

## Homily Corpus Christi – A

Rev. Peter G. Jankowski  
June 06-07, 2026

Dt 8: 2-3, 14-16  
Ps 147: 12-13, 14-15, 19-20  
1 Cor 10: 16-17  
Jn 6: 51-58

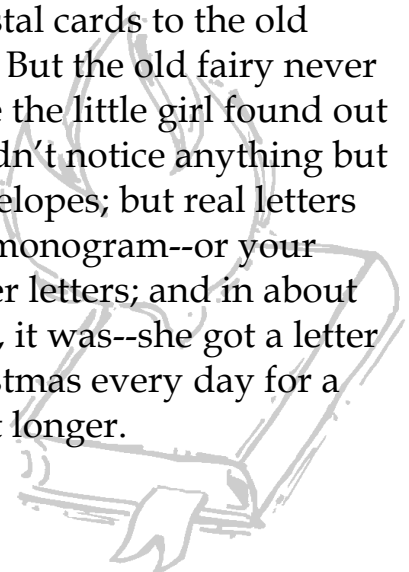
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*Intro at beginning at Mass: On Sept 8, 1264, Pope Urban IV designated this special feast day as "Corpus Christi" or "The Body and Blood of Christ." In reality, we celebrate this feast on Holy Thursday, the day where we remember how this Mass was first introduced to us by the Lord. However, because Holy Thursday fell into Holy Week, Pope Urban felt that this particular feast could easily get lost in the significance of the Paschal Mystery. Thus in 1264, Pope Urban designated this particular day as one to honor the great gift that is given to us from the altar before us.*

## CHRISTMAS EVERY DAY BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

*Every child's dream (and nightmare!). Christmas Every Day was published in William Dean Howells' collection, Christmas Every Day and Other Stories Told for Children (1892).*

Once there was a little girl who liked Christmas so much that she wanted it to be Christmas every day in the year; and as soon as Thanksgiving was over she began to send postal cards to the old Christmas Fairy to ask if she mightn't have it. But the old fairy never answered any of the postals; and after a while the little girl found out that the Fairy was pretty particular and wouldn't notice anything but letters--not even correspondence cards in envelopes; but real letters on sheets of paper and sealed outside with a monogram--or your initial, anyway. So, then, she began to send her letters; and in about three weeks--or just the day before Christmas, it was--she got a letter from the Fairy, saying she might have it Christmas every day for a year, and then they would see about having it longer.



The little girl was a good deal excited already, preparing for the old-fashioned, once-a-year Christmas that was coming the next day, and perhaps the Fairy's promise didn't make such an impression on her as it would have made at some other time. She just resolved to keep it to herself, and surprise everybody with it as it kept coming true; and then it slipped out of her mind altogether.

She had a splendid Christmas. She went to bed early, so as to let Santa Claus have a chance at the stockings, and in the morning she was up the first of anybody and went and felt them, and found hers all lumpy with packages of candy, and oranges and grapes, and pocket-books and rubber balls, and all kinds of small presents, and her big brother's with nothing but the tongs in them, and her young lady sister's with a new silk umbrella, and her papa's and mamma's with potatoes and pieces of coal wrapped up in tissue-paper, just as they always had every Christmas.

Then she waited around till the rest of the family were up, and she was the first to burst into the library, when the doors were opened, and look at the large presents laid out on the library-table--books, and portfolios, and boxes of stationery, and breastpins, and dolls, and little stoves, and dozens of handkerchiefs, and ink-stands, and skates, and snow-shovels, and photograph-frames, and little easels, and boxes of water-colors, and Turkish paste, and nougat, and candied cherries, and dolls' houses, and waterproofs--and the big Christmas-tree, lighted and standing in a waste-basket in the middle.

She had a splendid Christmas all day. She ate so much candy that she did not want any breakfast; and the whole forenoon the presents kept pouring in that the expressman had not had time to deliver the night before; and she went round giving the presents she had got for other people, and came home and ate turkey and cranberry for dinner, and plum-pudding and nuts and raisins and oranges and more candy, and then went out and coasted, and came in with a stomach-ache,

crying; and her papa said he would see if his house was turned into that sort of fool's paradise another year; and they had a light supper, and pretty early everybody went to bed cross.

