

Dear People of God,

The Lord is risen! Alleluia! A blessed and joyous Easter to all of you. It is so good to celebrate Easter with all of you in our beautiful Church. We are finally able to raise our voices together in prayer and song. However, please remember, churches around the world are not closed, buildings are. You are the Church. We are the Body of Christ.

Despite Easter joy, COVID-19 still frightens us. We may feel helpless and fearful. When fear takes over, we do not act, we react. Therefore, read these beautiful words by Pope Francis.

“Rivers do not drink their own water; trees do not eat their own fruit; the sun does not shine on itself and flowers do not spread their fragrance for themselves.

Living for others is a rule of nature. We are all born to help each other. No matter how difficult it is . . . Life is good when you are happy; but much better when others are happy because of you.

Let us all remember then that every changing colour of a leaf is beautiful and every changing situation of life is meaningful, both need very clear vision.”

My Father died almost twenty years ago, on July 9, 2001 at the age of 61. My family received many, many kind notes, prayers and Masses offered. However, I was struck by one sentence of a letter received from a friend. His last line stated: “I will keep you in my prayers knowing that prayers do not change God, but they do change the “prayerer.”” Prayer is God’s grabbing my attention – and changing me. Prayer must be the root of our lives.

The Gospels do not explain Easter – Easter explains the Gospels. Our lives do not explain Easter – Easter gives meaning to our lives. Faith is the story we tell with our lives.

Resurrection means Jesus lives. Our Lord discovered what to die for and what to live forever for. We are invited to do the same. For Easter speaks of new life and hope always in the name of the Lord Jesus. We have so many choices in life and many demands are placed upon us. What are we choosing? What are we seeking? What are we finding in life? Easter is an opportunity to put life into perspective through the eyes of “Easter faith” despite what we are experiencing at this time in our history.

I recently received this beautiful prayer, which I share with you.

When this is over may we never take for granted

The taste of the Eucharist

A handshake with a stranger
Full shelves at the store
Conversations with neighbors
A crowded theatre
Friday nights out
A routine checkup
The school rush every morning
Coffee with a friend
The stadium roaring
Each deep breath
A boring Tuesday

When this ends, may we find that we have become more like the people we wanted to be, we were called to be and may we stay that way – better for each other because of the worst. Amen.

Finally, we all need a good laugh on this joyous Easter despite our world being turned upside down. I share with you the second article I ever wrote many years ago. Enjoy with a smile

So much of life deals with our attitude. Am I patient, stubborn, controlling, joy-filled? Do I see the glass half-empty or half-full? Do I tend to blame others too

easily before looking into my own heart? As I grow older, is life making me better or bitter?

Life is difficult and each day we choose how we will respond to this gift called life. How do I “see” life? What is my attitude? May our attitude always reflect a joy rooted in Our Lord Jesus who promises us His peace . . . Enjoy the following . . . and pass it on . . .

Excerpts from a Dog’s Diary

8:00 a.m. – Dog food! My favorite thing!
9:30 a.m. – A car ride! My favorite thing!
9:40 a.m. – A walk in the park! My favorite thing!
10:30 a.m. – Got rubbed and petted! My favorite thing!
12:00 p.m. – Lunch! My favorite thing!
1:00 p.m. – Played in the yard! My favorite thing!
3:00 p.m. – Wagged my tail! My favorite thing!
5:00 p.m. – Milk bones! My favorite thing!
6:00 p.m. – Oooh! Bath. Bummer.
7:00 p.m. – Got to play ball! My favorite thing!
8:00 p.m. – Wow! Watched TV with the family! My favorite thing!
11:00 p.m. – Sleeping on the bed! My favorite thing!

Excerpts from a Cat’s Diary

Day 983 of my captivity.

My captors continue to taunt me with bizarre little dangling objects. They dine lavishly on fresh meat, while the other inmates and I are fed hash or some sort of dry nuggets. Although I make my contempt for the rations perfectly clear, I nevertheless must eat something in order to keep up my strength.

The only thing that keeps me going is my dream escape. In an attempt to disgust them, I once again vomit on the carpet.

Today I decapitated a mouse and dropped its headless body at their feet. I had hoped this would strike fear into the hearts, since it clearly demonstrates what I am capable of. However, they merely made condescending comments about what a “good little hunter” I am. Jerks!

There was some sort of assembly of the accomplices tonight. I was placed in solitary confinement for the duration of the event. I could hear the noises and smell the food. I overheard that my confinement was due to the power of “allergies.” I must learn what this means and how to use it to my advantage.

Day 984 of my captivity

Today I was almost successful in an attempt to assassinate one of my tormentors by weaving around his feet as he was walking. I must try this again tomorrow – but at the top of the stairs.

I am convinced that the other prisoners here are flunkies and snitches. The dog receives special privileges. He is regularly released – and seems to be more than willing to return. He is obviously crazy.

The bird has got to be an informant. I observe him communicating with the guards regularly. I am certain that he reports my every move. My captors have arranged protective custody for him in an elevated cell, so his is safe. FOR NOW!!!

My prayers are with you and your families for a joyous and blessed Easter Season.

New hope . . . New vision . . . Eternal life . . . Resurrection!

Walking with you,

Father Casey