

Have no anxiety at all, but in everything by prayer and petition, with thanksgiving, make your requests known to God. Then the peace of God that surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus. Phil. 4-7

Second Reading



On the day of his accident, George ate the Bread of Life at Holy Communion

Over the last two weeks I and my fellow family members have survived on a sea of grief buoyed up by the prayers of so many that came to us on Face Book, email, telephone, and person to person. Thank you!

On September 26, 1000 people filed by the casket of my God-Son, George Marthaler. It is not so much what any of them said. No one remembers that. It is that they just showed up.

Being present means bringing a present of love and concern. How wonderful now that from as far away as China others "showed up" via Face Book!

We are now in the beautiful month of October. Leaves die and fall only after one last burst of vibrant color. The shadows lengthen. Nighr chill settles upon the land. Combines sweep through our filelds so that we can continue to say at every Eucharist:

"Blessed are you Lord God of all creation!

Through your goodness, we have this bread to offer, which earth has given and human hands have made. It will become for us the bread of life...Blessed be God forever."

On the morning of his fatal accident, George went to daily mass. He received Holy Communion. It turned out to be Viaticum, his food for his journey.

It is our food this Sunday, as well, and it gathers us together, as the wheat is gathered from the fields to be made into the one loaf. Many become one.

When the sword of death severs a loved one from our grasp, we need more than ever the others who are one with us. And we need our faith in the communion of saints, our belief that we remain one with those who have gone before us. They are now one with the glorious company of martyrs. Just this month we commend our departed loved ones to the October saints: Theresa, Francis, the Holy Angels. What a glorious company!

Our God-Son was 58 years old, but in a life all too short by our reckoning, he answered so well the challenge given to all of us by the French poet, Henri Amiel. May we do so as well:

"Life is short, and we have too little time to gladden the hearts of those who travel the way with us.

So be swift to love,

and make haste to be kind."