

Mission Educators Bulletin

Connecting Us in Mission

St. Cloud Mission Office

11—8th Avenue South, St. Cloud, MN 56301

(320) 251-1100

April 2026

www.stcloudmissionoffice.com

"....and All is Good"

The story of our relationship with God begins with creation (Genesis 1:1-2:2). This reading is not just a history lesson but rather it is our own story too. This reading invites us to wonder, worship, and take our rightful place in God's ordered, good, and holy creation. The One who created light from darkness and life from chaos is the same God who brings new life through Christ's resurrection. God creates by his Word alone: he speaks, and creation happens. This affirms that creation is not the result of chance or necessity but the free expression of divine love and will. Every culture throughout the world has their own understanding and interpretation of creation. Myths and tales, legends and stories define the recorded words of many lost languages and lost peoples who have captured the memories and recollections of their belief in a divine and higher being who loved them deeply as our God loves us. When we open our hearts and our souls to the many beautiful people we encounter every day of our lives, these stories often times quite literally unfold before us. For many of us, the world is still vast and new; beckoning us to journey and explore God's creation that would be inconceivable without the company of a dog. My own dog Coraline, is a 15 1/2 year old American Eskimo, that has literally travelled by my side hundreds of thousands of miles with me on foot over the years. Though she is losing her vision and hearing, Cora still rises to join me twice a day for our special walks together, and her presence and companionship are unwavering. We have experienced together all facets of God's holy creation.



The Dog Who Walked With God—by Michael J. Rosen

Water, was everywhere and land was not. Mountains were not, and stones were not. And neither were the trees or grass or fish or deer or grizzlies or wolves. People, too, had all been washed away, along with all these animals of every kind. Only water lived anywhere. Owls and buzzards were lost to the earth. No heron flew across the water, no quail or jay or screech owl. No oriole or meadowlark or sparrow hawk perched anywhere; nowhere was there a place to perch. No pelican or duck dove toward the water. Gone from the world, were foxes and wildcats, otters and minks, jackrabbits and elk. No squirrel, not a gray or a red or a ground squirrel, lived anywhere among the water that was all. Even wind was nowhere. No snow. No frost. No rain. No thunder or fog or lightning or clouds or stars. It was dark. All dark. The sun itself was nowhere when Earth rose up at last and stood, its head above the water, the water snug around its shoulders. In shallow places where earth looked up, moss grew, and Earth grew taller, and onto it stepped the Great Traveler and his companion. Where horns of Earth rose high, he mounded grayish clay. White reeds and blue grasses he placed there, and trees, trees he made stand up. "I am finishing," he said, and soon a mountain became a somewhere from the everywhere that was water, and the water broke against it. Bushes and underbrush he set upon the mountain, and small stones, which would grow large. "I am fixing it," the Great Traveler said. "I will go north, and fix the earth." And from above, he and his companion set to fixing all. And when he heard the thunder, the old thunder of the rocks, he piled the tall rocks high in the south and in the west and in the north and in the east. Pillars of rocks he piled, to fix the sky forever above the earth. For clouds, he made a great hole in the sky so they could travel here and beyond. And for fog, he made a second hole so it could wander here and beyond. For dew, he made a fire in the water. And as for thunder, he told it to live, live high above in another world. Then from the ground, the Great Traveler made a man. "To him, I will talk," he said. A leg, left and right; an arm, left and right. For a stomach, he gathered grass. Heart and liver, lungs and mouth— he made each part, and he made a woman, too. For them, he let the wind blow, he let the sky rain, he let the fog come in. "For what shall I make the sun?" he said, and he decided fire, for heat. "For what shall I make the moon?" he said, and he decided night, for cold. And as it rained and rained, the Great Traveler wondered what should swim in the water, and so he set loose creatures there: bull snake became black salmon, salamander became hook-bill, grass snake became steelhead, lizard became trout. He wondered then, what should take root in all this water, and he made seaweed, and abalone, mussels, kelp and blue grasses. Salt he brought from the foam of the ocean, and soon the first waves rose skyward and settled back again, this time on the sand that was waiting for them. Sea lions crawled ashore, whales dove deeper out to sea, and devilfish, which are ugly but good to eat, swam within reach. "It will be good," he said. "So many fishes will swim the sea." Along the shore he planted fir trees and redwoods, chestnuts and tan oaks, which all grew large. Yellow pines he lined up by the water and stepped back to see that they were growing. One by one—white oaks, black oaks, sugar pines—he raised the forests of the world. Then scraping his foot across the land, the Great Traveler made a creek. "Here the water will be good," he said. "Not salty, like the ocean water." And fresh water filled his tracks so that the panther and the elk could drink and so the ravens and the gray squirrels—all the creatures could drink. "Here, drink the water," he told his dog, the dog who, from the beginning, had walked beside the Great Traveler. "I, too, will drink. And grizzlies will drink, and people will drink." Into this sweet water, then, the Great Traveler released the salamander and the turtle. He loosed the small fish and the crawfish, the eel, the steelhead and salmon. "And onto the mountain," he said, "panthers will be many, and jackrabbits many, and deer, many as well." He made the blue flies and the wasps. He made the yellow jackets, too, although he did not like them, and almost killed them all. And everywhere his dog walked with him. Along the streams and creeks they walked, and the Great Traveler made the brush climb up the mountain. Manzanita and whitethorn he placed into a valley. "Grizzlies will be many," he said, "and rattlesnakes, many. The land will be good." And there he made the barking owl, screech owl, little owl, and grosbeak. "Birds will be many," he said: blue jays and grouse, quail and robins, woodcocks and yellowhammers, mockingbirds and meadowlarks, blackbirds and kingfishers, who will catch fish, and buzzards and ravens and chicken hawks, too. "Now let it hail, let clouds come now," he said, "let rains cause the streams to rise and the mud to appear." And the Great Traveler circled back to watch for each of his created things to grow.

"My dog, come look," he said. And anywhere they turned, the new green spread into the bushes and trees. Fish filled every brimming creek. Rocks stretched higher into a range of mountains. In the valleys, his creatures leaped and flew and galloped and swam. All Earth had become good. And so the Great Traveler went back with his dog. "Walk fast, my dog. The mountains have grown taller, the land has grown fertile. The water is flowing with trout. It is warm here and the earth is good." And grizzlies and rattlesnakes and turtles and deer and all the animals he promised would be many were many indeed. "Walk fast, my dog," he said, "the land, we've made it good, my dog." Chestnuts ripened. Hazelnuts fell from the trees. The berries of the manzanita whitened. Buckeyes blossomed, peppernuts blackened, and grasses flowered in the north and the south and the east and the west. From each of their footsteps, grasshoppers sprang. "My dog, we made it good," he said, "there is everywhere something to eat." "Drink the water again, my dog," he said, "we are going back now. We are near." And the Great Traveler and his dog retraced their steps across the good growing world they had created. "We are almost there, my dog," he said. And across the valleys and mountains and creeks they walked toward the north, from where he and his dog had first stepped into a world so empty it could have not have been imagined without the company of a dog. "We made it good, my dog," the Great Traveler said. And the two travelers walked back toward the horizon, leaving Earth to us, everywhere fixed, everything grown and still growing.

April Dates to Remember:

**National Child Abuse Prevention Month

2nd-4th: Easter Triduum

5th: Easter Sunday

6th: Easter Monday

7th: World Health Day

22nd: Earth Day

25th: World Malaria Day

26th: Home Missions Collection

30th: Spring Mission Rally- 7:30am-1:00pm

Holy Spirit Catholic Church; 2405 Walden Way
St. Cloud, MN. 56301-9071 ; \$10/person