

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 tor the Holy Angels:

"O God send your holy anges 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 celabrate our 65th year of graduating from Creighton Prep.

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

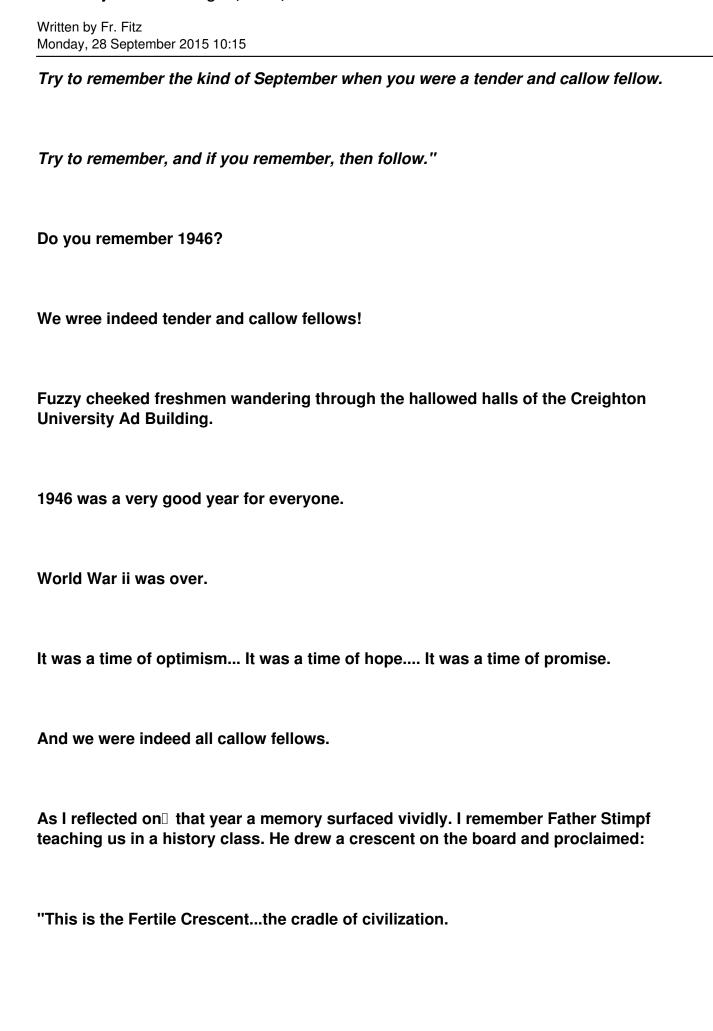
I think its three verses are so appropriate for anyone our age and can help us to remember to grow mellow as we journey into our last years.

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

"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.

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Written by Fr. Fitz Monday, 28 September 2015 10:15

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.

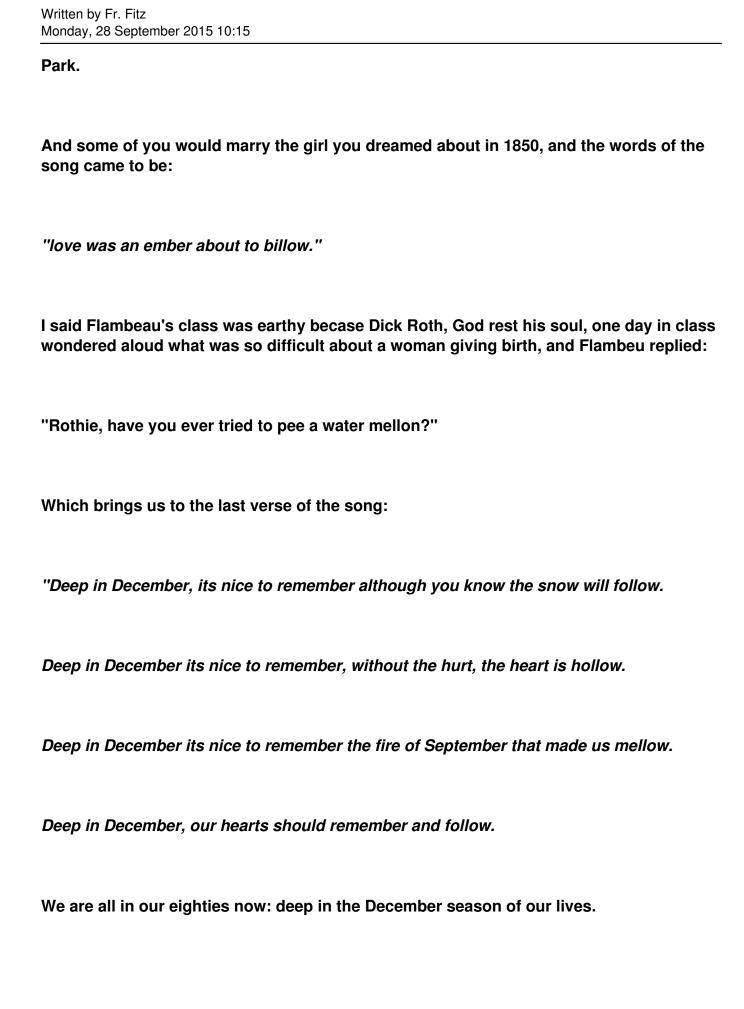
Try to remember when life was so tender that LOVE was an ember about to billow.

