



# Father Paul's Weekly Email

April 12, 2024

Rabbi Victor Urecki recently sent these words to his congregation: “And Aaron was silent.” — Leviticus 10:4

One of the saddest stories of the Torah concerns Aaron's sons, Nadav and Avihu. The Tabernacle had just been officially dedicated and the first sacrifices were about to be offered by Aaron and his sons. As priests of Israel, they were about to be part of the most spiritually uplifting moment in our people's collective religious history. Something, however, changed all that.

Nadav and Avihu entered the Tabernacle the night before and offered a “strange fire before G-d, which the L-rd had not commanded them to bring.” A fire came forth and consumed them. To this day, our tradition struggles to understand what possible sin the young men could have committed to merit such a terrible fate.

Some try to give meaning to the tragedy. Moses, for example. . . tried to comfort his brother Aaron, by calling his nephews holy men who answered to a higher standard. They died because more was expected of them. With his sons lying dead before him, Aaron's response to his brother's words is deafening in its brevity: “Aaron was silent.”

One of the rare times where the Torah tells us that a person said nothing. But I think Aaron's silence tells us all we need to know. Some things do not have explanations. Some things can never be understood. And by his silence, Aaron was telling his brother that not everything needs to be said.

When tragedies befall us or an event is beyond our understanding, there is power in learning the strength of silence. To paraphrase Rabbi Menachem Mendel of Kotzk, not every thought needs to be said, not every tragedy needs to be understood and not every moment needs a word. We are so rich in the currency of our ability to use words but in the face of incomprehensible sadness, we should keep in mind that our language may be bankrupt. Our words have no value to one who is grieving. Moses, a man of few words and slow of tongue, tried to comfort his brother with words to explain what had happened. And he failed.

It would have been better for him to have just put his arms around his brother in silence and weep. The moment called for silence. Often, the most eloquent response to tragedy.

Rabbi Victor Urecki

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Parish website  
Faith in West Virginia  
This Sunday's Readings  
Wednesday Bible Handout:  
This Sunday's Bulletin

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<https://www.blessedsacramentwv.org>  
<https://faithinwv.org/latest-bulletin/>  
<https://bible.usccb.org/bible/readings/041424.cfm>


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## Live, Local, and Late-breaking.

This Sunday from 10:15 am until 11:15 am in the church, Molly Linehan-Belcher, Terry Matthias, Mary Odin, and Fr. Paul present *The Mystery of Suffering and Evil: Part I*. There will be time for questions and comments. Invite a friend or a parishioner who hasn't returned after Covid to come to the 9:00 am Mass and stay for coffee and cookies and the presentation. It will be live-streamed, too.

Please read the bulletin for more information about our soon-to-begin with Community Garden as well as our new flooring project replacing asbestos tiles and old carpet with

<b>Hygiene Sunday</b>	On the second Sunday of each month, parishioners are encouraged to donate hygiene products (especially sanitary napkins, shampoo, deodorant, and tooth paste and brushes). Our Tithes Fund uses monetary donations to purchase items for these kits. A hygiene kit is used to hold personal care items that clean, comfort, and groom a person's body. Our hygiene kits are used by women and men in addiction recovery or emergencies.
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the new and the clean.

Carbonated Grace\*\*\*

On the last day of kindergarten, all the children brought presents for their teacher. The florist's son handed the teacher a gift. She shook it, held it up and said, "I bet I know what it is - it's some flowers!" "That's right!" shouted the little boy. Then the candy store owner's daughter handed the teacher a gift. She held it up, shook it and said, "I bet I know what it is - it's a box of candy!" "That's right!" shouted the little girl. The next gift was from the liquor store owner's son, Little Johnny. The teacher held it up and saw that it was leaking. She touched a drop with her finger and tasted it. "Is it wine?" she asked. "No," said Little Johnny. The teacher touched another drop to her tongue. "Is it juice?" she asked. "No," he answered. Finally, the teacher said, "I give up. What is it?" "A puppy!"

\*\*\* Anne Lamott calls laughter *Carbonated Grace*.