

**Homily**  
**3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday OT - A**

Rev. Peter G. Jankowski  
January 26-27, 2020

Is 8: 23 - 9:3  
Ps 27: 1, 4, 13-14  
1 Cor 1: 10-13, 17  
Mt 4: 12-23

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My humorous fishing quote of the day (found originally from a Spanish website) ...

Señor concédeme la dicha de pescar, aunque sea por esta vez.  
Un pez lo suficientemente grande  
como para no tener que volverle a mentir a mis amigos.

Lord grant me the joy of fishing, even for this time.  
A fish big enough not to have to lie to my friends again.

A fishing prayer I found on the internet...

I pray that I may live to fish until my dying day.  
And when it comes to my last cast,  
I then most humbly pray:  
When in the Lord's great landing net  
And peacefully asleep  
That in His mercy I be judged  
Big enough to keep.

Rezo para que pueda vivir para pescar hasta el día de mi muerte.  
Y cuando se trata de mi último reparto,  
Entonces rezo con la mayor humildad:  
Cuando en la gran red de aterrizaje del Señor  
Y pacíficamente dormido  
Que en su misericordia sea juzgado  
Lo suficientemente grande como para mantenerse.



I HATE FISHING! I always have. I hate the idea of catching, cleaning, cooking and eating the stuff! When I was younger, my father and I used to go out fishing all the time, right by my hometown of Sandwich, Illinois (pop. 5,400). My dad loved fishing and wanted all of us children to learn the craft. He used to take me out by Lake Holiday, sit by the pier, and for hours relax by the water in sight of catfish.

I was lousy at fishing. I hated stringing the line and baiting the hook. I hated worms so much that when we went fishing, my dad replaced the worm bait with limburger cheese (he used to tell me that catfish liked the limburger better, anyway). Every time I cast the line out, I'd catch it in the tree, the lousy coordination I had. I never waited long enough for the line in the water, either. It was a constant reel out, reel in. And once I caught the catfish, I'd hold it the wrong way so the horns of the fish would pierce my skin. The water in which the fish lived had a smell to it as well. The smell stayed with the fish when it was cooked, so I got this bad taste in my mouth that would never go away.

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fisherman...

I kind of think the reason why my dad liked to take me fishing was not just for learning the art of fishing, but for the time we could spend together out by the pier. My dad had this habit of taking each of us out fishing, one by one, because he wanted to spend quality time with each of us. My dad was peculiar that way. In his own way, he wanted us to know how special each of us was, so this was the way he showed us how much he cared.

For me, I start thinking about the ways I fish in the world. I start to think that as a fisherman, as a Christian, I often fish very badly. Sometimes I say the wrong things in the hospital, sometimes I do not communicate as well as I wish to. Sometimes I act in ridiculous manners and sometimes I sin. But even when I fall, Christ calls me to fish and so I do. I fish for faith because there seems to be a payoff, a catch that is yet to be found. You all are the catch. You all are the prize.

Each of us, in our own ways, are called to follow the example of Peter and Andrew, of James and John, by casting our own nets out to the

world. With whatever gifts we possess, whether it be financial, spiritual, that of service or of study, we are all called to be witnesses to the gospel by living out this life of faith. And when we live this life of faith, when we cast out our nets, we too see the payoff in life. We see the love of God imbedded in the people that we serve and we find hope in what we do. St. Francis of Assisi calls this type of lifestyle a “Blessed” or “Spiritual” poverty, a type of lifestyle that demands of us to give up the luxuries of the world in order to spend more time with God and to deepen the reason why we have been put on earth in the first place.

When I reflected on today’s gospel about Jesus “catching” his first apostles, I was thinking about the person of St. Andrew, whom the Catholic Church assigns the title, “Patron Saint of Fisherman” ... and Scotland (among other countries). The Scots have a fond affection for Andrew, as some of this apostle’s relics are located in this particular country. When St. Andrew’s Feast Day takes place on November 30<sup>th</sup> (the Season of Advent and the new liturgical year always starts on the Sunday closest to, or falling on, this day), a great celebration takes place

in honor of St. Peter's brother. As attributed on a website honoring St. Andrew...

St Andrew has been the patron saint of Scotland for well over one thousand years with people celebrating him since 1000 AD. He was only made patron saint in 1320 when Scotland declared independence with the Declaration of Arbroath. Since then St Andrew has been honored in many ways in Scotland including on the Scottish flag with the St Andrew Cross and the town of St Andrews, thought to be where he was buried, being named after him.

The reason St Andrew became important for Scotland was because he sums up a lot of characteristics found in Scots. St Andrew, who was a fisherman, had a humble upbringing and was known through his entire life for being generous and strong. His philosophy was to share everything he had with those less fortunate.

St Andrew always took every opportunity he had to help others - and that's why he was chosen as their patron saint... He became one of Jesus's disciples and one of the Twelve Apostles. He was also the brother of St Peter, who founded the Catholic church, so the Scots were able to petition the Pope in 1320 for protection against English kings' attempts to take over Scotland.

St Andrew died on an X-shaped cross in Greece, now known as the *Saltire* or *The St. Andrew's Cross*. It is believed that after his death his remains were moved to Constantinople hundreds of years later. Like many early Christians, St Andrew was crucified by the Romans because they didn't like Christians very much.

