



I love being part of a big family. Well, to some, six might be more medium-sized, but I guess adding in the aunts and uncles, cousins, nieces and nephews gives me that big-family feel. And funny thing is, at Regnum Christi events like the open-house Mass we have here at our house one Sunday a month, I perceive a similar flavor as there is around the dining room table at a family get-together. No matter the city I've been in, mind you: kids sticking their fists in the potato chip bowl in between games of soccer...adults laughing and catching up...groups of teenagers waffling between the soccer games and the adult conversations...babies being passed from arm to arm (with the consecrated women usually maintaining a monopoly). And there's nothing like the little ones toddling down the aisle toward the altar full of Legionaries, being followed by big sister or patted on the head by Mom or Dad. Somehow I feel like I know them all, each and every one, even without their names and stories. That family flavor isn't "just anything." It comes from somewhere deep down—or, should I say, *Someone*.