

## My Sisters in Christ

The National Council of Catholic Women Convention is in the books. It is difficult to put into words the experiences from the convention. This year's theme was "Called to an Encounter with Jesus." I found my heart touched several times as I listened to the speakers Dr. ValLimar Jansen and Katie McGrady. They both spoke about the vital role of the feminine genius in our lives. The liturgies were beautiful and we had time to spend with Jesus in the Eucharist. I found it wonderful when confession was offered there was a priest who welcomed you at the door and guided you to a confessor.

One particular moment was what I witnessed on our trip back to the hotel from the canal ride. First, I need to preface that the temperature in Oklahoma was HOT!!!

We walked to the trolley, to wait for the trolley to take us to our hotel destination. The trolley that had arrived was not the trolley of our choice but the driver encouraged us to get on and ride as the trolley would take us to our hotel, it would just be a longer ride. Well, if it was air conditioned, we were game! The trolley was full but there were seats in the back and I was encouraged to take a seat with my two members from the LDCCW. I'll call this member Sally, who was sitting next to a homeless person. He was nervous and it appeared the noise was too much for him. Soon he had his shirt pulled over his head and curled into a ball in his seat. Eventually, he poked his head out and Sally asked him where he was going. He said he was heading to the library at 9:30 at night. The other companion, I'll call her Meghan, leaned in and asked him, "How old are you?" He replied 18 and explained he could ride the trolley for free until he was 19, then he had to pay. These two women tagged up and lovingly talked to this young man and we learned a lot about his life. We knew he graduated from foster care and was living on the streets. Our stop came and Sally pulled out \$5 and gave it to the young man. He thanked her and Sally asked, "Do you know Jesus?" and he did. She then encouraged him to seek out a Catholic Church. As we exited the trolley, Meghan said, "Well kiddo, we will pray for you" and we left.

For myself, all I did was watch in awe. I was sad thinking I was not bold enough to do anything. Maybe it was for me to witness and ponder. The next morning as I visited Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, the Magnificat intercessions for the morning were:

*"Through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary, let us pray for the coming of God's kingdom, to which she devoted her life."*

*That the sick be healed, the sorrowing consoled, the homeless given a home: Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.*

I did not recognize the young man as Jesus and I don't think my companions did but they truly took on Matthew 25:40

*And the king will say to them in reply, 'Amen, I say to you, whatever you did for one of these least brothers of mine, you did for me.'*

Your humble servant, Judy Weston

