



Of Seeds and Flowers



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William R. Pfeiffer - Director

Mary's Field, Ltd. - PO Box 99 - Hebron, CT 06248 - 860.530.1253 - wisdom@marysfield.org

TOMMY - TRUE AND TOUCHING

John Powell, a professor at Loyola University in Chicago writes about a student in his Theology of Faith class named Tommy: Some twelve years ago, I stood watching my university students file into the classroom for our first session in the Theology of Faith.

That was the day I first saw Tommy. My eyes and my mind both blinked. He was combing his long flaxen hair, which hung six inches below his shoulders. It was the first time I had ever seen a boy with hair that long. I guess it was just coming into fashion then. I know in my mind that it isn't what's on your head but what's in it that counts; but on that day I was unprepared and my emotions flipped. I immediately filed Tommy under "S" for strange very strange.

Tommy turned out to be the "atheist in residence" in my Theology of Faith course. He constantly objected to, smirked at, or whined about the possibility of an unconditionally loving Father/God. We lived with each other in relative peace for one semester, although I admit he was for me at times a serious pain in the back pew.

When he came up at the end of the course to turn in his final exam, he asked in a cynical tone, "Do you think I'll ever find God?" I decided instantly on a little shock therapy. "No!" I said very emphatically. Why not," he responded, "I thought that was the product you were pushing." I let him get five steps from the classroom door and then called out, "Tommy! I don't think you'll ever find Him, but I am absolutely certain that He will find you!" He shrugged a little and left my class and my life.

I felt slightly disappointed at the thought that he had missed my clever line -- "He will find you!" At least I thought it was clever.

Later I heard that Tommy had graduated and I was duly grateful. Then a sad report came. I heard that Tommy had terminal cancer. Before I could search him out, he came to see me. When he walked into my office, his body was very badly wasted and the long hair had all fallen out as a result of chemotherapy. But his eyes were bright and his voice was firm, for the first time, I believe. "Tommy, I've thought about you so often.

I hear you are sick," I blurted out. "Oh, yes, very sick. I have cancer in both lungs. It's a matter of weeks." "Can you talk about it, Tom?" I asked. "Sure, what would you like to know?" he replied. "What's it like to be only twenty-four and dying?" "Well, it could be worse." "Like what?" "Well, like being fifty and having no values or ideals, like being fifty and thinking that booze, seducing women, and making money are the real 'biggies' in life."

I began to look through my mental file cabinet under 'S' where I had filed Tommy as strange. It seems as though everybody I try to reject by classification, God sends back into my life to educate me.

"But what I really came to see you about," Tom said, "is something you said to me on the last day of class." (He remembered!) He continued, "I asked you if you thought I would ever find God and you said, 'No!' which surprised me. Then you said, 'But He will find you.' I thought about that a lot, even though my search for God was hardly intense at that time. (My clever line. He thought about that a lot!)"



But when the doctors removed a lump from my groin and told me that it was malignant, that's when I got serious about locating God. And when the malignancy spread into my vital organs, I really began banging bloody fists against the Bronze doors of heaven. But God did not come out.. In fact, nothing happened. Did you ever try anything for a long time with great effort and with no success? You get psychologically glutted, fed up with trying. And then you quit.

"Well, one day I woke up, and instead of throwing a few more futile appeals over that high brick wall to a God who may be or may not be there, I just quit. I decided that I didn't really care about God, about an afterlife, or anything like that. I decided to spend what time I had left doing something more profitable. I thought about you and your class and I remembered something else you had said: The essential sadness is to go through life without loving. But it would be almost equally sad to go through life and leave this world without ever telling those you loved that you had loved them.

"So, , began with the hardest one, my Dad. He was reading the newspaper when I approached him. "Dad." "Yes, what?" he asked without lowering the newspaper. "Dad, I would like to talk with you." "Well, talk." "I mean .. It's really important." The newspaper came down three slow inches. "What is it?" "Dad, I love you I just wanted you to know that." Tom smiled at me and said it with obvious satisfaction, as though he felt a warm and secret joy flowing inside of him.

"The newspaper fluttered to the floor. Then my father did two things I could never remember him ever doing before. He cried and he hugged me. We talked all night, even though he had to go to work the next morning. It felt so good to be close to my father, to see his tears, to feel his hug, to hear him say that he loved me" "It was easier with my mother and little brother. They cried with me, too, and we hugged each other, and started saying real nice things to each other. We shared the things we had been keeping secret for so many years.

"I was only sorry about one thing -- that I had waited so long. Here I was, just beginning to open up to all the people I had actually been close to. "Then, one day I turned around and God was there. He didn't come to me when I pleaded with Him. I guess I was like an animal trainer holding out a hoop, 'C'mon, jump through. C'mon, I'll give You three days, three weeks.'

"Apparently God does things in His own way and at His own hour. But the important thing is that He was there. He found me! You were right. He found me even after I stopped looking for Him."

"Tommy," I practically gasped, "I think you are saying something very important and much more universal than you realize. To me, at least, you are saying that the surest way to find God is not to make Him a private possession, a problem solver, or an instant consolation in time of need, but rather by opening to love. You know, the Apostle John said that. He said: 'God is love, and anyone who lives in love is living with God and God is living in him.' Tom, could I ask you a favor? You know, when I had you in class you were a real pain. But (laughingly) you can make it all up to me now. Would you come into my present Theology of Faith course and tell them what you have just told me? If I told them the same thing it wouldn't be half as effective as if you were to tell it."

