



## Saturday of the 14th Week in Ordinary Time



**Date:** Saturday, July 12, 2025 | **Season:** Ordinary Time after Easter | **Year:** C

**First Reading:** Genesis 49:29–32, 50:15–26a

**Responsorial Psalm:** Psalm 105:1–4, 6–7 | **Response:** Psalm 69:33

**Gospel Acclamation:** 1 Peter 4:14

**Gospel Reading:** Matthew 10:24–33

**Preached at:** the Chapel of Emmaus House in the Archdiocese of Harare, Zimbabwe.

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**B**rothers,

There's a quiet holiness in a man's last request—especially when that man is Jacob. Today's first reading from Genesis 49 brings us his final desire: "Bury me with my fathers." Not in Egypt's wealth, but in the cave of Machpelah, where Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, and Rebekah rest. That cave is not just a tomb. It is testimony. A grave that points forward. Even in death, Jacob clings to God's promise, not Pharaoh's power.

But after the burial, the old wound reopens. In Genesis 50, his sons grow fearful. What if Joseph was only waiting? Waiting for their father to die before settling the score?

Yet Joseph, who once wept in the pit and rose in Pharaoh's court, chooses mercy. "You meant evil against me, but God meant it for good." He doesn't erase the betrayal—he reframes it. He lets providence re-narrate the pain. This is not forgetting—it's forgiving.

And in that, we hear an echo of our own land. Zimbabwe, too, carries the weight of past wrongs—political betrayals, family divisions, economic scars. But Joseph shows us: God is not absent in affliction. He is at work in the very places we would rather avoid. The pit becomes providence. The prison becomes preparation. The past becomes passage.

The Psalm today—Psalm 105—gives voice to that mystery. “Give thanks to the Lord, call upon His name, make known His deeds among the peoples.” This is not naive praise. It’s defiant memory. A song sung by those who’ve seen hunger, exile, and yet, still trust. The psalmist calls us to remember God’s faithfulness, not as a comfort blanket, but as a battle cry. To say aloud what grace has done—so despair doesn’t win the last word.

This is where St Ignatius of Loyola speaks into our lives. He too knew failure, injury, the slow work of inner healing. And he taught us the Examen—a simple daily prayer of looking back, not with guilt, but with grace. Where did God move today? When did I receive love? When did I fail to give it? Joseph, long before Ignatius, lived that posture. He remembered rightly. And from memory, he chose mercy.

Then in Matthew’s Gospel today, Jesus warns us clearly: “If they have called the master of the house Beelzebul, what will they not say of his household?” The disciple is not above the master. And the road will not be smooth. But three times, He says it—“Do not be afraid.” Not of whispers in the dark. Not of what others think. Not even of death. Because what is hidden will be revealed. What is buried will rise.

And then that tender line: “Every hair on your head has been counted.” Jesus is not offering comfort just to make us feel better. He is telling the truth. God sees you. God knows you. God does not forget. Not the small ones. Not the tired ones. Not the ones who feel invisible. This is the kind of love that gives courage. The kind of love that helps a teacher speak up when it’s risky, a mother keep going when there’s nothing in the cupboard, a Jesuit keep serving quietly in a place the world ignores.

This love becomes flesh in the Eucharist. Here, mercy is not a concept—it is a meal. Here, memory becomes presence. In this communion, Christ does not only strengthen us; He sends us. With His body in ours, we can walk the road He walked—speaking, forgiving, remembering, hoping.

So now, as Ignatius would invite us: picture Jesus before you. Hear His voice: “Do not be afraid.” Feel the invitation: to forgive what still hurts, to speak what still trembles in your throat, to remember grace where you once saw only grief.

Be like Jacob—faithful even in farewell. Be like Joseph—merciful even with the power to punish. Be like the Psalmist—grateful even in trial. Be like Christ—fearless, not because life is easy, but because love is stronger.

Let us end in silence and with three questions to carry:

- What moment this week needs to be remembered through the eyes of grace?
- Who needs your mercy, even if justice still feels unfinished?
- Where is Christ calling you to speak—with love, with courage, with freedom?

May the Eucharist strengthen what is weak. May your memory be healed by grace. And may your voice speak not just words, but witness. Amen.

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In preparing this homily, I consulted various resources to deepen my understanding of today's readings, including using Magisterium AI for assistance. The final content remains the responsibility of the author.