

## Message from the Rector

Dear People of God,

Despite COVID-19 still causing fear, worry, stress, anger and frustration spring is here!

Trees budding. Flowers springing forth from beneath the earth. Grass greening and both the White Sox and Cubs are still undefeated! Sun's warmth and blue skies (especially this week). Everywhere we turn speaks of life!

The Resurrection of Jesus is life so full and abundant we call it eternal life. Jesus our life . . . light . . . hope. Our Easter Season is a time to dust ourselves off and start anew with lives rooted in the Lord Jesus.

If you were to sit down and reflect upon your life and write a letter to a loved one – what would you say? This stay-at-home time might be a wonderful opportunity to write a letter to someone. I share with you a letter written by an 83 year-old . . . Read . . . and pass it on . . .

Dear Bertha,

I'm reading more and dusting less. I'm sitting in the yard admiring the view without fussing about the weeds in the garden. I'm spending more time with my family and friends and less time working. Whenever possible, life should be a pattern of experiences to savor, not to endure.

I'm trying to recognize these moments now and cherish them.

I'm not "saving" anything. I use my good china and crystal for every special event such as losing a pound, getting the sink unstopped, or the first Amaryllis blossom.

I wear my good blazer to the market. My theory is if I look prosperous, I can shell out \$28.49 for one small bag of groceries.

I'm not saving my good perfume for special parties, but wearing it for clerks in the hardware store and tellers at the bank.

“Someday” and “one of these days” are losing their grip on my vocabulary. If it’s worth seeing or hearing or doing, I want to see and hear and do it now.

I’m not sure what others would’ve done had they known they wouldn’t be here for the tomorrow that we all take for granted. I think they would have called family members and a few close friends. They might have called a few former friends to apologize and mend fences for past squabbles. I like to think they would have gone out for a Chinese dinner or for whatever their favorite food was. I’m guessing: I’ll never know.

It’s those little things left undone that would make me angry if I knew my hours were limited. Angry because I hadn’t written certain letters that I intended to write “one of these days.” Angry and sorry that I didn’t tell my family and friends and parents often enough how much I truly love them.

I’m trying very hard not to put off, hold back, or save anything that would add laughter and luster to our lives. And every morning when I open my eyes, I tell myself that it is special. Every day, every minute, every breath truly is a gift from God.

People say true friends must always hold hands, but true friends don’t need to hold hands because they know the other hand will always be there.

I don’t believe in miracles. I rely on them.

Life may not be the party we hoped for, but while we are here we might as well dance.

What a beautiful letter!

Words spoken from the heart. Each day we write a letter with our lives. What am I “writing in action?”

At the same time, Father Medard Laz shares this powerful story.

### **Has Your Soul Been Crushed?**

In his second year at college, Martin Short, the actor, comedian, singer and writer, lived at home, helping to care for his sick father.

Here is what he says about this tragic moment: “When my dad died at the end of my sophomore year, I stopped and took stock of my life. There was this real sense that my childhood was officially over. I decided that I wanted to be an actor. I knew I was loved as a kid. The thing you can always rely on, your core person, comes from your family’s attention and love.

“When my mother got sick, and I’d see her fight to survive, it gave me an early view of bravery and what life was about. I was able to prepare for it. Your mother dies, and you’re 18, and you face a choice. Are you going to take drugs? Become a drunk? Or are you going to try to become more spiritual? Why not go with the thing that seems more positive?”

Then he thought for a moment: “Why do I tend to be optimistic?” Then Short answered his own question: “Because the alternative is just crushing to my soul.”

I had to face the same question myself that Martin Short faced. My own mother died when I was 18. She was the dearest person I’ve ever had in my entire life. I was a senior in High School. I was forced to make a choice . . . . .

Did I want to do something “to crush my soul?” Or did I want to do something to liberate my deep pain and grief, so as to feed and nurture my soul? This coronavirus pandemic is forcing many of us to make a similar choice.

Consider how a certain event in YOUR LIFE has determined WHO YOU ARE as a person, soul and body and how you have cared for your soul.

Is God giving YOU a “Wake-up Call” during this time of the pandemic?

What a beautiful story and challenge given by Fr. Laz.

Please continue to pray for all essential workers, especially the first responders and healthcare workers who courageously get up every day to return to the front lines. And we offer our prayers for all who have contracted COVID-19 and share our deepest condolences to those who grieve the loss of their loved one(s) during this time.

Remember – choose peace over panic. Faith over fear. Wisdom over worry.

Walking with you,

Fr. Greg

**See next page for cartoon.**

## Humor from the Rector



“People are using the word lockdown because they can’t spell the word kwarinteen!”