

Reflection for Tuesday of 3rd Week of Easter 2020

Not only does Stephen's death mirror that of Jesus - condemned falsely, forgiving those who put him to death – but, at his death, the door is already opening into the future even though it is far from obvious at the time. Saul witnesses the killing and will replace Stephen in standing up for the truth, for Jesus Christ, and willingly give his life for the fact just like Stephen. Both Stephen and Paul bear testimony that Jesus is the true bread of life. All life comes from God. Jesus came and is present to continue to nourish that life within us, with his word, with his presence and with the gift of himself in the eucharist. As with everything to do with Jesus, things are turned on their heads. The feeding of the five thousand shows that whatever you give away does not leave you drained but with having even more to give and with greater strength, greater love and a greater desire to do more. Good works never makes a person weary. This helps us understand why Jesus never tired of helping people. He grew stronger along with the people he helped. The psalmist commends his spirit to the Lord and spirit is everything. It is *strength of spirit* that decides who will win any form of contest or battle. The same is said about team matches: the team that plays with greater spirit wins. We are all blessed with great spirit – the Spirit of God. The same Spirit that guided Stephen and Paul and is available and willing to guide us too.

Help in the Rain.

Very late one night, an older African American woman was standing on the side of an Alabama highway trying to endure a lashing rainstorm. Her car had broken down and she desperately needed a ride. Soaking wet, she decided to flag down the next car.

A young white man stopped to help her, generally unheard of in those conflict-filled 1960s.

The man took her to safety, helped her get assistance and put her into a taxi cab. She seemed to be in a big hurry, but wrote down his address and thanked him.

Seven days went by and a knock came on the man's door. To his surprise, a giant console colour TV was delivered to his home. A special note was attached. It read, *"Thank you so much for assisting me on the highway the other night. The rain drenched not only my clothes, but also my spirits. Then you came along. Because of you, I was able to make it to my dying husband's bedside just before he passed away. God bless you for helping me and unselfishly serving others."*

Sincerely, Mrs. Nat King Cole.

AND FINALLY: Shakey went to a psychiatrist. "Doc," he said, "I've got trouble. Every time I get into bed, I think there's somebody under it. I get under the bed; I think there's somebody on top of it. Top, under, top, under. "you've got to help me, I'm going crazy!"

"Just put yourself in my hands for two years," said the shrink.

"Come to me three times a week, and I'll cure your fears."

"How much do you charge?"

"A hundred dollars per visit."

"I'll sleep on it," said Shakey.

Six months later the doctor met Shakey on the street.

"Why didn't you ever come to see me again?" asked the psychiatrist.

"For a hundred buck's a visit???" A bartender cured me for ten dollars."

"Is that so! How?"

"He told me to cut the legs off the bed!"