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19th Sunday in Ordinary Time

Date: Sunday, August 10, 2025 | **Season:** Ordinary Time after Easter | **Year:** C
First Reading: Wisdom of Solomon 18:6–9
Responsorial Psalm: Psalm 33:1, 12, 18–19, 20–22 | **Response:** Psalm 33:12b
Second Reading: Hebrews 11:1–2, 8–19
Gospel Acclamation: Matthew 24:42a, 44
Gospel Reading: Luke 12:32–48
Preached at: the Chapel of Richartz House **in the** Archdiocese of Harare, Zimbabwe**.**

Dear brothers in Christ,

Today's readings speak to the quiet strength of faith—the kind that waits without giving up, that moves forward without knowing the full path, and that works with love even when no one notices. These are not dramatic stories. They are not about power or spectacle. They are about ordinary people who trust in a God they cannot see. And they invite us to do the same.

In the First Reading, from the Book of Wisdom (Wisdom 18:6–9), we hear of the night of the Passover—one of the darkest nights in Israel's memory, and one of the most sacred. The writer tells us that this night had already been known to their ancestors. They were not afraid—they were ready. They trusted the promises passed down to them. The songs they sang were not cries of panic, but hymns of hope. Their faith did not rest on miracles, but on memory—on knowing who God had been, and trusting that He would be the same again.

In Scripture, the Hebrew word *zakar*, to remember, doesn't simply mean thinking back. It means making something present again. That night, God remembered His people—and His people remembered His promise. That remembering gave them the courage to act. And it still does.

We see that same courage today. In Zimbabwe, in Gaza, in Ukraine—in all the places where sorrow sits heavy and justice feels far—there are still hands that cook, still voices that pray, still hearts that hope.

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On our screens, we see the broken streets of Gaza, the hollowed buildings of Ukraine. But behind every image, there is a life—or more truthfully, there was one. A father in Gaza cradles his son's body with the same hands he once used to bless bread. A grandmother in Ukraine lights a candle beside a shattered window—not for warmth, but in remembrance. In Zimbabwe, a young woman stands in line for hours to collect basic necessities, humming hymns beneath her breath.

This is not faith that draws attention. It does not shout or seek recognition. But it endures. And in its quiet endurance, it reveals the presence of God.

May peace come—not as theory or diplomacy alone, but as food for those who hunger, shelter for those who suffer, and silence after sirens. And may it come soon.

In the Responsorial Psalm, Psalm 33, we sing words written for people like this—for the faithful poor: "The eyes of the Lord are on those who fear Him, on those who hope in His love." That word *hesed*—God's love—is not a passing emotion. It is loyal. It is lasting. It shows up not in thunder, but in silence. Not in noise, but in the long night of waiting. This kind of love doesn't leave. And neither should we.

In the Second Reading, from the Letter to the Hebrews (Hebrews 11:1–2, 8–19), we are given one of the clearest windows into the meaning of faith: "Faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen." It may sound poetic, but it's not vague. Faith is a way of seeing. Either we look through the lens of faith—or we don't. Abraham didn't know where the road would lead. But he trusted the One who asked him to walk it. He left home. He lived in tents. He hoped for a child, even when he and Sarah were too old. He offered back what was most precious to him, trusting that somehow God would still keep His word.

Faith like Abraham's is not naïve. It is not blind. It's the deep conviction that God is trustworthy—even when everything around us says otherwise. That is not easy. We live in a world where promises are broken, where power fails, where hope thins. And yet the Church is called to be like Abraham's tent: open, simple, faithful, and always turned toward the horizon.

And in the Gospel today, from Luke 12:32–48, Jesus speaks straight to the heart: "Do not be afraid, little flock." It is a gentle word—full of tenderness. He knows we are small. He knows we are tired. He knows we carry more than we can

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speak. But He also knows what we're capable of, if we trust Him.

He tells us how to live while we wait: keep your lamps lit, your belts fastened, your hearts ready. These are not instructions for one dramatic moment—they are a way of life. Live as if He is already at the door.

Jesus speaks of servants keeping watch through the night. In Jewish tradition, the final watch—from midnight to dawn—was when God was believed to act. The world is quietest then. Darkest. And it's in that hour that the Master comes—not to be served, but to serve. He seats us at the table. He feeds us. This is not just a parable. This is the Eucharist. The Lord who asks us to stay awake is the same Lord who feeds us, even now.

Jesus calls this little community "the little flock." The phrase is not only about size. It speaks of how the world sees us—small, poor, overlooked. And yet it is to them—to us—that He says, "The Father is pleased to give you the kingdom." The kingdom does not belong to the powerful. It belongs to those who stay faithful in the small things: the mother who cares for her family with no thanks, the catechist who teaches without pay, the student who refuses to cheat though no one would know. These are the ones the kingdom belongs to.

The message is simple—but not easy: stay faithful at your post. The world may not notice. The headlines may never tell your story. But heaven sees. And heaven remembers.

This parable isn't only about the end of time. It is about how we live in time. About how we speak when no one is listening. How we serve when no one is watching. How we trust when it feels like no one is coming. Jesus says, "Much will be required of the person entrusted with much." And we have been entrusted with much—not only faith, but people, relationships, responsibilities. We are not owners. We are stewards. And one day, the Master will return, and ask what we have done with what was given.

So we wait. Not with dread, but with trust. Not with folded arms, but with lamps burning. And as we wait, we remember. We serve. We hope. Because the One we are waiting for is already present—in the waiting.

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Let us take a moment, as St Ignatius would invite us, to enter the scene. Imagine the house, the stillness, the flickering lamp. You are tired. But you remain. You wait. You are ready.

What are you hoping for? What are you holding onto? And what is the Lord asking of you now?

This week, I leave you with three questions to pray with:

- Where in my life am I tempted to live as if God is absent? What would change if I truly believed He is near?
- Who or what has been entrusted to me—and how am I tending that trust, especially when no one is watching?
- What does it mean, in my daily life, to keep my lamp lit—here, now, in Zimbabwe, among these people?

May we wait not with fear, but with love. May we serve not for show, but with joy. And may the Lord, when He comes, find our hearts awake and our lamps still burning. 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.