The little girl slept very heavily, and she slept very late, but she was wakened at last by the other children dancing round her bed with their stockings full of presents in their hands.

"What is it?" said the little girl, and she rubbed her eyes and tried to rise up in bed.

"Christmas! Christmas! Christmas!" they all shouted and waved their stockings.

"Nonsense! It was Christmas yesterday."

Her brothers and sisters just laughed. "We don't know about that. It's Christmas to-day, anyway. You come into the library and see."

Then all at once it flashed on the little girl that the Fairy was keeping her promise, and her year of Christmases was beginning. She was dreadfully sleepy, but she sprang up like a lark--a lark that had overeaten itself and gone to bed cross--and darted into the library. There it was again! Books, and portfolios, and boxes of stationery, and breastpins--

"You needn't go over it all, papa; I guess I can remember just what was there," said the little girl.

Well, and there was the Christmas-tree blazing away, and the family picking out their presents, but looking pretty sleepy, and her father perfectly puzzled, and her mother ready to cry. "I'm sure I don't see how I'm to dispose of all these things," said her mother, and her father said it seemed to him they had had something just like it the day before, but he supposed he must have dreamed it. This struck the

little girl as the best kind of a joke; and so she ate so much candy she didn't want any breakfast, and went round carrying presents, and had turkey and cranberry for dinner, and then went out and coasted.

Well, the next day, it was just the same thing over again, but everybody getting crosser; and at the end of a week's time so many people had lost their tempers that you could pick up lost tempers anywhere; they perfectly strewed the ground. Even when people tried to recover their tempers they usually got somebody else's, and it made the most dreadful mix.

The little girl began to get frightened, keeping the secret all to herself; she wanted to tell her mother, but she didn't dare to; and she was ashamed to ask the Fairy to take back her gift, it seemed ungrateful and ill-bred, and she thought she would try to stand it, but she hardly knew how she could, for a whole year. So it went on and on, and it was Christmas on St. Valentine's Day and Washington's Birthday, just the same as any day, and it didn't skip even the First of April, though everything was counterfeit that day, and that was some little relief.

After a while coal and potatoes began to be awfully scarce, so many had been wrapped up in tissue-paper to fool papas and mammas with. Turkeys got to be about a thousand dollars apiece.

And they got to passing off almost anything for turkeys--half-grown hummingbirds, and even rocs out of the Arabian Nights--the real turkeys were so scarce. And cranberries--well, they asked a diamond apiece for cranberries. All the woods and orchards were cut down for Christmas-trees, and where the woods and orchards used to be it looked just like a stubble-field, with the stumps. After a while they had to make Christmas-trees out of rags, and stuff them with bran, like old-fashioned dolls; but there were plenty of rags, because people got so poor, buying presents for one another, that they couldn't get any new clothes, and they just wore their old ones to

tatters. They got so poor that everybody had to go to the poorhouse, except the confectioners, and the fancy-store keepers, and the picture-book sellers, and the expressmen; and they all got so rich and proud that they would hardly wait upon a person when he came to buy. It was perfectly shameful!

Well, after it had gone on about three or four months, the little girl, whenever she came into the room in the morning and saw those great ugly, lumpy stockings dangling at the fireplace, and the disgusting presents around everywhere, used to just sit down and burst out crying. In six months she was perfectly exhausted; she couldn't even cry anymore; she just lay on the lounge and rolled her eyes and panted. About the beginning of October she took to sitting down on dolls wherever she found them--French dolls, or any kind--she hated the sight of them so; and by Thanksgiving she was crazy and just slammed her presents across the room.

