

The Perils of a Catholic Upbringing

As I walked down the busy sidewalk with my wife, knowing I was late for Mass, my eye fell upon one of those unfortunate, ragged vagabonds that are found in every city these days. Some people turned to stare. Others quickly looked away as if the sight would somehow contaminate them.

Recalling my old pastor, Father Mike, who always admonished me to "care for the sick, feed the hungry and clothe the naked," I was moved by some powerful inner urge to reach out to this unfortunate person.

Wearing what can only be described as rags, carrying her treasured worldly possessions in two plastic bags, my heart was touched by this person's condition.

Yes, where some people saw only rags, I saw a true, hidden beauty.

A small voice inside my head called out, "Reach out, reach out and touch this person!"



So I did.



I won't be at Mass this week.