

Homily 4th Sunday OT – A

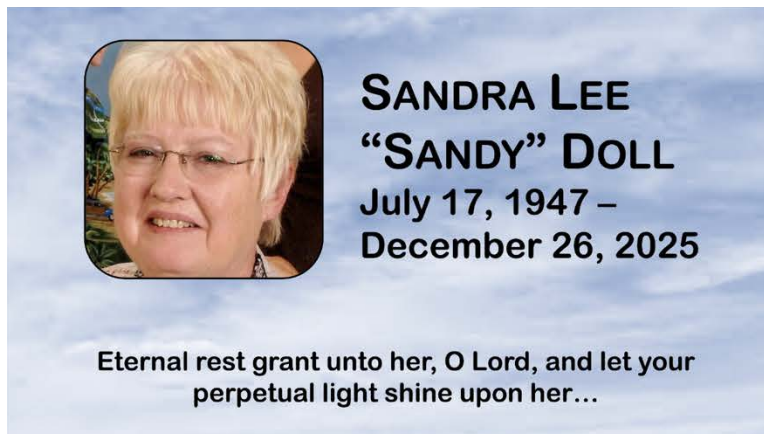
Rev. Peter G. Jankowski
Jan 31 – Feb 01, 2026

Zep 2: 3; 3: 12-13

Ps 146: 6-10

1 Cor 1: 26-31

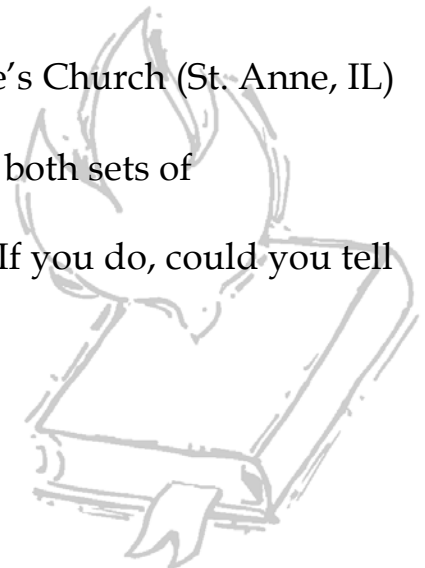
Mt 5: 1-12a



A perfect illustration
of today's readings
came in the form of a
person named Sandra
Dahl, who called me last

week as I was recording these Masses to visit her at Riverside Hospital in Kankakee, IL. I was told that Sandy has been going through a lot of struggles as she was in anguish towards the end of her life. Sandy wanted to be good with God, so she asked me if I could come visit her.

Now, as a prelude to visiting this individual, I contacted the parishioners of both churches I serve at St. Anne's Church (St. Anne, IL) and St. Patrick's Church (Momence, IL). I asked both sets of parishioners, "Does anyone know Sandy Dahl? If you do, could you tell



me a little about her so I can learn about her story and learn about her life?" Alas, when I asked that question, no one at either parish could give me an answer.

You know, these are small towns where everyone knows everything, but in this particular case, they really didn't have a good idea of who Sandy was. So it took me a while to associate a name with a face. After a bit of reflection, it had dawned on me as I was driving to Kankakee from St. Anne, I remember praying with Sandy at Anne's. Sandy used to sit in second row of church, right next to our keyboard; Sandy used to pray at Mass with us every Sunday. I remembered Sandy and her friend used to live across the street, where they live in the senior assisted living center. Sandy's friend told me that they were a bit lonely – not many people visited them; not many people know them.

When I visited Sandy at the hospital and I walked into the room, what I encountered always breaks my heart. I saw this beautiful, beautiful person in her 80s who had this glowing smile on her face. Sandy looked so humble, so beautiful and filled with the Holy Spirit,

that she made my heart melt. Draped on the rails of her bed in the hospital was a rosary that she prayed every night while she was there.

I mentioned the rosary to Sandy and asked if she would pray with me. Together, we prayed the Our Father, the Hail Mary, and the Glory Be. I then offered Sandy the Anointing of the Sick as well as Holy Communion. I finally offered her an “Apostolic Pardon” to forgive her sins, with my promise to offer a rosary on her behalf and a promise that I would pray for her.

