

## Opening Prayer

### Gospel for the Feast of Corpus Christi from Luke 9:11-17

Jesus spoke to the crowds about the kingdom of God,  
and he healed those who needed to be cured.  
As the day was drawing to a close,  
the Twelve approached him and said,  
"Dismiss the crowd  
so that they can go to the surrounding villages and farms  
and find lodging and provisions;  
for we are in a deserted place here."  
He said to them, "Give them some food yourselves."  
They replied, "Five loaves and two fish are all we have,  
unless we ourselves go and buy food for all these people."  
Now the men there numbered about five thousand.  
Then he said to his disciples,  
"Have them sit down in groups of about fifty."  
They did so and made them all sit down.  
Then taking the five loaves and the two fish,  
and looking up to heaven,  
he said the blessing over them, broke them,  
and gave them to the disciples to set before the crowd.  
They all ate and were satisfied.  
And when the leftover fragments were picked up,  
they filled twelve wicker baskets.

## Preaching Samples for Discussion

### SAMPLE ONE:

**Text:** Matthew 2:1-12

**Liturgical Setting:** Epiphany

**Exegetical Background:** Looked a lot at what a "magi" meant in biblical context as well as some of the legends around the "three kings" from Christian tradition.

**Where prayer led me:** A focus on the line "come back another way" and the all that could mean in light of an experience of Jesus. A desire to take such a journey of conversion myself.

**Function:** Want to heighten desire within congregation to approach the coming year as a spiritual journey to encounter and be transformed by meeting Jesus.

**Form:** Took on the perspective of a character who is not in the narrative but who could open up a different angle on what was going on behind the scenes – i.e. the wife of one of the "three kings." Time zone = speaking in past tense, but space between biblical time and present time is amorphous.

If you want to [listen to it](#).

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My husband was gone for a very long time, and for a while I wondered whether he'd ever return. At the beginning I felt kind of bad about it... We'd had a spat right before he left. I think I will never understand the fever that consumes so many men in their forties, but I suppose I should have anticipated it would strike Kasper. I mean, I had always known him to be smart and ambitious. Indeed, these are traits I'd admired in him from the time we met. He was so much more studious than most of his friends, always hungry for more information, and always using that information in the most creative way possible to make a *daric*. When we were betrothed, my mother warned my father that Kasper had all the makings of a charlatan. That he'd end up running pyramid schemes, and not of the Egyptian variety. But my father said Kasper was an entrepreneur and we'd never be poor. Kasper promised both of my parents that I was all that a man could ever want and that once I was his wife, his spirit which had always refused to be satisfied would finally settle.

And we did have a happy marriage—don't get me wrong. But I was never enough. And our children were never enough. And our wealth (for it did grow) was never enough. And his learning was never enough. And, ironically, the more wealthy he became, the more freedom he had to pursue ever more esoteric studies. There was nothing he was not interested in: our house was filled with maps and minerals. He was always brewing some concoction or another. But his biggest fascination was the stars. And, I must admit, I grew so weary of he and his friends regularly staying up all night charting this and that, and then sleeping so much of the day, leaving me with all the duties of running a household and many of his business ventures as well.

So you can imagine that I had a few choice words for him when he and his star-gazing buddies came up with the crazy idea to go on a trip together—and not just any trip. I mean, I could see a weekend away with your friends. But they were talking about a multi-month over-land adventure traveling to another country to lay eyes on a new ruler in that country and—What?—Get on his good side? Lay the groundwork for a future alliance? I mean, like, why? So, your stars suggest that there is a new king in the land of Judah. What has that to do with you? What do you want from him that you do not already have? Why place your life and our livelihood in danger to make the trek? What does this mean that you want "more" in life? More what? More money? We have plenty. More knowledge? You've read every book there is. You are already widely

regarded by everyone as brilliant. More meaning? What does that mean? Go. Go on then. I hope you find whatever it is that would finally satisfy you.

And he was off. And good riddance.

But after a couple days I did begin to miss him, and after a couple weeks I did begin to worry. No letter arrived by courier, but there was word in the market that Jerusalem—the capital of this land of Judah Kasper was going to—was all abuzz. Traders who had been there talked of Kasper and his buddies visiting the palace of the King Herod to celebrate the birth of his newest little one's arrival... except that there was no new arrival and Herod had no idea what they were talking about. Where was this newborn King of the Jews? The traders said that the king was very interested in finding out more but Kasper had no further information for him. The stars, in the end, can only reveal so much. And so Herod had his people tearing through other sources looking for any clue, any clue whatsoever that might talk about where this newborn king was. I began to feel badly for Kasper—to have made such a long trip without anything at the end... and how embarrassing to show up so certain and look like a fool before the leader of another country.

