

IT'S A SWEET LIFE

I am a happy wanderer,
A bum, You understand,
A most unusual vagabond,
My lollypop in hand.

The road we travel, it gets most
Confusing now and then.
So I sit down and take a lick,
Then on our way again.

The folks we meet, they are so kind,
Our needs always provide.
Ah yes, they fill us with their love
And then walk at our side.

Our company, its numbers mount.
Our little song grows great.
One day we filled the multitude.
My lollypop they ate.

O how I missed my lollypop,
Went off to weep alone.
But there a hundred lollypops
Were lying. All my own.

And now they're coming ceaselessly.
The more I give I get.
I fear that when Christ calls us home
I'll still be licking yet.

My knapsack will be bulging with
The sweets He gave to me.
And as we reach that little gate
He'll take them all to see.

Then little Jesus, Hewill smile
And listen to my prayer.
Yes, He will give my lollypops
To all the children there.

How sweet the Land of Lollypops
We'll share with one another.
But must we wait for goldan gates?
Heaven is NOW, my brother!

For my missionary, 9-26-62

IT'S A STORY

I am a happy wanderer,
A boy, for wandering,
A heart without a home,
My happiness is mine.

It's good we travel, it's good we roam,
Contented now and then,
So I sit down and look at life,
Then on my way again.

The things we meet, they are so kind,
Our hands always provide,
At last, they will be with their love,
And then wait of our side.

Our company, it's needed most,
Our little ways grow sweet,
One day we'll find the solitude,
My happiness they see.

I love to wander my happiness,
And all a man alone,
But there's a hundred happiness,
None like, all my own.

And now they're coming peacefully,
The way I give I get,
I fear not when I'm with my home,
I'll still be looking yet.

My happiness will be waiting with
The people he gave to me,
And he will teach me little ways,
He'll love them all to see.

Then little Jesus, He'll be with
And listen to my prayer,
Yes, He will give my happiness,
To all the children there.

How good the land of happiness,
He'll come with me and mine,
But what to tell for what is best?
Haven't I now, my prayer?

For my happiness, 3-20-62

MINE TO GIVE

Many the years I've spent
Coming so far.

Now I reach Bethlehem,
Led by a Star.

(Mary's the Star.)

Wise men precede me here.
Great gifts they bring.
What may a poor child give
The little King?
(He made all things.)

Maybe a lullabye
I'll write this day.
Then I can sing it as
With Him I play.
(His angels sing.)

I'll read a story then.
Pages unfurled,
We'll travel all the roads
Of this great world.
(He holds the world.)

Mother, please help me, I
Beg her at length.
"Give Him your weakness;
He'll give you His strength!"
(Jesus, I'm Yours.)

For Father Lucien,
Christmas, 1961

THEY'RE THE

Went the year I've spent

Going so far.

Now I know the answer,

And you know.

(Sings the song.)

And the answer is here.

Great little boy bring.

It's my best child give

The little boy.

(He made all the way.)

Maybe a little

I'll write him day.

That I see him it is

With him I stay.

(His answer is.)

I'll read a story then.

Every night.

We'll travel all the roads

Of this great world.

(He holds the world.)

Mother, please help me, I

Need her at last.

"Give him your answer;

We'll give him his answer."

(Sings, I'm Yours.)

Mr. Walter Leland,
Christmas, 1961

CONSOLATION

Why do you weep, poor little heart?

You long to ease the lot
Of those who knock upon your door
For help, but you cannot.

These hands you wish to use for Christ
Won't even hold a cup.

You wish to walk among the poor.
These feet won't bear you up.

Do you not hear them at your door
And long to give your best?
But overcome by constant pain,
Apparently you rest.

Now take your rest, poor little heart.

She gives you to another.
His hands, his lips, his heart do serve.
Don't weep. Serve him, for Mother.

10-28-62

CONSTITUTION

Why do you sleep, poor little heart?

You long to go to the lot

Of those who knock upon your door

For help, for your comfort.

There is no one who can for you

Don't even hold a cup.

You wish to walk among the poor.

There that you'll find you are

So far from heart that at your door

And knock to give you help

Has overcome by constant pain,

Especially for pain.

For this your rest, poor little heart,

Is given you to suffer.

His heart, his life, his heart to serve.

Don't say, serve him, for suffer.

CONSOLATION

Why do you weep, poor little heart?

You long to ease the lot

Of those who knock upon your door

For help, but you cannot.

These hands you wish to use for Christ

Won't even hold a cup.

You wish to walk among the poor.

These feet won't bear you up.

Do you not hear them at your door

And long to give your best?

But overcome by constant pain,

Apparently you rest.

Now take your rest, poor little heart.

She gives you to another.

His hands, his lips, his heart do serve.

Don't weep. Serve him, for Mother.

10-28-62

CONCLUSION

Why is your heart, poor little heart?

