

GLIMPSE

Making Waves

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There is the catchy statement, "Keep your eye on the prize." I guess everybody has a prize up ahead. Here at Creighton University the prize might be grades, guys/girls, graduation, grad-school, getting out of school all together. The prize then is always up in front, out there. Most would like heaven if there's something to do there, but not right away, thank you.

A few years ago I was sitting at the end of the pier pondering the warm morning-sun and the quiet. Soon enough a boat with a loud motor came irruptingly along causing me to ponder how quickly my spirit of gratitude can be modified. The craft moved along and its waves soft and silent watered the shore behind me. Then it was peaceful again, outside and in. The occupants of the boat were probably fastening their eyes on the prize of catching the Big-One, good for them! They were not responsible for any feelings I had, one way or the other; that was my affair.

Those waves did not have much effect on me that morning; it was no tsunami or anything like that. They did arrange some little pebbles and weeds along the banks. I have experienced big waves that snap the ropes which were fastening boats to their moorings and send them down the shore. Everything that is does affect everything else that is, in some way.

We have the little warning, "Don't make any waves." We cannot help it. What if the prize is to desire to do or make good waves? In the Acts of the Apostles, it states that Jesus went about doing good. Even though "good" is an adjective modifying nothing in the sentence, we read in that He did "good" deeds, or made "good" waves. Some of these did tip over some people negatively and some positively. I would like to think that how I live and what I do and what I would like to do is make creative-waves. Some would rearrange pebbles and weeds, but others would be intended to roll away big boulders and knock down shores of resistances.

I would not be in charge of the results or effects, but receptive to the challenges of motoring along the Lake of Life and now and then looking around to be grateful for the opportunity. Perhaps the prize is that, to keep our eyes on the opportunities ahead to create life in its many forms. The prize is the time and the place of our next person whom I greet with words or smiles. Of course I could motor right by them and what they do with that is their business. I am not responsible for the quality of their reception and response. I just do the "good" that is in me to do.

The prize might be first to know and accept the power each of us has for creation and decreation. Maybe that early-morning wave-maker brought joy to a little child floating on a raft and he/she loved the gentle undulations. If the driver of the boat would see that, he/she might circle around and make more bouncy. No, I do not know always the "good" I do. I know the "good" I want to do and as Paul the Apostle admitted humbly, even the "good" he wanted to do, he didn't always do.

The "good" to do is within and the prize is up ahead to let it out in our own ways. It is only a glimpse, here's waving at you.