All Souls Day — November 2, 2025

From the Desk of Fr. Leo

Small boys, as everyone knows, love to climb trees. It is almost as if God created trees for little boys to climb. In the little playground reserved for children in public parks in cities, municipal planners install contraptions where children can indulge their craze for climbing. There is one in the Jardin du Luxembourg in Paris. In a park like that, with such an abundance of fine trees, it is a poor imitation of the real thing. But it is blessing for little boys whose childhood world is largely confined within the limits of a fifth-floor apartment. In the age of the cinema, Tarzan, swinging from tree to tree in the forest, was every boys' hero. He could hardly wait to get home to climb the nearest tree. Sycamores were the best climbing trees, stretching out their broad branches as regularly as rungs on a ladder.

It is probably stretching it a bit far to suggest that our early enthusiasm for tree-climbing is a throwback to our pre-human origins, when our four-legged hairy ancestors swung from giant trees in primeval forests. It is certainly true that of all the animals, only our ancestors succeeded in getting upon their hind legs and remaining that way. It was their urge to look up that got them eventually to stand up. Their looking up led inevitably to their discovery of God.

Zacchaeus seems to have been a little boy who never grew up. And I'm not referring to his short stature. We all know small men but we would never be foolish enough to mistake them for little boys. More often than not, they tend to make up on self-importance what they lack in inches. They would never dream of behaving in such a delightfully outrageous fashion as Zacchaeus did on that famous occasion in Jericho. Imagine a solid citizen of the social stature of Zacchaeus, who was one of the senior tax collectors and a wealthy man, exposing himself in ridicule by climbing a tree in a crowded street to catch a glimpse of an itinerant preacher. Small people are sensitive about their height. The last thing they would dream of is calling attention to it. He must have looked funny enough running down the street on his short legs but only small boys would have climbed the sycamore tree. It was probably the small boy in Zacchaeus that caught Jesus' eye. He had said on another occasion: Unless you become like children, you will not enter the kingdom of God." Zacchaeus was taking him literally.

We are all spiritual dwarfs. Our vision is confined to eye level. Like Zacchaeus, we cannot see over the heads of the crowd. We see the world around us and our own reflections on shop windows. We have eyes for nothing else. We must figuratively climb a tree to see Jesus. We must take a special effort. Unless we see Jesus, we cannot discover God.

Fr. Leo Alban Asuncion

Mass Intentions for the Week

Tues.	**November 4**	**11:00AM**
Justin Reyes †		Mom & Dad
Wed.	**November 5**	**11:00AM**
Remilla & Emil Ty (anniversary)		Jong & Alma
Thur.	**November 6**	**11:00AM**
Bob Bañaga †		Lydia
Fri.	**November 7**	**11:00AM**
Olivia (birthday)		Marvin
Stanley† & Pilar †		
Sat.	**November 8**	**4:30PM**
Ken Francis †		Catherine de Martini
Sun.	**November 9**	**9:00AM**
Gracita Holgado (healing)		Ed Huab
Port Costa		**11:00AM**
People of the Parish		

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