

A Sharing on Everlasting Light Show



Anonymous

Last night, I felt like I saw a side of my parish I haven't seen before. People I see regularly in Mass – and only during Mass, usually with a polite, appropriately solemn countenance – were suddenly decked out in colourful costumes, acting, singing and dancing for fifteen hundred people with all their hearts. It was amazing, impressive...and it caught me by surprise. I did not know what to expect coming into the theatre, but once I was there I felt I was being a witness to more than I ever could expect. It was awesome.

Geez, I wish I could explain exactly how it was like, but I can't do any better than this. It was just beautiful, with the cast members' sincere earnestness and wholehearted dedication glowing all throughout their performances; everyone was beaming so much that it was infectious. At the end of the show, people leaving the theatre were smiling even under the cold November rain! Even people with the smallest of roles – or are of the smallest of sizes – were onstage with big hearts, proving that they do have something to offer. You could see it, you could sense it. It was so... powerful. I thought.

Today, my family had to split up at church because of the crowd that was there (– was it bigger than usual??). But, for the most part, I found myself sitting amongst people whom I sat with week after week. But this time...you know what, it felt surreal.

For years, I shook hands with my pew neighbours. I smiled at them while entering or leaving church, sang with them at LWC sessions, played games with them at LOFT activities, stood up or sat down or knelt down with them in synchrony during the Mass. But now, even the most anonymous of these fellow churchgoers I suddenly recognized as people I saw onstage...people who gave me a part of themselves last night and made me love them. Lectors were last night's angels, little children last night's orphans, ushers last night's cheer leaders, choir members last night's winter folk, offerers last night's carollers, sacristans last night's dancers...regular churchgoers were last night's main characters, soloists, crew members, or even fellow bus passengers I chatted with on the way and back! But, today, all of these folks shed all those made-up or transient roles. Today, they were just people of God, in their regular clothes, humbly joined together as one, with little old me among them. The magic was over; we were there now, at church, talents tucked away modestly just to celebrate Him.

It touched me in a way beyond the play did last night. Mass has never seemed as beautiful to me as it did today.

I feel that I've been reminded of why we gather in one place week after week; at the end of all of the things we do, day after day, we want to make one offering to Him, as one people, on Sundays. And latent as it may be in the other things that we do, it is there – our love, our faith. It unites us behind all the tangible things we know of...be it the church, our prayers, our traditions...even our grand musicals, our acts of charity, our sacrifices, our very own lives. Everything is second to this offering to Him.

Just because He is just so great, we celebrate. What we do before and after this offering is up to us...and, boy, are there many ways. :)