But then a few days later, a letter did arrive. Well, not really a letter... more of a post card. All it read was "Joy, Joy, Joy!...(dot, dot, dot) I'm coming home another way." Some of the letters were smeared as if...as if tear drops had splashed upon them. Were these tears of... of joy?

I was so relieved and yet so confused. Kasper was okay... obviously more than okay... but where was he? And what had he found?

It was hard to contain all my questions when his frame finally reappeared in the doorway, thinner and grayer than when he'd parted months before, but with the broadest smile. There was something different in his embrace when he took me into his arms and pressed my head against his chest. And there was something so striking in his eyes when he looked at each one of our children, taking each of their faces tenderly in his hands one by one and gazing on them with such... such... kindness.

And I would like to say that I understand what happened now.... a year after he returned. All I've gotten from him really is bits and pieces: A baby. A mother. Bethlehem – wherever that is. And when he tries to say more, his eyes get a far-away look and he so often falls into silence. What I know is that he can sit like that—in silence—for long periods of time now, without any urgency to move on to the next thing, like a calm has overtaken his body. What I know is that the star charts are gone and his library of books has been distributed widely to others in the city... he says he doesn't need it any more. What I know is that he lets the children play with his mineral collection and that he now laughs at their stories rather than shooing them away. What I know is that he often leaves his comfortable study to wander the tiny side streets on the other side of town, and drink tea with some of the elderly Jewish migrants there, talking about such mundane things as the weather and the crops and old stories from their homeland.

Why? I still don't understand.

All I know is that Kasper went away on a long journey and he did come back another way. He went away smart and he came back wise.

And that if Bethlehem holds the key to that... well, then, I should like to take such a trip myself, and I'm wondering if—at the start of this new year—you would like to come along with me.

**SAMPLE TWO:**

**Text: Matthew 20:17-28**

**Liturgical Setting: Ordinary Time (for a Notre Dame Preaching Conference several years ago!)**

**Exegetical Background:** Sought to know better who the mother of Zebedee's sons was in both scripture and tradition; what was at stake for her here? The patron/client relationship system of the Middle East.

**Where prayer led:** Wondering what had happened to her in the middle of the story. Where did she go? What are all the ways that even those of us who experience little power still contribute to the power struggles in modern society?

**Function:** To stir courage and awareness in congregation of the way that we contribute to/perpetuate unhelpful power dynamics in our own time

**Form:** I stayed myself in the preaching but set myself up as an observer. Time zone = The day after the event itself.

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I came upon her the morning after along the riverbank, beating the last remnants of dirt and color out of a thin piece of cloth with a rock and then rinsing them down stream. I'd heard from Mark that her name was Salome but I did not dare address her by her first name. For, she was a very traditional woman wedded to Zebedee and the culture of her time, so she didn't really have a name and thought that *appropriate*. When I spotted her, even from a distance, I recognized I'd seen her before... No, maybe she just looked like someone else I knew. Well, you know, come to think of it - she looked kind of like Mary of Nazareth. Maybe the old apocrypha really was true and they were sisters - which would make a little more sense as to why she'd been so brazen yesterday: Going up to Jesus like that and asking that *her* two sons - and hers only - be seated at Jesus' right and left hand in the Kingdom. If they were related, well - again, it would only be *appropriate*.

It wasn't that she didn't want to see changes. Oh no, she did. You could hear it in the cracking of one rock against another and the vigor with which she wrung excess water from the twisted garment. She despised the Romans like all of her neighbors. She despised the corruption in her own peoples' leaders - the extortion and wastefulness more befitting foreigners than those set apart to be a light to the nations. She was one who had waited in sincere hope for the coming of the Messiah who would set her people free while so many of the religious leaders in Jerusalem only gave the aspiration lip serve.

And Jesus.... Jesus had that magnetic charisma, that born-leader quality that could make change happen. Hadn't she been one of the first to spot it? Hadn't she been one to encourage him to dream dreams since his childhood? When others had scoffed - "What good could come from Nazareth? Really, a carpenter's son?" - hadn't she defended him before the naysayers. Hadn't she encouraged her sons to go with him, even if it meant she and Zebedee were left alone for long periods of time in their old age. Was it really too much to ask that her Jimmy and her Johnny get key positions in his coming administration? Isn't it only *appropriate* that those roles should go to the people who've been with you from the very beginning?

