

Fr. Martin's Reflection – May 29, 2022

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

I know as you read this you are very much aware of the horrors that have taken place in Texas. I have no doubt that your heart, like mine, goes out to the families of the 19 children and 2 adults, whose lives were taken so brutally and so unnecessarily. I can only imagine the complete devastation and hopelessness the community of Uvalde, Texas must be experiencing. So, on their behalf, let us offer up our prayers that they will find the strength and courage to survive these dark days and weeks. Let us offer up our prayers that one day the seed of hope will once again sprout and grow in their hearts. Let us offer up our prayers that the love Christ Jesus has for them will help heal them and allow them to live again.

Sometimes we feel prayer is so little an offering and wonder if it can do anything for those who are suffering. Jennifer Hubbard, the mother of six-year-old Catherine, who lost her life in the Sandy Hook Elementary School shooting in 2012, stated what prayer offered her during her time of healing:

**“Prayer and hope go hand in hand,” she said. “Prayer is this ongoing deep-rooted relationship and dialogue with the only one who can provide direction and meaning and peace to our lives.”
“I truly believe that if you do nothing else in the course of a day, if you spend your time praying, you’ve done more than you can ever imagine.” “Prayer is a response to knowing that God has something in store for you.”**

Let us make time, let us sincerely pray with the whole of our hearts for the families and staff of Robb Elementary School, and the Community of Uvalde, Texas. May the healing love of Christ strengthen them and restore them to a hope-filled life.

My God, why have you let this happen? Why did you forsake us?

Creator – why uncreate? Redeemer – why destroy wholeness?

Source of love – why rip away the one I loved so utterly?

Why? Why, O God?

In this pit of darkness, hollowed out by grief and screaming, I reach out to the one I loved and cannot touch.

Where are you, God? Where are you, except here in my wounds which are also yours?

God as I hurl at you my aching rage and bitterness, hold me, and stay here until this hacked-off stump of my life discovers greenness again. A.A.

“Behold I am with you always, until the end of time.” Mt 28:20

Fr. Martin