By that time people didn't carry presents around nicely anymore. They flung them over the fence, or through the window, or anything; and, instead of running their tongues out and taking great pains to write "For dear Papa," or "Mamma," or "Brother," or "Sister," or "Susie," or "Sammie," or "Billie," or "Bobbie," or "Jimmie," or "Jennie," or whoever it was, and troubling to get the spelling right, and then signing their names, and "Xmas, 18--," they used to write in the gift-books, "Take it, you horrid old thing!" and then go and bang it against the front door. Nearly everybody had built barns to hold their presents, but pretty soon the barns overflowed, and then they used to let them lie out in the rain, or anywhere. Sometimes the police used to come and tell them to shovel their presents off the sidewalk, or they would arrest them.

They went to the poorhouse at first, but after a while the poorhouses got so full that they had to send the people back to their own houses. They tried to cry, when they got back, but they couldn't make the

least sound, because they had lost their voices, saying 'Merry Christmas' so much.

The night before the Fourth of July, the boys stayed up to celebrate, as they always do, and fell asleep before twelve o'clock, as usual, expecting to be wakened by the bells and cannon. But it was nearly eight o'clock before the first boy in the United States woke up, and then he found out what the trouble was. As soon as he could get his clothes on he ran out of the house and smashed a big cannon-torpedo down on the pavement; but it didn't make any more noise than a damp wad of paper; and after he tried about twenty or thirty more, he began to pick them up and look at them. Every single torpedo was a big raisin! Then he just streaked it up-stairs and examined his firecrackers and toy-pistol and two-dollar collection of fireworks and found that they were nothing but sugar and candy painted up to look like fireworks! Before ten o'clock every boy in the United States found out that his Fourth of July things had turned into Christmas things; and then they just sat down and cried--they were so mad. There are about twenty million boys in the United States, and so you can imagine what a noise they made. Some men got together before night, with a little powder that hadn't turned into purple sugar yet, and they said they would fire off one cannon, anyway. But the cannon burst into a thousand pieces, for it was nothing but rock-candy, and some of the men nearly got killed. The Fourth of July orations all turned into Christmas carols, and when anybody tried to read the Declaration, instead of saying, "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary," he was sure to sing, "God rest you, merry gentlemen." It was perfectly awful.

Before it came Thanksgiving it had leaked out who had caused all these Christmases. The little girl had suffered so much that she had talked about it in her sleep; and after that hardly anybody would play with her. People just perfectly despised her, because if it had not been for her greediness it wouldn't have happened; and now, when it came Thanksgiving, and she wanted them to go to church, and have

squash-pie and turkey, and show their gratitude, they said that all the turkeys had been eaten up for her old Christmas dinners, and if she would stop the Christmases, they would see about the gratitude. Wasn't it dreadful? And the very next day the little girl began to send letters to the Christmas Fairy, and then telegrams, to stop it. But it didn't do any good; and then she got to calling at the Fairy's house, but the girl that came to the door always said, "Not at home," or "Engaged," or "At dinner," or something like that; and so it went on till it came to the old once-a-year Christmas Eve. The little girl fell asleep, and when she woke up in the morning...

She found out that Christmas would come only once a year.

Well, there was the greatest rejoicing all over the country, and it extended clear up into Canada. The people met together everywhere and kissed and cried for joy. The city carts went around and gathered up all the candy and raisins and nuts and dumped them into the river; and it made the fish perfectly sick; and the whole United States, as far out as Alaska, was one blaze of bonfires, where the children were burning up their gift-books and presents of all kinds. They had the greatest time!

The little girl went to thank the old Fairy because she had stopped its being Christmas, and she said she hoped she would keep her promise and see that Christmas never, never came again. Then the Fairy frowned and asked her if she was sure she knew what she meant; and the little girl asked her, Why not? and the old Fairy said that now she was behaving just as greedily as ever, and she'd better look out. This made the little girl think it all over carefully again, and she said she would be willing to have it Christmas about once in a thousand years; and then she said a hundred, and then she said ten, and at last she got down to one. Then the Fairy said that was the good old way that had pleased people ever since Christmas began, and she was agreed. Then the little girl said, "What're your shoes made of?" And the Fairy said, "Leather." And the little girl said,

“Bargain’s done forever,” and skipped off, and hippity-hopped the whole way home, she was so glad.

