

Why are some men called to be priests? Why from earliest times have men and women felt the call of the cloister or the desert, the call to a life of prayer, the call to a life of poverty, chastity and obedience? Why do people become teachers and work virtually every hour that God gives? Why do we fall in love with one particular person and try to be united to that person for the whole of our lives? Why do people work so hard, travel great distances and burn the midnight oil?

Why do people flock to Rome, Jerusalem, Fatima or Walsingham? Why is Pope Francis so significant for so many people? Why do his words and actions carry such weight and such meaning?

Why do we come to Mass? Why do we believe that we actually **know** God, and that God knows us? How could we believe that in Baptism, in Confession, every single sin, every single bad thing has been washed away? How come cripples are healed? How come people who have known much suffering find inner strength and resolve? How come there are those special moments in our life when we experience a deep peace, a deep love, that passes all understanding, that transports us into the very presence of God?

*"It is by the name of Jesus Christ the Nazarene the one that you crucified (the one **we** crucified) whom God raised from the dead, by this name and by no other."*

Every vocation, every calling, every moment and second of prayer, every devotion to duty, every falling in love, is Jesus.

Every single one of us is different; different personalities, different backgrounds, different ways of being human. And yet, in Jesus, we are all one. He is the Good Shepherd to us all, even to those *"not of this fold"*. He lays down his life for us all. He knows us deep down. He is leading us to the *joys of heaven, the eternal pasture*, to Love itself.

Rejoice in your vocation. Rejoice in the sacrifices you must make. Rejoice in *the love that the Father has lavished on us*. Rejoice in family and friends. Rejoice in Jesus.

*Give thanks to the Lord for he is good, for his love has no end.*

Father Michael