



My Dear Parishioners,

Praised Be Jesus Christ! As we look forward to Christmas this week and the 150th Anniversary of our parish, I take a moment to acknowledge and salute the anniversary of Fr. Connolly. This weekend marks Father's 40th Anniversary as a priest. Congratulations, Father! And thank you for your "yes" to the Lord, for all you have done for the Church, especially our own parish community of St. Patrick. Similar to being a parent, there is much that a priest does and is which goes unnoticed and under-appreciated, especially today! This weekend, we as a parish notice and I ask all to say a prayer to thank God for noticing Fr. Connolly -- for creating him and calling him -- and giving him the grace to notice God's call. Say a prayer for him this week and pray that young men of our parish may notice and heed God's call in their life.

I express every good wish to you and your families for a beautiful Christmas Season. My thanks for all that you have done for our parish especially this past year. This Christmas, as a token of thanks and a memento of our Jubilee Year, all will receive a special full-color picture of our beautiful Church. May it be a reminder of all that God has done for us this year.

I close with some words from CS Lewis who describes the Christian Story as a Rescue Mission, God coming to us to bring us life, life in full color! Lewis writes:

In the Christian story God descends to re-ascend. He comes down; down from the heights of absolute being into time and space, down into humanity; down further still, if embryologists are right, to recapitulate in the womb ancient and pre-human phases of life; down to the very roots and seabed of the Nature He has created. But He goes down to come up again and bring the whole ruined world up with Him. One has the picture of a strong man stooping lower and lower to get himself underneath some great complicated burden. He must stoop in order to lift, he must almost disappear under the load before he incredibly straightens his back and marches off with the whole mass swaying on his shoulders. Or one may think of a diver, first reducing himself to nakedness, then glancing in mid-air, then gone with a splash, vanished, rushing down through green and warm water into black and cold water, down through increasing pressure into the death-like region of ooze and slime and old decay; then up again, back to color and light, his lungs almost bursting, till suddenly he breaks surface again, holding in his hand the dripping, precious thing that he went down to recover. He and it are both colored now that they have come up into the light.

Thank you Jesus for rescuing us, bringing us to light and life!

Merry Christmas,

Fr. Rogers