At the end of the conversation, she ended up turning to me, and, with a question that broke my heart, Sandy asked me, “Father, would you celebrate my funeral mass when that time comes?” At that moment, I was thinking to myself, “the way I am going, Sandy probably is going to outlast me in the world she probably has got a whole lot more energy than I ever have.” I promised Sandy that I would do whatever she asked of me.

Sandy did not come back from the hospital. Sandy passed away shortly after my visit, the day after Christmas.

As I feared, Sandy's family *did not* want to offer a funeral Mass on her behalf; perhaps later the following summer, they would come back to have that liturgy celebrated. To my way of thinking and prayer, God presented me someone who had not been recognized in our community, someone who did not made herself visible. Sandy was not the kind of person that was going to generate any headlines in the news or be recognized in the parish. I came upon her obituary in the local papers, which stated the following...

Sandra Lee "Sandy" Doll, age 78 of St. Anne, passed away Friday, December 26, 2025, at Riverside Medical Center, Kankakee. She was born July 17, 1947, in Harvey, IL, the daughter of Robert L. and Dorothy L. (Hamilton) Livermore. Sandy married George H. Doll on December 29, 1972, in Los Angeles City, CA. He preceded her in death on December 22, 1990.

Sandra earned a degree in Graphic Arts. She liked drawing, painting, gardening, and reading. Sandra and her mom enjoyed a European trip together. Anytime she could spend with her children, grandchildren, family, and friends were her best days. Her faith was most important above all else.

Sandra was a parishioner of St. Anne Catholic Church, St. Anne, IL.

Surviving are two sons, James Redmore of Henderson, NV, Geoff (Terra) Doll of Ft. Wayne, IN; two daughters, LeAnne (Geoff) Weimer and Denise Redmore (Harley Christenson) all of Henderson, NV; one sister, Patricia Livermore Johnson of Beaverville, IL; four brothers,

Richard Livermore of Colon, MI, Gary (Christine) Livermore of Belmont, NC, Steven (Colleen) Livermore of Minnetrista, MN, Eugene (Kris) Livermore of Chapin, SC; ten grandchildren, Ashlee Redmore, Geordan Weimer, Eli Weimer, Gabriel Weimer, Alexys Koch, Kaytlyn Koch, Olivia Doll, Gillyan Doll, Georgya Doll, Dakota Brunson; four great grandchildren; and longtime best friends Maureen and Bill Ritchie.

Sandra is preceded in death by her husband, George; her parents, Robert and Dorothy Livermore; two brothers, David and Robert Livermore.

A memorial visitation will be held at the Livermore Family Reunion on July 18, 2026, in Colon, MI. A memorial Mass will be held at St. Anne Catholic Church in St. Anne, IL at a date to be determined. Following the Mass will be a graveside service at St. Mary's Cemetery, Beaverville.

Cremation rites have been accorded.

Not much was told to me about Sandy's life by those in the area but I was able to find out more about her from the "memories" section from the website which posted the obituary. This was about as much as I was going to learn about Sandy's life...

Sandy and I believed that we met by fate...I loved her like an older sister and I miss her terribly....she gave me hope, kindness and peace and taught me patience....God promoted her to Heaven on my birthday....I will carry her in my heart forever, until I see her again..... **Jeanette Partain Schweigert** -
January 12 at 08:09 PM

I first met Sandy through Kathi. It was Sandy that prompted Kennedy's & my visit to Michigan for the family reunion after Kathi passed. She didn't make the trip, but we got to know Geoffrey and Olivia as a result. Sandy's artistic talents played a wonderful part in "Kathi's Kitchen" recipe book with several illustrations. A true friend and talented person. R.I.P.

