



Liturgy Cycle A

Sixteenth Sunday Of The Year **Weeds Among The Wheat**

Introduction

The word, Jesus says, is like a field in which wheat and weeds grow side by side. The church is the same, and so is each one of us. Each of us is a mixture of good and evil. Let us pause for a moment to take a look into the field of our lives to see what is growing there.

First Reading (Wisdom 12:13. 16-19)

God is the only one who has both the knowledge and the power to root out evil people if he so desired. But does it? This reading talks about his leniency and how we ought to imitate it.

Second Reading (Romans 8:26-27)

Sometimes when we pray to God we don't seem to be able to find the right words to express what is in our minds. It doesn't matter. God still understands.

Gospel (Matthew 13:24-43)

The Church, and indeed the world, is like a field in which wheat and weeds grow side by side until they are separated at the harvest time.

Prayer of the faithful

Let us pray, in the spirit of today's parable, that while we distinguish clearly between good and evil, we may be understanding and tolerant as God is.

R: Lord, hear us in your love.

That Christians may not grow discouraged by the sins and weaknesses that continue to plague their lives. We pray in faith.

R: Lord, hear us in your love.

For all those in positions of authority: that in all their dealings with others they may imitate the compassion and understanding of Christ. We pray in faith.

R: Lord, hear us in your love.



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For prisoners, and for all those who been uprooted and rejected, and who consequently see themselves as worthless or evil. We pray in faith.

R: Lord, hear us in your love.

That we may be able to see and develop the good that is in ourselves, in other people, and in the world. We pray in faith.

R: Lord, hear us in your love.

Communion Reflection

I learnt one great lesson from my years in prison camps.

I learnt how a person becomes evil and how a person becomes good.

**When I was young I thought I was infallible,
and I was cruel to those who were under me.
I was madly in love with power and, in exercising it,
I was a murderer and oppressor.
Yet in my most evil moments
I thought I was doing good,
and I had plenty of arguments
with which to justify my deeds.**

**It was only when things were reversed,
when as a prisoner I lay on rotten straw,
that I began to feel within myself
the first stirrings of good.**

**Gradually I came to realize
that the line which separates good from evil
passes not between states, or between classes,
or between political parties-
but right through every human heart.**

**Even in hearts that are overwhelmed by evil,
one small bridgehead of good is retained.
And in the best of all hearts,
there remains an uprooted small corner of evil.**