

END OF SCHOOL YEAR

God who said, "Let light shine out of darkness" has shone in our hearts to bring to light . . . the face of Jesus. 2Cor 4:6

Preacher: S. Catherine Marie Bazar, OP

When my women receive a prison sentence and send for a chaplain, I always teach them a three-word prayer to say every day: "This will end." Today a long nine months will end for some of you. But now that school is over, I'm sure, looking back, there may have been moments or events which we may have wished to handle differently – words spoken or not spoken, attitudes displayed or not displayed, decisions made that could have gone another way, hurts to others we could have avoided. The list can go on.

But then we have to realize that what we see is our finished product, flawed as it may seem, while God sees only the motive and rejoices in it. After all, we spend a good sixteen hours in loving dedication each day, but somehow at the end remember only the one or two minutes at the most where we could have done things better. "Going to confession" has programmed this in us. However, God sees things so differently – only the fifteen hours and fifty-eight minutes that shined the light on the face of Jesus.

When I was a very little girl, I wanted to take up crocheting, so my mother let me shop. I picked out some thin blue and white yarn, needles, and an instruction book. I saw a lovely doily and tried to replicate it. When I got done, it was small, lumpy, and far from round. So I found some thick brown yarn and began working around it. It ended up large, loose, and full of holes.

I took it to my mother and proudly said, "I made this for you." She held it to her heart and hugged me saying, "For me? It's beautiful! I'm giving it a place of honor." That doily was placed in our living room, and I beamed every time my mother "explained" it to company.

But when I grew up, as a teenager I was embarrassed by it and said, "Mom, get rid of that thing. It's hideous!" She replied, "Never! That was given to me out of love and I cherish it!" I'm sure the day I entered, she must have rushed home from the train station and tossed it. But the point is, like God, my mother saw only the love that was tediously poured into it. The pathetic mistakes only made it more endearing to her because she watched me perform an act of love through to the end. I think that's why God refers to us as "my child," "my children," knowing we are fragile and clumsy in our efforts.

Today, let us all relax in the joy of knowing that Mother God looks back on every single day of dedicated love you offered and says, "For Me? Beautiful! All you have done is given a place of honor in my heart because you have performed it through to the end!"

"The light that has shone out of darkness has shone in our hearts to bring to light the face of Jesus."

HAPPY SUMMER!