And if you remember, then follow."

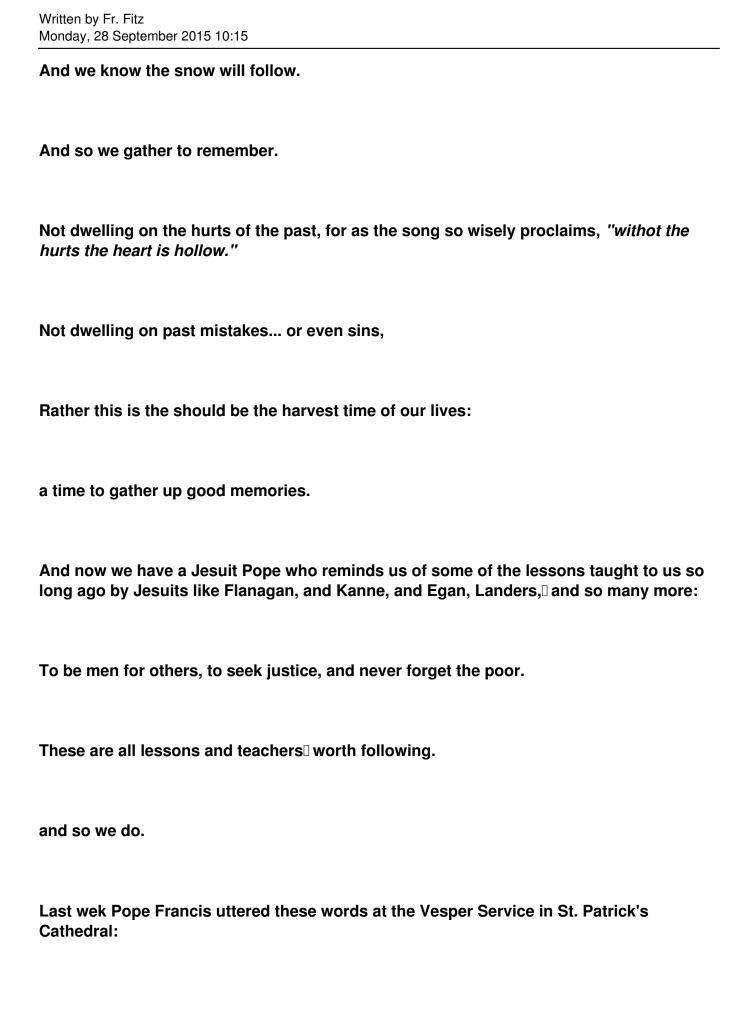
By 1950, 65 years ago many of us were in that earthy religion class taught by Father Flanagan studying the Sacrament of Marriage.

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



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Are we capable of rememberace and gratitude?"

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

"Deep in December...our hearts shoud remember and follow..

Yes, our hearts should remember and follow.

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