

+I had a summer construction job during my time in college. During that summer, I learned what I could cross off the list for what I wanted to do for the rest of my life. The foreman/owner would constantly yell at you, raging on about this or that. God help you if he ever saw you idle! Even when there was not work to be done, I found myself running around to make sure I looked busy. (I can still hear his voice in my head to this day, yelling to get busy!)

This is not so unlike the world, which equates busyness with success -

Constant activity determines one's worth and it can be that which walls us off and imprisons us. Think about it – we can't leave for vacation without our cell phones and laptops. We work more now than ever and find guilt when we are not working. I would term this vacation guilt, even though I may have done everything humanely possible while at work, "on the clock"

Our national motto should be: "*There is never enough time!*"

The words of Jesus seem more critical now than ever before – to paraphrase: "*Come away and rest awhile with me.*" (Even if you find yourself out of work, this still holds as true. We can spend this time resting in Jesus and the family. It may truly be a time we find out who Jesus really is.)

Finding that time to rest aids not only our spiritual needs, but our physical and mental health, as well. The alternative is a work addiction that may very well take years off our lifespan.

+A survey found that 79% of people feel rage toward the other when we have to wait. I know the grocery line does it for me: I'm just a couple customers back and then to my chagrin, I see the attendant looks puzzled. Oh no, she is picking up the phone! "*I need assistance on aisle 9. I need assistance on aisle 9.*"

Two Reasons are offered for our rage:

- 1). Self-centeredness – An understanding that all should make room for me – *I have things to do! What I have to do has to be more important than what you have to do.*
- 2). The second reason is that we try to cram too much into too little time. The anxiety attacks come on as we realize we can never catch up – an endless cycle of hopelessness sets in.

Jesus provides us with a healthy solution to handle all of these issues:

Notice, for example, that Jesus is able to listen with patience to both the disciples and with the crowds. (He does not pull the newspaper up closer when his disciples return to tell him the deeds of the day – even though he probably had a pretty busy day himself.). You get no sense that he is overwhelmed with any of it.

How might we find such peace in the midst of our chaotic lives? Well, if you listened to the Gospel closely, you see a pattern. It starts with the disciples returning from a busy day at "work" and then return to rest in Jesus and with one another (we might call this family). After this rest, they are confronted by the many needs, but they answer with patience and compassion. That is what rest in Jesus will do for you. An illustration might help:

+It was night and a man in a phone booth was trying to look up a number in the phonebook. Being it was dark; he was having a rather difficult time seeing the listings. A fellow waiting outside became exasperated and poked his head in the booth saying, “Sir, *if you just shut the door the light will come on and then you can see the number in the phone book.*” That is what we have to do sometimes – shut the door and be with Jesus. And when we do this, his light will shine on whatever ails us.

When the disciples returned from work, they go to Jesus and tell him all that happened. That might be something we should all do. At the end of the day, come home and rest in Jesus – tell him all that happened - what you did that day. (Like the disciples, we could say, “Jesus I healed someone with my words. Jesus I exercised a demon by getting Miss Grabby to smile...” Or just whatever happened that day.) You see, if we spend the end of each day with him, we will have no worries when the end of our days come upon us.

Let’s be clear, however, that resting in Jesus does not mean erecting walls for the sake of our solitude. Obviously from the gospel we can see clearly that when the crowd infringed upon Jesus, he did not ignore them. The very purpose of the solitude with Jesus is to enable us to interact with others in healthy relationships. That is the whole point. We need to pray with Jesus when we come to Mass – to be alone with him – but this does not mean walling ourselves off from those around us. Our purpose is to invite others into this relationship with Jesus.

\*Rita Snowden tells the story of the war. It took place in France, during WW II. A group of soldiers approached a priest, carrying one of their dead comrades. They asked if the priest if they could bury him in his cemetery. The priest asked if they knew if the man was Christian, had he been baptized in the Catholic faith? They did not know. The priest explained that the man could not be buried in the cemetery. The soldiers sadly buried the man outside the cemetery. The next day, they came back to pay their last respects before leaving. They could not find the grave! Then one looked over the wall, into the cemetery, and there was freshly dug grave! The priest came out to explain that he had been troubled by his refusal and thought it stupid. *He came out that night and moved the fence, so the man could be in the cemetery, understanding that the Christian faith should be dedicated to taking down walls.*

Jesus and his disciples went into the world out to tear down the walls that divide us, be it sickness, hatred or what have you. (In our 2<sup>nd</sup> reading, Paul went on about how Jesus has taken down those walls.” Jesus spends time with us to show us this – a mission of tearing down walls that isolate us from one another.

Lastly, when we spend that time with Jesus (and those in need) we will begin to see Jesus even in the busiest of times – it comes full circle. I’ll give you an example. I was out at a park, sitting on a bench in somewhat of a sad solitude over something or another. The next thing I know this solitude is shattered by a number of children, as their parents came and sat nearby. I was like, “*Great, no peace out here!*” But then something began to happen, as one of the children began to smile at me and another said hi to me. I was now smiling and it dawned on me, as I understood what had happened: Christ was there, in my *solitude* and in the *busyness* of those children.