But things had not gone the way she'd planned. No, not at all. She'd waited for what she thought was just the right moment to make the ask, but then, instead of a simple "yes," Jesus answered.... Well, he didn't answer *her*, that for sure. It was like she wasn't even there and all hell broke loose. Her sons were shamed and Jesus' band of men all started arguing with one another. And she.... She slunk away without anyone noticing, and now even her sons weren't talking to her. "Woman," their eyes seemed to say, "What'd you go and do *that* for?"

After a while, she threw the garment into a bucket and sat back on her haunches, elbows resting on knees staring into the river. I was afraid she might turn around and see me, and if that happened I wouldn't be quite sure what to say, so I was considering slinking off myself when I noticed that Jesus was drawing near her and also squatting down alongside her.

"Auntie," he said.

She rose to her full height of 5 ft. 2 – and turned to look down on him, her eyes flashing with anger and hurt: "I don't understand you. We have been without any power over our lives for so long. You could change that. You could make things different for us if you were in charge."

"Auntie," he said again, "You want to work the system. I want to break the system. You want to keep the game and just change the players. I want to rewrite the rules of the game."

"Well, what is stopping you? I'm waiting. I've been waiting for a long time for the world to be different."

"Well, certainly the guys over there are not the quickest of learners, as I needed to explain to them again yesterday. But quite frankly, Auntie, one of the things that is also making it difficult is people like you," he said.

"Me!" she exclaimed with outrage. "Me! I am an old woman who has worked hard her whole life and have not a shekel to show for it. I am entirely dependent on my husband and two grown sons to take care of me, and those sons are currently unemployed, apparently with dim future prospects. How can I be the problem? I don't even own a name."

"My point precisely. The system is stacked against you, but it only works if you agree to keep it working."

"And *how*, pray tell, do I agree to keep it working?"

"By assenting to the fact that power is to be feared and that others call the shots.

By agreeing that titles mean something and treating people differently when they have one.

By consenting that your basic needs can only be provided by men.

By assuming that when you told something the only possible response is "okay."

By sulking away and swallowing your anger rather than speaking it.

By not asking questions when you see something you think is unfair.

By not demanding that you have your own name....

When you do these things -- whether you mean to or not -- you are keeping the system alive & well."

"But not to do so is very dangerous and I want to survive."

"Well, now we arrive at the truth. I, honestly, would rather die than do these things."

"Don't say it. Don't...."

Only at this point did he stand up. "Auntie, do not worry. I will show you how to do it right."

"So who really *is* going to sit on your right and your left?" she asked.

"You're asking the wrong question," he said.

"So you've made clear, but I'm just really curious."

"Some tiny Indian woman who hasn't been born yet and a crazy beggar dude from the mountains of Italy."

"Oh, okay," she said, looking confused. I wondered if she would stay with him now that her hopes had been dashed, her game board ripped in two. I wondered if maybe she might just leave James and John to their own fate and retire to the comfort of Zebedee's protection for her remaining days. But as Jesus walked away, something of a smile crossed her face, even as a tear rolled down from the corner of her eye.

And then I knew where I'd seen her before. At the tomb, on the third day. She was one of those Easter morning women with courage strong enough to go out in the deep darkness before dawn armed only with spices,... strong enough to confront soldiers and rocks three times her size.

### SAMPLE THREE:

**Text:** 2 Timothy 4:10-17b

**Liturgical Setting:** Feast of St. Luke the Evangelist

**Exegetical Background:** Wanted to understand the context in which Paul was writing this letter to Timothy, what he really was asking for and why, as well as who the various characters mentioned in this letter actually were – What do we know about them?

**Where prayer led:** Experience of Paul as a demanding person / sense of his personality. Moved by the fidelity that Luke must have had to Paul, even though Paul surely was a very difficult person to be a friend to. My own experience of friends like that.

**Function:** stir a commitment to fidelity to difficult friendships in imitation of Luke

**Form:** I stayed myself in this conversation with Timothy who is the recipient of the letter from which the text of the day comes from. Looked at from the perspective of the community that first received the text.

If you want to [listen to it](#).

