

A Lesson for a Busy Day

Intro. Job sure seems to be having a bad day. Or maybe several. More than once I have awoken, sat on the side of the bed and thought, “It seems like I did this just yesterday. And the day before too.” I know I can’t go back to bed; I’ve got too many things to do. Many of us probably have had mornings like that, but up and off to the day we go.

I. With four newly-acquired followers in tow, the Lord started his morning off by going to the synagogue. There he spent time discussing the practices of his faith and teaching about the kingdom. He cast a demon out of a man. Then went to Peter’s house to unwind and eat, and oh, by the way, could he heal his mother-in-law? But his day wasn’t over. After sunset, the conclusion of the Sabbath, people started showing up at the door

asking for healing and he responded with healing. What a day. It’s no wonder the Lord got up early to find a quiet place he could be alone and pray to his Father. One of the people I visit on Thursday in Governor’s Creek is confined to bed. I started discussing the Sunday gospel with her and share possible homily points. This week we were talking about the demands of the Lord’s day and how they were pretty much the same: get up, pray, teach God’s word, heal the sick and start over the next day in a different town. I said he moved around to keep from being mobbed by the crowds always looking for miracles. Her thought was each day the Lord had a *fresh audience* to teach. New people ready to hear his words and possibly be changed by them. She used to play guitar and enjoyed new listeners each

time. A different or maybe better attitude of going to work every day.

Concl. Our days are filled with a lot of activities. Parents pick up their children from school and drive them dance or guitar class. Then turn around and pick up others from soccer practice or a game. Home by six o'clock for dinner and homework. Fall into bed. Thursday was one of my long days. After mass, I went to the nursing home in Green Cove; then to a lunch meeting at St. Joseph's in Mandarin; then an appointment here at the office; then – unexpectedly -to the hospice on Blanding; and finally home to work on my homily. Then it's time for us to begin again. I'm reminded of two Jackson Browne songs: Running on Empty and The Pretender. The first is self -explanatory. The second says,

“Gonna pack my lunch in the morning
And go to work each day,
And when the evening rolls around
I'll go on home and lay my body down
And when the morning light comes streaming in
I'll get up and do it again
Amen.” [The Pretender, 1976]

Where do we find the necessary energy and strength? Exercise is one way. The Lord showed his disciples prayer is another. It takes courage to get up each day and go to work. That work might a job we like or don't. It might be school we like or don't. Each day, we have opportunities to meet people. Maybe we don't cure diseases, but by our words and actions as disciples of the Lord, we can heal some of the people who are in pain. Possibly our own pain is healed as well. Prayer can replenish the energy we need to

enjoy what we do each day, rather than **just survive**

it.