



Dixie-ese—Part 3

by Joe Sixpack

Finishing my discussion with Len this week, I'll begin with our final comments from last week.

Joe: [Softly.] That's right, Len. Jesus, our perfect Lover, has arranged so we can be so intimate that we can take His entire Person-Body, Blood, soul, and divinity-into our entire selves. That is love to the extreme!

Len: [Lower lip quivering.] What yore sayin' is He can be really present with us.

Joe: Let me show you something. This is a post card of the interior of St. John Cantius Church in Chicago. Do you see that little box near the altar?

Len: Yeah. What izzit?

Joe: It's where Jesus lives. It's a prison He commits Himself to called a tabernacle. He stays there so we can go to worship Him and talk to Him any time we want.

Len: [A tear falls.] He's really there? Do ya really believe that?

Joe: Look at this Church, Len. See the magnificent artwork? The beautiful marble? The gold? The ornate architectural decorations?

Len: Yeah.

Joe: Do you know who built that and why?

Len: Ah reckon the Church built it so folks could meet for yore Mass.

Joe: No, Len. That magnificent palace was built for King Jesus from the pennies, nickels, and dimes of little children, blue-haired old ladies, housewives, and blue-collar factory workers. Why? Because they hold to the same faith and believe in the Real Presence of Jesus in the Eucharist that their ancestors have held to for two thousand years, and they believe their King and Creator deserves a palace like that.

Len: [Openly weeping.] He's been there all along? He's really there? Why didn't somebody tell me? Why?

This exchange (in this installment and the last two) really took place about twenty-five years ago. Although it may seem like it, none of this is made up. I was so moved by the graces Len recieved when I taught him about the Real Presence of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist that it was

forever embedded in my memory. Len is my most highly favored godson and best friend today... perhaps because we share such a love for the Eucharist.

Len went on to learn the faith as well as I (maybe better), and subsequently began evangelizing souls for the Eucharistic Jesus like I have. He has made many, many converts over the years. And the fact that a simple Southern boy has done that causes us all to ask why? Why would a man with little education beyond high school and of simple and humble origins devote himself to striving to become a saint and save souls when he is not at work earning a living? One simple word: faith.

Perhaps we'd all be better off to not be so "sophisticated" in our own little individual egocentric worlds. Len, although a very intelligent man (if not educated) now in his fifties, has a very child-like faith. For him, none of this is rocket science; Jesus said it, that ends it.

Because of Len's child-like faith, you'll find him every morning before work sitting in the front pew of his parish church assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Actually, if you were to show up there about an hour before daily Mass, you'd find Len already there on his knees worshipping Jesus in the tabernacle and pouring his heart out to his Lover. He tells me he honestly doesn't understand why every Catholic doesn't do that.

The Real Presence of Christ is, well, *real*. And men like my godson Len make me ashamed that I've not made any more spiritual progress than I have. You see, by the fact that Len is on his knees before the tabernacle each day as the pink rays of sunrise color the horizon, and that he attends daily Mass, demonstrate he's figured out something very few of the rest of us have... but that we all should know.

Len will be the first to tell you that nothing in the world or life is more important than our holy and ancient Catholic faith—not our families, our friends, our jobs, our hobbies, our materialistic desires—**NOTHING**. During December, you'll frequently hear the tagline "Jesus is the reason for the season". Len will tell you quickly that Jesus is the reason for *everything*.

Perhaps you can't attend Mass every day. I get that. Frankly, I can't either. And maybe you can't spend an hour every day before the tabernacle. Neither can I. In my case, I'm now disabled due to a stroke and can't drive any longer. For most of you, though, you're legitimately too busy with the vicissitudes of daily life to attend daily Mass and Adoration. But let me tell you something about that that applies to you and me both.

There are 168 hours in a week. Adoration to visit Jesus and keep Him company only requires one of those hours. So let me suggest that if you're too busy to give Jesus one of those 168 hours, you're just too bloody busy! You might want to re-examine your priorities.

In conclusion, I'm proud to say that Len is my godson. He's a man who knows What We Believe... Why We Believe It.

There are a thousand questions people have asked me about the Holy Eucharist. Well, maybe a thousand is a bit hyperbolic, but you get the point. Anyway, if you have questions, come and visit me at JoeSixpackAnswers.com. If you can't find the answers you need, visit the "Ask Joe" page to ask me directly. And don't forget to sign up for the free email course offered on the site. You'll also get the opportunity to register for some powerful free webinars.