

**Send your holy angels from heaven...**

**Homily for 65th reunion of the Class of 1950, Creighton Prep, Omaha Nebraska which could serve as a reflection for anyone in their December years of life:**

**There is a beautiful prayer in the Roman Ritual for the Holy Angels:**

**"O God send your holy angels from heaven above to watch over, to cherish and protect those who dwell here."**

**And the good angels have cherished and protected us through these many years as we celebrate our 65th year of graduating from Creighton Prep.**

**There is a beautiful song from the musical *Fantastiks* which I would like to make the theme of this homily.**

**I think its three verses are so appropriate for anyone our age and can help us to remember to grow mellow as we journey into our last years.**

**The first verse recalls a mellow time in our lives long ago:**

***"Try to remember those days in September when life was slow and O so mellow.***

***Try to remember the kind of September when grass was green and grain was yellow.***

***Try to remember the kind of September when you were a tender and callow fellow.***

***Try to remember, and if you remember, then follow."***

**Do you remember 1946?**

**We were indeed tender and callow fellows!**

**Fuzzy cheeked freshmen wandering through the hallowed halls of the Creighton University Ad Building.**

**1946 was a very good year for everyone.**

**World War II was over.**

**It was a time of optimism... It was a time of hope.... It was a time of promise.**

**And we were indeed all callow fellows.**

**As I reflected on that year a memory surfaced vividly. I remember Father Stimpf teaching us in a history class. He drew a crescent on the board and proclaimed:**

**"This is the Fertile Crescent...the cradle of civilization.**

**It runs from the Nile Valley of Egypt, through Jerusalem, Syria, Iraq and beyond the Euphrates River into Iran. Civilization was born here and through all the centuries so much blood has been spilled here."**

**In that history class he taught us so long ago what is as current as this morning's newspaper.**

**Even when we were such callow fellows, we were taught by our Jesuit profs to learn the lessons of history.**

**Verse two from *Try To Remember* goes this way:**

***"Try to remember when life was so tender that no one wept except the willow.***

***Try to remember when life was so tender and dreams were kept beside your pillow.***

***Try to remember when life was so tender that LOVE was an ember about to billow.***

***And if you remember, then follow."***

**By 1950, 65 years ago many of us were in that earthy religion class taught by Father Flanagan studying the Sacrament of Marriage.**

**And dreams of girls by all of us were "kept beside our pillows."**

**For Bishop Tony and for me too when we took Nancy and Carol to the prom at Peony**

**Park.**

**And some of you would marry the girl you dreamed about in 1850, and the words of the song came to be:**

***"love was an ember about to billow."***

**I said Flambeau's class was earthy because Dick Roth, God rest his soul, one day in class wondered aloud what was so difficult about a woman giving birth, and Flambeau replied:**

**"Rothie, have you ever tried to pee a water melon?"**

**Which brings us to the last verse of the song:**

***"Deep in December, its nice to remember although you know the snow will follow.***

***Deep in December its nice to remember, without the hurt, the heart is hollow.***

***Deep in December its nice to remember the fire of September that made us mellow.***

***Deep in December, our hearts should remember and follow.***

**We are all in our eighties now: deep in the December season of our lives.**

**And we know the snow will follow.**

**And so we gather to remember.**

**Not dwelling on the hurts of the past, for as the song so wisely proclaims, "*without the hurts the heart is hollow.*"**

**Not dwelling on past mistakes... or even sins,**

**Rather this is the should be the harvest time of our lives:**

**a time to gather up good memories.**

**And now we have a Jesuit Pope who reminds us of some of the lessons taught to us so long ago by Jesuits like Flanagan, and Kanne, and Egan, Landers, and so many more:**

**To be men for others, to seek justice, and never forget the poor.**

**These are all lessons and teachers worth following.**

**and so we do.**

**Last week Pope Francis uttered these words at the Vesper Service in St. Patrick's Cathedral:**

**"WE need to think with remembrance on the blessings of our lives."**

**Are we capable of remembrance and gratitude?"**

**And the song's last line echoes the Holy Father's words:**

***"Deep in December...our hearts should remember and follow..***

**Yes, our hearts should remember and follow.**

**And in this □ our 65th anniversary WE DO REMEMBER and continue to follow those lessons we learned so long ago here at Prep..as callow fellows.**