

A Parishioner's Reflection on Our Faith Community



As I continue my journey through life a year after Joanie's death, I reflect on my aging at Blessed Sacrament Parish, and what the future holds. At the end of my life, I know that the hands I hold in my heart determine the kind of life I led.

We all hold hands during the Our Father and shake hands at the Greeting of Peace. I hold my friends' hands in prayer when we eat together.

I remember when we started holding hands at the 5:30 Mass - Jan Baehl and I stood on the altar to introduce holding one another's hands in love during the Our Father, hoping and almost certain, that all would join us. Most did. I felt the joy of knowing our Blessed Sacrament congregation was becoming more friendly, willing to show that they wanted the peace of Christ in their hearts shared with those next to them.

Now we take these outward signs of love to our gathering space and on to home as an imitation of what Christ said to his Apostles when greeting them the first time after his resurrection - "Peace be with you".

Each of you pray with me as we go on our respective journeys of life: "Lord, on my journey, help me carry and show the love of all those hands that touch my heart."

Jim Scharf