The Courage & EnCourage Conference Triduum

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Dedicated to the men and women of Courage & EnCourage

We begin on a Thursday, made holy by Jesus alone. We begin with His Last Supper. We come as we are. We come with our desire to be chaste. We bring the weight of all our concerns to the altar. We bring the intentions of our loved ones who are unable to attend.

We pray as one; our Father is the same.

We dine. We share news and hopes and fears. We joke and well-up with emotion. We are silent. We listen. Fathers and mothers wait for their famished sons and daughters. The addicted again are kissed by Christ in the Sacrament of Confession. Priests shepherd the flock. We members place our hands on each other's shoulders and touch our brothers' and sisters' lonely hearts. Coordinators thank God for His aid. Speakers are humbled to address the audience. Our masculinity and femininity, our calling to be divine are rediscovered through Him, Who, eons ago, once flew over the colossal, chaotic waters rendering His serene order.

There are conversations over meals. Along paths, we enjoy a stroll. New friends are made. Old friends smile. A little retreat of two is held in a quiet corner. We remember our beloved who sleep in Christ. Again, upon the Old and New Words, we chew. Angels and saints are once more invoked as the Lord's sacrificial-death-day passes to His subject, the gentle ruler of the night sky. We meditate with the Sorrowful Mother in the Stations. Roses that hail her are spoken one bead at a time. We watch for one hour, drowsy incense still honoring the God-Man. We sleep under the protection of tangible grace and peace.

Sins meet their formidable Opponent, Who crushes them under His nail punctured foot. Music praises the Almighty and exalts the lowly. Valiant witnesses, controlling their fears, standing before the assembly, speak in their naked souls, deserving the standing ovation they are given. We celebrate on the eve of Easter Memorial, grateful to be among those who unpretentiously acknowledge their shortcomings are before them always.

In the morning, we Resurrection believers again welcome the Dayspring from on high, still appearing as bread and wine—yet so much more. A blessing is placed over us as we go forth to our homes. The family bond is strengthened; comfort has been given to us. We commune with the Church in heaven and on earth. The Courage & EnCourage Conference closes until the trees again clothe themselves in dark greens.

But throughout the year, in the downpour, in the frigid, and in the sunshine, we have each other… and we cling to our Master… our Master, and our Friend… Who holds us.