



# ST. PIUS X PARISH

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**OUR PIUS UPDATE**  
May 10, 2022





## WHERE DO WE GO?

If your child went missing, where would you go looking for him or her? Probably not to a church, which is rarely the first place that runaway kids head. And that's not where Mary and Joseph went to look for 12-year-old Jesus either, despite the miraculous circumstances surrounding his birth. Three days they spent looking for him - three days! That's a lot of time to search all over Jerusalem, at friends' and relatives' houses, wherever the kids were hanging out - we don't know where all they looked. But we do know that it took three days before they finally went to the Temple, and that's a long time when you're looking for a missing child?

How many times in each of our own lives has it seemed like Jesus was missing, was no longer with us, or maybe even never was? Or how many times have we been marching along, secure in the belief that Jesus was still with us, when in fact we'd gone off on our own way, having left him behind? Where do we go looking for him? Where do we go looking for God, or even just for a connection with something greater than ourselves, when it feels like that's missing??

How many times in each of our own lives has it seemed like Jesus was missing, was no longer with us, or maybe even never was?

For an ever-growing number of people in our society, the last place they go looking for God is to a church or temple. Many people, especially younger people, want to live a spiritual life, but want to do so without a connection to any organized religion. Whether that's because of scandals in the Church, disagreements with Church teachings or because the Church just seems irrelevant and disconnected from everyday life, the Church is a place that fewer people turn to.?

When Mary and Joseph finally found Jesus, sitting in the Temple among the teachers, "they were astonished." One of the hallmarks of authentic encounter with Jesus is that it often surprises us in some way. Throughout his public ministry, he repeatedly surprised those around him by his words, his behaviour and the people he associated with. As then, so it is today - Jesus can show up in our own lives in the places we least expect him. He is a living God, not one who fits into the boxes we inevitably create for him. He continually challenges and expands our understanding of who God is?

The surprise of finding Jesus, though, is a particular kind of surprise. Jesus normally doesn't show up in totally random places, but in places which, in retrospect, should have been obvious. Though Mary and Joseph are initially astonished at finding Jesus in the Temple, he wonders why, asking why they even had to search: "*Did you not know that I must be in my Father's house?*" The feeling of surprise on encountering Jesus is often shortly followed by a feeling of, "*of course,*" and I imagine that's how Mary and Joseph felt, even if they didn't fully understand.

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After all, through his life and teaching, Jesus showed us where to find him: in Scripture, in the Eucharist, in prayer, in service to others, especially those who are poor and excluded. At the time many were astonished to find God at work outside of the Temple, consorting with women, with prostitutes, with tax collectors, with lepers, with Samaritans. In our day, many might be equally astonished to find that the living God is still at work inside the Church, even a Church subject to so many human failings.

**SOURCE:** Jesuit Companions, May 3, 2022



## FOLLOWING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF MOTHERS

### REFLECT

On May 8, we celebrated mothers everywhere for their strength, guidance, and grace as pillars in family life. Beyond the greeting cards, bouquets of flowers, and breakfasts in bed, the day is a reminder of the power and potential already present in our family relationships. A mother's sage advice, warm hugs, or proud smiles subtly nudge her child further down the path of goodness and virtue. Mothers — many times unsung heroes — show us how to love and nurture. And whether they consciously realize they're doing it or not, they teach us how to be Christlike. We thank the mothers in our lives and across the world for their love and presence. What are some lessons you learned from your mother or other mothers in your life?

### PRAY

*Nurturing and Maternal God,  
you have given us so much—  
a veritable embarrassment of riches in your creation.  
In the light that is life, we see mothers—our own and others—  
that color and amplify our reality. May we learn from them  
and pay forward the love with which they fill our lives.  
When they are imperfect, let that be a reminder that we are too,  
and that it's OK to be.  
When they shine as they often do, may we remember  
that we have the same light in our hearts.  
We ask that you bless mothers everywhere—  
today, tomorrow, and forever.  
**Amen.***

### ACT

Jot down three or four lessons learned from a mother on a piece of paper. Carry the paper with you, and in the coming week try to apply what you learned in your daily life — at home, work, or church. It's a small but impactful way to honor the quiet work mothers do day in and day out.

