Twenty-Fifth Sunday of the Year, Cycle B

St. Mary’s Riverside, 2021

While I understand that the prophetic word of God

Is not designed to predict the future

I could not help but wonder

As I pondered this passage

In which Jesus overhears his disciples

Arguing about which of them was the greatest

If God had anticipated the 21st century political scene in the U.S.

In which incumbents and upstart candidates for office

Do what they can to impress upon audiences of every stripe

How they are the greatest among their peers

And the messianic answer to what of sounds like

the imminent demise of our country without them.

It is a struggle as old as humankind

The struggle to be number one ... to be on top

To calculate one’s worth

But too often through the perceived inferiority of others.

And the hidden danger in this race to the top

At the expense of another’s reputation or dignity

Is not only a potential for pride or self-righteousness

but something more insidious, more destructive

As pointedly noted in today’s second reading.

It is not very often that we find a clear correlation

Between the gospel and the second reading.

The first reading is explicitly chosen to correspond to the gospel:

So today’s first reading from Wisdom

Echoes Jesus’ prediction of his suffering and death

The second reading is a semi-continuous reading

From one of the epistles.

For 4 weeks now we have been reading from James’ letter.

Happily there is convergence between Mark and James today,

Almost as if James is commenting on this apostolic squabble.

And James’ warning

in light of the gospel spat over who’s the greatest

is not the onset of narcissism or self-absorption

but the specter of war

the abandonment of mercy

the demise of peace

and the onset of violence.

Recently I listened to Eric Metaxas’

riveting biography of Dietrich Bonhoeffer

Subtitled: Pastor, Martyr, Prophet, Spy[[1]](#endnote-1)

It is a fascinating examination,

of a remarkable young Lutheran Pastor

deeply devoted to traditional German culture

and willing to sacrifice his life to save his country.

It is also a heart wrenching exposé

Of the fallacious myth of a superior race

And the horrific tragedies that resulted from such arrogance.

James wrote: “where jealousy and selfish ambition exist,

There is disorder and every foul practice.”

This not only defines the Nazi regime of a distant past

But also the disorder and foulness

That yet abounds in today’s world

As the lives of the innocent in war ravaged countries

As well as on the streets of our cities

are persistently cheapened and discarded.

And what does Jesus propose in the face of this race to the top

With its potential for violence and the oppression of the innocent?

When a child has wandered into the midst of his inner circle,

ever the extemporaneous teacher

Jesus wraps his arms around the kid

And informs the burly fishermen

The so-called adults in the group

That if they have a future with him ...

Their future is to be found in their past ... in their childhood.

Placing childhood at the center of discipleship

Is at least disconcerting, if not problematic

While I am sure that most of you were perfect children

Childhood seems an odd symbol of Christian discipleship

Since children are by nature self-centered

believing the world revolves around their wants & needs.

I remember months after the birth of the first nephew

My sleep deprived and exhausted sister

Announced that her child was a terrorist

And she was captive to his will.

Like many offspring, human children are naturally selfish

A biological drive imbedded in their DNA

To increase their chances of survival.

They are also prone to violence if deprived of what they want:

just put 2 three-year old boys in a room

with 1 red truck and see how long before struggle ensues.

Maybe, however, it is not childishness that Jesus is offering

As his gospel strategy for discipleship

And the eradication of all rivalry from his inner circle

But maybe it is the child likeness Jesus himself exhibits

Those treasured traits of childhood

That have been squeezed out of us

By education, and competition, and prejudice:

like the innocence that disinclines them

From judging people by the color of their skin

The size of their bank account

Or the crowd of facial wrinkles;

like their ability to live in the moment

uncomprehending how many months to Christmas

Or weeks to their birthday

Or how long to drive to grandma’s house:

So the 5-year-old, prepared to make a 3-hour trip

with his parents to see relatives.

In the back seat he surrounded by coloring books

Mom’s iPod, snacks and juice boxes.

five minutes into the journey he begins to ask

“are we there yet”

A persistent inquiry

Until the father explodes and tells him if he asks again

He is going to be punished.

There is an extended moment of quiet,

Until this small voice from the back seat asks

“will I still be five when we get there”?

It’s also their gift of wonder,

The ability to be entertained by a balloon

Or the simplest of peek-a-boo games

Often more captivated by the wrapping paper or box

than the expensive gift waiting inside.

