



November 8, 2020

## Thirty-second Sunday in Ordinary Time

Wis 6:12-16 | 1 Thes 4:13-18 or 4:13-14 | Mt 25:1-13

### **GROW** AS A DISCIPLE | PRAY, STUDY, ENGAGE, SERVE

Google is a mixed blessing for me. One time, it helped me figure out I had a medical emergency and needed to get to the ER pronto! But a glance at my search history reveals that 99 out of 100 times that I'm searching for wisdom of some sort, I'm searching for things like "meatless Monday recipes," "best long-run shoes," or "living room paint colors" (plus 12 variations on each theme). This recognition came to mind when I listened to the words of our first reading. "She [Wisdom] is readily perceived by those who love her, and found by those who seek her." Hearing this reminds me to spend less time Googling and more time searching for what really matters - God's love, goodness, and wisdom. The Gospel story of the virgins keeping vigil for the bridegroom expands on this, for it is the wise who are most prepared to sustain their watch.

### **GO** EVANGELIZE

#### PRAYER, INVITATION, WITNESS, ACCOMPANIMENT

Like many people, I have a bookshelf full of self-help books - guides to parenting, figuring out the color of my parachute, various diets, the magic of "tidying up." Today's readings have me wondering whether these well-meaning efforts to become "the best version of myself," or plumb the meaning of life, miss the point. After all, as today's readings remind us, the source of all wisdom is right before us, in the person of Jesus. We don't have to have all the answers, we just need to know where to look, and to have the patience and wherewithal to be prepared to receive it. By studying the Scripture and opening our eyes to the presence of God in others and even in the challenges we face, we can grow closer to Jesus and be ready to meet the bridegroom when he comes.

### **REFLECT** Read and pray today's responsorial psalm.

(Ps 63:2, 3-4, 5-6, 7-8)

**My soul is thirsting for you, O Lord my God.**

O God, you are my God whom I seek;

for you my flesh pines and my soul thirsts

like the earth, parched, lifeless and without water.