Marilyn Fockele - December 28, 2025 at 11:10 AM

May Sandy Rest in Peace. What a beautiful lady and I'm so blessed our paths crossed. I also feel lucky to have a piece of her artwork that I will hang every spring/summer of a beautiful hummingbird to remind me of her, I will cherish it! **Jaelyn French Anderson** - December 28, 2025 at 02:48 AM

My cousin Sandy. Where do I start? We grew up together, played with our dolls, just about every weekend, and shared secrets. She was more of a sister than a cousin. She could make you laugh, cry, and look at you like "so, what's wrong?" When I think of her, I think of fun, happy, and loving. I shall miss her, think of her, and always remember her. Be happy, Sandy. You deserve it. Love you until the end of time. **Cherilyn Schultz** - December 27, 2025 at 08:19 PM

All I knew of Sandy was that she quietly sat in the second row of St. Anne's Church with her friend, that Sandy wanted to as God has instructed her to live, to be poor of spirit, to be humble and to place herself in God's hands as a sinner. Sandy wanted to be remembered as someone who needed God's help to get to the other side.

When we are focusing on the gospel of Luke during our last liturgical year, Jesus focused on the poor, with the preferential treatment to the

poor. This year in the Gospel of Matthew, Jesus references “the poor in Spirit,” those who humbled themselves so God could exalt them, the ones who humbly lived the life of faith and showed God that they wanted to live *like God*.

In my heart, Sandy represented what each of us need to do if we want to get to heaven... at least that is what God teaches us to do. As a faithful Catholic, we do not seek higher position and we do not seek to be known by others; we seek to love God and love our neighbor... and that is enough.

At today’s Mass, we begin to focus on what scripture scholars call, “The Sermon on the Mount.” The sermon lasts three chapters in the Gospel of Matthew (Mt 5-7). The sermon begins with what we read today, the lesson about the beatitudes, or those who are “poor in Spirit.” As we continue into these teachings, Jesus will focus on “The Six Antitheses” (the world asks you to live *this* way but I tell you to live *this* way) Those teachings will lead us into Ash Wednesday and the passage where Jesus instructs us to pray, fast and to give alms in secret, where the Father, who sees what we do in secret and will respond accordingly.

In this “Sermon on the Mount,” our Lord presents us with the version of the “Our Father” we use at Mass and Jesus teaches us the way to conduct ourselves with both friends and enemies. Jesus then offers us basic lessons on how we are to conduct ourselves as believers in the faith, that “textbook” of the faith that I have referenced before in our homilies together.

Constantly in the scriptures but *especially* in this Sermon on the Mount (and, to a lesser degree, Luke’s parallel “Sermon on the Plain” from Lk 6: 20-49), Jesus instructs us how to live, and yet, even though we are taught these lessons constantly, a lot of people ignore those lessons and many choose not to attend Mass to be instructed by those lessons because people are people – they would rather live by their own standards instead of God’s and history teaches us how this way of life turns out.

By the way Sandy chose to live, the way she humbly came forward in the faith, not for adulation but humbly to present herself to God and the community after a life well lived, Sandy at least represents the type of Christian we all need to be. Sandy reminded me of what I teach in my

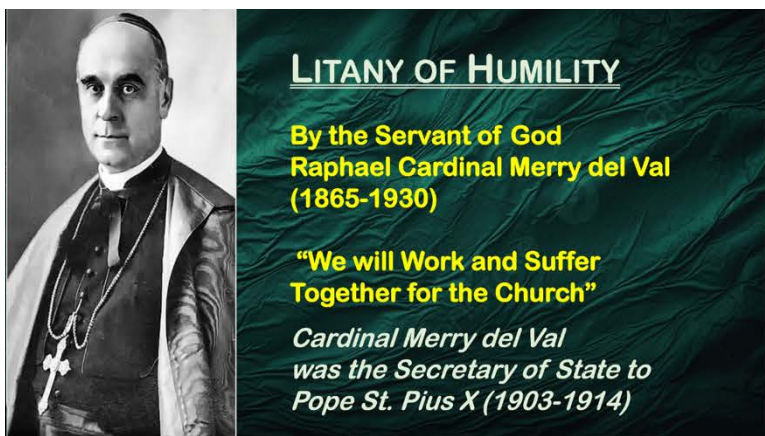
“Death & Dying” course concerning a lesson called, “A Tale of Two Families,” one around whom a family gathered to give thanks to her example of faith on earth and the other whom the family did not wish to lose, so the family did everything possible to keep their mother alive, only to make the woman’s suffering even worse than before.

