

We are all Trappists now!

There are two Trappists I have known: Brother Bernard, my uncle who was a monk for over 50 years, and Janet, my friend who after a long spiritual journey and a happy 10 year marriage, became a Trappist nun!

But this Holy week, in some sense we all become Trappists!

The Trappists mainly are silent and a lot of their time is spent in solitude and then in prayer.

When our monastery life due to the virus began, my activities were helter skelter, but now like the monks I have settled into a routine,

Dog walking and trying to be patient with HIS routine of eternal sniffing, praying, reading, writing, eating sparingly, and a movie nightly.

However there is nothing routine about the three days we are entering:

High Drama:

A banquet, a betrayal, a false judgment, a cross,

A VICTORY!

May the blessing of this triduum descend upon you and all health workers who take up their crosses daily and serve the sick at their own risk.

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