

REFLECTIONS

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Listen, my dear brothers: Has not God chosen those who are poor in the eyes of the world to be rich in faith and to inherit the kingdom he promised those who love him?

James 2:5

A Meaningful Meal...

Sitting at a table in the cafeteria, I became aware of commotion at a table nearby. There at a round table, but squarely in the center of the room, sat three women and two men having a great time together; their laughter could not be ignored.

My first glance found a young woman returning to her chair after assisting one of the others in picking up something that had dropped or cleaning up something that had spilled. I could not help but watch what was going on although I became a little uneasy with myself over it. Returned to her chair, the young woman leaned to her left and shared something funny with one companion; but they *all* seemed to delight in what she said.

Because they were seated in the center of the eating area, I felt the eyes of others on them, not just my own. I was a little embarrassed for them, for though they were not loud, the energy at their table drew attention to them—but they seemed unbothered by it. Fun and joy and respect and love unmistakably bonded them.

I was seated for only a few minutes when they rose to leave. The first to rise moved to his left and took the arm of his friend. The next moved to her right to assist her young girl friend from her chair. The last person then backed away from the round table and began to move around it following the path the others had taken toward the cashier.

They continued to smile and to laugh as they made their way past my table—I sensed the love they had for each other and for the life they were sharing. It made me uneasy as the last one passed by me guiding her motorized chair as her palsied head bounced from side to side and her crooked face tried to say excuse me to everyone she may have inconvenienced. She disappeared behind me following her companions.

All were mentally challenged. Two also were blind.

God has blessed most of us with good minds that work with remarkable speed to assimilate data into knowledge and knowledge into understanding. Why is it then that those less mentally gifted seem to be happier and less troubled? We assume it's because they don't know better—but I wonder if it's because they know more.

I wonder if it is a richer faith.

You are the light of the world,

Richard +

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