

From the Pastor's Office

1st Sunday of Lent

I blinked, and suddenly it is Lent. It has come upon me. No more floating about. Time to get serious. Our task now is to prepare ourselves for the great tragedy of Calvary and then to celebrate the great joy of Easter. Our RCIA Catechumens and Candidates are now entering the final straight. To all of you who have loved the Lord all of your life, could you please now focus? It is Palm Sunday when lots of you begin to pay attention. Time passes and the riches are lost forever. You can't be the Bridesmaid forever. They told you to get ready ages ago. The Bridegroom is coming so now is the time to get ready. Capiche? I have always loved the line from Deuteronomy today, "My father was a wandering Aramean..." It captures images of the pilgrim. It also captures images of the one who is lost wandering all over the place. Sometimes I am a pilgrim. I know the road and I am on the journey. Other times I am all over the place. I walk through swamps and marshes. I have no idea what I am doing. I don't know where I am going or where I have come from. Will someone point the way for me before I have a heart attack? Lent is a beautiful season in the Church. Put the suffering aside for a minute. The scriptures are intense. The purple in the church is vivid. We are moving towards the great climax. There is Jerusalem and Palm Sunday ahead. By the time I reach Palm Sunday, I am supposed to be hugely nourished by the Word of God. Satisfied. That is the point of my penances and fasts. I am to give up my terrestrial pleasures and find my nourishment and pleasure in the Heavens. Let God feed me for a while. Let me spend time with God. We haven't had a real chat for a long time. Usually I rabbit on about my family, my ungrateful children, why I haven't won the Lottery, I need a new car, I hate my neighbors. I just go on and on. God sits there and keeps looking at his watch. When will this one ever stop? Lent is a time to be quiet. We are supposed to be reflective. Unfortunately, when Spring Break comes I won't be able to be quiet very much. We are all off to South Padre, etc., etc. You go and enjoy yourselves. Meanwhile, the rest of us will carry on with our suffering. Somebody has to do it.



With love,
Fr. Pat