

Daily Homily

Thursday, Fourth Week of Lent

26 March 2020

On the First Reading: Exodus 32: 7-14 ([usccb daily readings](#))

We should not forget that as we go through this period of warding off the coronavirus that we are still in a sacred time of Lent. We should not believe that social distancing also means spiritual distancing. As we try to give individuals their six feet of personal space, we should not think that God needs that kind of space as well.

The Word of God today makes me think of our worship of God. It makes me turn to our Sunday worship. Moses goes to the heights of the mountain top to speak to God and to receive the commandments – from God's mouth, to Moses' ears. One of those ten: Thou shalt remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy.

No matter what, Sunday is a day of worship. Now the question is: what or whom do we worship? When Moses first encountered God from a bush burning but not consumed, God worked tremendous deeds in his life and especially for the life of Moses' people, the Israelites, at the time mere slaves. God motivates Moses into leadership, but Moses protests that he *don't talk properly*. In fact Moses had some kind of speech impediment, he stuttered. Moses went anyway, and he did so confidently. He comes up against Pharaoh and the Egyptian people, time and time again, plagues are released, Pharaoh grows thick headed, Passover is created, Israelites are told to leave. So they do. Pharaoh changes his mind and goes after them. A Red Sea is split. Slaves now free cross through unscathed, unharmed, their shoes not even damp. Pharaoh and his chariots and charioteers did not fare so well. Time and again, God worked for those Israelites, willed for their good, brought them to a new shore, and created a new life for them. While Moses is away, up to the mountain's height, what does his people do? They create a golden calf and call it their "god." They worship it. The God who took them from a tyrant king, who delivered them from slavery, who protected them with a Father's care, who loved them to another shore, who picked them up with his own hand to place them out of harm's way and into safety ... they decide instead, let's worship a god that eats grass – and not even politely.

Our God declared that Sunday is His day. Not our day, but His day. He gave us six days. Sunday is His day. A day that is called holy. A day for worship. One of His Ten Commandments, declares it so. As God delivered Moses and his people from the tyranny of Pharaoh, God continues that work by sending His only-begotten Son to deliver us from the tyranny of sin and death. We too have crossed through the waters of Baptism to a new shore. On this new shore of ours, what "GOD" do we worship, what have we created, what are we relating to? And why does it matter? How we related to God and believe in God will have a definite impact on how we relate to others and what we believe about others around us.

No matter what, Sunday is a day of worship. However, have we fashioned a grass-eating god? Maybe we would call that god: busyness or laziness. Maybe the god we worship on Sunday is called "sleep." Maybe Sunday is for the god called "children" or "spouse." Maybe we even say to ourselves consciously or unconsciously that while I'm given six days, I still need more, day seven is for the trinity-god called "me, myself, and I." Perhaps the god we fashion and form is a god called "apathy" – it's too much work to worship, to believe, to have faith. The reality is, Sunday is and always will be a day of worship. The question is what or whom do we worship on that day?

Even in these Sundays of fasting from being physically present at Eucharist, Sunday is still holy. The day still belongs to God. It is still a day of worship. In these days of "staying home," do not stay away from God. Connect and relate to the one who time and again delivers us and sets us free. And by all means, don't settle for something that eats grass.