

The bulletin today says we are planning to move back across the street to the church next weekend, but I'm putting it off at least one more week. After the bulletin went to press, a few more factors came to light. Most importantly the wood floors are being varnished this week, and they need time to dry before we move in heavy objects like the altar, the pews, the organ, the piano, and a congregation. Furthermore, some of the manufacturers have not been able to keep up with their schedule, so we have not yet received the cabinet work and some of the interior doors. This coming week we go through the punch list, and we expect there will be a number of small items we'd like to get finished before we move in.

In addition to all of that, I need a bishop. We will have a new altar in the church, and it has to be formally dedicated by a bishop before we should start using it. Bishop Finn and Bishop Boland are each willing to come, but they already have quite a bit on their schedules. I don't know yet which of them will come, or when that will be, but it will be soon. We can celebrate a few masses over there with our old altar, but it would be fitting to start the celebrations across the street with a bishop on hand.

I'm sure you are anxious to see the building, and it is beautiful inside, but I need to ask you please to stay out of there while the workers are finishing up. We need them to concentrate on some very specific tasks, and we cannot afford to have someone walk over our newly-varnished wood floors. I don't like asking anybody to stay out of church, but for another week or two, we need to be careful about walking in over there.

After that, please welcome anyone you know to come see St. Munchin's – and to worship with us. The First Letter of Peter says today, "Always be ready to give an explanation to anyone who asks you for a reason for your hope." This can easily be done by showing off our church. Here is a building set aside for sacred purposes, a building that explains our faith in God, our love for one another, our concern for the world, and our hope for everlasting life.

Last week my mother and I visited her 90-year old sister, who lives in a convent in southern Minnesota. A few weeks ago my aunt tripped and fell over a display area in a department store. Her face turned black and blue, and a large knot appeared on her forehead. When we saw her, her complexion was yellow, but the other nuns told us she had looked a lot worse. I said to her, "It must be embarrassing to fall down and look this way." I said that because I would sure be embarrassed, but my words were a whole new idea to her. "No," she said, "I wasn't embarrassed. These things happen, and besides, it could have been so much worse. I could have broken my leg, my hip, or my neck. But God took care of me."

"Always be ready to give an explanation to anyone who asks you for a reason for your hope." If God is protecting you, let people know. We all need reminders of things that are going well.