Sunday, Sept. 14, 2014, Feast of The Exaltation of The Holy Cross

"…so must the Son of Man be lifted up,
so that everyone who believes in him must hav eternal life…"
John Chapter 3, Today's Feast

"**The cross is Christ's glory and triumph."**
St. Andrew of Crete

In 1960, I was assigned as assistant at St. Adalbert's Parish, at that time
a thriving National Bohemian Parish, although in addition to the Czechs who worshipped there,
other nationalities also worshipped there.
Time goes on and now on Sunday a Korean priest says Mass
in Korean there for a Korean congregation.

My first inquirer there in the Catholic Faith was a lovely young high school girl
attending South High School. She was interested in the Catholic Faith
and was coming for instructions on her own volition.
So we went through the little green catechism, page by page, question by question.

Later I had the privilege of welcoming her into the Catholic Church.
Still later I woud witness her marriage vows when she married.
And I would also be able to baptize their first baby.

That wedding was 50 years ago this September. There is a wonderful song from the great musical *Fantastiks*: *"Try to remember those days in September when all the world was soft and mellow!"*
And it was 50 years ago at their wedding.

Now in the autumn of 2014, they are celebrating their golden anniversary.
And I send this blessing to them and may it bless you too dear reader:

First- from the east: a rising good fortune.

Second- from the west-a waning of worry.

Third- from the north a cooling of fever.

Fourth- from the south a soothing breeze.

Fifth from the Father- a house secure.

Sixth from the Spirit- a full breathing.

Seventh- from the Son, a healing touch.

From: *A Contemporary Celtic Prayer Book*

So long ago, I was the instructor. She was the student.
Now it is the other way around.
She is the teacher and I and many others are the learners, for she is teaching us about the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. You see she is in her fifth year of battling pancreatic cancer. When I saw her recently, there was no complaining, no self pity, only a great joy that God had granted her time to witness the birth of her first genetic grand child.

To be a priest can be a humbling experience. For we get to witness the growth in faith of those who once came to us to be instructed in the Faith, and in time they far surpass us. And so it has come to be: She truly is a teacher in the Exaltation of The Holy Cross.