ADORATION

In 2007, on a summer day, I was walking into the chapel for daily Mass, I heard footsteps from someone rapidly approaching me from behind. This was certainly unusual for an early summer morning, and I stopped and turned around. There stood Ted Lombard, carrying a clipboard and now out of breath. He said hello and proceeded to warn me that most people ran the other way when they saw him coming with a clipboard. After such an auspicious introduction, I began to worry a little. Ted quickly got to the business he wanted to pursue. He said: "We have an opening for you at Eucharistic Adoration at 6pm on Thursdays? Will you be an adorant?" He added a few other things such as how that hour would become the best hour of the week for me, but I was too busy trying to figure out how to say no. Now I had seen a notice in the church bulletin and had thought for years about becoming an adorant but had never pursued the opportunity. Honestly, I wasn't sure I could sit still for an hour praying in front of the Blessed Sacrament. A cradle Catholic, I had never done anything like that, and wasn't sure I wanted to start. Not only was the commitment for an hour, the commitment was also for an extended period of time – likely until I departed the parish. Luckily, Mass was about to begin, and we had to get inside. So, to buy time, I stammered, "Uh, well, uh, let me pray over it during Mass and I will let you know my answer after."

I did pray about it, and by the time Mass ended, I realized that Ted and God were offering me an opportunity that I had to accept. Ted was outside of the chapel, and when I saw him, I told him that I agreed to his offer. As an aside, another person had also been asked if she would like the same adoration hour, and she had accepted as well. For a brief moment, there was an embarrassed silence, but my adoration "partner" and I agreed to share the hour. We've done that for the last 12 years, and my prayer partner became both a friend and a blessing. Ted was correct that the hour spent at adoration would be the best hour of my week.