Good Friday 2020

Pandemic

MDP of God

Some time ago I came across a story that I’ve used in homilies in the past—but I think on this Good Friday in the middle of a pandemic—it has even more meaning today

*I didn’t write this story*—it came to me by an email and I don’t know who the author is—or I’d give that person the credit—but the story goes like this:

I want to ask you to Imagine the following:

It's a Monday night and you and your family are at home - doing homework -filling the dishwasher after dinner -doing laundry - whatever

 All of a sudden you hear loud sirens blaring - *not sirens like a police car or ambulance*, but sirens like they used during the cold war that were supposed to go off if we were attacked

You look out the window, and you see other people looking out their windows, some are going outside to investigate the noise.

Just then your son, comes running down stairs yelling, **Mom - Dad, turn on the TV - you've got to hear this**

The news anchor is talking about the **mystery flu** that is striking all over the world

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***Within hours*** it seems, this thing just sweeps
 across the entire planet.

Tens of thousands have contracted it *and their dying in a matter of hours-* ***no one is surviving it***

People are working around the clock trying to find an antidote. Nothing is working.

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But as the days go by, they discover that it's something that has laid dormant in people - it evidently has been spread for years-it appears almost everyone has been tainted by it

As of yet, they can't figure out why all of a sudden this "flu" has become active in people all over the world.

 And then, in a few more days the news comes out.
 The code has been broken. A cure **can** be found.

An antidote **can be made**. It's going to take the blood of somebody who hasn't been infected, and it has to have certain DNA traits to work

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So, sure enough, through all those channels of emergency broadcasting, everyone is asked to do one simple thing:

When you hear the sirens go off in your neighborhood, please make your way quickly, quietly, and safely
to the local hospital and have your blood checked.

***No one knows*** if there is anyone who hasn't been tainted, but a desperate search is on. Millions have already died in a matter of days

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 Sure enough, when you and your family get down
 to the hospital late on that Friday night, there is a long line,
 and they've got nurses and doctors coming out and
 pricking fingers and taking blood and putting labels on
 it.

 Your wife and your kids are out there, and they
 take your blood sample and they say, "Wait here in the
 parking lot - this is going to take a while to check."

You stand around, **scared,** *with your neighbors*, wondering what in the world is going on ***and if this is maybe the end of the world.***

Suddenly a young man comes running out of the
hospital screaming. He's yelling a name and waving a clipboard.

 He yells it again! And your son tugs on your
 jacket and says, "***Dad, he's calling my name."***

Before you know it, they have grabbed your boy - you of course demand to know what's going on

And they say, **"It's okay**, ***his blood is clean. His
blood is pure - it has the right DNA markings***

We have to get him to the Cleveland Clinic - they're flying people in from the Center for Disease Control

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Life flight will be here in moment to take him there - of course you can go with him

At the Clinic you’re met by a whole contingent of doctors and nurses - important looking people who came in from Washington and Atlanta - and more are on their way from all over the world

They take your son into a large examining room

After a while, the doctors and nurses, some of those important looking people come out of the room where your son is

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Some are crying - others are hugging one another-some *are even laughing*. ***It's the first time you have seen anybody
laugh in a week***

Then a wise looking, grandfatherly like old doctor walks up to you and says, "Thank you, sir. Your son's blood type is perfect. It's clean, it is pure, and we can make
the antidote. People can stop dying"

 As the word begins to spread all across that
 hospital that is full of folks, *people are screaming and
 praying and laughing and crying*.

But then the old doctor says to you and you wife, " We didn't realize that the donor would be a minor and we need... we need you to sign a consent form."

*You begin to sign* **but then** *you see that the number of
 pints of blood to be taken is empty*. You ask, "How much blood do you need?"
 And that is when the old doctor's smile fades and
 he says, "We had no idea it would be little child.
 We weren't prepared. **We need it all**!"

You respond with horror, ***you can't take all his blood,*** **he'll die**

The doctor responds, "You don't understand. **Millions are dying***.* ***We're talking about the world here*.** You have to sign, we need it all!"
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["But can't you give him a transfusion?"]

 ["If we had clean blood we would. There's no clean blood- We can't risk tainting his - I'm so sorry, you need to sign"]

With **literally** *the weight of the world* on your shoulders, In numb silence, you do sign.

Then they say, "*Would you like to have a moment with him before we begin?"*

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Can you walk back? Can you walk back to that room where he sits on a table saying, "Daddy? Mommy? "I'm scared, I want to go home. Don't make me stay here"

Can you take his hands and say, "Son, your mom and I love you very much, and we would **never ever** let anything happen to you that ***didn't just have to be***. Do you understand that?"

 And when that old doctor comes back in and says,
"I'm sorry, we've-got to get started. Time is of the essence. People all over the world are dying.

**Can you leave?** ***Can you walk out while he is
saying,*** "**Dad? Mom? Dad**? *Why, why don't you take me home.* **Why are you forsaking me?**"

And then **next week**, *when they have the ceremony to honor your son*, and some folks sleep through it, and some folks don't even come because they go to the lake every weekend, or to them it's just too nice a day not to go golfing - or because services like that are just **too long -** **they're boring**.

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Would you want to jump up and say, "MY SON DIED FOR YOU! DON'T YOU CARE?"

My friends, that's what GOD says to us- "**MY SON DIED FOR YOU.** - ***DON'T YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I love you?"***My friends, I think that seeing it through the Father's eyes breaks our
 hearts - and can make what God has done for us **more real** in our thoughts.

The fact is Jesus suffered and died so that we can have life—eternal life

 It’s His saving work that gives us hope when we’ve lost people we’ve loved

I know when my parents died a couple years ago—knowing that Jesus saved them –that Jesus loves them so much that He died for them—knowing that they and other faithful Christians will be brought to heaven for all eternity---that’s the only thing that made their loss bearable

We have several of our parishioners who have been called home this past year—and it’s Jesus’ saving work that fills us with hope for them

Judy Knight

Bea White

Tim Yokules Sr

Maria Buehner

Don Grazko

Joanie Kracker

Ivy Yuko

Jim Drocton

Ed Beznieks

Farrell Finnerty

Fred Schneider Sr

Carol Rakoczy

Hedwig Korbonits

Eloise (Weezy) Kuhen

Beverly O’Brien

Fred Finomore

Ethel Husa

Loretta Lang

Justin Hostutler

Joan Pulling

George Pulling

Rita Holland

Joseph Vauter

Lina Antic

Judy Adams

Donald Markiewicz

Carol Reinke

Mary Zagar

It’s Jesus who gives us hope for them and for so many others

 As we contemplate all that Jesus did for their salvation—our salvation

Let’s open our hearts to His saving grace that we might be filled with gratitude for all He has done for us

And that during this pandemic—we will be filled with hope that Jesus who suffered so much out of love for us---let’s be filled with hope that he is on the throne—that Jesus has won the victory—and that Jesus wants to share that victory with each and everyone of us

God bless you