

J.M.J.

The key and the core of my faith and my priesthood is *the story*. The story is the Gospel, the Incarnation-life-saving death and Resurrection of Jesus, the Paschal Mystery, the Divine Presence, and a host of other ways we name it. Recently I came across a poem by A.E. Stallings that spins the story in a surprising way:

Fairy Tale Logic

Fairy tales are full of impossible tasks:

Gather the chin hairs from a man-eating goat,

Or cross a sulfuric lake in a leaky boat,

Select the prince from a row of identical masks,

Tiptoe up to a dragon where it basks

And snatch its bone; count dust specks, mote by mote,

Or learn a phone directory by rote.

Always it's impossible what someone asks -

You have to fight magic with magic. You have to believe

That you have something impossible up your sleeve-

An army of ants at your beck, or a lethal joke,

The will to do whatever must be done:

Marry a monster. Hand over your first-born son.

The key inside the key of faith is the Church...which Jesus made...which we are part of. In the catechism we read “Mindful of Christ’s words to His apostles: “He who hears you, hears me,” the faithful receive with docility the teachings and directives that their pastors give them in different forms.” **This is what I have sought to do** in my four years with you; to present in different forms what the Church is, what She teaches, what She believes, what She does.

The innermost key is the Eucharist in the Sacrifice of the Mass. To borrow from my Confirmation patron, **St. Augustine**, it is “ever ancient, ever new.” **The Eucharist is fairy tale logic. It’s impossible but true** that Jesus is with us in the Eucharist. You have to believe that you have something impossible up your sleeve.

Thanks you for helping me to turn these keys.

May God bless you and keep you.

Fr. Patrick