

LOVE

PRESENTATION

A mother and her child,
They stand among the crowd,
Dim vision of a brilliant long ago.
A man approaches, composite of all who wait
To see the face of Christ.

And will he find it here?
Will he gaze on her bundle,
Find in my own face eternal Peace?
Will only death free captive of Love's baby eyes?
Baby Jesus, live and love, and laugh and cry
my baby tears.

Live, Jesus, TODAY!

2-2-63

DESCRIPTION

A mother and her child.

They stand among the snows.

One vision of a brilliant day ago.

A face, remembered, exquisite of all who wait

To see the face that smiled.

And will he find it there?

Will he gaze on her hands?

That in my own face eternal flowers

Will bloom; teeth, tongue, lips, eyes, and hair

Happy tears, love, and love, and laugh and cry

My happy tears.

Give, tears, tears!

2-8-52

LOVE

O Woman!

How glorious is your name.

You whose beauty made God wish to leap to earth;
Whose solitary FIAT made almighty God dependent on
creation;

Whose Mother's care bade Jesus change the wine that
one day would become His Precious Blood.

O Woman, now Christ shouts to me, "Behold thy Mother!"
And angels praise a God Who gives to them a Queen.

AVE MARIA!

2-11-63

Q. Now?

A. Not before is your name.

Q. You know he is a 1915 to 1917?

A. When he was 1917, that was the year he was born.

Q. Now?

A. When he was 1917, that was the year he was born.

Q. Now?

A. When he was 1917, that was the year he was born.

Q. Now?

A. Now?

2-11-83

LOVE

NOW AND ALWAYS

Today I kneel before our living God

As you, Jerome, or so the story goes.

I bring you gifts, I smile, and God smiles too,

For these gifts are not mine to give, He knows.

These are but His own gifts to me, His child,

This love and warmth and Holy Mass I give.

But at the door of ugly poverty

God knocks and opens- He descends to live.

in celebrating the feast of St. Jerome

with Fr. Lucien, 1963

AFTER LIFTING MY EYES

My Father, when I was a child then You thought as a child

And You built me a kite.

You taught me how to fly it.

My heart soared with it,

In thrilling squeals discovering Your marvels beneath me.

But now I've reached the end of my rope.

Delight of playthings has blown to oblivion.

I seem to fall back to the earth.

With nothing left to cling to,

With nothing left to pull me up, away,

I magnify You, Father.

At last all earth is mine.

7-4-66

One littel Word

God speaks today.

No more--no less--

I wish to say.

JESUS!

Christmastime, 1963

THE END OF THE ROAD

Today I feel before our living God

as you, Jesus, who are the living God.

I bring you gifts, I bring you gifts, and God will give.

For these gifts are not mine to give, He knows.

These are His own gifts to us, His gifts,

This love and faith and hope that I give.

But at the hour of our poverty

God knows and gives - He knows to give.

In celebration the feast of St. John

with St. John, 1983

THE END OF THE ROAD

My Father, when I was small I knew you were at the end of the road

and you were at the end.

You taught me how to live.

My heart was with you.

In the end, I was at the end of my road.

But now I've reached the end of my road.

I want to tell you of the end.

With you I want to live.

With you I want to live.

At last I want to live.

1-1-83

One last word

and you are at the end.

No more words.

I want to live.

1-1-83

LOVE

WAITING

All little seeds are tucked away.
In silence 'neath white snow they pray
To see the Sun of God.

His Advent will make brooks to flow,
Will wake the earth, will melt the snow.
Upon this dust He'll trod.

Then little seeds will rise from sleep
And with angelic strength they'll leap
To heights beyond their sod.

But now beneath the dirt I fall
Till with their song the angels call,
"Come, see the Face of God!"

Advent, 1963

"Remember, man that you are dust."
How oft would I not like to plead, "But, Lord, I'm only human."
Only human!
How wondrously God's Incarnation changed all that.
Workman of Nazareth, I contemplate You,
And ashes shout, "Remember, dust, that you are MAN!"
Ash Wednesday, 1966

LETTERS

All little birds are singing
In the trees, and the wind is blowing
The leaves are green and the flowers are red
The sun is shining and the sky is blue

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1933

"Remember, and that you are sure."
How old would I be like to play? But, Lord, I'm only human."
Only human!
How wonderfully you've been thinking of me all these
Years of my life, I remember you.
And when you say, "Remember, that's what you are!"
I remember, 1933