

Perils of a Catholic Upbringing

Written by Cosmic

Friday, 22 January 2010 14:17 - Last Updated Friday, 22 January 2010 17:29

[I can't make Mass this week](#)

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As I walked down the busy sidewalk, knowing I was late for Mass, my eye fell upon one of those unfortunate, homeless vagabonds that are found in every city these days.

Some people turned to stare. Others quickly looked away as if the sight would somehow contaminate them.

Recalling my old pastor, who always admonished me to 'care for the sick, feed the hungry and clothe the naked,' I was moved by some powerful inner urge to reach out to this unfortunate person. Wearing what can only be described as rags, carrying every worldly possession in two plastic bags, my heart was touched by this person's condition.

Yes, where some people saw only rags, I saw a true, hidden beauty.

A small voice inside my head called out, 'Reach out, reach out and touch this person!'



So I did.....



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Thanks