

Marist Minute

It's not every day that you are greeted first thing in the morning with "hello gangster" but as I trudged across the carpark towards my office, these were the words that stopped me in my tracks and brought me crashing back to reality. I had been in the middle of punching out a curt email response on my phone and paying no attention to the world around me or what part I was playing in it. I was so engrossed in my email writing that I barely heard the greeting and partly assumed they were talking to someone else. A quick scan of my periphery revealed it was just the two of us in the carpark. I looked up and saw his big grin. Whilst my facial expression changed instinctively to match his smile, my internal monologue was still returning serve on the half complete email. My colleague described why he called me a gangster because of my black jacket, stooped head, broody gait and intense expression. We both laughed and the subject changed to three or four other topics before we wished each other well and launched into the day ahead.

That brief encounter changed me.

My entire mood was uplifted. I was able to see the bigger picture and gain perspective of what I had been projecting to the world that morning. It made me realise how easy it is to pass through life without acknowledging the wake that we leave behind. There is a sage piece of advice in education: your students won't remember the subjects that you taught, but they will remember the way you made them feel. St Marcellin used the image of the violets to explain the importance of the hidden but noticeable fragrance of the three virtues of humility, simplicity and modesty. Also using the analogy of flowers, St Therese of Lisieux reminds us that "the splendour of the rose and the whiteness of the lily do not rob the little violet of its scent nor the daisy of its simple charm".



Journal Questions:

When was the last time you remembered to look up and smile?

What are you leaving in your wake today?