Then there’s that natural skin hunger

Their instinctive relationality

desiring to be touched, stroked, rocked and held.

And maybe most of all it is their wanton neediness

Their inability to do virtually anything for themselves

Whether acquiring food and seeking shelter.

The truth about children is that they have no product

Or worth other than themselves

A worth God deems as incalculable.

That was more true in Jesus’ time than in our own.[[2]](#endnote-2)

Western cultures tend to place children first

With the instinct to risk everything to save the child.

Yet ancient Middle Eastern cultures would place the child last.

Even Thomas Aquinas taught that in a raging fire

a husband was obliged to save his father first

then his mother, next his wife, and last his child.

When famine arose children would be fed last after the adults  
Within the family the child had next to no status

and was considered equal to a slave

they were not always doted upon as prized possessions

which is maybe why a child seems to aimlessly wander

into Jesus’ company

unattended, unsupervised, undervalued.

Children in the culture that shaped the disciples' worldview

weren't the only ones who were devalued;

they shared space on the margins with many others:

the disabled, the sick, widows, and the unclean.

When Jesus challenges his adult compatriots to be like children

he effectively insults them

disparages their physical and social status

and illustrates that, as one blogger put it,

the greatest among them was

"*twenty-six inches tall, with limited vocabulary, no job, zero net worth, a nobody. And God's chosen agent."*

And what is the upshot of this messianic lesson

this apostolic comeuppance,

this dressing down of discipleship,

this ascendancy of a child in God’s emerging reign?

Simply put there is no one whom we may safely ignore

For they in truth may be God’s messenger

Especially in their wanton need.

And recognizing their innate dignity

Their ability to reflect the very countenance of God

Is the first and final antidote to violence

a true step on what our second reading describes

As the road to peace.

We cannot return to our childhood,

Nor does the gospel call us to do so.

Actually, part of taking up our cross and following Christ

Is recognizing something of the sadness of growing up

With all of its challenges and burdens.

The poet Billy Collins captures some of this poignancy

In his eloquent reflection about turning 10 years old,

He writes:

*The whole idea of it makes me feel  
like I'm coming down with something,  
something worse than any stomach ache  
or the headaches I get from reading in bad light--  
a kind of measles of the spirit,  
a mumps of the psyche,  
a disfiguring chicken pox of the soul.  
  
You tell me it is too early to be looking back,  
but that is because you have forgotten  
the perfect simplicity of being one  
and the beautiful complexity introduced by two.  
But I can lie on my bed and remember every digit.  
At four I was an Arabian wizard.  
I could make myself invisible  
by drinking a glass of milk a certain way.  
At seven I was a soldier, at nine a prince.  
  
This is the beginning of sadness, I say to myself,  
as I walk through the universe in my sneakers.  
It is time to say good-bye to my imaginary friends,  
time to turn the first big number.  
  
It seems only yesterday I used to believe  
there was nothing under my skin but light.  
If you cut me I could shine.  
But now when I fall upon the sidewalks of life,  
I skin my knees. I bleed.[[3]](#endnote-3)*

It is true: there is some sadness in leaving behind

Those Peter Pan instincts and having to grow up,

which requires us to admit the possibility of a cross in our present

Or certainly in our future

And the recognition that when we fall, we do unfortunately bleed.

But in the demanding gift of an adult faith

there is also the grace

to see every child of God as though

there is nothing under their skin but light

and to embolden them to shine,

to treasure their radiance and affirm their dignity.

In doing so we pray that we too

will recover some of that child-like luminosity

and so reaffirm our own identity as children of God

commissioned to radiate the light imparted to us in baptism

That still courses through our being

For we too are children of the light

Sister and brothers of the eternal luminosity

revealed in the eternal Christ, Lord and God, forever and ever.

1. Eric Metaxas, *Bonhoeffer: Pastor, Martyr, Prophet, Spy* (Nashville: Nelson Books, 2010). [↑](#endnote-ref-1)
2. What follows is reliant upon John Pilch, *The Cultural World of Jesus, Sunday by Sunday: Cycle B.* (Collegeville: Liturgical Press, 1996), 139-141. [↑](#endnote-ref-2)
3. Billy Collins, “On Turning Ten,” from *The Art of Drowning* (Pittsburgh – London: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1995), 48-49. [↑](#endnote-ref-3)