

Fitz and Classmates, 1957, who survived the storm on the lake. (See last week's homily.) All went on to be ordained. All went on to be ordained. Six later left and married.

...behold a Canaanite woman of that region came and called out, 'Have pity on me, Son of David!'

MT Chapter 15

Every night at 5 pm Buddy and I sit on the patio, me with a glass of wine, and we watch the great monsoon thunderheads gather on the horizon and then move in. Most nights they reach the great heat dome that hangs over the city, and no matter how menacing they appear, most nights they hit the dome and dissapate and flatten out.

Would that the fire of LOVE in our world could dissapate the black clouds of hate and fury that threaten around the world.

In today's Gospel, a Canaanite woman, an outsider, cries out for pity fom Jesus. and Jesus

responds.

Her ancient cry echos in that same land today. Her cities, Tyre and Sidon are on the coast of modern day southern Lebanon. ISIS is fighting to make part of Syria, Lebanon, and Iraq into a new nation which would inflict either conversion or death onto all inhabitants.

This a quote from an Iraqi Catholic priest:

"Today, the story of Christianity is finished in Iraq. My People cannot stay in Iraq because there is death for whoever stays. I am from the City of Bakhddida on the Plains of Nineveh which was the Christian capitol of the country until Kurdish forces had to withdraw because of the onslaught of ISIS.

Since then more than 100,000 Christians have fled the city, taking with them nothing but the clothes on their backs."

Surely, today the verse we all pray from Psalm 67 as our responsorial psalm in today's mass might well be prayed for these 100,000 and many more:

"***May God have pity on us and bless us.***

may he let his face shine upon us.

So may your way be known upon earth

among all the nations, your salvation."

What we are witnessing in the Middle East today is like a regression to the 7th Century!

We have so far to go toward a stable world. The fire of love seems to flicker and fade, yet we must believe that somehow, some way, some day its warmth will dissapate the thunderheads of hatred.

Reflect today on the words of Tiehard:

"Some day, after mastering the winds, the waves, the tides and gravity, we shall harness for God the energies of love, and then, for a second time in the history of the world,humans will have discovered fire."