

A letter from Paul to K&K February 27, 2025

On the Matter of healing the afflicted.

I knew you would put me on the target.

I was driving home and I thought about our conversation and thought of your words:

Healing.

Healing.

I had an awakening during the drive. Bear with me as I explain.

I was intending, at Charley Vaughn's insistence, that I would be presenting a third-party talk about something to the men at FM645 tomorrow morning. Many avenues of discussion were available to me, as God has gifted me with curiosity. I am certainly Curious and you be the judge if my curiosity causes understanding or confusion. In my discernment about an appropriate subject of my talk I must say that the Holy Spirit guided me utterly.

I thought maybe I would talk about Isaiah, my favourite Old Testament Book. I thought, I may discuss my ideas regarding the nature of grace. I thought I would try to unpack Thomas Aquinas' dissertation on the Life of Angels. I thought I would talk about a play by Euripides and how it represents our time. I thought I would talk about my conversion saga. I thought I would talk about, the pseudo-dichotomy of Faith and Reason or discuss my hero Fr. Georges Henri LeMaitre. I thought maybe I would lecture these men about the rational intelligibility of the universe. heh heh. And Maybe I would talk about Life, Love, and Care, a rebuttal to the culture of death and MAID in our hospitals.

I thought and I thought. I, I, I thought. NO. I allowed the Holy Spirit to guide me. The Holy Spirit that reminded me that He was there that evening at your home. The Holy Spirit was the thing I tried to ignore.

I decided to grapple with a subject about which I knew nothing. I went entirely outside my comfort zone. I have come to certain terms regarding healing, something my bride is involved with at many levels. Something I have heard a lot about. Something that I simply kept out of my defined realm of experience since I fancy myself a researcher who uses science.

What did I do? How did I approach this subject about which I knew nothing? I started to think about healing. I began to ask questions. I looked for people to guide me. I listened intently to you both especially, since KB orchestrated a healing event for my hernia and I witnessed KB at the men's gathering at St Thomas Moore last fall. I thought, "it is these people". "They will know". "I hit the mother lode." Prior to speaking to you today I met with several people who have been healed or did healing or expressed thoughts on the matter. Everyone was very generous with me and engaged me despite my intensity.

In between doing the interviews I listened to hours of healing testimonies, read books and booklets, took training sessions on catholic healing and met with Fr. Mark Cherry on the subject. He was profoundly helpful with the fundamentals.

I referred to Scripture. I documented every healing in the Gospels. Listened to them as audio, sorted through the nuances and learned scripture of which I was unfamiliar. I built a spreadsheet and cross-referenced the four apostles. Had I a means of attributing a mathematical equation to the effort then I

would have tried to employ it. I was doing it! Working the problem as an engineer might.

All the while my God, my friend Jesus, the Holy Spirit were working on my mind and body and soul, to conspire for something about which I was unconscious, yet, not unaware if I can make that distinction. I was aware of the stirring, unsettled, turmoil.

KK, I am giving a short talk on the vocation of healing, or as I now understand it as the cross-sacramental grace of healing, the animation of the person of the Holy Spirit.

My awakening emerges.

I am remembering several things just now to help me explain my awakening after our meeting. I am remembering a few pivotal lines in my favourite movie, "Field of Dreams." I am remembering the entirety of the movie, "The Way", with Martin Sheen, and I am remembering the epic A capella song by the great Stan Rogers, "Northwest Passage", and many similar pieces of literature.

I recall in "Field of Dreams":

Ray Kinsella whispers to himself when he recognized his own father John Kinsella behind the catchers mask and Ray said in consideration of the building of the baseball field "It was you" thinking it was for his father. Then Shoeless Joe Jackson says " No Ray, It was you" . **Ray Kinsella built a baseball field to rescue himself.**

I recall in the odd acapella epic song by Stan Rogers "Northwest Passage":
In it was the line: "To seek a Northwest Passage at the call of many men, To find there but the road back home again".

I recall in "The Way" written and directed by Emilio Estevez:

Martin Sheen decides to embark on the historical pilgrimage to honor his son's desire to finish the journey known as *The Way of Saint James* or *Camino de Santiago*, the journey that killed his son Emilio. Martin's journey was changed by the Holy Spirit. Martin engaged in his own restoration. Through Martin's unresolved relationship with his son, he discovers the difference between "the life we live and the life we choose".

Can you see where I am going with this?

I began this effort as a means to attempt to understand a gift possessed by my friend which she incorporates into to her vocation. Also I began to understand the gift as presided over by Fr. Mark Cherry. Also the gift sought by my bride. The gift that I have heard so much about and dismissed as metaphor.

What I have discovered is that the Holy Spirit that stirred within me at your home had a much bigger plan for me. This is the realization that I had while driving home today.

The entire process of thinking about a topic of discussion on FM645, then the endeavour to sort it all out, was a surreptitious seduction by my lover, the person of the Holy Spirit. He wanted me to know Him too. Fr. Mark said this plainly to me and I was paying attention. Thank-you Fr Mark. Our minds

were designed by God himself, imprinted with the Holy Spirit, to function in ways of self salvation against the assertion of our perverse will.

I am surprised that I played along and stuck with it.

This process was not about me giving a presentation, nor was it essentially about me trying to create a safe-haven for your daughter in her vocation. This process was not about trying to assess the legitimacy of catholic healing or even the discovery of the intent of Jesus' healing of a limited number of people. I realize that Jesus healed so few because so few asked to be healed and his healing was in service to His demonstrating the power of the Spirit of Jesus in all things. The witnesses to his few healing pronounced His glory to the world which had the effect of bringing more souls to salvation.

The process was one of grace. The animation of the will of God, the Holy Spirit to bring me closer to Him. Me. It was for me. We labour with our Holy Spirit to save our own soul.

So K&K, thanks for you gentle hands in all of this since I was a mess, oblivious to the trajectory and the landing pad of my quest. Thanks for initiating it at your home. Please help me in small ways to cement what I know now into something beautiful and durable.

Amen

Your brother in the Holy Spirit,

Paul