

Letter Two  
The middle age

This began when we assumed the role of empty nesters. Everyone off to college, some doing spectacularly so, others gaining enough practical life experiences that propelled them to success soon after graduating, some both.

It was down to me to participating at our Parish with mass, being a lector, a eucharistic minister and thriving in all these categories which clearly our Master wanted me to do. Medical disorders continued getting in the way, but I stuck to the course. Without God, this would have been impossible.

Again, I am reminded of Martin's message of following Jesus and doing His will and not mine. I found myself much closer to doing this versus the years I did not know how and therefore resisting His Will despite doing everything I could. It took a long fall down a deep well to teach me the ONLY way was His way. Now the decades of discernment came into fruitful play.

It was also the Fr. Andy years. This man's sermons I so badly wanted to record. When I asked him, he answered "Oh my goodness no! We've got enough of that hubbub floating around now!" with a chuckle. Fr. Andy played a role in saving our parish, our community, our church though we don't know how huge it was. I suspect it was massive. My perception was he had his finger in the dyke by insisting he would continue to say mass until the Parish Council worked up a beautiful and God driven plan to save us as a parish.

Going back to what the diocese decided on our first plan, the relief to me was incredible. St. Wenceslaus became my true home. We owned and ran our church. I helped in any way I could, excepting those periods when Jesus signaled me to 'take a break' by limiting, quite substantially, my physical abilities. But what a gift! Such a massive improvement in patience and more reasons to depend only on Him!

When Fr. Andy finally had to leave, we began our own mission, the incorporation of black priests into our Parish. I believe we were gifted with the first two because the bishop and whoever else makes such decisions, seemed to send us ones fresh into the missionary business from Africa, so that we could 'train' them in 'Catholic American Culture'.

We were gifted with quite a number of black priests switching eventually to black priests from with the United States. I believe the second black priest taught us that 'God is Great!' and we would respond 'all the time!' and then the priest would repeat 'And all the time!' which we answered, 'God is great!'. He began every sermon this way.

In a sense, these were the golden years for me at St. Wenceslaus. Fr. Andy baptized two of my grandkids and Fr. Elias one. I participated to the absolute limit of my abilities, I fell more deeply in love with our parish, our people, our Council all led by Deacon Martin as he followed the only way, our Master's. Most importantly my love for Him deepened and keeps deepening faster, and I had loved Him all my life.

Please rest comfortably that Jesus's will is the only way we can proceed. Exercise your right and obligation to pray daily, often, that we follow His will. This can be done almost every minute of every single day just by talking with Him, emphasizing our gratitude constantly for what He did and does for us.

Clement