



Old Catholic Church of the Americas

March 31, 2015

Volume III Issue 3

www.facebook.com/#!/pages/Old-Catholic-Church-of-the-Americas/321729191282545?fref=ts

Re-discovering God at this Stage—Mother Rachael Christian, OSB

Inside this issue:

Re-discovering God at this Stage	1
Glory to God OCC Lent and Easter Worship Schedule	3



When I was a little girl, I heard for the first time, “Let it be” by the Beatles. I remember the day I heard it. I was sitting on the sidewalk

looking up at the sky through palm leaves in Santa Ana California. This had come, after a night being told that “God does not love a child who cannot say her prayers.” Funny how those two memories, one harsh and cold, and the other brilliant with hope and love, still live in tandem in my heart; some days I feel like the child who God “cannot love”, and others I am that child discovering God from the “ground” up.

A few nights ago, I was reading A Thomas Merton Reader. The early part describes his young life. The editor talks at the beginning of how Thomas looked at life, at God. And Thomas, himself, says that artists, yes even writers, are a breed apart. They look at life differently, not putting God in a box but listening to the creative reality of who God is for them. And this started me pondering even more than I have during Lent this year, about who

God is for me. Why now am I doing this? I have walked in this spiritual journey for 13 years and have never questioned who He is and or what He means to me. Now I do. Perhaps it is as a dear friend has told me, “Sister, you are experiencing” and that has made all the difference.

I love to look outside at the changing of the daylight hours against the mountains east of our convent. Each morning, indeed, each hour shows me something new. One moment there are cold shadows, another the sun glances the cliffs and rocks, bringing a brilliance never seen before. And the birds, each one has a song all its own. When I listen to their chirrups and melodies, I am reminded that something Greater than I am, has made these and their songs are their praise. And I am humbled by the immensity of love that pours out of their little beaks and throats to the one who made them. Often I look at the flowers coming up from the beds of dirt in our untended and unshaped garden beds. There are daffodils and lilies, and all manner of crocus and tulip leaves. There is even a kind of peony plant making a stand in our garden right out the front door. These two are made from the spoken Word of God and His hand has molded each petal,

leaf and stem. And I look then at my own hands and wonder, how is that God has done for me, what no other can do? He has made me, all of us, in His image and likeness. And the Scriptures say, “God is a Spirit, and those who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.” So how can it be, that a God I cannot see can love a human life so fallible and sorrowful in sin at times, that He takes upon Himself to love me, to love us, as we are, where we are? I heard it said in the Little Drummer Boy, “It is not for you to understand, just go to Him. He can surely help you.” And so I do.

Love is something so foreign and yet so alive. So real and yet so elusive to the soul, to my soul; I can hear it said a million times, and still not really grasp the full meaning of what love is. God has loved me with an undying love. I found out that the day I fell from a mountainside and yelled, “O God, I don’t want to die!” And found I had no scrape or scratch, only dust lined jeans and awe. For from the side of a rock, a root had come out to help me get back up to the ledge. And when I had done that, the root was no more. I had not pulled it out. It just simply was no more. God had to be in the process. He had to be the



Continued on Page 2

Re-discovering God at this Stage—Mother Rachael Christian, OSB, Cont'd

Continued from Page 1

one who heard my child cry for help. So am I different now in His eyes, that I am “old” as an adult? In God’s eyes, I am still a child; a child born to love Him and to find out what that love ultimately means to me.

It’s Lent and in this season of repentance and turning back to God with all the heart and mind and soul and strength a body can do and endure, I am finding that for some places in me, I don’t really know who God is. And that bothers me, yet comforts me. For why do I need to know? Will the knowledge make me wiser, will I love more, will I understand my purpose more, or will I just learn that God is in charge of the way life is, goes and turns and learn to let go and let Him do just that because He has known of me since before I was born, before any of us were conceived he knew of us, and has had a good plan for us all our lives, a plan that does not involve harm but good.

