

**REFLECTION****Children in the Nave, Priest in the Sanctuary  
by Guillermo de Carndonagh**

Green is the liturgical color of hope. Our priests wear it throughout the season of Pentecost and from Epiphany until Septuagesima Sunday. As our priests offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and our choir lifts its voice in Chant and song we are called upon to "lift up your hearts" and we reply "We have lifted them up to the Lord". And so with sound, color and response we are called to hope and wait upon the Lord. To set aside for a short few moments all earthly cares and to strengthen our hopes for the future. To strengthen our hopes for ourselves, for our families and our faith community.

But these are not the only colors and sounds that should cause us to be a people of hope. The pinks and whites and blues that adorn the small children of our community are also just as profoundly colors of hope. The rustle and even the noisy complaint the young is just as much a call to our hearts to be lifted up as the Chant of our choir. A community without the young is a community waiting to be interred as its last sour and grumpy countenance is committed to the ground. The courage and faith that moves a young man and women to raise children in the Faith is cause enough for joy. But, when they also take on the additional burden of recovering their patrimonial Rite and passing it on to their children we should rejoice.

As we age the tendency to let the curmudgeon living in us all to take over at times seems almost overwhelming. When this happens our thoughts for our own comfort and our desire to pray quietly may keep us from having the patience and love that we should have for the young among us. We may even give way to fantasy remembrances of our perfect demeanor or that of our children in church. I am fortunate to live in a pavilion of women, and these loving daughters are not timid about subduing Dad's curmudgeon with a brief comment about what Grandmother told them about my actual youthful behavior or accurately recalling their own.

When you see that little girl with bouncy curls and clicking shoes thank God for the gift of the next generation of mothers and religious who will carry the Faith and the Traditional Roman Rite into the future. When you see the young boy almost dragging his tired mother to the Altar rail reflect, what better place to pull someone towards. If his eagerness for the Altar is fostered you may be looking at the nice young priest of your own antiquity. Some saint whose name I cannot recall said; "Priests are young men who were raised with the sound of bells in their ears, candles and icons in their sight and the scent incense in their nostrils".

And so young parents please keep bringing your children to the "Latin Mass". Many of us have sought the restoration of the Traditional Rite for almost thirty years and have at most another decade or two to offer sacrifice to the Lord in this world. There is no point in our endeavor if we have no one to pass the embers of our faith on to. And my fellow potential curmudgeons please pray with me that we will have the wisdom and courage to emulate Eleazar.

"I will show myself worthy of my old age and leave to the young a noble example of how to die a good death willingly and nobly for the revered and holy laws" 2 Maccabees 6 27-28.