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# Healing Mass is for everybody

by Charles R. Scott

Friday nights used to be date night, but now we're an "old married couple," with four-plus years as Mr. and Mrs., and one of the smartest things I ever did was marry her. But I digress; so let me loop back to Friday night, Nov. 16, when I attended my first Healing Mass at Saint Mary's in Ridgefield.

The priest at center stage was Father Roy Henderson, and my wife Katie and her people have spoken highly of him over the years; so when Katie suggested that we attend his Ridgefield Healing Mass, I decided it would be a good thing to check out, even if on a pseudo date night.

I wasn't quite sure what to expect going in. Both of us had our own list of things we'd like to be healed of — some of it physical, some of it emotional and mental, and some of it just plain tactical, like being healed of dead-end jobs and finding bliss in career service to others.

I had heard about the laying on of hands and people falling over with the power of the spirit. I had heard that some people experienced miracles, and yet I had heard from others that "nothing seemingly happened."

The power of healing and health is something I'm sort of versed in and know that all healing comes from the source — God. Yet I think I also understand that source has a management team and that certain light managers are like departments and offices in such that some are more efficient in certain areas than others. For

instance, why would we call on the Department of Motor Vehicles if we wanted to send a letter? Hence the post office and Department of Motor Vehicles are both branches of one government, a government of "we the people," but still it is more efficient to use post office leadership for sending letters and the motor vehicle department for renewing driver's licenses.

Thus the heavenly management kingdom has its own branches and departments — e.g., Saint Anthony is awesome at helping us find things lost; then there's the guidance of the departments headed by Archangel Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, and other love leaders; Mother Mary is awesome with her grace and gift of the Rosary; and her Son, Jesus, God's Son, is most awesome in His gift of salvation, friendship and inspiring love and brotherhood among all of His Kingdom.

So when a man or a woman is purported to be a healing vehicle for the Divine, I take that seriously and honor their gift and their role in bringing about healing for the rest of us who are not so plugged into the healing lineage.

Father Roy is purported to be such a healer, and Friday, Nov. 16, was my first opportunity to see him in action. What a gift it was! Not so much because there was wild drama, but more because of the intensity of community and love in the room. Let me explain.

The scene was not in the church but in the auditorium. As you walked in, the music team was immediately in front to the left, a congregation to their right, and all to the right was rows and

rows of congregation, with the altar and priests up front along the long vertical wall.

Normally in church, I hear sneezing, babies crying, people coughing and other human anomalies, but not this evening.

Father Roy and his fellow priest performed the Mass according to gospel. Then, after Communion, he started to explain what a Healing Mass

as we are — wow, cool — and a concept worth repeating over and over.

While Father Roy spoke, nobody moved. No baby cried. Nobody sneezed. Nobody's head nodded with sleepiness. Everybody was fully alert, almost on the edges of their seats, fully processing this man's authenticity, gracefulness, and

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was all about, what might happen, and his role in the process. He had such joy and enthusiasm in his manner as he walked from side to side, and he spoke with such relaxed clarity. Even before he started the Mass, he faced the crowd and said, "It's good to be back in Ridgefield. I see you all haven't changed." With this a chuckle rippled through the house and I knew then I was in for a good show, so to speak.

Back to his explaining of the healing process. He mentioned things like why some people fall over and why others don't. He also touched on the concept that all healing is from God, and all of us are entitled to His Divine gifts as He loves each one of us just the way we are.

That last part hit me, as my compulsive nature and desire to keep bettering myself often leaves me unresolved, frustrated and easily beating myself up for the errors of my ways, so the reminder that He loves us just

sincerity of heart. It was a beautiful thing to observe.

But when it came time to get in line for healing, something occurred to me that stopped me dead in my tracks. As I looked around at those starting to line up, I saw blind people being led to the front, people being wheeled up in wheelchairs, elderly people who looked frail, others who were bald from chemo and ravages of cancer, young people with mental illness, and a host of others all looking for healing.

And then I looked at myself. What was I doing here? What bag of stuff was I asking God to heal me of, and how did that compare to some of the really intense things others were praying for?

All of a sudden, I felt small.

I felt ashamed of myself to be asking for something when it could perhaps be given to others. Not that God is limited and that healings are in limited supply, but it was sobering for me to watch others and then look at myself and my little ego bag of stuff.

I remember talking to another healer, years back, and asking him about his process. He mentioned how easy it is for any of us to send love through our intentions to others across the room. I also recalled another conversation with a high-level saintly person who stated that oftentimes we can be healed by just being in the presence of a great healer.

Thus I took both these two data points to heart on Friday, Nov. 16, and resolved that I had already been healed by just being in the room with such charismatic leadership, and that I should sit quietly in the back row and become a spiritual cheerleader and send loving thoughts to each person in line as they stepped up to interact with Father Roy.

It was great fun and brought tears to my heart and mind. I was amazed not so much at the human spectrum in desire for healing as much as I was amazed at all the love that surrounded each one of them. Parents, friends, brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, neighbors from all corners, accompanied each of those who stood in line.

I cheered for God and His creation. I cheered at His grace

in gifting us friends and family. I cheered at His management team, and I cheered for His miracles.

If only I had pompons, my cheering would have been physically obvious, but perhaps it was best to leave it as silent cheers for all.

The next day, I was walking our dog and bumped into two neighbors who had also attended the previous night's Healing Mass. Both of them recounted how they had received the gift of miraculous healing and how much they enjoyed Father Roy. It was fun to compare notes, and when I told them a little about my experiences and internal processing, they just grinned from ear to ear.

"Of course, Chuck, Healing Masses are for everyone, and you don't have to be sick to appreciate the love that is the house."

And so, thanks to my neighbors, I decided to pen this piece and encourage everybody to attend a Healing Mass. Even if you don't need it, go put on your spiritual cheerleading cap and go root for those who do. Just don't get too carried away and try doing cartwheels and splits!

Viva the healers among us, and bravo to the Divine's management team!

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