

When the impossible becomes possible (Thanks, St. Rita!)

Weeks ago we realized that we were going to have a conflict on the evening of May 22. One son had a concert and the other son had a baseball game.

So we decided to split up for the night. I would go to the baseball game, and my husband would go to the school concert.

The game was supposed to be on a field at the same school where the concert would be, so—because I seem to be unable to say no—I figured I could slip away from the game for 20 minutes or so to see part of the performance.

I'm not sure attending both would be impossible, but it felt impossible—especially when the music teacher replied to my email about which parts of the concert were most important, and it sounded like, "All of it." And you know when you walk away from a child's game, you are going to miss something important.

So the morning of St. Rita's feast day I said a prayer to my patron saint, who also happens to be the patron saint of hopeless cases. It's not the first time she's heard from me, and it won't be the last. I didn't ask for any specific intercession. I just turned our complicated evening over to her.

Maybe there would be a rain-out, I thought. But we've played baseball through cold, steady rains this season, so I knew rain wouldn't necessarily mean a cancellation.

Then, partway through the morning, an email came from the baseball coach. The game had been moved to the next day, and not because of rain. It had been rescheduled for no apparent reason.

Of course it had.

Thanks, St. Rita.

So we could go as a family to see the concert. Our older son dressed up carefully in his suit, placed a meticulously folded handkerchief in his pocket, and played the

trumpet and sang in the chorus while we were all present.

Over the years, I've turned some complicated issues over to St. Rita. Some of the problems I have asked her to help with have had no clear solution—at least from my perspective. Doors have opened that I didn't even realize were there. Opportunities appeared that weren't even on the table.

Maybe that's why I don't ask St. Rita to help as often as I might. But this year, on her feast day, I thought of her, a mother of sons herself. I found myself thinking of how she had so much to balance, as a wife and mother and living a life of faith and grace and patience. And I asked her to put in a good word for us.

Because, of course, nothing is impossible for God.