

Thy Kingdom Come!



Airborne—The Heroes of Old

By: Br. John Sester, LC

I've seen them in the movies. I've fought their battles on "Medal of Honor". Yet they were always heroes out of my reach.

A few days ago, we helped a food pantry in Southington Connecticut to deliver plants to their homebound clients. We pulled up our car to the first house and I stepped out into the pouring rain holding the plant in a tin can wrapped in soggy paper.

The helper of the house let us in and the four of us filed into the small living room. There was an elderly woman in the corner with a bright and joyful face and a halo of silvery white hair.

She invited us to sit down and we briefly introduced ourselves. Her voice was soft and sweet. Her manner, joyful and humble. Her eyes, shining and alive.

The conversation was simple. She spoke about the things that mattered to her most: her Faith, her family, her deceased husband, and so on. I felt like I was in a dream. This perfect, almost magical grandmother opened my heart.

I asked her, "I saw the patch with the parachute in the picture frame over there. Was he... airborne?"

"Yup, he was a paratrooper." She said almost before I finished the question. "They had to jump into France over enemy lines, and if you got caught," she said looking at me over her glasses, "you got killed." This last word came out a little shaky and high-pitched. I could see in her eyes and hear in her voice the drama of a generation that had gone through hell.

I could see her waving her newly wed husband farewell as he headed off to France. I saw her worrying about her beloved as he held his post in China until the end of the war. I saw her receiving a letter in the mail and tears filling her shining eyes as she read the latest news from her young spouse. It struck me. These were real men and women. These were real heroes.

Glancing over at their black and white wedding picture hanging on the wall, I wished I could have given her more than just a basil plant in a soggy tin can. But after a quick prayer, we headed back into the rain and moved on to the next house.

I can give her something more. Where are the heroes today? The battle is real and the enemy has invaded and overrun our fatherland. We need men and women of valor. We need true patriots.

A life spent seeking only comfort is a life half lived. Let us rise and live; and win with the saints and heroes of old the Medal of Honor and the Crown of Righteousness.

"Finally draw your strength from the Lord and his mighty power. Put on the armor of God so that you may be able to stand firm against the tactics of the devil. For our struggle is not with flesh and blood, but with the principalities, with the powers, with the world rulers of this present darkness, with the evil spirits in the heavens."—Ephesians 6:10-12