

## 3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday in Ordinary Time – January 20/21, 2018 – Reflection

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"I tell you, brothers and sisters, the time is running out ... for the world as we know it is passing away." (I Corinthians)

You're at your desk staring into the light of the computer screen. You're at *Goretti's* standing in the check-out line chatting with the person waiting behind you. You're in algebra class struggling to keep your eyes open as the teacher drones on and on about Lord knows what. You're sitting in the waiting room of your doctor's office flipping through an old magazine wondering why you always get to these appointments early when the doc is always running late. You're at the airport waiting for your flight to board, wondering if you have time to hit the bathroom one more time before they call your row. You just made yourself a sandwich and poured yourself a drink for lunch as you sit down in front of the TV to watch the news at noon. You just got off the field from morning practice before the big game on Sunday. You just blessed yourself with holy water as you rush into church on your lunchbreak for daily Mass at the little church just down the block from your office.

Your phone lights up and pings with that emergency sound, like you've heard when there's an amber alert. TV and radio carry a bulletin ... "We interrupt this program to bring you the following special report." You hear sirens blaring like the ones you used to hear when you were a kid and there was gonna be an air raid drill. You try to process what you're hearing ... incoming Intercontinental Ballistic Missile will impact your

area in 18 minutes ... this is not a drill ... move to a safer place ... underground if possible ... we repeat, this is not a drill. Just then you hear the president's voice carried across the airwaves. My fellow Americans, we are under attack. This is not misinformation or false news. We are at war. We have launched our own missiles in response. We will prevail. God bless you my friends and God bless the United States of America.

13 minutes to go. People are running in the streets. People are crying ... heck, you're crying. Almost everyone is on a phone, trying to get through to somebody they love: a wife; a husband; a child; trying to say I love you, trying to say anything but goodbye.

One minute to go. You scan the sky to see if you can see anything ... to see if you can see what will destroy everything. Nothing ... just bright sun, blue sky, a few puffy clouds. A few seconds to go ... "Our Father who art in heaven ... Holy Mary ... now and at the hour of our death ... a hissing sound, like a snake ready to strike ... deafening explosion ... blinding light ... searing heat ...

"I tell you brothers and sisters, the time is running out ... for the world as we know it is passing away."

This past week, many of our countrymen thought they were in exactly that situation, thought it was real, thought it was the end.

What do you think you would do? How would you act? Who would you call? Where would you run to? What would be important to you in those last 18 minutes?

How do you act now? Who do you call out to now? Where do you run to now? What's important to you now? Is God in your life now?

How you are now might say a lot about how you'd handle those last 18 minutes ... "for where you treasure is so will your heart be."