

Closing In

When I was a child, Christmas was my favorite Christian celebration, indeed my favorite celebration period. When I became older, Christmas remained my favorite time, as it does mark the center of time, when He was born.

When I became older still, the mystery of Easter, seeped more and more into my consciousness, as in understanding. I went from 'How could they do this to Jesus' as a young one, to gaining wisdom as to why He had to do His Father's will.

Life will teach you all you need to know, if you read about and follow the steps of the Master. Those of us with unusual physical, mental, or financial challenges have a leg up, if we chose one of two paths. One path is to learn from these challenges if you believe the never ending support and grace of our God Triune. The other path leads to a life filled with anxiety, despair, and sometimes horror. Sometimes one has to tread the second path to appreciate the first.

I am lucky. Actually I am very lucky. My parents raised me in what I call the Franciscan mode. You do not care about material things. Your purpose is to serve others. There were many times with the success of career and the role of filling the needs of those closest to you blurred my vision. Materialism entered, though I pursued it only because it was what someone in my nuclear family felt it important. And at times they were. Now that time and health have stripped me of much of this, I understand much more my parents, their beliefs, their teachings.

I have made them my own. With that, I have finally come to get glimpses of true peace, true contentment, true love.

I will never be foolish enough to say that 'I am there'. I will never quit striving to understand what the Master instructs and apply it to those I love, to those I don't know, to those in greater need. There is nothing sanctimonious about this, unless you fall into bragging about it. But sometimes your voice, which is a gift and not really years, needs to be heard by others, for their sake, not yours.

And whenever possible, back up everything true, with action.

I could lament the loss of physical ability brought on by disease and eventually age. Indeed, these thoughts have cause great turmoil in me, and sometimes still do, as dreams begin to fade from possibilities to wishful thinking.

But I know my God and my greatest intercessor, His Queen, are always there, even if at the times you do not feel it, sometimes for very long periods of time.

You see, I hold onto Hope, even when I see no possibility of what I hope for. Paul put it perfectly when he described hope. If you see it and experience it, it is not hope, for it to remain Hope, it cannot be seen.

And so I hope. For all of us.

Clement