



Part II-I Smell God

One blistering afternoon, in the summer of 1996, near her home in Irving, Texas, Dana was sitting on her mother's lap in the bleachers of a local ballpark, where her brother Dustin's baseball team was practicing.

As always, Dana was chattering non-stop with her mother and several other adults sitting nearby, when she suddenly fell silent. Hugging her arms across her chest, little Dana asked, *"Do you smell that?"*

Smelling the air and detecting the approach of a thunderstorm, Diana replied,

*"Yes, it smells like rain."*

Dana closed her eyes and, softly, again asked, *"Do you smell that?"*

Once again, her mother replied,

*"I think we're about to get wet. Smells like rain."*

Still caught in the moment, Dana shook her head, patted her thin shoulders with her small hands, and loudly announced,

*"No, it smells like Him. It smells like God when you lay your head on His chest."*

Tears blurred Diana's eyes as Dana happily hopped down to play with the other children.

Before the rains came, her daughter's words confirmed what Diana and all the members of her extended family had known, at least in their hearts, all along.

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*During those long days and nights of the first two months of Dana's life, when her nerves were too sensitive for the parents to touch her, God was holding Dana on His chest and...it is His loving scent that Dana remembered so well.*

*At darkest dark, just before dawn, even though one cannot see the sun, it is just over the horizon. It is unseen. **BUT**, just the same, it is there. So too, with His Son. Just because we cannot always see or feel Him, He is there. So...keep your chin up!*

*Sincerely and in Him, fr. t., your vicar.*