

Mid Lent

In Mary Ann's presentation about St. Joseph, our Spiritual Father (I hope I got that part right), after this past week's Benediction, she began with asking the question...

When was the last time you said 'wow' or oh wow!' about something.

The answers varied widely. She used this expression to describe aspects of the Great Saint, who taught the Savior of the world as a father, and as the ultimate devoted spouse to the Queen of the Universe.

I wish my memory worked better (don't all of us), because her presentation was excellent and either opened my eyes, or opened them again, to who, what, is - St. Joseph.

But back to the 'Wow' moments.

People talked about the sunset of the previous evening. I spoke of seeing prayers answered.

A paradigm shift occurred for me after Mary Ann's presentation. Many times I have glimpsed God's great wonder, His creation and what I call His God art, like that sunset of last Tuesday. I've written at least a hundred articles about God's great gift of creation mostly as it applies to this planet He put in our care but some about the heavens above in all its glorious star filled wonder. Aren't we lucky that light pollution does not dim our view of the vast splendor of the skies above us.

So this paradigm shift that occurred was now I am actively looking for and identifying 'oh wow!' moments instead of just catching a few of the many He shows us.

It is not just the 'oh wow!' moments of the land around us, here in God's country, 'the county'. It is the 'oh wow' moments I see in other people beginning with my nuclear family.

Because I know the Master of the Universe resides in each and every one of us. Give this some thought and you come to realize how miraculous this is, that He is in us, all of us, and so we are part of His body, which supersedes all 'bodies' anywhere, anytime, anyplace.

As life goes on I see more, learn more, forget most of what I did know. But I am content and overjoyed by the ultimate 'oh wow!'. His presence.

For this I thank him every day as I go about my routines, many times a day. I know my gratitude is but one tiny voice and sorely insufficient compared to what I receive from Him. But I believe – I know – He hears me.

He is my Lord.

Amen.

Clement

PS. You might want to give our Wednesday Benediction at 6 PM a try. It is so peaceful....