

March 31 – April 1, 2007

Palm/Passion Weekend

Isaiah 50:4-7

Philippians 2:6-11

Luke 22:14- 23:56

How many of you collect the newspapers or magazines that chronicle historic/momentous events? Have you the JFK assassination editions from Life? How about the Time magazine cover of the first Shuttle exploding or the second Shuttle streaking through the Texas sky in fiery pieces? The 9-11 images of the collapsing Trade Center or the exploding planes? Perhaps the Hurricane Katrina headlines? Why do we keep them? Why is it, when we uncover them from their hiding places in attics and garages that we are suddenly transported into the events they chronicle? Our minds and hearts slow down as we remember where we were when we heard the news. We consider how we felt, what we did, how the event impacted our life. We recall if we were sad or happy, frightened or confused. The mystery of time, past ...present and future, is mulled over in our minds and souls with the images and words conveyed in our collectibles. This weekend we give breath to a story we unearth every year at this time, the story of the Passion, the suffering and death of Jesus of Nazareth, whom we have come to understand as being 'The Christ – The Anointed One of God.' It is a lengthy story and to us who like our stories compact and brief the Passion can seem tedious and boring. Having heard this story in previous years we easily leap to already knowing how it will end, to the presumed conclusion...and probably, viewing it as a distraction on the way to Easter. Indeed, our culture is all about Easter, we don't want to consider the suffering, pain and abandonment of Good Friday. We prefer bright flowers and happy songs to the images of a crucified man suspended between heaven and earth. Yet, the happy songs and bright flowers are only possible because he died on those boards of wood. Our happy songs, our sense of well-being, our hopefulness, our, our, our...EVERYTHING, is because of the tedious story we uncover and retell this weekend. When did you first realize that you were alone in this world? When did your spouse cheat on you? When did you realize you couldn't have children? Where did you go when you lost your job? Who did you first tell when you were diagnosed with Cancer? What was it like to realize you were no longer young? When you served in Vietnam or Iraq, did you ever tell anyone of the horrors you saw...or inflicted? When both of your parents finally passed away, from whom did you seek consolation? What happened in your stomach when you went to the first funeral of one of your contemporaries? When did God stop being just a quaint story and someone to whom you wished to draw close? This weekend is not about a quaint story...it is about real people, real life...YOU! Because Jesus is you...and the only way for YOU to get to Easter is to do what Jesus did...and live the story, his story - our story, we tell today.

Thank you for joining with our Corpus Christi community this weekend as we enter into our sacred days of Holy Week. Blessed Palms may be pulled off the fronds in the container on the courtyard. If you have 'old palm' from previous years, the appropriate manner of disposing of it is to burn it and then simply scattering the ashes in a potted plant or in your garden. Please accept a Bulletin on your way home, it has the schedule for Holy Thursday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday and Easter Sunday. **Please note, weather allowing, we will host our TWO Easter Masses (8:30 a.m. and 11:00 a.m.) outdoors on the lawn**, please dress according to the weather. (REMINDER: If it is raining on Easter morning, we revert to our usual Sunday schedule of three Masses and will utilize our downstairs Hall for overflow.) Special parking privileges have been procured so that you MAY PARK ON THE STREET, but please only cross at the light at Liberty and Aliso Viejo Parkway...and do so VERY CAREFULLY. Next weekend brings out a whole bunch of people wanting to share our strength and our joy...let's go the extra mile in welcoming them and be living signs of people who know that the only way to Easter is through the cross of crucifixion. As the stories of Holy Week hold your heart and imagination, remember, you are loved. FKB