



A weekly reflection by members
of the Precious Blood Community

September 4, 2024

Sr. Paul Giro, C.P.P.S.

*Beloved, let us love one another,
because love is of God. 1 John 4:7*



When we were Postulant Candidates (1963), someone suggested that we all go help out at our nursing home on Christmas. That way, some of the aides could have the day off. I was excited; it sounded like a very important thing to do. And—don't tell anyone—I was terrified. What if I messed up? What if I dropped things? What if I harmed—what if I **KILLED** someone?

There was a "practice day." Someone gave me a bowl of sloppy gray food and told me to feed it to a bedridden lady. I suppose it did it. All I remember is that, when they later offered us a lunch of hamburger in gravy, I found some way to decline.

Plans changed; we didn't actually work there that Christmas. I bet I wasn't the only person relieved and thankful. (And that may include the little old lady!)

So, fast forward sixty years. On Saturday mornings, I distribute Holy Communion at a nursing home. One of our Sisters, a patient there, cannot easily manage meals. So, after I feed her with the Lord, I feed her breakfast. There's usually oatmeal; it's sloppy and gray. But I'm not disgusted, not fearful, not worried about spilling things. What makes the difference? Years; experience; confidence; maturity.

And love. The Sister is someone I've known and liked practically all my life. It is a joy to me to see her relaxed and relishing her food. I imagine I'm giving back a little of what she has always given to me and those she has served. But it's not just her. I find myself appreciating—loving—the lady who thinks she is getting married tomorrow and who has her TV on as loud as it will go. The one who says the Our Father in—I think—Czechoslovakian. The stroke victim who can only say "goddammit"—dutifully,

devoutly, over and over, while I recite the prayers more conventionally. The one who always cries. The one who won't accept communion from me because I'm not a priest—and maybe (I wear slacks) not a real nun, either.

I don't love everyone yet. I don't even love myself completely. I'm trying, though. The immense variety among the people that I know leaves me in awe. God, who in overflowing creativity loved them into being, tells me that if I am to be like Him, I will love them too.

Sr. Paula Gero, C.P.P.S., has been a vowed member of the community for over sixty years. She has served the community in many ministries, including tutoring migrants recently. To learn more about the Sisters of the Precious Blood, [click here](#).

This weekly reflection is made available to all who are part of our Precious Blood family. Feel free to share it with others. Would you be willing to write a reflection? If so, please contact Vicky Otto at votto@pbspiritualityinstitute.org