There was a group of about 150 teenagers hanging out on the parish property where I live in Toledo the past few days. They were participating in a program called "YES!" YES is meant to be a kind of mini-experience in Christian living.

The kids ate together, slept in close not-so-comfortable quarters, clearly not intended as sleeping quarters, and they prayed together. The parish is right next door to St. Francis de Sales High School, which is staffed by my community. So, in the evenings there were plenty of opportunities to swim and participate in activities designed, among other things, to tire them out enough so they’d fall asleep pretty quickly.

A big part of the YES program is to get the kids out in small groups to work on projects to help needy people in the Toledo area. In some sense the project is aimed at giving both teens and adults a hint about answering the question that lawyer put to Jesus, "And who is my neighbor?"

I'm very deliberate in saying that the YES project gives only a hint about answering that question, "Who is my neighbor?"

In a sense, the Yes program says: "Here are a few hints about who your neighbor might be. Now go out and continue to be the neighbor Jesus teaches you how to be."

The older I get, the more I think the question, "Who is my neighbor?" only gets fully answered on the day you die.

In the meantime, those who follow Jesus are left in a state of unrest. We find ourselves regularly on this perilous road between Jerusalem and Jericho. Slowly but surely, we come to realize that the only times we truly to find our neighbor is when we are generous to become one.

If we look at the life of Jesus it becomes obvious:
Neighbor is not a quality in other people, it is a claim all other people have on the likes of you and me.

- The folks in Coastal Louisiana — Hurricane Barry
- The immigrants languishing in little more than cages at our borders, especially in Texas
- The folks in South Sudan who have been of special concern to the IHMs

The YES program ended last evening with a celebration.
of Eucharist at Gesu Church. 
The program began earlier in the week with Mass also.

I suspect the participants, both adults and young people, came to
last night’s Eucharist with a richer sense of the meaning
of Bread become Body and wine become Blood.

I would hope that they found new meaning in the words of our first reading,
"This commandment that I am commanding you today
is not too hard nor too far away.
No, the word is very near to you; it is in your mouth
and in your heart for you to observe."

In the exchanges they had with the so-called poor people,
they encountered these past few days.

I would hope that they somehow came to see something of the face of Christ
in these needy people
as St. Paul so powerfully put in our second reading,
"Christ Jesus, the image of the invisible God."

And I hope the people the teens went to help went to bed last night thinking
that maybe they had seen something of the face of Christ in those teens.