

## Reflections On The Journey

One evening this past month I was sitting around the table with members of the steering committee for a renovation project and contemplating the next steps. The energy in the room was very high and excitement filled the air. People were engaged in the possibilities that lay before them. I too was caught up in the excitement of the evening. It seemed hard to believe that their dark, cavernous church of the 1970's could possibly be transformed into a wonderful, open, light-filled, beautiful space in which they can carry out their liturgies.

The evening before I had been with the members of another parish where I measure progress in centimeters. Every time I go there I wonder how many land mines will be set off and by whom. From the very beginning it was made quite clear to me that some people in the parish want nothing to change.

These two parishes seem to follow each other in my schedule as darkness and light. They seem like two opposite sides of the spectrum, yet perhaps they are simply two distant points on the same road.

The first parish is taking a square box and redoing it with circular spaces. They decided to gut the entire inside of the church and start over. Everything about the project is looking at how to soften lines and bring some femininity into the angular space. I leave these meetings having experienced a lot of fun. I feel a tremendous privilege to be walking with them on this journey. One of the gifts I receive from them is the enthusiasm and sense of fulfillment to tackle the other projects that seem to be lost in a dark tunnel where you want to send out a canary to see if there is enough oxygen to survive!

The second parish has been through much anger, fear and bargaining. Instead of change, some want to go backwards. I do believe we are making progress and I am learning to rejoice in some very tiny miracles along the way. When people are yelling at you and trying to sabotage the project it is very difficult to find the person inside the "monster". As I sat with one such person I had the opportunity to ask him how he wanted to pray before the Blessed Sacrament. We started first with his name. Though other people were seated at the table this was really a "one-on-one" with him. Dave told me what was in his heart.

No one said being a midwife would be easy. This work brings not only great challenges but much joy. We walk on very sacred ground. Sometimes we have to wear velvet shoes.

*Marilyn Morgan*