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Timothy wiped his hands on his front of his robe and opened the scroll with the eager curiosity of a student receiving back a major paper. He speed-read thru the entirety of Paul's letter, obviously anxious to see what was at the end. I knew that later he'd go back and savor all the earlier paragraphs, but right now, he needed to know how this all turned out.

"Mmmhmmm. Mmmhmmm. Huh. Gotcha." He mumbled along the way as his eyes scanned downward. But as he got to the end his face puckered. He sighed and sat down, the fully unrolled scroll dangling from his lap onto the floor.

"Well," he finally said, "At least he's still got Luke."

"What happened to all the others? Where's he at? What's going on?!" I exclaimed.

"Well, it is the same old story. He's managed to get himself arrested... again.... And he's burned almost all his bridges. Demas has left the picture. Crescens and Titus are gone—can't tell whether they left on their own accord or whether Paul told them to go somewhere. Knowing Paul, probably to Hades. No one was at his first hearing.

"Now he wants me to come and bring Mark with me. Yeah, that's gonna go well – only a couple of years ago he was accusing Mark of abandoning him. Last time Barnabas mentioned bringing Mark back on a mission, the old man got so bent out of shape that he ended up breaking off his friendship with Barnabas as well. But, now he wants me and Mark to bring him his cloak and parchments – travelling from Ephesus to Rome because he needs a coat before winter. Unbelievable."

"Yeah, that's like a thirty hour drive even in modern times, assuming you have a car and can go 60 mph," I sympathized.

"Yeah, it would take me a lot longer than that," he sighed again.

I could tell a part of him just wanted to take the scroll and toss it in the fire. "You seem irritated," I said. "Who wouldn't be?" he countered. "Paul can be so clueless. All of the time he's getting into arguments with everyone who tries to work with him. And he's always sure that he's right. He's always sure that he is the victim in the situation. That the Lord is on his side.... When I was younger it was easier to put up with..."

I so looked up to him. He's a very charismatic person. My mom and grandma love him. But you have no idea how hard it is to travel with him. He has little patience for any view other than his own."

"But Luke is still with him?"

"Luke is still hanging in there," he confirmed.

"That's interesting," I commented.

"Luke's a saint," Timothy explained. "He's a better man than me, Demas, Mark, Barnabas, and Alexander the coppersmith combined."

"What makes him different?" I asked.

"Well, Luke is slow and steady... like an ox. Maybe it is his medical training or something – he knows how to stay calm when someone is injured in their body."

"What about if they are injured in their heart?" I asked.

"Same. He just listens," Timothy replied. "Doesn't agree with ya or disagree with ya, just listens. He's patient, even if you're saying the same thing for the twelfth time in a row. He forgives your quirks. He looks for the best in you.... Knows your intentions can still have been good, even when it all turns out wrong. He just loves you as you are."

He went on: "You know Luke is always remembering stories of Jesus that the rest of us barely recall – like the parable of the unlikely Samaritan who got out his first aid kit to help the wounded man on the side of the road... or the parable of the father who forgave his bedraggled son who had done him so much harm. I think Luke just has a special heart for the wounded in any form they come."

"Sounds like Paul is a bit wounded right now," I remarked.

"Yes," said Timothy, "he's getting older, he feels all alone. He still has a hundred ideas and trips in his head. He gets mad about *this* person blocking his way and *that* person telling him 'no'; I think he feels like he's running out of time. But when Paul starts ranting and panicking, Luke doesn't get himself all triggered by Paul being Paul. Luke just remains Luke."

"All of us should be so lucky as to have a friend like that," I said.

"Yet what a challenge to be a friend like that," Timothy said. He stared off into space. And for a minute I did, too, thinking of someone I love and admire, who I can also find maddening to the nth degree.

"Maybe you should tell Luke to write down his special stories so that we can keep them always before us when we are exasperated by those we work with and live with and travel with.... And love."

"I'll mention that when I see him next," Timothy nodded.

"When will that be?" I asked.

"Well, I guess that depends on when the next boat for Rome leaves. You'll excuse me... I guess I need to go track down Mark and find that accursed cloak.... My mother will know where the parchments are...." He sighed again, but stood, quickly rolling up Paul's letter. So I stood also.

"Courage, my soul!" I saluted.

And then we turned from each other and parted ways. Each of us had wounded, old friends out there waiting to be loved again exactly as they are.

