



“FROM THE DESK OF FATHER JONATHAN”

OCTOBER 23, 2016

This week I thought I would share with you a story of someone I met in the neighborhood a few weeks back. I have changed her name to protect her privacy. She has given me permission to write this:

The call came in to the rectory late at night. I let it go to voice mail. Since there was nobody else on duty for emergency calls, I would need to listen to the message immediately. I knew most likely it was just someone who couldn't sleep and figured they would call the church and leave a message for the pastor.

It was a woman's voice, endearingly earnest, yet calm, shy, honest, and understated. "This message is for Fr. Jonathan", she began quietly. "My name is Theresa. I'm so sorry for calling so late, and I hope this isn't waking you up. I didn't have the nerve to call you during the day. You don't know me, but I see you in the neighborhood and in front of your church. I'm not really religious, and to be honest, I've never been inside a church, so I don't know if I'm the type of person you would meet with."

The message went on and she described why she was calling and the problems she was going through. Theresa didn't leave her phone number, but she approached me on the street a few days later. We had a wonderful first meeting and she has begun to attend mass on a regular basis.

I tell you her story because it was another member of our parish--one of you--who suggested to Theresa that she reach out to me. She is beginning a new friendship with Jesus because one of you cared enough to care for her. We are called to be the hands and feet of Jesus! Thank you for being so good.

**God bless,
Father Jonathan**

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