

Spring 2018

## From the Editor: Face to Face with Jesus

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### Recommended Citation

Fitzpatrick, P. (2018). From the Editor: Face to Face with Jesus. *Spiritan Magazine*, 42 (1). Retrieved from <https://dsc.duq.edu/spiritan-tc/vol42/iss1/4>

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# Face to Face with Jesus

Pat Fitzpatrick CSSp

Jesus had phoned to say he was passing through town and wondered if I'd be at home. I said "Sure" ... and then wondered what I'd let myself in for. "In for" – Is that correct grammar – ending with a preposition? Would he call me out on the venial stuff? I hope he won't get into the mortal.

Part of this house is a real mess ... maybe we'll just stay in the front room.

He rang the bell. I hurried to the front door. Should I genuflect? ... Or kiss his hand? ... Or ...? We shook hands. I must have kept him there at the door, because he asked, "Can we sit down together somewhere?"

Well ... we got talking. "I like the scenery through your window," he said. Now that he had drawn my attention to it I had to agree. The leaves were bursting out nearly all along the branches. We sat in silence and took in the view.

Then I began to think I was missing a wonderful opportunity. It's not every day he and I get together.

"Lord," I broke the silence, "are you happy with the way the church is going right now? ... What do you think we need to do to promote Catholic Education in Ontario? ... Lord, maybe you'd like a glass of juice or something? A beer? ... it would only take a minute to get one from the fridge."



"Relax," he said "I just want to sit here, the two of us, and enjoy the view. Do you like the way my Father in Heaven continues to shape and reshape those clouds and how the sun plays hide and seek behind them?"

Time was passing by and he'd be leaving before we got into any serious

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stuff about the Church and Catholic Education and Social Justice.

"Well, it's good to see you again," he said. Again? "How are things?" How are things? Doesn't he know that already?

He went on. "You know, a lot of people invite me because they want to get my opinion on this, that, and the other. All I'd like is someone who'd just sit down with me, spend time with me;

someone who doesn't feel he has to entertain me – someone who's just there. You know – really present."

More silence. Then he nudged my shoulder. "Who do you say that I am?"

I started by telling him what some of the deep theologians were writing: "You are the eschatologically manifestation of the ground of our being. You are the complete revelation of the Trinitarian, Christological and Ecclesial mysteries of our lives."

I could see his eyes glaze over and his mouth open. He said, "What!"

Then he burst out laughing and shook his head. "You humans! I try to make it simple and you insist on complicating everything. Just be still now and again and know that I am God."

And with that he got up and gave me a big bear hug.

"Til we meet again," he shot back over his shoulder as he made his way out the front door.

"Til we meet again" – I wonder when that might be ... or where. You never know. ■