

On this feast day, in which we meditate upon that event, that moment in which Jesus' inner-circle of disciples—Peter, James and John—were given a privileged glimpse of 'the other half' of Jesus, if you will. They had witnessed much of his human nature, but in the Transfiguration, they were afforded the chance to briefly see him in his Divine nature. Christians have been celebrating this event with a feast day that goes back to the 4th century.

In that glorious and heavenly experienced, Peter, most likely speaking for all three, didn't want it to end. This was so much better than ordinary, day-to-day life, than the hard life of discipleship. *"Lord it is good that we are here. If you wish, I will make three tents here, one for you, one for Moses and one for Elijah."* Peter wanted to remain with Christ on the mountain, to prolong this heavenly experience. But Jesus knew that it couldn't be that way. They had to go back down, back into the world.

It makes me think of what I experienced last weekend. I went with 30 of our high school youth to Spokane for the Steubenville NW conference. Ask most any of them what was the high-point, and I suspect they'll tell you about the moving experience they had in viewing Jesus in his glory, during the Eucharistic procession —perhaps not so different from that of Peter, James and John.

Each year it takes place in a large performing arts center, filled with theater-style seats. And every third row is left empty, so that a Eucharistic procession can make its way up and down the aisles, so very close to each and every person. We are invited to kneel, and the place is mostly darkened, with only a brilliant spotlight that shines on the monstrance, looking already something like the sun's rays—it's gold surface, reflecting the spotlight, blinding at times. And depending on the movement of the monstrance, the spotlight at times shines right through the consecrated host itself, causing it to glow. As Jesus moves up and down the aisle, music that's being played only heightens the sense of growing anticipation.

And what you could see, whether it was when he was in our proximity or on the other side of the darkened auditorium, were young faces and hands craned upward, grasping, wanting to absorb every bit of grace, to feel Jesus, to unite with him. Over the 90 minutes or more that adoration lasted, you would have to be oblivious to not feel the emotional outpouring, and the palpable desire of so many of the 1200 high school youth in that space. I'm sure many of them would love to remain in that spiritual state, mesmerized and overwhelmed by sense of intimacy with Jesus.

And every year I experience that, while I find it beautiful, it leaves me wondering: *Do they not realize that's the same Jesus that is present in our tabernacle, that's exposed in our monstrance on our altar every Wednesday morning, every Wednesday evening, and every First Friday night?* Granted it's not dressed in nearly so much spectacle, but it's the same glorified and radiant Jesus, the same grace—right here at St. Joseph. And yet precious few come to adore him in the stillness and silence. *Why?*

But furthermore, considering how badly they wanted to be close to Jesus, why don't more of them see him the same way in all that we do here, in the very things he calls us to as people of this parish: in the grace of the sacraments; in service to the poor in his name; in learning about him in the teaching that takes place here.

And if it's true that too many of our youth overlook how Jesus is present and at work in what we do the ordinary stuff here, I suspect then, that it's true for a lot of us. Aside from whatever way you look past the opportunity to be with him in Eucharistic Adoration, *do you fail to see him at work in the less spectacular parts of your life?*

But even more *do you fail to grasp what he's doing in this very moment?* That in this and every Mass, we have a chance to unite our hearts to God—bringing our joys, our pains, our gratitude, our cries for help. And He speaks to us, if we have ears to hear. We have the chance to experience his glory from this altar—his life, his death, his resurrection, all wrapped up into the precious white pearl that is handed over to us. Do you fail to see the spectacular in the ordinary? Then you're probably just sleep-walking spiritually. Wake up! Because God is here, spectacularly so, and He wants nothing more than to unite Himself to you.