**The inmost Fear**

Why do I fear?

God is here,

Deep within-

Covering nakedness,

Mothering boldness,

Sustaining exuberance,

Restrain insolence,

Siring insight, firing lovelight

Fulfilling hollowness,

Instilling hallowedness,

Of lung, limb and life

With tongued fire and crossed strife

Through Christ’s indwelling

Outselling, sorrow -quelling,

Joy-swelling victory

Warm loving straining

To be heard, to be loved

Yet quiet as a craig, ear in silent expectation

As simple and lonely as a man’s sigh,

As rich and crowed as god’s sea

In which I swim to eternity

Alone in crowed company

I, a mere glint of God’s light

A mere hint of his might

Yet having the mint of his son on my heart

A cross sweeping to God’s glorying

And a love flaming with god’s worrying

Christ about me

In me

With me

Today the darkening fierce joy

Of God’s sorrow

And then the tranquil swift dawn of

God’s tomorrow.

Why then did, I fear?

God is here

Deep within,

Forever,

Life grandly vibrant,

Love scandalously flagrant

Yet heart quietly homing

And Lord wisely lording.

But then- Why do I fear? Fear

Fear…. fear……fear….

*David Hassel, S.J.*

**Patient Trust**

Above all trust in the slow work of God

We are quite naturally impatient in everything

To reach the end without delay.

We should like to skip the intermediate stages

We are impatient of being

On the ways to something

Unknown and something new

And yet, it is the law of all progress progress

That it is made by passing through

Some stages of instability

And that it may take a very long time.

And so, I think it is with you

Your ideas mature gradually- let them grow

Let them shape themselves, without undue haste

Don’t try to force them on

As though you could be better today what time

(that is to say, grace and circumstances acting on your own good will)

Will make of you tomorrow

Only God could say what this new spirit will be

Give our lord the benefit of believing

That his hand is leading you

And accept the anxiety of feeling yourself

In suspense and incomplete.

*Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, S.J.*

**Grant me, O Lord, to see everything now**

With new eyes,

To discern and test the spirits

That help me read the signs of the Times

To relish the things that ware yours,

And to communicate them to others,

Give me the clarity of understanding

That you gave to Ignatius,

*Pedro Arrupe, S.J.*