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From the Editor: The Easter Christ

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I delight turning up in disguise. I don’t like appointments. I prefer appearances.

Like that time Mary Magdalene thought I was the gardener and it was only when I called her “Mary” that she knew who I was. Like that time I joined my friends on the road to Emmaus. They thought I was a stranger. But then we had a meal together and they recognized me in the breaking of the bread.

Let loose in the world
You know what — I delight turning up in disguise. I don’t like appointments. I prefer appearances. I’ve been there with you incognito. Let loose in the world, I feel free to turn up anywhere anytime. They tell many stories about me — I like this one:

A group of computer salesmen went to a regional sales convention in Chicago. The meeting ran overtime so the men had to rush to the station, tickets in hand. As they barged through the terminal, one man inadvertently knocked over a table supporting a basket of apples. Without stopping, they all reached the platform and the train and boarded it with a sigh of relief.

All but one of them. He paused, thought for a moment and experienced a twinge of compunction for the boy whose apple stand he had knocked over. He waved goodbye to the other salesmen and returned to the main platform. He was glad he did. The young boy was blind.

The salesman gathered up the apples and noticed that several of them were bruised. He reached into his wallet and said to the boy, “Here, take this twenty dollars for the damage we did. I hope it didn’t spoil your day.”

As he started to walk away the bewildered boy called after him, “Hey, are you Jesus?”

He stopped in his tracks. And he wondered.

I guess you could call me the Christ of surprises.