



Liturgy Cycle A

Seventeenth Sunday Of The Year Wisdom

Introduction

The theme of this liturgy is wisdom. To be wise has a little to do with being intelligent, and nothing to do with being smart. It means knowing what is right from God's point of view. But we all act foolishly at times.

First reading (1Kings 3:5. 7-12)

King Solomon was told by God that he could have anything he wanted. All he had to do was ask. Solomon asked God for the gift of wisdom so that he could govern well.

Second Reading (Romans 8: 28-30)

In this reading we are told that those who love God can turn everything to their spiritual advantage.

Gospel (Matthew 13: 44-52)

What God offers us worth everything we have. The question is: are prepared to pay the necessary price for it?

Prayer of the faithful

After the example of Solomon, let us ask God for the gift of wisdom.
R: Lord, that we may see.

For the followers of Christ: that they may never exchange what is lasting and priceless for what is passing and cheap. Let us pray to the Lord.

R: Lord, that we may see.

For all government leaders: that they may govern with wisdom so that the world may enjoy justice and peace. Let us pray to the Lord.

R: Lord, that we may see.



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For all those who live only for material things: that they may see the primary importance of the things of the spirit. Let us pray to the Lord.

R: Lord, that we may see.

That we may know the will of God and have the strength to do it. Let us pray to the Lord.

R: Lord, that we may see.

Communion Reflection

**Sadly, I am often tempted to postpone life.
I refuse sympathy and intimacy with people,
as if expecting a better intimacy to come.
But whence and where?**

**I am thirty-four years old.
Already my friends and fellow workers are dying from me.
I rarely see new people approaching me.
I am too old to bother about fashion;
too old to expect the patronage of the powerful.**

**Let us therefore suck the sweetness
of those affections that grow near me,
which divine Providence offers me.
I pluck golden fruit from rare meetings with wise men.
In the intervals I can well abide alone,
and the fruit of my own tree
will have a better flavour**

**The days come and go like muffled figures
sent from a distant friendly land.
If we do not use the gifts they bring,
they carry them as silently away.**