**SAMPLE FOUR:**

**Text: Matthew 14:13-21**

**Liturgical Setting: Ordinary Time, Summer after George Floyd's death**

**Exegetical Background:** The connection between the death of John the Baptist and the multiplication of the loaves in Matthew

**Where prayer led:** The parallel between the death of JBap and GFloyd; the dynamic of hunger and longing for a different sort of future, esp. around questions of race; the pain of Jesus' own heart when confronted with human suffering

**Function:** Evoke desire within the congregation to give what they can toward the miracle we long for, even if it feels very small and the personal sacrifice significant

**Form:** Stayed myself in the preaching. Time zone: Total conflation of past and present dynamics.

If you want to [listen to it](#).

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I hated telling Jesus the news of George Floyd's death even more than I hated telling him about the death of John the Baptist. Yet another man of color he had known and loved whose life had been cut short by the unrepentant violence of the state. And just as with news of John...To see Jesus' eyes open wide and his head tilt back. To hear his groan of primal rage before he turned to tears and stumbled off into the early morning light toward the water, toward our boat, toward the silence of the lake and the empty land beyond. Well, it was a frightening sight and it's hard to know how to be with him in those moments, so I did not ask if he wanted me to come with. I think he needed to be alone.

But that left me standing at the shoreline still as news began to ripple out into our camp and the towns beyond. Where like on the morning after the temple fell in the days of Jeremiah, the people emerged from their own slumber in grief and rage and the kind of exhaustion that comes not from lack of sleep but lack of justice, lack of any sense of being heard, lack of hope. And I watched as they stumbled not by sea but by foot out toward the same empty desert land beyond. A few carried spray paint and gasoline. Most carried cardboard and sharpies and masks, because their woes were not limited to this death alone.

And when Jesus saw them coming out toward the empty wilderness in their own grief and pain, he wailed even louder, like in the days of Babylon when the people no longer knew if they would be able to sing their own songs, for they were in a land that in no way felt like their own. It was easy to see that Christ's heart was rent and his gut wrenched as he walked into their midst laying healing hands and speaking words to strengthen their spirits. It was a long day, for the crowd was large. Five thousand, I have heard, not counting women and children. And seriously, who doesn't count women and children anymore?

I mean, except our own U.S. government that has apparently lost over 1500 of them along the southern border and doesn't know where to find them.... And then there are the disappeared and murdered native women of the northern plains. Can't quite get a number of them either.

Oh God, I sank to the ground in my own despair: It is *still* true... we *still* aren't counting women and children either.

Jesus Christ, where do we go from here? I mean that not to use the Lord's name in vain, but as an actual question. Jesus Christ, where do we go from here?

No wait... I think I've seen this before.... I think I know what happens next. I've seen it not once, but six times. It's in all four of the Gospels... twice in Matthew and Mark. There is going to be a miracle. I find myself starting to get hopeful. Sit down, I start telling the people around me. He is going to fix this. Pray! Call on him, and he will make things right. Some people do. Some just get agitated. They have no desire to be told to sit down. Nothing is happening. What is taking so long? Why is the story not unfolding like it has so many times before?

"Seriously," I say, "sit down... something amazing is about to happen." But a few around me are getting even more irritated and it draws Jesus' attention. He moves in my direction.

"What is going on?" he asks.

"I'm trying to get people to sit down," I say, "so that you can work the miracle."

"Ordering people to sit down (or not) is my job in this story," he says, "not yours."

"Well, what is taking you so long?" I ask.

"I'm waiting for your five loaves and two fishes," he replies.

"But that is all I've got," I say, "and it is not enough. What I've got wouldn't make a dent in the immense, overwhelming problem of racism."

"Well, then I guess we are stuck... because that's the only way this story moves forward." There was a long pause. "Do you want it to move forward?" he asks.

I instinctively hug my sack. I don't mean to. It's just a reflexive movement, checking to make sure that the loaves and fishes are still there. I don't like that some people insist on calling this sack privilege. I just call it lunch. It's always just been lunch.

"Do you want the story to move forward?" he asks again.

"Do I?" I ask myself.

"Couldn't the story move on without me?" I ask him.

"I don't think it works that way," he replies.

**SAMPLE FIVE:**

**Text:** Luke 1:26-28

**Liturgical Setting:** Advent

**Exegetical Background:** Looked particularly at the greeting of the angel in the Greek and what that meant as well as pregnancy outside marriage in Mary's time

**Where prayer led:** Meditation on womb as space of receptivity to new life / God's life. The sacredness of that space. The risk involved in allowing God into the most hidden areas of our life.

