

4th Sunday of Easter- C 2016
Deacon Pat Hall

ACTS 13:14, 43-52; REV 7:9, 14B-17; JN 10:27-30

Homilies are vehicles for breaking open the Word of God. First read the Sunday readings at <http://www.usccb.org/bible/readings/041716.cfm>

My sheep hear my voice.

To hear Jesus' voice...

Have you heard Jesus' voice?

When I was little I used to imagine what it was like to actually see Jesus when he was preaching and healing throughout Palestine. I wondered what it would be like to experience a holy apparition like of our Mother Mary as at Lourdes. We sometimes wish so hard to be able to see and hear Jesus in such extraordinary ways that we forget that he makes himself miraculously present to us in such ordinary ways.

We sometimes look for that special event and forget that we are living in that mysterious event that starts with "*in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God... All things came into being through him, and with out him not one thing came into being.*" (Jn 1: 1-4)

The problem of whether or not I hear the voice of Jesus, resides in the hearer, not speaker.

My dear grandma, God rest her soul, used to say to me in her Cornish accent, "Guy, there's none so deaf as those who will not hear."

I have heard so many exclaim in honest hunger "show me Jesus!"
Yet, Jesus is always all about us to be seen and heard.

If I want to hear Jesus in the quiet of my heart, can you imagine that the busy-ness of my life could extinguish that soft voice?

Can you imagine that my anger with the injustice of the world and with wrongs done to me could blind my vision of the ever-present gentle and merciful Jesus?

If we could practice gratitude... if we could practice taking the time where we really can listen...

You may know that clergy and the religious pray the Liturgy of the Hours daily for the People of God.

They are written out in my Breviary where I can engage the Revelation of God through the Psalms and Scripture.

The Word often touches my heart, but while I am busy “praying” I’m not doing such a hot job about listening.

The silliness sometimes happens that something interesting, maybe even holy occurs to me when I am praying my Breviary, but in my duty I say, I must finish this Morning Prayer, my promised obligation, and then keep on moving past whatever the Spirit might have had in store for me.

Is that crazy or what?

What if the Spirit was going to share with me that oft searched for, but never rediscovered, “Lost Chord”?

Well, I’m thankful that our dear God knows Pat Hall very well and that God will mercifully keep knocking me on the head until I finally listen.

And so, I am called to find quiet time, to listen.

I had a little bump with that just this past week.

While assisting at daily Mass, I was kneeling by the chimes, ready to jingle at the appropriate time.

During the consecration, Fr. James proclaims “This is my body”... and “this is the chalice of my blood”...

Well, while during that, I heard in my mind, “Do you hear my voice?”

Well, talk about taking *in persona Christi* to a new level...

We can see and hear Jesus every time we come to his sacramental presence.

Practice looking for him where ever you go.

Do you hear a baby’s cry? Well, Mary heard such crying from her precious Son.

Do you witness an example of self-sacrifice? Who is our inspiration for

sacrificial love?

Do you see someone who is thirsty, hungry, naked, homeless, sick, imprisoned or even dead?

In this Year of Mercy, may we be Jesus' very hands in consolation.

"None so deaf as those who will not hear."

Open your mind, your heart and your soul.

Hear Jesus.

