

22<sup>nd</sup> Sunday in Ordinary Time (Cycle C) August 29, 2010

If you were to place a title on my talk it would be: "Please Hear What I'm Saying."

Don't be confused by thinking that I am talking to you, it's not "I", it is you, I or we talking to each other. I, you, we, hurting out loud.

Don't be distracted by my voice or ideas, because these could be your words, thoughts, pain.

The prayer, the cry for help could be you, a wife, husband, mother, father, son, daughter, divorced person, single person, young adult, teenager, or child.

Anyone or anybody could be saying these words.

This homily is a plea, a cry to you for help, for understanding, acceptance, and most of all love.

The Title, "Please Hear What I'm Saying..."

Today's theme is based upon today's gospel on humility.

In English literature, it is called "poetic license."

You are unveiling your thoughts and pleas out loud, asking for help.

Please kneel, and I suggest that you close your eyes and listen to these words and ideas... let them resonate.

Don't be fooled by me, don't be fooled by the face that I wear. For I wear a mask,  
I wear 1000 masks, masks that I am afraid to take off and none of the masks that I  
wear are the real me.

Pretending is an art that is second nature with me, but don't be fooled, don't be  
misled.

I give you the impression that I'm secure, that all is well with me, within as well as  
without, confidence is my name and coolness is my game....

That the waters are calm and I'm in command, and I need no one.

Don't believe me, please don't.

My surface may seem smooth, but my surface is my mask.

Beneath dwells the real me, in confusion, in fear, in loneliness.

But I hide this; I don't want anybody to know it.

I panic at the thought of my weakness and I fear being exposed.

That's why I frantically create a mask to hide behind, a nonchalant sophisticated  
façade. I'm afraid that you will think less of me; that you'll laugh at me.

I'm afraid that deep down I'm nothing, that I'm no good, and....

You will see this and reject me.

So I play my games, my desperate pretending games with a façade of masks and  
so... my life becomes a front. I wear my camouflage.

Please listen carefully and try to hear what I'm **not** saying, and....

What I'd like to be able to say.

I dislike hiding, honestly I do.

I dislike the superficial phony role that I keep playing.

I'd really like to be genuine and spontaneous, but you've got to help me.

You've got to help me by holding out your hand, even when that's the last thing I seem to want or need from you.

Only you can call me into aliveness.

Each time you are kind and gentle and encouraging,

Each time you try to understand because you really care,

My heart begins to grow wings, very small wings, very feeble wings,

But wings because of your sensitivity, your sympathy and your power of understanding and forgiveness,

I can make it.

You can breathe new life into me, I want you to know that.

I want you to know how important you are to me,

How you can be the creator of the person that is in me, if you choose to

But I am told that love is stronger than the strongest walls, and...

There lies my only hope.

Please try not to beat down those walls with firm hands, but with gentle hands for  
a child is very sensitive and I am a child. (pause)

Who am I, you may wonder? I am someone you know very well.

For I am every man and every woman and child you meet. Amen.