

The Feast of the Epiphany  
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After four years of subscribing to our particular satellite service, today I figured out how to program the remote control to work the "mute" feature on the television. While this may not seem like a big deal or a major accomplishment, it is both of those things for me. Let's face it, few of us like to be bombarded with commercials, and it is very annoying that the commercials are broadcast at a volume much higher than the program one is usually watching. So figuring out how to program the remote is a big deal. I guess one could say that I am easily amused, or that my standards in one's pride for daily accomplishments may need to be adjusted, and perhaps both of those things are true as well. But I think it is no small thing that this just happened to occur on the Feast of the Epiphany. Now I don't believe that God is overly concerned with the volume of the commercials being sent through our system, and I don't think he was terribly bothered by my inconvenience of not having the mute function work. But God is working every day to reveal himself to me in my life, and to show me ways in which I can continually see him at work every single day. And just as he is wont to do, God reveals himself to us in ways we would hardly expect. And he uses things and circumstances in our lives which we would hardly deem worthy of God's attention. And yet there he was, wholly present in my little victory of mastering the remote control. The lesson that God chose to re-instill in me today is that he is present in the "little victories" just as much as he is in the major conquests of our lives. Jesus came to us in the most unexpected of ways, and on this the Feast of the Epiphany he was shown to the world not as a triumphant conquering King, but rather as one who appeared frail and helpless. God showed himself to his creation not in the grandest of ways, but in the smallest of ways as a child in the manger.

All too often in our lives, we as human beings look for God to manifest himself in ways of grandeur and splendor, and we miss the opportunity to embrace God in the smallest of victories - the smallest of blessings (as if any blessing could be small). One might try to stop smoking, stop swearing, or stop watching questionable movies; or start exercising, start reading the Bible every day, start being friendlier to neighbors - any one of those things that we make as resolutions at this time of year. Often times when we fail or re-lapse, we give up in the whole thing - or more often - we wait to "succeed" before accepting that God will celebrate with us. But if we embrace the "little victories" God will celebrate, reward and bless us for that. Every time we refuse a cigarette, thank God for the little victory. Every time we catch ourselves and don't say that four letter word, thank God for the little victory. Many little victories will add up to a big one eventually, and we will have affected a major change in our lives for the better. But remember that among the little victories are often times when we lose a particular battle. Losing a battle is not losing the war. Keep seeking and celebrating the little victories in your Christian life. God takes great pleasure in those, and walks with you on your journey every day as you accomplish them.

My conquering of the remote control may seem trivial after all this, but it showed

me just how satisfying a little victory can be. It also caused me to reflect on the greatness and goodness of God, and on his ever-present mercy. I think that's what he wanted in the end, anyway. Blessed Epiphany.