San Andrés ha sido el santo patrón de Escocia durante más de mil años con personas que lo celebran desde 1000 AD. Solo fue nombrado patrón en 1320 cuando Escocia declaró su independencia con la Declaración de Arbroath. Desde entonces, San Andrés ha sido honrado de muchas maneras en Escocia, incluida la bandera escocesa con la Cruz de San Andrés y la ciudad de St Andrews, que se cree que fue donde fue enterrado, y que lleva su nombre.

La razón por la cual San Andrés se hizo importante para Escocia fue porque resume muchas características encontradas en los escoceses. San Andrés, que era pescador, tuvo una educación humilde y fue conocido durante toda su vida por ser generoso y fuerte. Su filosofía era compartir todo lo que tenía con los menos afortunados.

San Andrés siempre aprovechó todas las oportunidades que tenía para ayudar a los demás, y por eso fue elegido como su santo patrón ... Se convirtió en uno de los discípulos de Jesús y uno de los Doce Apóstoles. También era el hermano de San Pedro, quien fundó la



iglesia católica, por lo que los escoceses pudieron solicitar al Papa en 1320 protección contra los intentos de los reyes ingleses de tomar Escocia.

San Andrés murió en una cruz en forma de X en Grecia, ahora conocida como *Saltire* o *La Cruz de San Andrés*. Se cree que después de su muerte, sus restos fueron trasladados a Constantinopla cientos de años después. Como muchos cristianos primitivos, San Andrés fue crucificado por los romanos porque no les gustaban mucho los cristianos.

Even though the parishes I serve are far from fishing territory, we all still are called to be fisherman, to be humble, to give our resources to the poor and needy. Many of the qualities associated with St. Andrew must be instilled in us if we are to model the life of Christ. This week, I was in a bit of lament because some of the Catholic university students I teach live a life so far from that modeled by St. Andrew. I realize that, in my ministry, we need fisherman more than ever metaphorically to cast the nets into the sea and draw those who are lost back to the path of God, often unsuccessfully, sometimes with great results.

As baptized Catholics, all of us are called to serve as fisherman, even those surrounded by farm country. The most important task God has set upon us in life is the salvation of souls, starting with our own. To follow the example of the apostles and to allow God to turn all of us into fishermen is paramount for building the body of Christ. The challenge for all of us is to continue the mission, to continue casting the nets. That is how we grow in faith and see God within all creation.

The challenge for all of us is to work hard in our faith, even when it is difficult for us. Doing God's work is not an easy thing – it requires a lot of determination by the people who wish to follow God and answer the call of the divine. Let us strive to work together in the metaphorical casting of the nets of faith. Let us strive to live this faith together. Let us do our part in building the kingdom of God, one fish at a time and serve the gifts of creation that God has given us. May all of us be worthy of the prayer associated with those who fish...

I pray that I may live to fish until my dying day.  
And when it comes to my last cast,  
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The reason St Andrew became important for Scotland was because he sums up a lot of characteristics found in Scots. St Andrew, who was a fisherman, had a humble upbringing and was known through his entire life for being generous and strong. His philosophy was to share everything he had with those less fortunate.

St Andrew always took every opportunity he had to help others – and that’s why he was chosen as their patron saint. St Andrew is also the patron saint of Greece, Romania, Russia and Barbados. He became one of Jesus’s disciples and one of the Twelve Apostles. He was also the brother of St Peter, who founded the Catholic church, so the Scots were able to petition the Pope in 1320 for protection against English kings’ attempts to take over Scotland.

St Andrew died on an X-shaped cross in Greece, now known as the Saltire or the St Andrew’s Cross. It is believed that after his death his remains were moved to Constantinople hundreds of years later. Like many early Christians, St Andrew was crucified by the Romans because they didn’t like Christians very much.

St Andrew was the first bishop in Greece, and the Romans weren’t too happy about that. His remains were moved again in the 13th Century to Amalfi in Italy. Most of St Andrew is still there today but bits of him have been moved over the years to Scotland. These include his tooth, kneecap, arm and finger bones, which have been in Scotland now since the 16<sup>th</sup> Century.

While his shoulder blade was gifted by the Archbishop of Amalfi in 1879 and Pope Paul VI gave Scotland more bits in 1969. Legend has it that St Andrew's first bits ended up in Scotland thanks to St Rule or St Regulus, a Greek monk who had a vision in which he was told to take the bits to the ends of the earth for safekeeping. His journey took him to the shores of Fife, which is easy to mistake for the ends of the earth. The town where St Rule landed is now St Andrews.

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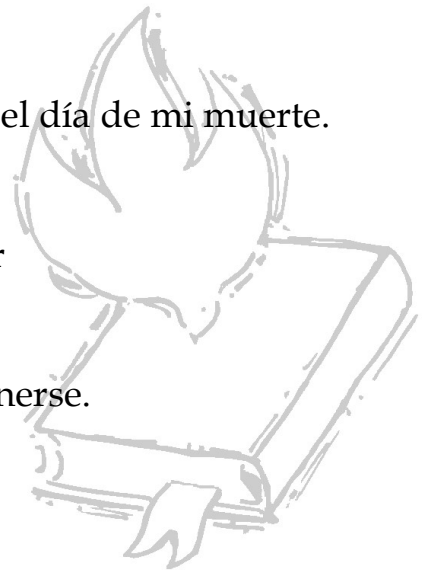
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