

Evangelio de Mateo: Primera multiplicación del pan: 14: 13-21

Good morning...good morning on this 17th day of August in ordinary time. Welcome as we together come to celebrate in jubilee the 65th and 60th year of profession of 10 ordinary women.

To begin? you may be wondering why both Joan and I are reflecting on this gospel; Here are the cliff notes;

Never arrive late to a jubilee decision_making meeting; You may become the decision*. And if you do? the obvious response is to enter in yet another mutually enhancing decision*. And thus? it came to pass • ;

It has been a joy to touch into this duo_p preaching with you? Joan; Your »seeing« into this gospel led the way? wholeheartedly a jubilee*

As 10 Dominican women we have journeyed into this momentous, momentous time of planetary transition ~ we come itinerant, unsheltered from woe, into the unfolding grace of Peace joyously, no matter the hardship.

Cultivating mutually enhancing relationships (way, way, beyond mutually beneficial relationships!) we have been schooled to wake up bravely, truthfully to what really matters ~ the Divine revealed in the signs of the times ~ and to do what is ours to do as midwives of new Reality ~ planetary life continuing on as sacred, all of us partaking of all of us ~ daily bread, broken, blessed, multiplied, given away, til we all “can come back slowly, carrying a strange-new flavor into our lives”. A communion of planetary wisdom of all our relatives ~

In today's gospel we meet a grieving Jesus, longing for a time away, to mourn, to pray, to rest with his disciples. News has reached Jesus of the death of his beloved life companion, John the Baptist.

John had been detained by civil authorities, jailed, tortured, beheaded, his head served up as a party favor.

Jesus knows it is only a matter of time before he will experience a fate not unlike John's.

On their way to rest and pray, Jesus and his friends are surprised by a crowd of 5000, not counting women and children. (keep an eye on those of no-account; they are often the site of miracles)...5000 plus wait for the healing touch of this one tired and scared man.

And yet what can always be counted on, because God is love, compassion wells up. Here, now Jesus does rest ~ He rests, receptive in the miraculous synergy of compassion and insight. Moved by the need of the present moment, Jesus steps up to do what is his to do.

On this broad girth of land between mountain and sea, the breath of Jesus hovers over the crowd; the healing presence of Christ erupts in everyone, including women and children, for God is love and "Love's firmest ground lies beneath the fragile."

As **that day stretches** to shadows, night draws near. A new challenge emerges. This time, it is Night itself!

In dimming light, anxiety rumors among the 5000. The here and now **doesn't count so much anymore** as anticipating what might happen in night fall.

Will gratitude for sunlight and the soft brilliance of miracles be eclipsed by fear? Why renounce the day now that night is near? It's all a matter of seeing.

In the deepening light of this gospel, we spot a scurrying disciple and a young child. The young child's hands are unclenching his cloak, his face relaxes. He brings forth what he has held hidden ~ 2 fish, 5 loaves. "What are these among so many?" A child's mite.

It's hard to trust, to imagine possibilities, to cherish promises when our old ways get the better of us.

Yet this child takes in the woe around him, and in wild, wholehearted obedience, he steps up to do what is his to do ~ He trusts his paltry treasure to a cranky disciple.

Pulling down the shade on your gifts, have you ever done that, pulled down the shades against your own radiance? Walked anxiously away at the time of the miracle? Refused your own generosity and wisdom? I have. And even as I retreat to my ever-inadequate comfort zone, I hunger to feed myself into the energetic, ever-nourishing grace of Mystery; Wholeness, the "plenum", the glorious mystery of the Unknown ~ that non-visible realm, where beats the generative heart of grace ~ here, now, Ever Intimate, Ever Unfolding "from before the foundation of the world."

We can re-awaken to the "plenum", each time we touch a bead of the Hail Mary ~ Ave Maria gracia plena. This ever-foaming realm of grace is the heart of the matter. In this womb of the plenum, this ever-coming-to-be realm of grace, we discover we all relatives. It takes your breath away! Our "All in all" actively dwells within all being, always in mutually creative relationship with what has been to unfold the future ~ crucified, heartbreakingly life-giving, mutually enhancing, receptive. See it? A transforming Peace itching to be born?

We must deepen...

Even as our eyes are dimming and our hearing fades and our minds and bodies wander to where we would not have them go, we are called to participate, “re-fashioning our gifts, to give them away, radiating them like stars to be cherished in whatever form they take.” It’s a sign of our times.

Let us midwife this gospel, trust its generativity happening now in our midst. Here, now miracles multiply, bloom, ~ not just one miracle, but another one from the other one and over there, others bloom ~ like jonquils in a valley bloom ~ nestling within a small blue dot of a planet swirling around an old, ordinary mid-sized star of the Milky Way galaxy ~ setting up possibilities “to accomplish more than we could ever ask or imagine.” Imagine that!!

Even as our eyes are dimming and our hearing fades and our minds and bodies wander to where we not have them go, we are called to participate, to “re-fashion our gifts, to give them away, radiating them like stars, to be cherished in whatever form they take.” Why renounce it now that night is near?

In this generous gospel, miracles bloom, not just one miracle, but another one from the other one, and over there another one blooming...not unlike jonquils bloom in a valley nestling within a small blue dot of a planet swirling around an old, ordinary, mid-sized star of the Milky Way galaxy setting up possibilities to accomplish immeasurably more than we could ever ask or imagine”. That’s what’s Real!