

## Fr. Matt's Musings January 4, 2019

## **Birthdays**

Today, I turn 58 years of age. I have always looked forward to my birthday, and I do today. However, I have also had the thought that I am closer to sixty than to fifty and, more sobering, to seventy than to forty. Francis de Sales wrote that it is not the number of years in a person's life that counts but the life in those years.

In the Hispanic community, a teenage girl celebrates her Sweet Sixteen or Sweet Fifteen, Quinceaneras. Part of the celebration is the girl's parents giving her important gifts. The mother places a crown or tiara on her daughter's head, and the father places shoes on her feet. I do not understand why the dad is chosen for the shoes because no father has been able to deal with the strap on the shoe and the mom has to help. The shoes are brand new and beautiful. I prefer to show my shoes which are old and beaten up and with uneven soles.

Life does that to us. The longer we live, the more bumps and bruises, stings and hurts, losses and sufferings we experience. But at the same time, we treasure our joys, successes and loves. We become wiser, have more perspective, see more promise and hope in our younger generations and take more pride in the role we have played in their lives. Time is such a precious gift, and it is a gift. There is no guarantee to the number of days or years we will have, so let us try to live those minutes, days and years with as much life as we can. Fifty-eight is sounding better and better.

Live Jesus!

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