

THE PASTOR'S POST

CHALK IT UP!

Dear Parish Family:

I was not going to write a bulletin column this week. Just a lot happening in these days and figured the feast of this day - the Body and Blood of Christ speaks for itself. Then I left the 7:30 p.m. Spanish Mass tonight (Wednesday) and it all came together. I was going to stay and pray quietly in the Church but was asked by someone to talk outside.

I am glad I did because I walked out into an incredible action that brought various pieces of our parish together doing something beautiful for God as we are making preparations for the Corpus Christi Mass and procession that will have taken place by the time you read this.

Let me explain. The ideas generated from the Art and Environment Ministry and a person who knows the streets of Westbury well. Having come to a few of our outreach ministries, he knows he has a home here at St. Brigid's. An artist with a variety of colors always on his person, he was asked to help us create some art for the beginning of the Corpus Christi procession. At the time of this writing, he has been working for about six hours to create a beautiful symbolic beginning to our procession with the Blessed Sacrament.

I am not sure it will still be in the same shape it's in now by the weekend, but I see the host - the large host we often use at Mass with its broken pieces coming together as the Spirit descends to transform. The pieces of the host never break perfectly, trust me, so the pieces are different shapes, sizes, and colors but together they form something beautiful - the Body of Christ.



Then, as I walked out of Mass, many families were standing around and were inviting to color in the various pieces of the mural. You can see each tile is colored differently - in color, texture, style. Some in the lines, some outside. Older and younger parishioners working together

to let the world know that something is happening here. Some of us are better at detail than others. (As one second grader reminded me, "You're not taking your time, Fr. John". He was right.) Others have the gift of cleaning up. Others the ability to see a new color combination. Even one - me - was able to knock over a bucket of water that took out

part of the green piece. I'll repair it again tomorrow! Imperfection is possible in the Body of Christ, the Church, too!

What a powerful symbol of who we are about as a Eucharistic people. Like grains of wheat we come together - all different shapes and sizes, strengths and weaknesses, gifts and gaps, blessings and the broken parts. Like bread and wine, we too can be transformed into something even more beautiful for God and his people. Even those on the margins - or at least viewed by some to be on the margins - find a place and even take the lead.

There is a lot for us to pray about this week and this weekend. I hope the 40 Hours Devotion and the Mass reminds of the power of the Eucharist. It is not some symbol or something that is part of a ritual. We encounter the risen and glorified Christ. Our worship at Sunday Mass and our devotion in these hours reminds us of this. We make these prayers in the midst of a possible war, the fear and agony of our immigrant brothers and



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sisters, the increasing needs of the hungry and homeless in our community and an ever increasing lack of reverence for the gift of life in one another, seen and unseen. We make these prayers confident in the risen and glorified Christ who walks with us.

But to receive the Eucharist and not go out - as I almost did tonight - is to miss the mission set before us. For in receiving the risen and glorified Christ, we are called to bring that presence of God to those in need, particularly those viewed by others as expendable or extra, or able to be discarded or deported and especially the poor and the vulnerable. If we are not doing this in our everyday lives, one can question if we really understand what we are receiving. To receive the Body of Christ and to fail to be the Body of Christ, especially to those on the margins, is a grave sin. Can we ask ourselves - am I doing all I can do these days to minister to the wounded Body of Christ? In my prayers? My actions? My service? If not, get to work!

It would not have been a bad thing if I stayed in the Church praying before the Blessed Sacrament. I'll go back after I write this tonight and again tomorrow morning. I am grateful for these times of prayer with our brothers and sisters - even at 3 a.m. in the morning! If I just stayed there, I would have missed out on an incredible opportunity to do something beautiful. We do the same when we fail to act.

So I'm glad I went outside. Chalk it up to the Holy Spirit.

Please pray for me - I promise the same.

Feather



Querida familia parroquial:

No iba a escribir una columna en el boletín esta semana. Simplemente están pasando muchas cosas en estos días y pensé que la fiesta de este día - el Cuerpo y la Sangre de Cristo habla por sí misma. Entonces salí de la Misa en español de las 7:30 p.m. de esta noche (miércoles) y todo cobró sentido. Iba a quedarme y rezar en silencio en la Iglesia pero alguien me pidió que hablara fuera.

Me alegro de haberlo hecho porque salí a una acción increíble que reunió a varias partes de nuestra parroquia haciendo algo hermoso para Dios, ya que estamos haciendo los preparativos para la misa y la procesión del Corpus Christi que habrán tenido lugar cuando usted lea esto.

Permítanme explicarles. Las ideas surgieron del Ministerio de Arte y Medio Ambiente y de una persona que conoce bien las calles de Westbury. Después de haber venido a algunos de nuestros ministerios de ayuda, sabe que tiene un hogar aquí en Santa Brígida. Un artista con una variedad de colores siempre en su persona, se le pidió que nos ayudara a crear un poco de arte para el comienzo de la procesión del Corpus Christi. En el momento de escribir esto, he estado trabajando durante unas seis horas para crear un hermoso comienzo simbólico para nuestra procesión con el Santísimo Sacramento.

No estoy seguro de que siga teniendo la misma forma que tiene ahora para el fin de semana, pero veo la hostia, la hostia grande que utilizamos a menudo en misa, con sus trozos rotos uniéndose a medida que el Espíritu desciende para transformarla. Los pedazos de la hostia nunca se rompen perfectamente, créanme, así que los pedazos son de diferentes formas,