

Good morning, my dear people of Saint William of York,

Grace and peace to you from your unworthy pastor,

I began my Holy Hour of prayer this morning in the usual way, with prayers of thanksgiving to my Father in Heaven for the gift of life and for another day, for a life I live so poorly, unworthily and selfishly, and for another day I don't deserve. Then, I began to thank Him for you and for the infinite blessings He's given me: my parents, the priesthood, His son; the list goes on for at least a minute. I take nothing for granted. In wartime people take nothing for granted. I end by thanking Him for the coffee I had for breakfast.

In the midst of it all I thanked Him, suddenly and spontaneously, for the *Coronavirus* and *for the good that it would do*. I surprised myself for a moment when I did, but just for a moment. I know my Father in Heaven well enough by now at least to know that He always has a plan.

Then, I began to pray the Liturgy of the Hours' *Office of Readings* and soon, just after the Psalms, I came upon this antiphon:

*This is the favorable time.*

*-- This is the day of salvation.*

When I was a boy, Dad and I would throw the ball back and forth on Campbell Avenue. Coming across this antiphon as I prayed this morning gave me the feeling that my Father in Heaven was throwing the ball I prayed to Him back to me.

Then I remembered something else, something I had read before, that God *writes straight on crooked lines*.

When I came into the office this morning I went to the bookshelf there where I had left an old copy of *Magnificat*, the book many of us use from day to day, because I knew that the quote I'd remembered was there.

I read the words again and they filled me with hope and with a knowing joy. Yesterday I'd reminded you that we never cease to be in the hands of the Lord of History, Christ the King. The quote I remembered at prayer this morning was from Pope Benedict XVI and was printed in *Magnificat* on the Solemnity of Christ the King in 2015:

*Jesus of Nazareth...is so intrinsically king that the title 'King' has actually become his name.... the King is Jesus; in him God entered humanity and espoused it to himself. This is the usual form of the divine activity in relation to mankind. God does not have a fixed plan that he must carry out; on the contrary he has many different ways of finding man and even of turning his wrong ways into right ways.... The feast of Christ the King is therefore not a feast of those who are subjugated, but a feast of those who know that they are in the hands of the one writes straight on crooked lines.*

I had kept that copy of *Magnificat* for a reason.

In 2015 the Solemnity of Christ the King fell on Sunday, November 22.

Dad died that night at 8:15, just as I was whispering into his ear the last words I hope he ever heard in this life: "You're the best dad I could ever have had. I love you Dad."

I am very happy today. I feel like the most blessed priest in the world.

I send you my blessing now, through the air. May God grant you a grace-filled day.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Your grateful pastor,

Father DeMartino