**SOURCE:** [www.franciscanmedia.org](http://www.franciscanmedia.org)



## MY THEOLOGY OF GOD

God is the mystery nobody wants. What people want from God is not mystery but certainty, the very element in ourselves that binds itself so often to making sure that nothing ever changes, that tomorrow never comes. Not because we are so sure that the Now is the acme of perfection but because we fear to let go of God's will for today in order to grow even greater ourselves by being willing to allow the new, the future, the possible to become.

What it comes down to is this, I decided: I can either believe in the greatness of God or not believe in God at all. But there is a price for that choice. Not to believe in the immensity of God in such an immense astral history is to believe only in myself and what I see around me. Without a God, I am God.

I make myself the god of my own world, I worship gods of my own making-money, power, prestige, approval, things and things and more things. I insist that I will worship nothing I cannot seek, and so instead I worship all the things I do see, with all their limits, all their limitations, and all the limiting they do to the expanse of my soul. It is a very sorry sight.

It is an even skimpier definition of humanity, of myself. Without God, human dignity itself-is in danger. What else imbues human life with value, what else confers on a person an inalienable dignity, if not the fact that they, too, if there is a God, are more than they seem? That they are stardust, aglow in the dark and certain that they are not alone.

No God, no meaning. No God, no purpose. No God, no cosmic quality about us at all. We are simply sand flowing through a corruptible hourglass.

But I cannot go there. To watch a painter paint and a musician play a symphony of their own creation, and a poet capture in 200 words the meaning of life, and a writer break open beauty and reasoning and possibility and meaning and throw it into the night sky, a blessing wherever it falls, is to know that we are here as Words of God.

We are here to shout the name and praise the glory and trust the love that the Creator brings daily to us as creation. Then, we may make our own glories and give them recklessly away so that like the stars breaking open and spewing more and more life and love, reason and care, knowing and wisdom into the air, is to understand that we are the stardust of the Creator and we are made to burn and light, to sparkle and shine, to be warmth and fearlessness as tonight fades into all the tomorrows of our lives.

The point is this: God is indeed a major theological problem, a major question. But God is a major answer, as well. Or otherwise, we would be left with no answer but ourselves. What a pity that would be.

**SOURCE:** [An Evolving God, An Evolving Purpose, An Evolving World \(My Theology Book 10\)](#)  
by Joan Chittister



## FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

May 12:

This is the birthday of *Florence Nightingale*, foundress of the nursing profession, who was the first nurse to practice on a battlefield. She wrote, *"I would have given [the Church] my head, my hands, my heart. She would not have them. She told me to go back and do crochet in my mother's drawing room. 'You may go to Sunday school, if you like,' she said. But she gave me neither work to do for her nor education to do it."* In the end, Florence Nightingale gave her gifts outside the church. The women and the world will grow regardless, Nightingale teaches. The tragedy is that the Church may not.

SOURCE: *A Monastery Almanac*, Joan Chittister

### Push My Buttons Prayer

Lord, it's likely that sometime today  
someone will push my buttons  
challenge my good will  
misread my intentions  
tick me off  
try my patience  
rattle my cage  
judge me in haste  
test my kindness  
or do all of the above...

Give me the grace I'll need at such times  
to respond with patience  
to trust and accept  
to listen carefully  
to reach out in peace  
to be fair and just  
to anticipate goodness  
in all my words and deeds...

I know this is a lot to ask, Lord,  
but I need your help  
to do for others  
as I'd have them do for me...

Amen.

- Rev. Austin Fleming

SOURCE: [www.JesuitPrayer.org](http://www.JesuitPrayer.org)

*Help us spring clean, Lord,  
as we sort through so much clutter,  
discarding the unwanted,  
clearing long-abandoned cobwebs,  
dusting in every corner,  
cleaning where it shows and maybe  
even where it doesn't,  
finding hidden treasures  
that we thought were lost forever  
in our spiritual as well as daily lives.  
Help us spring clean, Lord,  
before continuing this year, refreshed.*



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## TEA AND SCRABBLE FOR A GOOD CAUSE!



Terra Nova Grandmothers and Grandmothers

Saturday, May 14, 2022, 2:00 - 5:00 pm  
The Lantern, 35 Barnes Road

Admission: \$20. PRIZES!

Masks required when not seated.  
Come as a team or find a partner there.

Bring a board and a 4<sup>th</sup> edition dictionary (a few will be available).

Through the **Stephen Lewis Foundation**  
help grandmothers in Africa  
raise their grandchildren orphaned by AIDs.