**Function:** To invite and facilitate an experience of openness to the gift of God's self in congregant's own lives/bodies.

**Form:** I don't walk people through the narrative from my own perspective but invite them to be a "character" in the story themselves and walk through it from within their own body. Time zone: taking an experience from the past in scripture and moving it entirely into the present.

If you want to [listen to it](#).

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I want you to sit down and close your eyes for a moment because this might be difficult to imagine. I invite you to become aware of your body. The way your mind is whirling and the way that your heart is thumping. Take a moment to become aware of all those places that are stiff or ache of daily use. The way that your stomach rumbles or that your eyes periodically blink as if on their own timer. But then, go ahead and sink into the awareness of your body at a deeper level, because there are places within you that receive so little attention. Most days they are so silent and so hidden, so protected, that we might almost forget that they are there at all. Weave your imagination between those organs that we hardly ever talk about at all – the spleen, pancreas, intestines to become aware of that most hidden and protected of spaces within you – a small, empty space untouched, sacred in an unspoken way. You can picture that space however you like – I realize it is hard to do so, wrapped as it is in darkness.

But as you begin to become conscious of that most protected space within you, hear these words spoken loud and clear: "Hail, Gifted One!" It is so *not* what you were expecting to hear, is it? No one talks like this. What do such words even mean? Why are you being called "gifted"? I mean everyone has gifts associated with their bodies, don't they? There are people who have brilliant minds and generous hearts and keen gut sense. But it quickly becomes clear to you that you are not being greeted in this way because you are such a talented individual (even though you are), but because you've been chosen to *receive* the greatest gift—the gift of God's own presence, God's own life. God wants to come and dwell within you. God wants to come not as a passing thought or a swell of affection, but in a forever life changing way. A make-a-home-within-you sort of way. God is asking you to open not just your mind, open not just your heart, but open even the most hidden, protected womb space within you.

But if you say yes, you should know what will happen. That small and empty space within you will swell and stretch to the size of a watermelon. And it will rearrange everything in your body. Your spleen and pancreas will have to figure out where else to go. But that's just the beginning. If you say yes to God making a home within you, your mind will be blown and your heart will expand to such a size that it will feel as if it will burst free from your rib cage. Your body will be launched on a journey that only moves in one inevitable direction that will have moments of intense joy but also—and this can't be avoided—excruciating pain. And once you say "yes" to that journey, there is no turning back on that path. There is no way out but through it.

So, yes, it is a gift that is being offered you today – the greatest of gifts – but not one that should be accepted casually. If you open yourself to God in this way today, nothing... nothing will ever, ever be the same again. That's a little scary isn't it? Maybe a lot scary.

But, if it is any consolation, you should know that you won't be the first person to accept this radical invitation. You will be a servant of the Lord in a long line of servants of the Lord. And in particular, there is a young woman who you can turn to. A young woman who once upon a time said "yes" to allowing God to come and dwell within her in a most particular way, even though she had no real idea what that would look like and where her "yes" would take her. And so as you are pondering your own response, perhaps take a moment to pray the Hail Mary and ask her intercession on your behalf.... That you might have an ounce of her courage, a pint of her faithfulness, and a full measure of the joy she knew in opening every part of herself to God.

**For further exploration:**

This is an exceedingly incomplete bibliography. Just pointing you to a few of my favorites that I had easily available at my finger tips.

If you would like to have a really good description of Ignatian contemplation and how to go about it, see:

Martin, James, SJ. "The Gift of Imagination" (chapter 12) in [\*Learning to Pray: A Guide for Everyone\*](#). (HarperCollins, 2021)

If you would like to consider more about how imagination can shape form, see:

McKenzie, Alyce. [\*Novel Preaching: Tips from Top Writers on Crafting Creative Sermons\*](#) (Westminster John Knox, 2010)

If you are looking for samples of preachings done from what I would call "Ignatian form" (in all its varieties) there are lots of wonderful ones out there, especially in the works of Barbara Brown Taylor and Fred Craddock and Alyce McKenzie. Two Catholic sources that are entirely comprised of such reflections are:

Cain, Bill, SJ. [\*The Diary of Jesus Christ\*](#) (Orbis, 2021)

Coffey, Kathy. [\*The Hidden Women of the Gospels\*](#) (Orbis, 2003) (Note that there is also a new 2021 edition out called *More Hidden Women of the Gospels* that just came out last year.)