

November 17, 2015

Dear friends,

You ever think you are losing control? Well, I have had a couple of those moments this past week. Sunday I found a gentleman sleeping behind the altar in the chapel when I opened up. In the moment, I became angry, and while I knew I didn't have to be, I had lost control for the moment and with it my peace.

This week, I was working on a proposal with people in the community. It felt as though the proposal was driving off without me. It was frustrating. And I wondered how much of my response was selfish emotion and how much was legitimate concern.

On Monday morning, the gentleman from the chapel came to the office door and apologized. He knew he had messed up. It gave me the chance to apologize as well. And shortly after I reached my frustration level, I reached out to a colleague who pulled me off the cliff and helped work things with all involved.

There are probably many lessons to be learned from the last few days. I would welcome your thoughts even as I share with you one of mine. My peace, both on Sunday, and this week, was returned when I found a way to talk with other people, even people who were part of my loss of peace. There were opportunities for reconciliation, and moving forward, not alone, but with another. In one instance, the person reappeared unexpectedly. In the other, I sought the person out. No one path to reconciliation, but certainly a lesson to be open to the opportunities when they arise.

May God's peace be with you.
Fr David