

How hard it is for those who have wealth to enter the Kingdom of God.

I have just returned from my trip to Omaha. While there, I visited four of my friends suffering pancreatic cancer.

I would call my trip a "treasure hunt" for these and other friends are indeed treasures.

So being "rich" is a relative term. I feel very rich in the friends I have in my life. I visited with another friend who is rich in the sense of money: many shares in Berkshire Hathaway. She and I discussed today's Gospel, and I assured her that Jesus is only referring to the self centered, the narcissistic:

hoarders who allow greed to rule their lives, not to the generous like her.

At our 65th high school reunion there were poignant moments when I learned that at least 5 of our classmates from our Jesuit high school are now caretakers for their wives who suffer from Alzheimers.

They are caring for and maintaining the true treasures in their lives.

When I returned to Scottsdale this afternoon, I learned that my neighbor Dorothy right across from my patio, was moved into assisted living this very morning.

So when I passed her darkened home, I felt not only sad, but impoverished.

I had lost a treasure.

The beautiful first reading from today's mass tells us where our true treasures lie:

"I preferred wisdom to scepter and throne and deemed riches nothing in comparison with her, nor did I liken any precious gem to her, because all gold , in view of her, is a little sand."

And so we pray:

O God send us wisdom:

the wisdom to discern,

the wisdom to learn,

the wisdom to remember:

where our true treasures lie.

Amen.