



# AHS PARENT CONNECTION

## KEEPING YOU INFORMED April 9, 2020



**Mission:** To inspire excellence and personal growth grounded in Catholic principles and tradition  
**Vision:** A community of academic excellence, Catholic in spirit and culture, nurturing integrity and respect.

### ANNOUNCEMENTS:

- April 9—Hex 5 ends Holy Thursday
- April 10—Good Friday—NO CLASSES
- April 12—Happy Easter
- April 13—NO CLASSES
- April 14—Record Keeping Day for Teachers NO CLASSES for students
- Stay Safe .
- HAPPY EASTER EVERYONE.

**Week three challenge:**  
**Have some FUN! Inside or Outside**  
**share a fun photo of what you did to**  
**relax and enjoy yourself.**

### Catholic Easter Prayer

Lord, the resurrection of Your Son  
 has given us new life and renewed hope.  
 Help us to live as new people  
 in pursuit of the Christian ideal.  
 Grant us wisdom to know what we must do,  
 the will to want to do it,  
 the courage to undertake it,  
 the perseverance to continue to do it,  
 and the strength to complete it.



### FROM THE DESK OF FATHER BECKER: What Else Could He Do For You?

Not sure about you, but there are times I get some weird funks. Maybe it's the weather or stress, but there are times I get really angry at God. It's not as if I am starving or can't make ends meet. Nor have any of my family members died recently. Basically I think it just comes down to, I don't always get what I want. I ask, and He doesn't give me what I want. It's extremely humbling and sobering when I get stuck in these ruts to imagine our Blessed Mother on Good Friday.

There she was, watching her only Son paraded through the straights under the weight of a piece of His instrument of torture and death. She watched as her Son was marred beyond recognition from the countless beatings and scourges. She saw Him crown with thorns and heard Pilate declare, "Behold the man!" (Jn. 19:5a). I can almost hear her screaming within her heart with tears in her eyes, "My Son! My Son. Behold my Son." She may have remembered that day 33 years ago when the angel Gabriel came to her and said, "Behold you will conceive in your womb and bear a son, and you shall name him Jesus" (Lk. 1:31). She followed alongside the death procession through the streets of Jerusalem, and finally couldn't contain her desire to comfort her Son she so often comforted as a child. When He would skin His knee or hit His thumb with a hammer, she was there to hold Him close and kiss His injuries. Or the nights that He had the foreshadowing nightmare, "Mommy, why do they want to kill Me?! Mommy, why do they want to kill Me?!" All she could do was hold Him tight with tears streaming down her face saying, "It'll be ok mommy's got you, mommy's got you."

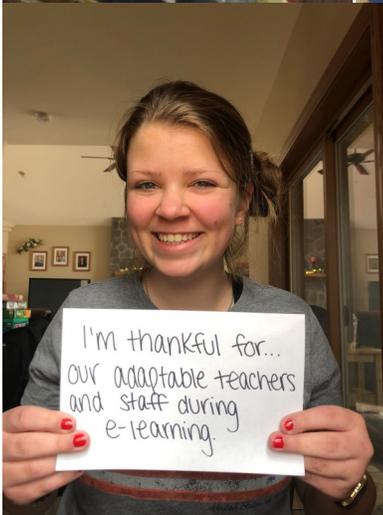
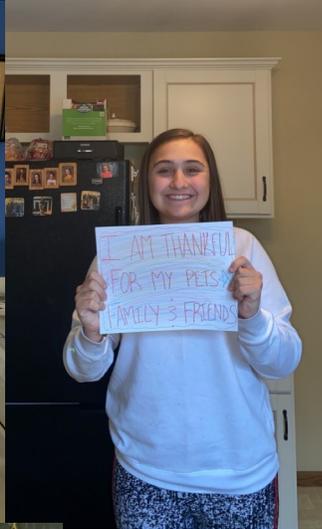
Helplessly, She watched as her Son was nailed to the tree and strung up for the whole world to mock. The hands and feet she so often held while teaching Him to count to five, to ten, to twenty. Hands she held so gently are now brutally ravaged by cruel unrelenting spikes. The body she nurtured with so much love and care now disrespected and spat spat upon. She may have remembered the old man Simeon who excitedly held the baby Jesus in the temple (cf. Lk. 2:21-28). So much respect for her Son for the body of her Son then. Now His body discarded as that of a common criminal.

As she then watches her Son cry out for the last time on the this earth "It is finished" (Jn. 19:30) 33 years earlier she heard Him cry for the very first time as He entered the world. The living body of her Son laid in her arms in the stable 33 year earlier is now laid lifeless in her lap. He Who gave everything for those He loved is now expired. He paid the ultimate price for His friends. Mary now weeps. "It's ok, no one is going to hurt you anymore, mommy's here, mommy's here." She kisses His wounds over and over again as she did when He was a child. She looks up to the heavens and cries through tear filled eyes, "Why?, why oh why?"

When I think of what she went through and all Jesus did for us, I am ashamed of my petty requests. When I get angry with God for not giving me what I want when I want it, I think of our Blessed Mother as she held the dead body of her Son. This makes me pause and think, "What more could He do for me?"

What more could He do for you?

Week Two challenge : As we celebrate Holy Week, display a sign/picture of something they are thankful for.



**I AM THANKFUL FOR MY FAITH...  
PRAYERS ARE POWERFUL.  
EVERYONE STAY SAFE AND STAY  
HEALTHY.**

