

27th Sunday in Ordinary Time

“Respect Life Sunday”

Luke 17:5-10

Often people say, “Father, we never hear a priest talk about this or that.” The truth is, most of you already know what the Church teaches—because you love God, you love His Church, and you believe the Gospel. Even so, we all need reminders. Today’s homily is one of those reminders, a moment to let the Lord strengthen us again in His truth.

Today’s Gospel begins with a very human prayer: *“Lord, increase our faith.”* How many times have we whispered those same words in the face of trial, confusion, or pain? Faith often feels so small—like the mustard seed Jesus describes. And yet, He tells us that even the smallest seed has the power to uproot mighty trees. In other words, God does not measure us by the size of our faith, but by our willingness to entrust ourselves to Him, to serve Him faithfully, and to live out His Gospel in concrete ways.

This weekend, we are invited to live out that faith in a visible and courageous way through the Life Chain. Standing quietly in prayer, giving peaceful witness to the dignity of every human life, may seem small—even insignificant to some. But in God’s plan, that prayerful presence can move mountains. The Life Chain is a prayer of love. It is our way of reminding the world that God never abandons His children—He loves every child, every mother, every father, without exception ... no matter what!

Make no mistake—our witness is urgent. Scripture reminds us that the devil prowls like a roaring lion. If Satan could, he would kill God Himself. But he cannot. And so, he attacks what God loves most—His children. He wounds the Father’s heart by destroying the smallest and most vulnerable among us.

That is why abortion has been rightly called the “sacrament” of Satan. Because abortion proclaims: *“You must die so that I can live.”* But Christ proclaims the opposite: *“I must die so that you may live.”* Think of the mystery of the Incarnation. The eternal Son of God chose to enter human history, not in power or splendor, but in the hiddenness and beauty of a mother’s womb. The very place where life is most vulnerable became the place where salvation began. How sacred the womb is, because it is the dwelling place God Himself once chose!

Peter Kreeft, a Catholic philosopher of our time, has pointed out something chilling yet profound: abortion is a demonic parody of the Eucharist. In the Eucharist, Christ takes bread, blesses it, and says, *“This is my body, given up for you.”* In abortion, the culture of death echoes those same words—*“This is my body”*—but with a blasphemous twist: *“...my choice.”* Planned Parenthood and countless others defend abortion under the banner of personal freedom, yet they echo—whether they realize it or not—the very words of our Savior, stripped of their sacrificial love and reduced to self-focus. What was once the language of a total gift has become the language of destruction.

That is why abortion is not simply a political issue or a medical procedure. It is a spiritual battle, a counterfeit sacrament of a false religion that worships self above all. And so, our witness is not merely a protest; it is an act of faith. It is a proclamation that Christ is the Lord of life, that every child is loved, that every mother is precious, and that God’s mercy is greater than any sin. His mercy is never exhausted; His arms are never closed. The Cross is proof that no darkness is too deep for His light.

Dear friends, when we stand in the Life Chain, we may feel small. We may feel powerless. But Jesus reminds us: even faith the size of a mustard seed can move mountains. Even one hour of prayer, one Rosary on the sidewalk, one smile of encouragement can change the world. And never forget—God sees, God knows, and God loves you, no matter what!

So today we whisper again: *“Lord, increase our faith.”* Increase our faith to believe that even the smallest seed, planted with love, can grow into something mighty by Your power. And may those mustard seeds of witness bear fruit in hope for the hopeless, mercy for the wounded, and glory to the God who says to each of us: *“This is my body, given up for you.”*