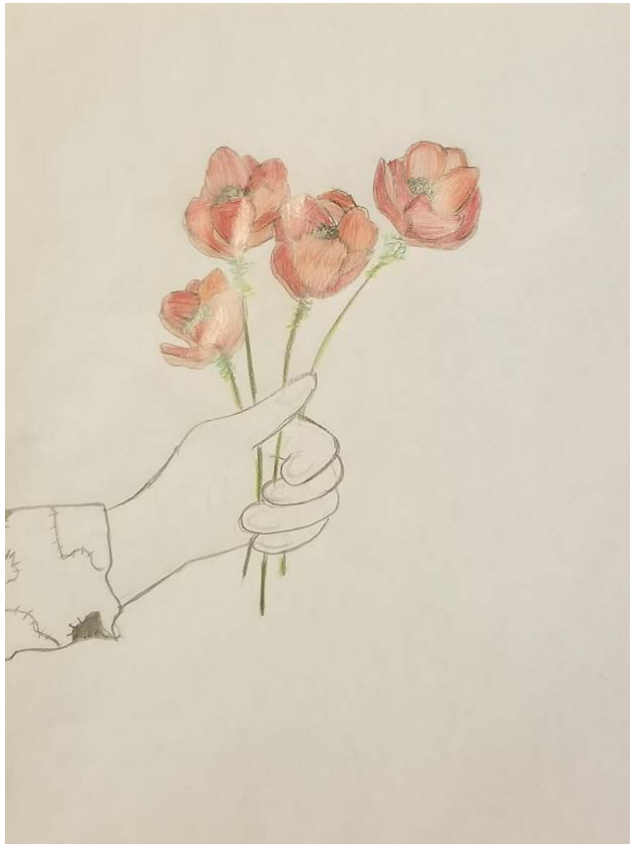


3rd Sunday of Matthew
From The Gospel According to
Matthew 6:22-33:



"...Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they neither toil nor spin; yet I tell you, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. But if God so clothes the grass of the field, which today is alive and tomorrow is thrown into the oven, will he not much more clothe you, O men of little faith?..."

A glimpse of the kingdom of God. Maybe our eyes are not strong enough to bear the gentleness of the light unto eternity just yet. So today, Jesus lifts the curtains so we can see with His eyes for a little while. And we see the freedom and the beauty which are prepared for us to taste from now on. On this very day. So, within the kingdom our eyes never get tired to behold the beauty and to rejoice in freedom...They are nurtured by hope. The glimpse pierces your soul so you can be raptured by love for a little while. Within the kingdom, the freedom is perfected by love continuously. Today hope gives life to the trust that what you taste from the Word is for you to partake. To trust without worrying about life. Your life, any life, the life of those you know and of those you don't know. The life of those who are perishing...

This is the gift that God prepared for us. Isn't this one of the simplest images of the righteousness of God? Isn't this what the human soul wants to encounter from an early age?

This is the rest of the mature soul and the desire of the young.



The church's womb.

This week the "church of the poor" that serves and prays at 155 Broadview Ave has once again a baptismal font. Since our original font was taken away last year we had to make do. The church is a mother who has a Table where to feed its children that are born from her womb, which is also a tomb. The baptismal font will not be locked up in the furnace room like the previous one. It will now be part of the very structure of the church's building. It will be a daily reminder to all who come during the week that here one can "enter his mother's womb and be born again" (John 3:4) and thus "taste and see " the kingdom of God. Here, the church gives birth to new sons and daughters, born not out of need or bondage but rather truly free, as the Spirit is free and "blows where it wills". (John 3:8) Here also is the church's table where God and Man sit down and where

the church, our mother, feeds us.

The new font has a unique design, custom made just for us. It is based on models of ancient baptismal fonts. It is "circular within an octagonal structure". The circle symbol of eternity and the 8 sides symbol of the eight day, the day of the resurrection, the unending day of the Kingdom. The new font can be used equally for infant baptism, water blessings and for adult immersion. It has two parts that can easily be safely moved in order to serve these purposes. The cover and frame are made of Canadian local wood, symbolizing the desire for the church to be a local community. We are grateful to all who helped cover the cost of this new font and to Mr. Marin Nistor for sculpting the frame. Please take time to visit the new font and renew there your baptismal vows and pray that from this womb new children will be added to the Table of the Lord

Fr Roberto



The carpenter who made the customized frame by hand and who donated to the church of the poor more than half of his work.

From today's gospel:

"The Lord said, "The eye is the lamp of the body. So, if your eye is sound, your whole body will be full of light; but if your eye is not sound, your whole body will be full of darkness."

So much so we can harm and comfort people with our eyes . The way you look at people and the way you look at yourself can bring so much harm and so much joy. More harm than the beatings and spittings endured on the way to the cross; more nurturing, more hope and A GLIMPSE of real life than all the good food and cards we give away. The balance is inclined the right way when God, for a little while, allows you to see how He sees you. Just for a little while and then our body becomes full of light.

How come then that there is so much darkness around us ? How come the body is so tired and there is no light to see and figure out what is happening within ourselves? Or with the world at this time? Or with the church? But the answer to these questions would not really satisfy us. Because there will always be a complicity with darkness. Within us, within the world and a messed up sleeping pattern in church of those who forget to turn on the light.

