

I SALUTE YOU

I am your Friend, and my love for you goes deep. There is nothing I can give you which you have not; but there is much, very much, that, while I cannot give it you can take. No heaven can come to us unless our hearts find rest in it today. Take Heaven! No peace lies in the future which is not hidden in this present little instant. Take Peace!

The gloom of the world is but a shadow. Behind it yet within our reach is Joy. There is radiance and glory-in darkness, could we but see; and to See, we have only to Look. I beseech you to Look . . .

Life is so generous a giver, but we, judging its gifts by their covering, cast them away as ugly or heavy or hard. Remove the covering and you will find beneath it a living splendour, woven of Love by Wisdom, with Power.

Welcome it, grasp it, and you touch the Angel's hand that brings it to you. Everything we call a trial, a sorrow, or a duty; believe me that Angel's hand is there; the Gift is there, and the wonder of an overshadowing presence. Our joys, too, be not content with them as joys. They, too, conceal diviner Gifts...

Life is so full of Meaning and Purpose, so full of Beauty beneath its covering-that you will find earth but cloaks your Heaven. Courage then to claim it; that is all! But Courage you have; and the knowledge that we are pilgrims together, wending through unknown country Home.

And so, at this time, I greet you; not quite as the world sends greetings but with profound esteem, and with the Prayer that for you, now and forever, the Day breaks, and shadows flee away.

Of all the tributes to the late President John Fitzgerald Kennedy, I was the most impressed with the following which was written by a 15 year~~old~~ Yonkers, N.Y., high school girl, Barbara Jones. I am taking this means of sharing it with You:

"Special Delivery From Heaven"
To : The Kennedy Family
From : John Fitzgerald Kennedy

Sorry I had to leave right away
I look down and smile at you each day.
Little Patrick asks to say "Hi,"
I love you, I'm happy, so please don't cry.

And, Caroline, I'd like to say,
How proud Daddy was of you that day.
When you stood like a lady and watched me go by
And doing as Mommy did, you tried not to cry.

Little John, now you're the big man now,
So take care of Mommy the best you can.
You were just like a soldier-that salute was so brave,
Thanks for the Flag that you placed on my grave.

And, Jackie, there was no time for goodbye.
But I'm sure you could read the "Farewell" in my eyes,
Watch over our children and love them for me,
I'll treasure your love through eternity.

So please carry on as you did before,
"Till all of us meet on Heavens bright shore.
Remember I love you, remember I care,
I'll always be with you, though you don't see me there.

Love,
Jack

Copied from the February issue of Hoosier Legionnaire

1964

LOVE

O Jesus, hidden Love, I run to Thee;
With all the strength I have I worship Thee;
With all the love I have I cling to Thee;
With all my soul I long to be with Thee;
And fear no more to fail, or fall from Thee.
My soul is dar, away from Thee, my own;
My eyes are dim in seeking Thee, my own;
My flesh doth pine away from Thee, my own;
My Heart leaps up to Thee, my own;
My spirit faints receiving Thee, my own;
Where, in the height of Heaven, is bliss like Thee?
Where, in the depth of Heaven, is peace like Thee?
Where, in the Home of Love, is love like Thee?
With all my heart I give myself to Thee;
And waiting, wait, O King and Spouse, for Thee;
Till I am one for ever more with Thee.
O sweetest Jesus, bring me home to Thee.

Free, me, O dearest God, from all but Thee;
And break all chains that keep me back from Thee;
Call me, O thrilling Love, I follow Thee;
Thou art my all, and I have nought but Thee;
O hidden Love, Who now art loving me;
O wounded Love, Who once was dead for me;
O sun-crowned Love, Who alive for me;
O patient Love, Who weariest not of me;
Alone of all, Thou weariest not of me;
O bear with me till I am lost in Thee;
O bear with me till I am found in Thee.
O Jesus, deathless love, Who seekest me
Thou Who didst die for longing love of me,
Thou King in all Thy beauty come to me,
Whit-robed, blood-sprinkled Jesus, come to me
And go no more, dear Lord, away from me
O God, most beautiful most priceless One
O God, most glorious, Uncreated One,
O God, Eternal, beautiful One,
O God, O Infinite and Hidden One,
O God, Immense, O God the Living One,
Thou, wisdom of the Everlasting One,
Thou, ever-loved and ever-loving One,
O Jesus, hidden Love, I run to Thee, With
all the strength I have I worship Thee.
With all the Love I have I cling to Thee
With all my soul I long to be with Thee
And fear no more to fail or fall from Thee
Where in the home of Love, is love like Thee
With all my heart I give Myself to Thee
And waiting, wait, O Jesus for Thee.

from THE HOLY SACRIFICE OF THE MASS

sent me by Joe Reilly March 25, 1960

LOVE

"Yes Virginia, There is a Santa Claus"

Virginia...your little friends are wrong, They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe...except what they see. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little in this great universe of ours. Man is a mere insect, and his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, is measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of the truth and knowledge.

Yes Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist...and you know that they abound and give to your life the highest beauty of joy. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginia's. There would be no childlike faith then...no poetry no romance, to make tolerable its existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus? You might as well not believe in fairies. You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus,--but coming down, what would they prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are these that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine the wonders that are unseen and unseeable in this world. You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, can tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance can push aside that curtain and view a picture of supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real?

Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding. No Santa Claus? Thank God---he lives and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years, from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

Frank P. Church

LOVE

ST. PATRICK'S BREASTPLATE

I arise to-day
Through the strength of heaven;
Light of sun,
Radiance of moon,
Splendour of fire,
Speed of Lightning,
Swiftmess of wind,
Depth of sea,
Stability of earth,
Firmness of rock.

I arise to-day
Through God's strength to pilot me;
God's might to uphold me,
God's wisdom to guide me,
God's eye to look before me,
God's ear to hear me,
God's word to speak for me,
God's hand to guard me,
God's way to lie before me,
God's shield to protect me,
God's host to save me
From snares of devils,
From temptation of vices,
From everyone who wished me ill
Afar and anear

Alone and in a multitude.
I summon to-day all these powers be-
tween me and those evils;
Against every cruel merciless power that
may oppose my body and soul;
Against incantations of false prophets
Against false laws of heretics,
Against black laws of Pagandom
Against craft of idolatry,
Against every knowledge that corrupts
man's body and soul.

Christ to shield me to-day
Against poison, against burning,
Against drowning, against wounding,
So that there may come to me abund-
ance of reward.

Christ with me, Christ before me, Christ
behind me, Christ in me, Christ beneath
me, Christ above me, Christ on my right
hand, Christ on my left, Christ when I
lie down, Christ when I sit down, Christ
when I arise,

Christ in the heart of every man
who thinks of me,
Christ in the mouth of everyone
who speaks of me,
Christ in every eye that sees me,
Christ in every ear that hears me.

I arise today
Through a mighty strength, the
invocation of the Trinity;
Through belief in the Threeness,
Through confession of the Oneness Of the Creator of creation.