

## "Divine Mercy Sunday"

April 25, 2014

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This Sunday, the second Sunday of Easter, has been celebrated as Divine Mercy Sunday since the Jubilee year 2000. The mercy of our Savior, which is the key characteristic of his relationship with us, is preached, sought and received not just once a year, but as a torrent and an everflowing stream from his pierced side ever since his Passion, Death and Resurrection. Flowing from the human and divine heart of Jesus is the stream of Mercy like the waters described by Ezekiel from the temple (Ez 47:1-12.)

Still, through St. Faustina Kowalska on Divine Mercy Sunday, our Lord tells us something he has said all along. As we stand by the river of his mercy, he says, "Dive in."

Oh, but, Lord, I have these concrete shoes I have made of my sins and slavery. I have taken pains to make them look as beautiful as I can. They're still concrete, but I've grown accustomed to them. And they have provided a certain shelter for my toes and given me earthly pleasures. Surely I can't take them off. Besides, the waters may feel cold.

Dive in.

Oh, but, Lord, I'm not much for swimming and the waters seem so wide. I am frightened that I may not know the proper stroke. My companions may laugh at my lack of grace. Look at how ill prepared some of them are. How embarrassing. And my hair will be mussed. No, I think I should stay out. Besides, the waters will be wet.

Dive in.

Oh, but, Lord, I prefer terra firma under my feet, and wouldn't mind a sand bath. Perhaps I could whisper to a stone in my hand and toss that into the water. I would much rather climb yonder mountain, the journey would be difficult and I would grow stronger from the hike. There must be another way. Besides, the water is East and I want to go West.

Dive in.

Oh, but, Lord, I trust in your mercy so much. I know that when this life is over you will receive me as your own. We'll have an eternity of quality time. For now, though, there are so many others and I haven't time for a swim, however pleasant it might be. I'll be good, though my actions may be bad.

What's in my heart is more important than what flows from your heart. I think I'll just go my own way, and you can find me when I fall. You are so nice. Besides, the water is not my thing.

Dive in.

There is nothing new in our responses to the offer of Christ's Mercy. St. Faustina did not discover a Mercy which didn't exist before. The message of Jesus is as urgent, as longing, as ever. Despite his bitter Passion, souls are still perishing. Jesus, I trust in you.

Dive in.