

Lyceum 141 – April 2, 2026, a forum to Think, Discuss, Share, and Learn from one another. Your input is welcomed - Iron sharpens iron.

Neighborhood “The 1826, in Connecticut, a farmer named Josiah Holbrook started a school for ‘the general diffusion of knowledge and raising the moral and intellectual taste’ of Americans. In those days, the opportunities for higher education were limited to those venerable old universities that had long served the upper crust. Holbrook’s vision was to make learning – practical, liberal, and humane – available to working people of all kinds. He named his school the Lyceum, after the garden where Aristotle once taught his students philosophy.... We need to go deeper than the superficial fights that characterize public life. We need to return to the first principles and meet each other there as human beings.”– Nathan Beacom, Plough Magazine, Autumn 2023, p. 9.

The following is a poem I composed in response to a poem sent to me by a dear friend about the spirit and power of the Resurrection.

+As always, your muses are alive and well,
your well-chosen words have rung the Resurrection bell.
+We have been promised and given an abundant new life,
which will help us surf the daily waves of strife.
+Our prayers uttered and offered this Holy Week will not save us,
but make us worthy of being saved without fuss.

+All of creation is coming alive with a beautiful and birthing moan,
crying out, it is time to remove the stone.
+May Easter blessings invade our eager tombs with light,
and wash over us with a baptism of health, happiness, and holy sight.
-Roger J. Vanden Busch

3/31/26

Resurrection moments in our spiritual journey through life.

Some people wait for miracles, thinking that's where God shows up. But he's just as present in the small, unremarkable moments of life, the ones we usually overlook. The quiet morning light, a stranger's kindness, a moment of calm between chaos. It's not always thunder and revelation. Sometimes, it's something simple, something steady, something that reminds you he's never been far at all. I conclude with Pope Leo's concluding remarks on his Holy week reflection: According to Vatican News, "Pope Leo's reflection invites every Christian to rediscover the quiet power of the Resurrection, not as a distant miracle of history, but as a living grace that transforms the ordinary moments of each day." -rvb.

You See Jesus in the Stillness.

Those first few minutes after waking up feel different. The house is quiet, the coffee maker hums softly, and light spills across the wall. Nothing's asked of you yet. If you sit still long enough, something peaceful starts to fill the space—something that feels bigger than you. It's not silence, not exactly. More like presence. Like he's there, waiting in the calm before the noise starts.

You Hear Him in Laughter.

It's not the deep kind of laughter that comes with meaning. It's the sudden kind that catches you off guard—the one that makes you bend over and wipe your eyes. For a few seconds, everything seems to lift. The sound fills the air and reminds you that there's still goodness left in the world. That's how he shows up sometimes—through the sound of joy that refuses to disappear.

You Feel Him When You're Kind for No Reason.

You don't plan it. Someone drops something, and your hand moves before you think. Or you pause to listen when you could've walked away. It doesn't want to do good, it just feels natural. Later, when the moment's over, there's this quiet ease that lingers. You can't name it, but it sits right. It's Him showing up in insignificant things that never need to be noticed.

You Notice Him in the Sky.

Some days it's a sunset that looks like fire—other days, just a clear blue stretch that feels too perfect to be random. You look up, and for a second, the noise inside you quiets down. The sky doesn't answer questions or fix problems. But it reminds you of scale—how small we are yet somehow known. That's why we look up when we need peace.

You See Him in Children.

Kids don't try to be impressive. They laugh at silly things, forgive easily, and ask the kind of questions adults forget how to ask. There's something pure in that—an unfiltered way of being. Watching a child play or cry reminds you of how close we all start to God before life complicates everything. Maybe that innocence is what we spend adulthood trying to find again.

You Feel Him in Music.

A song plays, and suddenly you're back in a memory you didn't expect to revisit. Sometimes it's a hymn, just a melody that feels bigger than sound. Music moves in places words can't reach. That's why it's one of His favorite ways to meet people—quietly, through rhythm and echo, slipping past logic straight into the heart.

You See Him in Forgiveness.

It's not easy, and it never feels clean. You forgive someone who doesn't deserve it, or you're forgiven when you least expect it. The air changes afterward. It's not about pretending nothing happened; it's about releasing something that's been eating you from the inside. That relief—that breath after holding it too long—feels divine in ways you can't put into words.

You Find Him at Work.

Even in the ordinary kind—the typing, cleaning, errands, calls. It's not about being spiritual at every task, but about showing up with care and attention. When you do something well just because it's worth doing right, you feel a strange peace. God

doesn't always appear in churches. Sometimes he's right there in your daily rhythm, watching how you treat what seems small.

You Sense Him in Pain.

It's the hardest place to look for Him, but pain has a strange way of clearing out illusions. You start praying differently—not to ask for comfort, just for presence. You stop trying to understand and start trying to endure. Somewhere in that raw space, he shows up. Not to take it away, but to make sure you're not alone in it.

You See Him in the Ordinary Faces.

The cashier who remembers your order, the neighbor who waves every morning, the friend who checks in without needing a reason. There's a quiet grace in people who make life easier for others. They don't preach; they show up. That's one of God's favorite disguises—ordinary people doing small, consistent things that keep the world kind.

You Feel Him When You Let Go.

Sometimes things fall apart, and you're too tired to fight. You don't plan it; you stop trying. The noise in your head fades, and what's left is quiet. Not joy, not even relief—just space. After a while, that space feels lighter. That's Him, not fixing anything, just helping you breathe again.

You See Him in the Quiet Acts of Love.

It's the neighbor who waves every morning. The friend who stays until you stop crying. Nobody calls it kindness, but it is. You don't thank them enough because you don't know how. Later, when it's quiet, you think about how those moments save you in small ways. That's what His love feels like—ordinary but steady.

You Notice Him in Nature's Patterns.

The world keeps repeating itself: the same street, the same sunlight, the same rain on the windows. You get tired of it sometimes, then one day you notice how much peace

lives in that sameness. The trees don't rush. The earth keeps going. He built it that way, so we'd learn to slow down, too. It's constant.

You See Him When You're Grateful.

It sneaks up on you sometimes midway through dinner, or when you realize the day turned out fine after all. You pause, and everything feels clearer. Gratitude doesn't fix anything, but it softens the edges. It makes you see how much is already right. In that quiet awareness, you can almost feel Him nearby—not distant or unreachable, just present, sitting quietly in the middle of your ordinary day.

You Feel Him in Survival.

Do you remember the week you thought would break you? It didn't. You showed up anyway. The meals still happened, the mornings still came. You don't call it faith at the time, but that's what it is—still moving when you don't know how. Looking back, it feels like he was there the whole time, holding the parts you couldn't. -The Internet.

The **Cross** is inevitable, and the **Resurrection** is always a surprise! One cannot have the cross without the resurrection and the resurrection without the cross.

Thus, "I see His blood upon the rose.

And in the stars the glory of His eyes,

His body gleams amid eternal snows,

His tears fall from the skies.

I see His face in every flower.

The thunder and the singing of the birds,

Are but His voice – and strengthened by His power,

Rocks are His written words.

**All pathways by His feet are worn,
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,
His cross is every tree.**

-Joseph Mary Plunkett (1887-1916).