

All Saints / All Souls - 2025

Stained-Glass

A father and his son were walking up and down the aisles of a great cathedral in awe of the stained-glass windows. The father asked his son, "Do you know who the saints are?" "Sure," the boy replied, "the saints are the people where the sun shines through." That is a good definition of a saint. A saint is someone the SON shines through. One of the things I have noticed is that most people turn downright uncomfortable when they are called a "saint." But in the New Testament, Christians referred to themselves and to fellow Christians as "saints". (Ephesians. 1:1, ". . .the saints in Ephesus, the faithful in Christ Jesus: . . .".) They did this not because they were perfect; but because they were people who were attempting to let the light of Christ shine in and through their living. In like manner, you and I are saints - not because we are perfect; but because we are attempting to let the light of Christ shine in and through our living. The church was built on people who believed In God -- who rejoiced in God's generosity. People who gave of themselves just as God did -- without reservation - without holding back. The church today is made alive in the deeds of the saints (you and I) who believe that God still sends the SON to shine through us. In other words, people who have been called to be "Partner's in Christ's

All the places of our lives are sanctuaries; some of them just happen to have steeples. And all the people in our lives are saints; it's just that some of them have day jobs and most will never have feast days named for them.' (Robert Benson)

"And this is where they left their clothes."

A child was walking through a cemetery one day with his granddad. Puzzled by the gravestones he asked his granddad. His granddad said, "These people were living in those houses. Then God called them and now they're living in God's house." The boy said, "And this is where they left their clothes." What better way could we explain passing from this life to the next? (Fr. Jack McArdle).

Weeping

Stanton Delaplane, the columnist, often wrote a very upbeat column, but one time several years ago, he wrote in a different mood. He said: *"No life can run smoothly, but how can I tell this to a ten-year-old girl?"* The other night we came home and the Siamese kitten was dead. You could see what had happened. I had had some steaks delivered on top of the deep freeze. The boxer dog had managed to push the door. The cat had gotten up and torn off the paper. The dog had managed to jump

up and pull the package down. He must have been into it when the cat came down and tried to get into it, too. Oh, they had eaten and played together for three months now, but this time he just grabbed her by the neck, gave one shake, and she was dead. "And so, there is trouble in Paradise today. Though we must all grow up from ten years and realize that kittens must go, I keep thinking if only I had come home a half an hour earlier. If I had closed the door tight, or if I had put the steaks into the deep freeze. For this morning, the little girl is miserable, the boxer is miserable, and I am miserable - and there is nothing, ABSOLUTELY NOTHING, that I can do about it, nor anyone else can do about it."

No, Mr. Delaphane, there is nothing that anyone can do about it, except weep. I find that this world is that kind of place, and it fortifies my soul to know that Jesus found it that kind of place, also. In at least two places recorded in Scripture, our Lord is confronted by circumstances where the only appropriate reaction seemed to be to cry. To us, that is a fact of tremendous importance.

In the first place, if Jesus wept, then weeping is realism and not sentimentalism. If Christ, himself, was left, upon occasion, with no weapon for the warfare of life except a sob, then how ridiculous of me to think that I can go dry-eyed through the days of my years. How stupid of me to set a goal for myself to wink, supposedly gaily and bravely, at the experiences that caused the Lord of life to weep, and to weep bitterly. (by Louis H. Valbracht)

"I will be seeing you soon!"

One day a priest was preparing a group of children for their First Communion. He wanted to know how much the kids understood the Church's teaching on Final Judgment. He asked one of the little boys, "What will God say on Judgment Day to those who have led a very good life on earth?" Without any hesitation the boy replied, "Come and enter Heaven and live with me." The priest asked a second boy, "What will the Lord say to those who have lived a very bad life?" The boy said, "You cannot come to Heaven. You will have to go to Hell." Then the priest went on: "Now what will God say to those who are not good enough to enter heaven at once nor bad enough to go to Hell?" After a pause a little girl put up her hand and said, "God will say, 'I will be seeing you soon!'" (Elias Dias in *Divine Stories for Families*)