

Dear Friends,

At daily Mass on Wednesday we celebrated the Eucharist and after Holy Communion there were no more consecrated hosts left to be put into the tabernacle. The tabernacle in the church was emptied too. For that day, until the Mass of the Lord's Supper on Holy Thursday, there were no consecrated hosts in the church. This was true not only in our parish, but parishes around the world.

The Eucharist is the greatest sign of the presence of Christ in the Church; it is the source and summit of all Christian life. When the Church is without his body the world begins to starve. It is a good thing to fast in prayer and penitence, but to be without the Body of Christ is a hunger for our souls. This hunger is a good thing for us because it causes us to ponder the mystery of Jesus' suffering, death and resurrection. The mystery of his Passion is intimately united to the Sacrament of the Eucharist. It is united as well to our baptismal call to live as disciples. It is in this context that I wrote this poem. I've been working on it all during this past season of Lent. I share it with you as my Easter gift.

REQUIEM: LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE

By Fr. Tim Seigel

Why should I choose to believe
that which I have not seen
with the clarity of the sun rising
to greet another day?

Show me In concrete proof beyond words,
myth and story,
that Christ has risen,
so I might believe it is all true.

Why should I place my faith
in that which has no proof?
Show me the linen cloths
that once enshrouded his head
 crowned with thorns
and his body wounded by hate
 scourged, beaten and nailed
 to the cross.

I wait in this restless silence
for an answer to enlighten
the silent shadows of this night,
and all I hear
is my name gently whispered
in this invitation.

"Follow me.

Show me it is real.
As real as the darkness of my doubt,
dark and cold as a tomb
sealed by granite.

"See my eyes are opened
as I rise from the sacred font.

“Come and eat this bread,
drink this wine.

“Receive my spirit of peace
breathed into your heart.

“The requiem has ended.
My light shines brighter
than any linen shroud.
My love pours forth through life
not in wounds of a persecuted moment,
but now, right now
in your life, your wounds,
your love,
and mine.”

In this whispered call I know
with broken certainty at best,
his invitation is all I have to go on.

Behold life, beyond the empty, open grave.

© April 8, 2009

Have a very blessed and joyous Easter.

With love,
Fr. Tim Seigel