

Dear Parishioners of Sacred Heart,

A week or so ago, I put a Post-It on the corner of my computer screen: 9/22/21, 3:21 pm. That was when autumn would officially arrive. The night before was another amazing arrival: The Harvest Moon, brilliant and beautiful, shortly after sunset. Hovering near that glorious moon, as my brother pointed out to me, were Jupiter and Saturn. I looked outside my window on Wednesday and noticed that a few of the trees on the front lawn of the Parish House were just starting to change colors. Pumpkins sitting on porches, mums for purchasing at grocery stores and roadside stands – it was beginning to look a lot like autumn! I recalled some lines from a poem by Gerard Manley Hopkins:

“The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil crushed.”

Would anyone think of bringing a stop to the grandeur of God, especially in these times? In the First Reading, Eldad and Medad, were filled with the spirit of God and were prophesying. Someone went to Moses and told him to make them stop. Moses declined. In the Gospel, someone was driving out demons in the name of Jesus. John wanted Jesus to make him stop. Jesus declined. Might we just pause a moment to behold the glory of God in the beauty of the world that He created, in the goodness of the human heart that He created. How many wondrous moments will we miss this week, this season because of envy, jealousy, anxiety, busyness? Yet, if we look at the grandeur that is revealed in others and throughout our world, we might see what Father Hopkins saw, what Moses saw, what Jesus still sees:

“And for all this, nature is never spent;
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.”

May you be charged with God’s grandeur this fall,

Father John