

My mother had a thing for Fr. Wilfrid Dufault. Wilfrid was our former Superior General and loomed large over the history of our province. In an unguarded moment, she declared him to be a “man’s man.” (To be honest, it was rather, “He’s a hunk of a man.” I’ve cleaned it up so as to prevent any untoward thoughts about my mother).

The account of Jesus birth in Matthew’s Gospel shows Joseph to be a man’s man. You know the situation. He is betrothed to Mary, which means that, although they were not living together, their union had been already blessed by God. He then discovers that she is with child, and he wonders how this can be. Instead of directing recriminations toward Mary, our man Joseph shows his true colors by choosing to divorce her quietly. How good is that? At a time when his indignation might justifiably have gotten the upper hand, his love and concern for Mary remain

steady and decisive. He wants to spare her the shame and punishment that were likely coming to her. A man’s man, indeed.

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