

Commentary on the Gospel for Tue, Feb 28th 2012

I once heard a child praying “Our Father who art in heaven, how d’ya know my name...?” It was a brilliant improvisation! I also once heard an Indian guru talk about the Our Father. Compared to Hindu prayers, he said, it is like the prayer of a child. There is nothing sophisticated or polished about it; it is made up of short simple phrases; it lets us in on the deeply felt intimacy between Jesus and the Father. How d’ya know my name? The wonder of prayer is all there. “I have called you by your name, you are mine: How d’ya know my name?”

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