

GLIMPSES

Caramel Corn

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In our small community lives a dog, usually quite hungry and constantly searching for satisfaction. We pour his tasty, (only to him) food marbles into his dish twice a day. At the evening feeding, we drop in just a few nuggets while he stands with four paws of expectation. We drop in two or three little morsels and each time he turns from the dish of disappointment and looks up at us saying in doggieese, "Is that all there is? Really? Come on I deserve more for having guarded your house, life and limb from my couch all day!"

Jebby teaches us many things about ourselves as well as about him. It is deep within our human experience to want more of the good, no matter how much we have. I have asked groups of students here at Creighton University to reflect on what food could they eat the most of. Wonderful answers come forth. They usually are their favorites, but soon they realize those things would take up room in their limited holding tanks. My answer is caramel corn of course. There's always room for one more handful. Soon enough I stop munching, but I keep the box or bowl nearby, because the gooder something is the more I will want of it.

I think this is a delicious proof for the existence of God as well as the existence of caramel corn makers. When reading a really good book we read it faster, hoping that the author has already written a sequel. I wonder often if I have already read the last great book ever written. I worry I have had the last best conversation with a friend. I want more of the good!

Within my various desires for what I judge as good and best, there is always the longing for second helpings. Psychologically speaking, we would say that this is healthy, that we want more of the good. Spiritually praying, it is a blessed experience to receive and love the good we possess or experience. We are asked to love the "this" even though we would love two or three more of those "thises". Within everything and everyone, there is this apparent disappointment then. From within everything and every one there comes this implied invitation to hold on to the "this" with one hand and one half of the heart, and hold

out the other hand and half of heart to the divine "Not-Yet" and love the experience of both hands and the one heart.

I assume there is a good in this *Glimpse* and I too wish there were more. It is almost dinner time and Jebby is getting ready to put both front paws up next to the bowl of temporary satisfaction. He will give us the eye, we will give him his proper portion, but while we are eating, he will be hovering for anything which will make his good even gooder. This is just a glimpse.