



I have good news for all parishioners. I will be going on my summer vacation at the end of June and the first two weeks of July. You will be free of corny jokes, complaints about the Mets and the Jets, harassment of Yankee fans, and other such disturbances. The parish is in the good hands of Father Jim, Father Ciya, Deacon Tom and all around expert Steve Descovich, associate pastor. We also expect a wonderful young man, Father Emmanuel from India to assist us in July and August. The parish also very much looks forward to the arrival of Father Denis Sweeney in September. He will be a great blessing to our parish community.

I am planning on a week in the Outer Banks and then some time in the Poconos with my family and friends. The horses in North Carolina have petitioned the governor that I not be allowed to ride any of them, and I am banned from all whitewater rafting in eleven states. I have thought about hang-gliding but the hike up the hills to take off is a bit much to consider. I know the mosquitos of Nags Head have been face booking about the anticipated tasty Irish dinner soon to arrive.

I have always like the song *Morning Has Broken* popularized by Cat Stephens. Stephens found the song in a hymnal, liked the lyrics and music, adapted it a bit, and it went to become an enormous hit. *Morning has Broken* is the best-known work of Eleanor Farjeon, children's author and poet. *Morning has Broken* was written in 1931 for an old Scottish tune called *Bunessan*, a village on the Island of Mull. As I think about vacations, I love the phrase from the song *God's recreation of the new day*. The word *recreation* might make us think of our school days and that wonderful time when the bell rang and we would run outside to the schoolyard and have recreation time. In the song,

the word is pronounced *re-creation*. To be *re-created* is to be renewed, refreshed, to be reborn.

From the vast and empty void, God created the wonder and glory of the universe. From the clay of the earth, God breathed life and created human beings in His image and likeness. And on the seventh day He rested and God gave us the sabbath. The sabbath to my mind is less about a day and more about a spirit of being refreshed and re-created. All of us can grow weary and tired from the realities of day to day life. We can begin to fail to see that every day and every moment is a precious gift from God. Each of us has our own way of entering into sabbath: some exercise, run marathons, walk miles, golf, hike and fish. Others choose to read a book, see a movie, listen to music, tread books, take long naps, watch a show, or just sit and be. A sabbath, can be a month or fifteen minutes of quiet time that refreshes. I know that not everybody can get away for a vacation, but everybody can sabbath, pause, rest and recharge our batteries.

I think a good sabbath, a healthy vacation, is combination of enjoying the gifts that God has given us, sharing time with those we love and taking some time to be alone, and a pause to pray. *Psalm 46* speaks to re-creation: *Be still and know that I am God*. I love the words that Jesus speaks to the apostles when they return from their first public acts of ministry: He said to them, "Come away by yourselves to a deserted place and rest a while." People were coming and going in great numbers, and they had no opportunity even to eat. It is my hope that all of us can find some leisure time, some sabbath, to grow still and rest with the Lord.



*Mine is the sunlight,  
mine is the morning  
Born of the one light,  
Eden saw play  
Praise with elation,  
praise every morning  
God's recreation  
of the new day*