

The Subject of Change

and Interruptions

Just as we've settled in and found ourselves on a streak of a pleasantly routine day to day life, something happens. It could be a minor thing that only disrupts what we're doing for a few minutes. It can be something that suddenly eats up half a day. Then there are those things changing everything.

My guess is that everyone in this parish has experienced the last one. The most intense are when you find yourself hurriedly packing everything you can think of and rush off to help a relative or friend. Often this involves going to a hospital to make sure that the hospital does not uhm... them, as in you want them to live through the hospital! Several of you very close to me have experienced this recently.

You come across quotes through life that tend to stick with you. They are usually one, two or three liners. One of my favorites is from a book C.S. Lewis wrote, *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*.

When Peter and Susan (With serious trepidation I might add, as they were told to NEVER to bother 'the Professor'!) went in to talk to him about their concern for Lucy because they did not believe her when she told them about the world of Narnia, and said...

"Pardon us sir. We did not want to interrupt you."

The Professor stops what he is working on. He looks up, peering at them over the top of his glasses. Takes the glasses off. Sets them to the side. Leans a bit back in his chair. (Now Peter and Susan's alarm was rising with every move!) And he said...

"Oh, life would be so boring without interruptions. Please! Come in and sit down."

... with a smile.

The ensuing dialogue about how to discern the truth is quite fascinating and well worth the read or re-read, but that is another story.

Ever since reading, decades ago, what the Professor said, every time something happens to me that 'interrupts' my life, I think of that discussion. And when those interruptions happen, I put down my glasses and smile and wonder...

So what do you have in store for me now, Lord?!

After all, it **IS** all about doing His will. It **IS** the only thing that matters. I would never attempt to understand His sense of humor, though at times I find it wondrously delightful. Nor do I try and figure out why He interrupts life with a nudge (or in my case a baseball bat) saying...

They need help!

I just get up, remember the Boy Scout in me, pack what I need for at least a week, at my age as every one of the same age knows, make sure I have enough medications and...

...head off to do His will, even though I may have no idea of what it is.

I mean, isn't THAT what faith is all about?