

Joy



She sprinted across the field parallel to a rainbow... the rainbow, the promise of God to Noah. I knew by her stride that she was filled with that moment of pure joy. I also know her, through her mother, and the joy that she experiences daily. This was another moment of many, of joy in her life.

As a child she embraces each moment of joy like it is their first. It is no wonder He said...

(The Greatest in the Kingdom Mt: 18: 1-5) At that time the disciples* approached Jesus and said, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" He called a child over, placed it in their midst, and said, "Amen, I say to you, unless you turn and become like children,* you will not enter the kingdom of heaven. Whoever humbles himself like this child is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoever receives one child such as this in my name receives me."

I always kid my children and now my grandchildren when my birthday rolls

around and they ask, "Hey Pop, how old are you?"

Or in the case of my grandchildren, "Hey Big Popup, how old are you?" (One of the other grandpa's, the great one is called Little Popup because he is about five foot ten while I am six feet four.) I always answer 'twelve'. Sometimes I quantify that with 'I liked having the mind of a twelve year old'.

Back in 'the day' when I was twelve, life was simply one grand adventure after another. Whether it was in the books I read, like C.S. Lewis's Narnia tales, or stories of the Saints amongst many others. That was the time when the original Star Trek came out. It was the one television show I was allowed to watch per week, in black and white. I lived on a farm, albeit a small one. So I was constantly in the woods exploring, hunting squirrels and rabbits in season. Out of season I would roam with our ever present two collies sometimes into the dark of night in the winter, miles we would go. I had not yet discovered girls and still wanted to be a priest. It was an incredible age.

I don't know if kids get to experience that now with the advent and explosion of technology, our greatest non Creator made revolution. Yes, the industrial revolution changed many things and began the poisoning of our world, now at the tipping point. But the technological revolution which original intent was

to make our lives 'easier' and reduce paper became a kaleidoscope of many messy things invading the minds of children who are not even six with its video games and access to 'stuff' online. Not to mention it keeps them on the couch instead of out in the great wonder of His Creation. It turned from a good intent to something that more often than not can be described as horrible.

So again I call upon us to remember, particularly those born and raised and working for a living before technology, to embrace little children whenever we can. Help them enter the world of He Who made all and away from the technological tools corrupted by the evil one. To communicate with them, you have to be, like He said, become one of them.

With the mind, anything is possible. It is possible to remember what it was like to be twelve or nine or ten and become again that child. It is possible to have a conversation with a little one, preferably on a walk through the woods, at their level while slipping in the observations of the great wonder of Creation that surrounds us. And of course with Him, anything is possible.

If we do this, we not only become like little children, we show our ultimate love for Him and for these little ones, who also are created in His image and Likeness. It always goes back to 'the two' doesn't it? (1) We must love Him (2) We must love each other.

Clement



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