I pass along, then my living will not be in vain."



With love,
Fr. Pat