I am writing this in between the two significant feasts of Ascension and Pentecost. Growing up, I never liked the Ascension: it was a goodbye for which I was never ready. The world, to my young mind, seemed safer and better as long as Jesus was around. Seeing him lifted up into heaven, I was left with a profound grief I could never name.

Now that I am older, I realize that for my whole life, and the 2000 years since, Jesus was never here physically, but at his place close to the Father. All this time, we have been living with, in



a strong and sharp "yes." He boldly went through his vulnerability and showed courage; he did not hide behind his vulnerability or use it as an excuse. Nor did he do it alone. He had his friends, his support network, his tribe. To live in, with and under Pentecost, we must do the same, together. Brace yourself: It is a work that never ends, and with the world in the state that it is in today, the Holy Spirit is beckoning us to join her in renewing the face of the earth.

Come Holy Spirit, fill the hearts of your faithful and kindle in them the fire of your love. Send forth your Spirit and they shall be created. And You shall renew the face of the earth.

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