You long to leave the lot

Of shame and knock upon your door

You help, but you cannot.

There is what you wish to see for Christ

And what he'll give you.

You wish to walk among the poor.

There too you'll find your God.

Do you not hear them at your door?

And long to give your best

Not overcome by constant pain,

Exhausted; you rest.

How like your heart, poor little heart.

She gives you to another.

His hands, his lips, his heart do serve.

Don't weep, serve him, for his sake.

10-22-22

"REJOICE"

Words from the Word.

Words that thunder through all centuries.

Th'eternal Thought.

Yes, you angels, you hear.

Little soul, you too.

And today, yesterday, tomorrow,

That Thought is a Word.

"This is My Body!"

But Christ, Your hands, Your lips,

They differ.

And yet they are the same

As those You asked of Mary

in an eternal plan.

And She, supreme creature,

Whispered a word, the echo

of the Thought.

Et Hunc Factus est.

Ecce Sacerdos Magnus!

That echo thunders today.

"This is My Body!"

We take, we eat, we are consumed.

Live Jesus!

Eternal Priest and Victim,

We have no life but Yours. Amen, Alleluia!

"REVELATION"

There is a word.

Which that thunder through all creation.

In that great thought.

You, you angels, you hear.

Little heart, you see.

And today, yesterday, tomorrow.

That word is a word.

"This is my body."

But Christ, your hands, your lips.

They suffer.

And yet they are the same.

As those you speak of here.

In an eternal place.

And the, eternal presence.

Whispered a word, the echo

of the Father.

It has been said.

How beautiful is that!

That word, forever today.

"This is my body."

So true, so real, we are connected.

Live forever!

Forever, Father and Spirit.

We have no life but yours. Amen, Amen!

PRAYER FROM THE CROSS

My Jesus, mercy! I tremble when I consider that You have chosen me, a helpless child, to bear upon my weak back the weight of Your Cross. And yet "cross" is not the right word. No, a cross is something heavy, sorrowful, weakening. But this yoke is sweet, this burden light. Even if You hadn't said it, I would have known. Is there anywhere I might find more refreshment than in kissing the ground on which the drops of Your Precious Blood was spilled, of knowing that these were Your steps, that this was Your pain?

O Jesus, there is no other way. You told us that You were the Way and the Truth and the Life. And Your mission ends at Calvary, as mine does; the Truth is Your death, as I must die to all comfort and to self, and the Life is the promise of an Easter morning, wherein lies all hope.

But had this not been promised to me, did I not even know of heaven, even then would I not embrace this pain? What is there in suffering that makes my joy so complete? Why is there heaven even here on earth, so much so that I might be willing to live here always and suffer? O no, I could never live without the hope of heaven, if I had not found heaven already, if heaven had not come to me. My God, I believe; my God, I love You! Heaven fell from eternity at the Incarnation, at the FIAT of a young maiden so pure that God chose her for His abode. He Who had made the entire world, and the magnificent stars, chose of all placed to dwell within the creature who was lowest in her own eyes but was highest in God's eyes. And she was glad because He was glad, and for no other reason. My God, when will I reach such wisdom as to know that I am nothing? Then will I have reached heaven.

Never, never shall I ask why this agony, why cerebral palsy, why muscle spasms, why pain that gnaws at the base of my spine so much that I can feel it in my legs, or why a new pain that attacks my neck so that sometimes it seems impossible to hold up my head. Nor shall I say, Lord, I simply can't pray. These distractions have condemned my entire prayer life, have forbidden me to contemplate Your beauty by reminding me of this wretched little body crying for mercy. No Lord, I hang on Calvary, I hang limp on a tree and cry; My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me! And then I gain strength enough to say; Into Your hands I commend my soul. And I die. And I am placed in the hands of my Mother and offered to God. She holds a heap of burned out incense and offers it to our Heavenly Father, and the gates of heaven open to countless multitudes of souls who have waited so long--and I lay ther lifeless and know not their joy until they meet me at that very gate and open it for me.

My beloved Spouse, I am Yours by a chain that binds that precious load to my back. I'm a slave? No, I am Your bride. I stand not tugging at this chain, trying frantically to wear it for all to see and yet to loosen it so that it doesn't bind so tightly. Rather, I cling to it so that I might never lose it, because it binds me to You. And yet this death is impossible, that is, unless I love you. Why in the world must I go on? Why do I smile, and the heavier it gets the more I smile? Why do I love till I can no longer contain the love in myself and must spill it all over the altar of Sacrifice? And when You take from me the consolation with which You are wont to strengthen me, when You lead me into night so black that I cannot see even Your light in the distance, why do I even then trudge on, waiting for the touch of a kiss, for the Kiss of God? Because love does such things, and I love YOU!

For Father O'Neil
June 15, 1962

