



## 21ST SUNDAY OF ORDINARY TIME, (C)

8/24/2025

Dear beloved Parishioners,

My nephew, Dan moved to New Zealand to marry Gretchen, who was teaching in a university there. It's not real easy to break into NZ—you can't just move there and decide to stay. You have a certain amount of time to look around, and they expect you to leave when the time's up. Well, Gretchen was Dan's ticket to residency in NZ. Pretty soon, Dan had a good job as an insurance adjuster. Unlike here, where the insurance company has to protect its own interests and turn a nicer and nicer profit, in NZ, Dan found himself with the responsibility of seeing to it that the insured got everything they had coming.

At first glance, it might seem that the narrow door of the Kingdom of God is more like our system than like NZ's, with the bouncer standing at the door and rejecting the visitors because their papers aren't in order.

The Gospel image of the door that's barred and the people knocking and not being recognized and all: it's a little ominous. There *is* a warning in there for us. But it shouldn't paralyze us with fear or make us give up. Instead it should help us *wake up*; it should make us ask the question the questioner in the Gospel *should* have asked: *Which way to the narrow door.:*

The Kingdom of God isn't exclusive—it's for everybody, everybody who wants it enough to get to know Jesus. Not just enough to be able to say we ate in the same restaurant as he did, but to say *He fed us*. Not just enough to say, Yeah, he came through in August and gave a speech, but to say, *You should have been there! He really changed my life!*

Which way to the narrow door? The path Jesus himself took when he walked among mortals as one of us. That's the way. Get to know him, to love him, to serve him. The narrow way is *the* way that leads to the narrow door. Take the path of getting to know Jesus. It's worth it.

Happy end-of-summer days to you.

Fr. Mike (while Fr. Albert's away)