This little girl wished for Christmas every day and, in this particular story written in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century, Christmas every day became too much. In the secular world, too much of one thing is too much of everything. As we learned in this 19<sup>th</sup> Century story, having Christmas every day in the secular world, focusing on presents and candy and raisins and cranberries and turkeys and become overwhelming.

In the world of faith, we find that “Christmas every day” is just the opposite. Christmas *is* every day in the world of faith and Christmas, if that Spirit is in our hearts, is like a relationship with God that never stops. The love that you have in your heart on Christmas Day should extend every day, not with the secular things of the world, that we are conditioned to love, but with the love of God that is flowing upon us, every moment of our lives, for which we take for granted.

*That* is the problem that we have at our Catholic Masses. People do *not* want Christmas every day in the world of faith, because many look at this “source and summit of our Christian life” in a secular way. Many

in the world look at the Mass as having to do the same, boring thing, every single week. They look at it as, “Why do we have to hear the same readings and the same homily?” People take this meal for granted. Some people just bear through the forty-five minutes to one-hour each week, or thirty minutes in our Online Masses and they begin to feel as if the Mass is just not important.

Even when I started these Online Masses during COVID, we have had lots and lots of people who would watch the Masses (almost THREE-THOUSAND VIEWS AT ITS PEAK); now we have less and less and less. Nevertheless, we have come to find out that this Mass is the “source and summit” of our Christian life and that every time we celebrate these Masses, we are joined by what is called “The Communion of Saints” in heaven and on earth who gather to pray with us, to tell us how important you are, how important *you* are!

Every time I celebrate this Mass, the grace that is bestowed on the people I am commissioned to serve, namely you. That is why all of you keep supporting us; we understand what Christ has given us and we never take this Mass for granted.

From our First Reading in the book of Deuteronomy, we learn that Moses is about to die. Moses was not faithful and thus not allowed to enter into the Promised Land. So at the end of his life, Moses told the Chosen People that God had given them “Christmas” every day, in a sense. God gave them manna to survive every day. God gave them quail to live. God gave them water from the rock. That said, the Chosen People took God for granted. Like the story we just read, the people complained to God about what they were given every single day.

In Deuteronomy, Moses told the people there would be a day when they were not going to have any of these things in life because of their complaining and disobedience. As a result, the people would lose what they had and subsequently would lament, which was a forecast of what would happen during the exile.

In today’s gospel, in this “Bread of Life” sequence that we read from the sixth chapter of John’s gospel, when Jesus fed the hungry people, at first they became happy and wanted to make him king. Then Jesus explains the kind of food his Father *really* sent him to give, the bread that would offer them everlasting life. In response, the people of the

secular world did not want it; they did not want to believe that Jesus was the Son of God. They did not believe that Jesus could feed them his body and true blood and, as a result, they all abandoned him.

or those who remained, for those of us here who try to understand, this Mass means everything in the world, because the Mass is saying that *God* loves you, that *we* love you. The Mass is the divine way of saying that God loves you and God wants to give His love to you every single day. The Mass is like a marriage we take for granted. The Mass is like a friendship we take for granted. The Mass is like life we take for granted. We get up in the morning, give thanks to God for the new day and never let the day pass without embracing how special that day really is, how special *you* are.

So I continue to celebrate these Online Masses. I continue to tell you that you are important, that you are loved and we will keep allowing that love to flow through these Masses for your benefit and for the people who have asked me for these intentions. We continue to celebrate these Masses that so many take for granted because the

intentions for which we offer these Masses reveal God's overflowing love that we are trying to pour out upon you.

So I say to you in June of Ordinary Time, Merry Christmas to you! God loves you and we will continue to feed you God's word and feed you with God's sacrament, which will carry you from this life into the next, so you can be with God in that loving gaze for the rest of your existence. We offer this Mass even though some people will become bored of it, because for those who do not, who embrace this Christmas gift in June and every other day, that what we give you is the best present you will ever receive – the Body and Blood of our Lord, that you may embrace and share with every single person that we need. This is our prayer.