

WHO'S YOUR FAVORITE?

There's one of the tough questions every parent tip toes around at one time or another. My answer usually is something like this "You're my favorite first born, my favorite son in Cincinnati, my favorite daughter." Each one is unique and precious to me. How could I ever say one was more loved than another? I heard of a father who when asked that question, found a reason to make each one the favorite—she's having a hard time at school, she's my favorite. But then, he greets me with a sunny smile each day, he's my favorite. Wait—he just got cut from the team. He's my favorite. And so it goes through all six of his children.

To be honest, each one of us wants to be the favorite, the most loved. When his little brother was born a good friend's son asked his mother, "Wasn't I enough for you?" After he figured out that his brother was here to stay, my own son asked if I "could put that baby back in your tummy?" Right before his little brother was born my grandson Sam asked me to "tell God we don't need that baby. Babies just cry and poop and take up people's time." While most of us aren't as direct as those little ones, deep down inside we want to be the favorite.

Years ago my boss had a plaque on her desk with four children—one, black; one, white; one, yellow; and one, red—and the inscription, "All these children God has styled. Which one is God's favorite child?" I think the answer is "each one of them."

If each one of us is flesh of God's imaginings, then truly each one of us is God's favorite child. I remember a First Communion homily at St. Leo's many years ago that is a perfect illustration of this. The pastor at that time liked order and this

day already had had an unusual amount of chaos. When it came time for the homily, he called the First Communicants up to sit with him on the steps of the altar. He began to ask them what they knew about God and they talked about God's power in creating the world, how Jesus healed people, how they were supposed to love and all the other things they had learned in religion class. After hearing their answers, he said, "one day God was in heaven and decided to make a little boy" and he began describing the characteristics of one of the children; and then another, and another, until he had described all of the children. "Then," he said, "That God who is so powerful, so loving, made himself small so he could come to you in Communion and be part of you." For a moment you could see everyone in

the congregation imagining that God desired their coming into being and they realized it was true—they were unique and special to God. There wasn't a dry eye in the house.

As we come to the end of the Easter season with the feasts of

Pentecost and the Holy Trinity, we have one more glorious celebration before going back to ordinary time—the Feast of Corpus Christi, the Body and Blood of Christ. It's the feast that reminds us that each one of us is special to God, each one of us is "the favorite" and God comes to feed us and become part of us and never leave us through the great gift of the Eucharist.

Who's God's favorite? Unlike parents who often have to tip toe around the question, with great love and delight God says, "You are."

—Angela Anno, Pastoral Associate

