

Grateful in Prayer

The following words have rolled around in my foggy brain for years. I don't know if my sister and I have set a record for being on the prayer list at church but boy it has been long. Decades.

Many times over the years I have sensed the power and presence of people praying for me. In the last few weeks, whether through a sudden episode of clarity, or just because God wanted me to see, I have seen prayers of others and mine specifically answered. And what I am talking about is really seeing the physical evidence of the prayer answered. I was awestruck and overjoyed. My faith solidified even further.

I've been a 'pray-er' for most of my life. First the rote prayers of a child, then an ever expanding type and volume of prayer. For much of that praying I do not know how my prayers were answered or those I knew of others praying. I just believe they were all answered, perhaps missing the answers, or not understanding how God answered them (or maybe not particularly liking the answer). I just knew all prayers were answered. To see actual specific results and not just one but many is wonder filled experience of a lifetime.

My main point in all of this relates directly to my parish. I believe we are a parish like few others. We believe in action – and in words only as they result in action that is good. I believe we are humble. I believe we are the salt of the earth. I can't believe that I, as a complete outsider and a RRIC (Reckless Roman Irish Catholic – very different than a Roman Catholic) was accepted immediately almost thirty years ago and tolerated many times since. I deeply love the people of my parish. It is my true earthly home. And I am very humbled to be counted amongst our presence.

My gratefulness for all of you, at good St. Wenceslaus, has consumed me. I knew all along that the prayers for me were literally holding me up, allowing me to get through some horrendous times.

How can I thank you enough? I do not think I can. All I can do is tell you, which I do not think we as humans do in general nearly often enough, is thank you and know how much I appreciate what you did for me through your intercessions with the great and only one God, in all His splendid Triune-ness. Perhaps your asking/interceding for me has kept me alive and healthy in Spirit – which is far more important than healthy in my temporal temple/body.

So please know how appreciated you are. There are no words this side of heaven to describe the extent. How grateful I am for all of you for all of us. The best thing that ever happened to me in moving up here, north of the 45th, is you.

I believe with all my heart Martin's words every Sunday. These are probably not his exact words but this is the message that I hear...

"Welcome to St. Wenceslaus! Welcome to all our visitors. Know that everyone and anyone is welcome here. Our church is open twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Come anytime."

Please know, if you do not already, that as in the past, present and now future, forever will I hold you in my heart and prayers. You are loved not just by Him, but by me too.

I cannot believe my luck and good fortune in discovering this little church at the end of Alleluia row.

Martin says it often. I have always believed it. There is nothing more powerful than prayer.

Thank you again and again and again.

Yours in the service of our Master...

Clement