I look out my door just now and

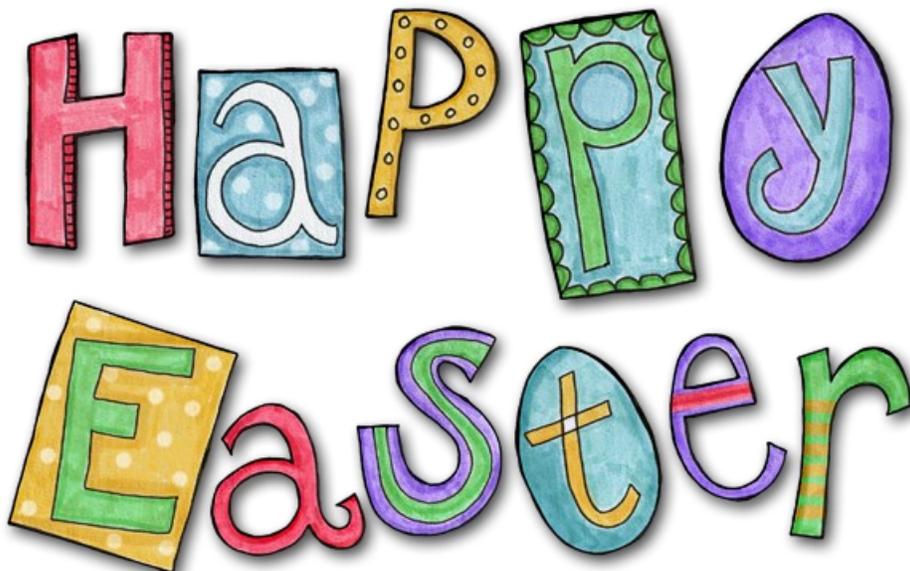
see the heads of daffodils wanting to reach their faces to the morning skies. They seem to struggle with the energy it requires, not quite fully filled with the spring fluid that would enable them to rise. How often is my soul like that before God? How many times do I struggle to find my way, when all I need to do is pray: God help me? Jesus lead me. And the way is made clear; and the tasks at hand easier by far. Even relationships seem less strained, more lively and alive. People, truly are, a reflection of the One who made them. I see that now; At least some days.

From a small child who confidently and boldly told her parents, “we are going to do great things for God, he told us so.” I became a nun and my best friend who was to be a pastor, went home to Jesus the next day, from that age of 4 to this age of 54, almost 55, I am certain that God has watched over me, at least I very much want to believe so. I may never know “who” God is, I only know that I know, without knowing why I know, that God is God and that

seems to be enough to establish my faith, root my soul, and let my heart blossom into the living petals of His love He intends us all to be, one for each other, and two, for ourselves as we first seek to love Him who first loved us.

And really, isn’t that what life, God, love are all about. Believing in Someone who knows the outcome of our lives and Trusting that He will be there, even to the end of the ages, for us, guiding us, leading us, teaching us, correcting us and always, always, loving us, even when we cannot remember our prayers, but remember that God is there.

Somehow, its peace giving, just like the dawn. And the rose in the bed of grasses just turning green scenting the air with freshness of life, stirring my soul, to lay down, look up at the skies through pine tree branches and marvel at the way the sunlight dapples each needle with a color uniquely its own.



Glory to God Old Catholic Church—Lent and Holy Week Schedule

Glory To God Old Catholic Church 375 Harrison Blvd. Ogden, Utah 84404

Soup Supper and Stations of The Cross

Every Friday During Lent ~ Soup/5:00 PM Stations/6:00PM

Palm Sunday

10:00AM ~ Procession and Mass

Seder / Passover Meal

Wednesday / April 1, 2015 @ 6:00 PM in Monsignor Murphy Hall

Holy Thursday Chrism Mass & Mass of the Lord's Supper

Chrism Mass @ 12:00 Noon, Mass Of The Lord's Supper @ 6:00 PM With Procession and enthronement of the Blessed Sacrament in Monsignor Murphy Hall ~ Vigil until Midnight.

Good Friday

Veneration of Christ Crucified with Holy Communion at 12:00 noon and at 6:00 PM

Holy Saturday Vigil Mass

Vigil 6:00 PM ~ Blessing of New Fire, Paschal Candle, Blessing of Holy Water, Mass in anticipation of the Resurrection of Jesus the Christ.

Resurrection / Easter Sunday

Mass of the Resurrection at 10:00 AM with Easter Egg Hunt for the chronologically young with Easter Dinner to follow in Monsignor Murphy Hall.



Glory to God Old Catholic Church

*If you wish to have an article or news item included in **OCCOA Newsletter**, please contact Bishop Jim Morgan or Mr. Minott Gaillard. This is just an attempt to share with each other and give us a chance to "promote" each other when someone does something good that we'd like to copy—or tries something that doesn't work—and we won't try that—bottom line, we'd just like to open communication channels—share **lessons learned**—share our blessings. Minott is at wmg937@aol.com. Please submit articles no later than the 15th of the month.*