

From the Pastor's Office

Easter Sunday

A funny thing about Easter Sunday, I always associate it with sunny days. I guess I have imbibed the spirit of the Resurrection. Today our motto should be "Don't worry, be happy." There are a lot of happy people around today. A whole bunch of nice people joined our St. Catherine's Church last night. They are now officially Catholics. They have spent the last year faithfully going to Catechism class to learn all about the Catholic faith. Jesus is Risen from the dead. I have also risen from my death. I remember when I went to college to study English literature. The Professor began talking about the willing suspension of Disbelief. I had no idea what he was talking about. Then he showed us. You go to a movie and you kind of get into it. You hope the hero survives. You hope they arrest the baddies. Then the movie concludes and the lights go on. You return to your real life. We allow ourselves to get involved in the story. We root for the good guys and we want the bad guys to go to jail. We have been doing that this past Holy Week. We started on Holy Thursday and the mood in our Church changed. Things get very serious and solemn. By Good Friday we were a mess of tears and emotions. Holy Saturday was a long empty day. Then Easter Sunday came and everywhere the sun is shining. We have put ourselves through a spiritual wringer. Unfortunately, now that Holy Week has passed does that mean we return to our day job again? Now that Easter is over, Summer cannot be far behind. Time to think of vacations and trips. Surely that is the next thing. We must not allow our liturgical Feast days to become distant memories. Hopefully, every one of us was moved to reflect on the events of Holy Week and Easter. Maybe I want to renew my faith. Maybe I want to deepen my relationship with the Lord Jesus. Maybe there is time for some prayer in my life after all. I hope that I do not leave Holy Week and Easter out on the field. Let me imbibe the spiritual richness of the season. Hopefully, my faith becomes intensified because I stood in front of Calvary. I stood in front of the empty tomb. Am I just a spiritual tourist gazing at the sights, or am I on an actual pilgrimage? Is it time for the gift shop?



With love,
Fr. Pat