

## **I See the Hand of Him Who Created All In Everything**

When I was in second grade, it was Sister Mary Joseph Michael that planted the seed of faith and knowledge that God is everywhere. My key memories from second grade include my first Holy Communion and Sister Mary Joseph going into great detail about His presence in every single thing down to the tiny quark. This was about the time in history when molecules and atoms, neutrons and protons were taught and discussed in the upper grades.

This did not stop our special Sister from bringing that study of physics and biology into our discussion of the presence of the Almighty. It stuck with me because I did believe in our Creator and his omnipotent and omnipresence. If He created everything who was to argue that His presence was in everything; even the chair, couch, pew, or bed you are in or sitting on as you read this missive.

A few years after teaching our grade, Sister Mary Joseph went into the mountains of Peru as a missionary teacher. Within about six years after that a disease in the area exacerbated by high altitude took her to be with Him forever. As a member of Order of the Sisters of Charity, hers' was her unbelievable commitment to Him and in doing so taught with such love that every single student I knew, fifty to a class, loved her.

I relentlessly see the hand of God in everything. My earliest memory of that fact being the love the great Sister showed us as she taught us about Him, along with reading, writing and arithmetic – where she always demonstrated the presence of Him even in teaching us those needs to survive in a world that became what none thought it would.

Here in the Great Northwest, we live in a sea of explosion, of His Creation both in the waters and the land with its mountains everywhere, the world's largest ocean running up its entire west coast, dense forests of the majestic ponderosa pine covering most everything, secrete valleys, lakes and rushing streams with waterfalls unique, often glacier fed filled with all kinds of trout and salmon.

Then there is 'the mountain', as most locals refer to it. It is the tallest in the contiguous forty-eight and the third most dangerous strata volcano in the world. As you drive through a countryside lush with the misty rains of the past season and now glorious in their spring to summer splendor blossoms abounding in every kind of shape and color, it suddenly is there. You come around a corner and it appears out of nowhere on the horizon sixty miles away towering over its neighbors by almost half again their height and girth. Tahoma the First People called it, or 'the mountain that touches the sky' or 'the sky wiper'. A white settler... George Vancouver named Mount Rainier in honor of his friend, Rear Admiral Peter Rainier.

(Over)

Trying to be aware as possible when I drive exploring my new area, I am in constant gratitude and prayer, often stunned by scenery I've never seen before. From the wild flowers, to the many mule deer (I actually stopped the car on my drive this morning to talk with one – it seemed she listened for about ten seconds before she went back to grazing by the road), to the towering foothills covered in Ponderosa Pine and the still snow covered mountain peaks rising up beyond the foothills, to the lakes that sparkle like billions of diamonds as they reflect the Sol Star shining down with its rays of life, to an occasional grumpy bear, to the majestic elk and the fields of wild daisies that shimmer in the morning dew...

Divine awe is the only words I can come up with to describe what I feel and know. I often find my jaw dropped open as that sensation of seeing, smelling and experiencing His world which He gave us to be good stewards.

I know He is most visible in those of us created in His Image and Likeness. Whether we believe it or not, His Spirit, resides in us all. What brings Him out, with the people doing His will, not their own, is Love, His. That ever present, always accessible Love, is why we always have hope. We hope and believe because we have faith. Not faith in any religion but faith, in Him.

Again, it starts small. A single person, believes, has faith and acts with Love. The ripple effects are unknown. Sometimes when you love, you don't think your actions caused any real change for the person or group of people with which you interact. You may never find out the impact of your act of love. Occasionally, years or decades later, you find out the help and love you gave willingly and unconditionally did indeed have an impact shaping not just one, but several lives to think more about Him, particularly in gratitude. You sowed the seeds, He watered them, and others received the benefit. Did you benefit? Sometimes you do, sometimes you don't. It does not matter if you live a life of unconditional love.

Love is the greatest of His many gifts of Creation.

After all, what two commandments were His last before He left us to go back up from where we all came from, Home.

Love Me and love every single other person created in His Image and likeness.

That is our daily task above and beyond all else. It is our real job.

And remember... He is ALWAYS with us and in us.

clement

