



REFLECTIONS

June 2, 2019, Refreshed from the Archives of August 26, 2007

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

Meaningful Meal...

Dining alone one evening at a cafeteria, commotion at a nearby table aroused my attention. I lifted my head to see a party of five, three women and two men, at a round table positioned squarely in the center of the room, having a great time together; their laughter could not be ignored.

My first glance found one of them, a young woman, returning to her chair after assisting one of the others in picking up something that had been dropped on the floor. I couldn't help but fix my eyes on the scene although I became a little uneasy over my stare. The young woman returned to her chair, then leaned to her left and shared something funny with one companion; but they all seemed to delight in what she said.

Though they were not loud, their position in the room together with the energy at their table drew the attention of other diners not just mine. I felt a little embarrassed for the party, but they seemed undistracted by the attention they had drawn. Fun and joy and respect and love for each other had unmistakably bonded their lives.

It seemed that only a few minutes passed when all five of them 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 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 all continued to smile and to laugh as they made their way past my table—I sensed the love they felt for each other and for the life they were sharing. Finally the last of them followed her companions guiding her motorized wheelchair as her palsied head bounced from side to side and her crooked facial expression tried to say excuse me to everyone she may have disturbed along her path.

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 they know more because of a richer faith.

You are the light of the world,

Richard +

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