

April 20, 2020

My favorite part of Monday was having lunch with my colleagues at SMG. I would love to hear about George and Steve and Bentley and Mya and what they had been up to over the weekend, but I didn't really realize that until today when I woke up, momentarily forgot where we were really, and started looking forward to lunch that was not to be.

It has got to be very difficult for many of you, having grandchildren that you cannot really see or touch or smell. If I had grandchildren I would indulge and anticipate any way imaginable to offer anything I could to make them happy and feel more affirmed and valued.

While I do not have grandchildren, there are many people who have allowed me to become a part of their stories and for that I am very thankful because they have allowed me in their stories as a way of investing in the future, not my future, but their future, equipping them with as much emotional and spiritual capital as I could so that they could enjoy life as I have enjoyed life and handle the rough spots and the learn to live through the nights to the days that always come.

One of the last things I said at the last Mass we had that Sunday to the scattered groups of people, but especially the young people, was to keep a diary or a journal because we were entering a place where no one had been before and their memories and impressions would serve them well in the future when we get out of this.

Stories are what, essentially, create us and we use stories to create our worlds of meaning and the really good stories happen when we are not even looking for them. Shared stories are what, essentially, make for history.

History has a factual element to it, dates, places, names, etc. but essential history is the interpretation we give to the totality of the experience. That is what the Gospels are, interpretations of shared stories, not an historical narrative.

Think about your stories, the stories that have made you who you are, the people who are a part of those stories, and the people that have taken you into their stories.

Write or just remember, cry, laugh, but don't give into the fear or the anger or the frustration. I know it is getting tough, I know that we are losing so much and I know that we have no idea what we will learn if anything from this, but when it finally does end and we can feel safe and happy, we will have stories to tell and we will laugh again, of that I am sure.

My favorite image of the resurrected Christ is that as Lord of the Dance. I just think of all of us out there jiggling body parts and sliding and swaying all over that dancefloor, as if we are at a wedding.

That first sign of Jesus in the Gospel of John, a story of a wedding and wine, was not a Solemn High Mass.

Well, maybe it was!

PS George and Steve and Bentley and Mya are pets, two dogs and two cats