

## FROM THE PASTOR

*Dear Brothers and Sisters*

What am I to do? I am not strong enough to dig, I am ashamed to beg.

The dilemma of the steward who is being thrown out of office. He was fired because of his dishonesty with his boss's property.

You and I are the dishonest steward spoken of in the Gospel this Sunday.

Nothing we have is our own, nothing belongs to us.

It's not my body,  
it's not my job,  
it's not my house,  
it's not my sickness,  
it's not my good fortune,  
it's not my money,  
it's not my time,  
it's not my family,  
it's not my car,  
it's not my school....

We are stewards, caretakers, of someone else's goods.

Starting with the gift of life itself, and then everything else that comes along with it, all has been given to us by God.

If you don't agree, and still think you're the one calling the shots, just take a look over your shoulder at what's happened the last two years. Life was completely upended, all that was certain, carved in stone, was gone. If the Pandemic has done one thing, it's been to help us see that we are in control of.... nothing. Not my body, my job, my health, my wealth, my family, my time. Somebody else in charge, someone else calls the shots. This is either a malediction or a blessing.

The guy in today's Gospel sees it as a blessing. He takes the opportunity to re think all his priorities. He comes to the realization that all that really matters is how he has treated others, and what is his relationship with the one who really owns all that he had mistakenly thought was his.

He begins to cancel debts. Forgive us our debts, as we forgive those in debt to us - we pray those words every time we celebrate Mass together.

The Pandemic was a dress rehearsal, things were put on hold for a while. The real deal will come when things are taken away definitively. Why wait till that happens to put things aright?

If you or I had known the Pandemic was going to happen we would surely have done some things to prepare for it. There is still time to get ready for the real event - the day when our stewardship is taken away. That day is today, if we have eyes to see it.