The family who placed their mother’s life in God’s hands prayed to God around that hospital bed, “Thank you God, for the gift of our mother. Thank you, God, for sending us someone who had modeled that faith for us and lived it, who showed us the presence of you, our Lord, so that we would have a chance of salvation and who would join us with you, Lord on the last day.” Then the family asked God to deliver this person into the kingdom of heaven, because from her love, they pass on that love to the next generation of believers.

When I prayed with Sandy Doll, I remembered what one family said about their mother around a hospital bed concerning a faith-life well lived; that is what I take with me concerning others who humbly live the same kind of way. Sandy asked me to help deliver her from evil, to deliver her to God, to make sure she is with God her for the rest of her

existence with no more tears, no more pain and no more suffering. This is the purpose of prayers for the dying; this is the purpose of a funeral wake, liturgy and committal.

So today, at this particular Online Mass, I wanted to offer a prayer of deliverance on behalf of Sandy, and every humble person who comes forward, realizing that without God, we are not going to make it to the other side but *with* God, all things are possible. Thus, I wish to take this moment at the end of this homily and place ourselves in our Lord's loving hands, as we offer this prayer of deliverance for Sandy's behalf and all humble souls in the world who might not be recognized for the wonderful things that they have done. As we do for others, who pray for Sandy's benefit, reminding ourselves that we, too, need to ask God to deliver us from evil so we might be able to join her with all the saints in the communion of saints in heaven. This is the Litany I would like to offer to conclude today's homily...



A LITANY OF HUMILITY

Inspired by Sandy Dahl
By the servant of God,
Raphael Cardinal Mary
Del Val (1865 to 1930)
He was the Secretary of
State to Pope St. Pius X
(1903 1914)

O Jesus, meek and humble of heart,
Hear me.

From the desire of being esteemed,
Deliver me, O Jesus.

From the desire of being loved,
Deliver me, O Jesus.

From the desire of being extolled,
Deliver me, O Jesus.

From the desire of being honored,
Deliver me, O Jesus.

From the desire of being praised,
Deliver me, O Jesus.

From the desire of being preferred to others,
Deliver me, O Jesus.

From the desire of being consulted,
Deliver me, O Jesus.

From the desire of being approved,
Deliver me, O Jesus.

From the fear of being humiliated,
Deliver me, O Jesus.

From the fear of being despised,
Deliver me, O Jesus.

From the fear of suffering rebukes,
Deliver me, O Jesus.

From the fear of being calumniated,
Deliver me, O Jesus.

From the fear of being forgotten,
Deliver me, O Jesus.

From the fear of being ridiculed,
Deliver me, O Jesus.

From the fear of being wronged,
Deliver me, O Jesus.

From the fear of being suspected,
Deliver me, O Jesus.

That others may be loved more than I,
Jesus, grant me the grace to desire it.

That others may be esteemed more than I,
Jesus, grant me the grace to desire it.

That, in the opinion of the world,
others may increase and I may decrease,
Jesus, grant me the grace to desire it.

That others may be chosen and I set aside,
Jesus, grant me the grace to desire it.

That others may be praised and I go unnoticed,
Jesus, grant me the grace to desire it.

That others may be preferred to me in everything,
Jesus, grant me the grace to desire it.

That others may become holier than I, provided that I may become as
holy as I should,

Jesus, grant me the grace to desire it. Amen.

Charity is patient, is kind; charity does not envy, is not pretentious, is not puffed up, is not ambitious, is not self-seeking, is not provoked; thinks no evil, does not rejoice over wickedness, but rejoices with the truth, bears with all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. (1 Cor 13: 4-7).

To have Charity is to love God above all things for Himself and be ready to renounce all created things rather than offend Him by serious sin. (Mt 22: 36-40)

This is our prayer.