

Funeral homily for Fr. Steve Pujdak, SCJ

Given by Fr. Patrick Lloyd, SCJ, one of Fr. Steve's novitiate classmates

There is a song that Steve could have sung before his death... Wait a moment... Steve sing?! Of all the worst singers I have heard, Steve was in my mind the worst one of all. When we were in the novitiate, out of 30 novices, there were five of us classified as "non-singers." Steve was number one of our group.

Years later on my birthday Steve would call and start singing happy birthday. He sounded like a very sick fog horn and he knew it.

Snatches of the song I am thinking of goes like this:

"Going Home, going home.
I'm just going home.
Mother's there, expecting me.
Father's waiting too.
Lots of faces gathered there.
No more fears, no more pain
real life has just begun.
Going home. I'm just going home."

Home is the place where we find acceptance, comfort, our safety and security. It is where our loved ones are. The truth of the matter is that heaven is our true home. Life is really a journey there. The good and the bad, the successes and failures, the joys and sorrows, the pleasures and the pains are all measured by whether they bring us closer or further away from our eternal home.

In the Gospel, Jesus says that he is busy getting the disciples' dwelling ready, a dwelling place that perfectly fits the disciple and where he will truly feel at home. When that home is ready, he will come and get his disciple and take him to his home.

Let us hope and pray that Steve has arrived home.

Going home, I am just going home.