



A Simple Miracle

It was probably 2 am, and I had just returned from running in the cold winter, as I often do on the diaconate weekends. Yet, unlike the other weekends, since an Orthodox youth group was using the chapel, an ordinary meeting room became our makeshift “chapel” with everything set up much the same as it always is, on any given diaconate weekend. Roughly five hours earlier, we had gathered for Adoration and now I entered to have some alone time with my heavenly Father. Immediately after walking in, I went over to turn the floor lamp light off. As I turned around, I was greeted with quite a surprise. There on the ceiling, I noticed a rather large white ball illuminating the ceiling which, only moments ago when the lamp was on, appeared much like any other dropped white ceiling tiles do. Initially, I thought someone had taken out the tiny monstrance containing the same white host which now appeared to reflect off the ceiling tiles. Yet the monstrance was no longer on the small wooden tabernacle, as it had been during Adoration. Rather, it was still in the side Tabernacle, as it had been placed earlier. Sitting directly in front of the cross, which was placed off to one side, I sat and pondered the image before me.

After a few moments, I decided to retrieve my cell phone and take a picture of the reflection on the ceiling. After taking several pictures, I sat back down to enjoy the moment, with the words of Father Joe

Fleming resonating in my head, “Sometimes God pecks you on your cheek to let you know He is present in your life.” Closing my eyes, I let go of everything to just enjoy the moment for what it was. A little while later, after the candles had burned down further, what had previously been one solid host now appeared to have separated into two.

Later that morning, as I sat in the very same “chapel,” with all the floor lamps and overhead lights on, waiting for morning prayers to begin, I reflected on what I had seen earlier. Over the past eight years I had been attending the diaconate academic weekends, we had never previously been in this specific room, to celebrate mass or hold prayer service as we were now doing. The month before, while in the usual chapel similar candles couldn’t even stay lit for one entire day, yet here they were still burning bright, lit more than a day earlier. Even still, the candles would have had to be spaced just enough apart, and to have burned down to a certain level before their reflections could converge perfectly on the ceiling. If I hadn’t turned off the floor lamp, the reflection would never have appeared on the ceiling tiles. Instead, the light emitted from the two candle flames would have been lost to the lamp light. If I would have awakened a little later, or had not decided to run five miles, I would not have entered the room at just the right time to witness what can be described as a simple miracle. Yes, as a physician scientist, I could easily explain how this image appeared on the ceiling tiles before me that morning. Yet, as His adopted son, I was given the opportunity to cherish the gift as it was, a simple reminder from a loving Father. As I sat waiting for mass to begin, I forgot about my earthly titles and all the responsibilities that come with them, and in this moment allowed the gift of a peck on my cheek to settle deeply into my heart.

*No small wooden Tabernacle
Could ever contain
The glory of God
Its light will forever
Shine forth
To light up our world*