"Ooh . I was ready for you, but I don't know if I'm ready for your class."

"Tom, think about it. If and when you are ready, give me a call." In a few days Tom called, said he was ready for the class, that he wanted to do that for God and for me. So we scheduled a date. However, he never made it. He had another appointment, far more important than the one with me and my class. Of course, his life was not really ended by his death, only changed. He made the great step from faith into vision. He found a life far more beautiful than the eye of man has ever seen or the ear of man has ever heard or the mind of man has ever imagined.

Before he died, we talked one last time. "I'm not going to make it to your class," he said. "I know, Tom." "Will you tell them for me? Will you .. tell the whole world for me?" I will, Tom. I'll tell them. I'll do my best"

So, to all of you who have been kind enough to read this simple story about God's love, thank you for listening. And to you, Tommy, somewhere in the sunlit, verdant hills of heaven --I told them, Tommy, as best I could.

VISION AND REALITY

"My home is in Heaven. I'm just travelling through this world". Billy Graham

Rabbi". asked the tourist. "where is your furniture?" "Where is yours?" replied Rabbi Hofetz Chaim. "Mine?" asked the puzzled American. "But I'm only a visitor here. I am only passing through." "So am I." said the Rabbi. "We are all only passing through."

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT AND CALUMNY

"Moral Theology" by Jone-Adelman was a Moral Theology book I used for 4 years in the Seminary. We studied the Eighth Commandment, "Thou shall not bear false witness" and learned that beside 'false witness" the eighth commandment also dealt with acts of unjust lying about another person to ruin their good name or reputation. The fancy theological name for this is "calumny". Today we might use some of the following nouns instead of calumny: slander, character assassination, libel, mud-slinging etc.. When a person deliberately sets out to seriously destroy another person's name, family or reputation they are, at least objectively, guilty of a very, very malicious act. -a most serious infraction of the moral law and offence against their neighbor.

To be a good Christian, Jew or Muslim, or to simply be called a good fellow human being is to reject, avoid, renounce, to have no part in this kind of action. What is happening in our country is truly despicable. There aren't enough negative adjectives to properly describe the present state of affairs in our country. Just think of the many politicians, Hollywood and television personalities, news media people who are regularly involved in serious attempts to slander and destroy other people. I'm not here referring to the public's right to know about the bad things public figures often do that absolutely need to be revealed to protect society. The Eighth Commandment was written in stone and the purpose God had in mind for giving this Commandment is very much alive and applicable today. The demands of the Eighth Commandment are essential for individuals and a society to exist and to prosper.

"Woe to those who call evil good, and good evil, who change darkness into light and light into darkness, who change bitter into sweet, and sweet into bitter! Woe to those who are wise in their own sight, and prudent in their own esteem." Isaiah 5: 20-21

"THE SWORD YOU USE TO DESTROY YOUR ENEMY MUST FIRST PASS THROUGH YOUR OWN HEART." Thomas Merton

"TO FORGIVE IS TO SET THE PRISONER FREE, AND THEN DISCOVER THAT THE PRISONER WAS YOU."

"Do not conform yourselves to this age but be transformed by the renewal of your mind, so that you may judge what is God's will, what is good, pleasing and perfect." Romans 12: 2.

"By obedience to the TRUTH you have purified yourselves for a GENUINE LOVE of your brothers; therefore love one another CONSTANTLY from the HEART." 1Peter 1: 22.

When you teach your son, you teach your son's son. And it is also true that what you DON'T TEACH your son will probably teach your son's son and could have serious consequences for generations to come. What an awesome responsibility parents have! I am VERY SAD when I hear parents say in regard to the religious up-bringing of their children: "I'm going to let him/her decide for themselves." Great people are often born or lost by this poor kind of parental decision making.

I used to tell my students that the next generation is pretty much already raised in them. "Your children will reflect your character, integrity, values, holiness, patriotism etc.." I also used to tell my students, "If you are going to have children, RAISE THEM." DEAD SILENCE!!!! It really doesn't take a whole village to raise a child when mom and pop are doing it! Parenting today is weaker than it has been since the founding of the Republic. -and so funny that EVERYBODY KNOWS IT.



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SPEAKING SOFTLY

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

A man was being tailgated by a stressed-out woman on a busy boulevard. Suddenly the light turned yellow just in front of him. He did the right thing, stopping at the crosswalk even though he could have beaten the red light by accelerating thorough the intersection. The tailgating woman was furious, and she honked her horn angrily, screaming in frustration and shouting obscenities as she fumbled her cell phone.

She was still in mid-rant when she heard a tap on her window and looked up to see a stern police officer. He ordered her out of the car with her hands up and took her to the police station where she was searched, fingerprinted, photographed, and placed in a holding cell.

After a couple of hours she was escorted by a very embarrassed arresting officer back to the desk and given her personal effects. The officer said, "I'm really very sorry. You see, I pulled up behind your car while you were blowing your horn and cursing a blue streak at the guy in front of you. Then I noticed the 'What Would Jesus Do?' bumper sticker, the 'Choose Life' license plate holder, the 'Follow Me to Sunday School' bumper sticker, and the chrome-plated Christian fish emblem on the trunk. Well, naturally;" he continued, "I assumed you had stolen the car."

When you are hungry it is a biological problem; when your brother is hungry it is a spiritual problem.

"America is great because America is good, and if America ever ceases to be good, America will cease to be great."

- Alexis de Tocqueville

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