



HOMILY by Father Robbie Low

2nd Sunday after Christmas-Year B-January 3rd 2021

Readings: Ecclesiasticus 24: 1-2. 8-12, Psalm 147, Ephesians 1: 3-6. 15-18, John 1: 1-18

A few words from the BEE GEES:

Talk in everlasting words
And dedicate them all to me
And I will give you all my life
I'm here if you should call to me

You think that I don't even mean
A single word I say
It's only words and words are all I have
To take your heart away.

A few months ago, I decided that, apropos of nothing in particular, I would like to have a microscope. To my delight and astonishment, I discovered that nowadays you can get a portable tube which magnifies between 40x and 1000x, plugs into your mobile which, in turn, will photograph the images, for a mere £15. Amazing.

I have taken it on walks and explorations and had a wonderful time rejoicing in my discoveries in a world that is invisible to the naked eye.

The microcosm is a world of extraordinary beauty and strangeness, hidden creatures and processes, an ordered web of life and connectedness.

Encouraged by this new insight, I contacted the same cheapo supplier and indulged myself in a telescope - £35 the lot – and now range into the night sky – weather permitting. From the miracle of the miniature to the magnificence of the massive, my eye wanders from the humble soil, from which I came and to which I will soon return, to the lights of Heaven to which, were I to set out for the nearest star in the latest spacecraft at 35,000 mph my bones would arrive there in 40,000 years' time. These are concepts truly beyond our reasonable grasp, accessible only to advanced mathematics and theoretical physics.

Well, almost.

Theology, the study of the divine, the metaphysical investigation of our origins, has something to say here as well and has been saying it for a very long time. The Johannine Prologue, today's Gospel, the reading with which each Mass used to conclude, draws us inevitably into the macrocosm and the microcosm simultaneously.

THE WORD, the LOGOS, the revelation of the Creative power behind everything, the presencing by the Eternal in time of His glorious majesty, the divine origin of all that is, reveals part of His mystery in the stupendous glory of His creation. When we mortals, made in His image, gaze into the co-equal mysteries of the micro and the macro, we encounter awe-inspiring beauty, complexity and relationship. We encounter clues to the maker, the ex nihilo creator, the origin and end of all that is.

Locked in time we gaze heavenward at the light of stars so ancient that they may no longer even exist in that form. We gaze at one another, knowing ourselves to be, at once the animated dust of dead stars and yet eternal companions of the One who is behind all this.

We look earthward and see the mortal decadence that awaits us and the systems of that decay and transformation yet know this is but part of the journey to re-creation and transfiguration into immortality.

When John opens his Gospel with the words 'En arche en ho logos' , he is beginning the amazing outlining of the plot of the Gospel.

'In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God' and literally, 'through Him all things became'.

This LOGOS, this WORD, this ultimate revelation of the Godhead, this inseparable expression of the Divine self, is the reality behind all that is, was or is to come.

The Christian Gospel does not claim that Jesus Christ is the mere earthly appearance of a deliverer, a simply human messiah. Rather it makes the astonishing claim that in Him, enclosed in the little wrap of humanity, is this ultimate dynamic of the personhood of God.

'THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH AND DWELT AMONG US.'

Whether I gaze into the depths of the Earth or the heights of the Heavens, I see the outworking of His glory. Then, and only then, can I begin to comprehend the very fringes of the immensity of His gift to us mortal men.

The WORD He has given is nothing less than His very Self – in Jesus. Humanity infused with Divinity that we might be transported into the eternal.

God has given His Word. His Word is His bond because it is His very self.

My own life has been a long love affair with words trying to express the inexpressible mystery of THE WORD HIMSELF.

All, as even St. Thomas Aquinas discovered, are inadequate.

All I can do – and all any of us can do – is to kneel amazed and thankful, before the Eternal Word and give our little word, our very selves, back to the One who made us and loves us and calls us to His earthly service and His eternal company.