The purity of the answer stays, apparently, with those who suffer without hope. How can that be? Those who took the garments of the lilies, but no field is becoming a home for them. Our lilies grow up in the desert and even they do not see their own beauty. What then does the gospel tell us today? You cannot help ask yourself this question when you see the lilies drying out before blooming miraculously in the sun or in the winter.

When Stephanie came a few years ago at the mission, one could talk to her about the office job she had lost, about her fear of ending up on the streets and there was still some hope in her eyes. She disappeared for a few years and she came back now. Today she looks much worse, sometimes she just yells suddenly at people or she fights with an imaginary enemy or she just cries, like last Wednesday, while sitting on a chair in the room. And one could not even console her. She seemed lost within this time that troubles people's minds while aiming to eat up their souls alive. There is also our young friend from eastern Europe, smart and respectful, with very high street intelligence, who is losing his battle with addictions.

There are so many other stories we know and we can share.

The gospel does not hide reality, promising us something that we can picture in the sky in the future. It speaks to the very reality and time we are living in now. Last Tuesday, our young friend, being a little more sober, talked to me about his love for psychology and showed me a few books that he was trying to read. He left them with me when he left so he would not lose them on the street. This came as a surprise. However, what really touched me was his "recollection" (father spoke on Tuesday of what this means) of the second coming of Christ. For him it was a matter of time. A short time before it happens. But when it happens, he said, "I'll go straight to Him and embrace Him and kneel before Him and kiss His feet." He said that with tears in his eyes. I thought this was the boldness before Christ that we pray for during the Liturgy. So his body given to us would not be unto condemnation but unto living. And where can you be more alive than at the footstool of His feet. I was thinking that I am not sure I would ever receive such boldness. For him it was the recollection of a young man who knows Christ in deep suffering and despair.

Otherwise how would you know Him? How would you know He is that good? How would you know that He would forgive you for the things you did? (And this man did a few).

We pray so often to get to the knowledge of God and yet, the lilies of the field whose garments pass unnoticed within our eyes know His presence from the daily encounter with turmoil. Because, as we heard on Tuesday during the reflection on the psalms, Christ is there. And His presence is sweet and truthful, and His goodness is real. And you know and you taste from Him. A different communion of his Body, because your darkness did not prevail against you.

On Wednesday we did see Stephanie fighting, yelling and crying in the room. But she also smiled at times. For real. She had a beautiful smile. She was sitting by herself in the church. It was like the very angel of God was comforting her when she was tortured by enemies, both visible and invisible.

When the poor know God, I believe - without knowing- that they not only know Him through the rejection and oppression they experience. Not only because they walk the path of the cross as He did. But also, they know Him through the light that shines in darkness making their eyes clean. They know the Christ Who is Risen. They really know His presence, His goodness, His beauty and His TRUTH while walking on this untrodden path. If God shows us His beauty and reveals to us His goodness, while we come short on any good thing and we miss on suffering, how much more He would show himself to those who undertook the same path. There is a similar thing said by one of the trapezia monks. The one who survived the attack. How, people who were under bombs in France during the second world war experienced, in that very moment of terror, the presence of Christ more real than ever before. Our poor in Toronto are the same. Only that they take time and do not rush. They take time to suffer and to be with Him.



It was a time of tears on Wednesday. The women wept all day at the mission. It was a blessing. The church is the place to weep. There is no need to hide. To cry with your eyes closed. To cry without seeing. To cry in the darkness. To cry unconsciously, while sleeping, as a woman told me on Wednesday. And then to wake up in tears because of the pain. To cry being ashamed and forgotten. To keep it cool on the outside so the cry inside is silenced. And forgotten. Christ is the light of the world so women can receive the blessing of tears on their face without hiding. To receive their reward: they are free to cry because their cry is received as incense before Him.

Men should look for their freedom too. The gift of tears was abandoned in a way. Not the tears of an emotional immature old or young man, but the tears of joy that become a sign that no heart is forgotten.

It was not so this past Wednesday. If the women were crying, the men were intoxicated with alcohol. Nothing joyful about that. A familiar image that makes people skeptical. In this human skepticism, distress, physical and emotional pain, the angel of God brings the good news. On Wednesday we celebrated the birth of St. John the Baptist. If the Mother of God opens for us the gate of salvation, by freely opening herself to life and God in an unspeakable manner, St John the Baptist prepares His way in the wilderness. Where men can freely cry in the light. So people can see, listen and look for God. Behold the lamb of God

from St. Paul's Letter to the Romans 5:1-10:

"...More than that, we rejoice in our sufferings, knowing that suffering produces endurance, and endurance produces character, and character produces hope, and hope does not disappoint us, because God's love has been poured into our hearts through the Holy Spirit which has been given to us..."

We see that the vision comes from perseverance. It is a gift that we receive in freedom. It is like waking up after sleeping in tears of distress, who become tears of joy at the presence of the light.

Br Luke - donations this time

We have just celebrated all the saints together two Sundays ago. The mission community continues to gather as many images of saints as possible to better familiarize ourselves with their faces and lives. No longer strangers but friends! Many have already been collected thanks to the generosity of supporters especially Theodosius from our mission community and Eric Wallin from Hume Media. Thank you very much! There are 393 images that remain to be printed and we need some money to do so. To the glory of Christ and all his saints! Amen.

We'll use part of our Sunday donations to help br. Luke in completing his work. Please speak to him directly if you want to help in any way.