



April 2018 Reflection - Easter

As I write this letter, we are passing through the holiest week of our Christian year. The week during which the true mystery of our Faith is witnessed: "Christ has died, Christ is risen, Christ will come again."

It's during this week and it's solemn and beautiful services that I often think about all those in my life who have passed on to me the faith that has become my life, the faith that has comforted and supported, the faith that I love and that I have been privileged to share with so many over the years, especially with this community of Benilde-St. Margaret's.

I truly credit my mom and dad for giving both the foundation and the example of faith. They were both such wonderful people. Neither of them went beyond high school; in fact, my dad dropped out at age 16 so that he could join the Navy to fight in World War II, a decision that took him to Pearl Harbor where he served and lost so many in December of 1941. They were two people who lived simply, loved deeply and believed strongly, truly teaching me to do the same.

My dad was diabetic and struggled with this illness for many years, losing his sight in his late forties. Whenever I think of my dad, the passage from Isaiah that I used in my Advent letter comes to mind:

"The people who walked in darkness have seen a great light; Upon those who lived in a land of gloom a light has shone." - Isaiah 9:2

Although my dad walked in darkness until his early death at the age of 52, the darkness never overcame him. Faith was a light that guided and strengthened him, and my mom and me, through those difficult years. The disease touched his eyes, but it never touched his heart. My dad never asked, "Why me?" My dad never questioned his God or his faith. He never lost his love for life and his sense of humor. I remember coming home for Christmas during my senior year in college. I was so young back then, and I even had hair, hair that was way too long according to my mom who said I would have to have it cut before going to my grandmother's for Christmas. My dad who could only see shadows at the time simply smiled and said, "It looks great to me, son!"

That was my dad and my mom was very much like him in spite of the hair comments. Both are now with God, but they are also very much with me in all that I am and in all that I do. Every day I feel their presence and their watchful care. Every day I am so very thankful for the faith that they passed on to me.



Benilde-St. Margaret's

A Catholic, college preparatory school, grades 7 - 12

What I have shared with you here was truly my dad's Good Friday, but he always knew that an Easter Sunday was in his future. He never gave up because he knew that the battle had been won. He knew that by Jesus' cross and resurrection, he had been set free.

As I close this reflection, I pray that each of you might take the time to be thankful for those in your own experience who have been witnesses of faith to you. Those whose lives have brought you to this Holy Week with the promise of new life and resurrection. I pray that you might also realize the important role that you play in truly being that witness to those whose lives you touch. I pray that, regardless of what Good Fridays we might experience, we may always know that we are never left there. There is always an Easter Sunday that follows. We are truly an Easter people: The Son has come. The Son has risen. The Son will come again! May this Easter Season hold countless blessings for you, my friends!

Love and Prayers,
Mike Jeremiah
Campus Minister

