

in the holy house of the Catholic Church which is the true Church  
of God . . .

in the holy house of our parish Church or Convent Chapel where  
Christ dwells sacramentally . . .

Dear Mother Mary I should have liked to have lived with Jesus and  
you and Joseph at Nazareth. Yet I have a chance to live with you for  
all eternity. But that will be my happy privilege only if I avoid sin here,  
and try to be more and more like you. Please ask your Son to give me  
the grace to be so.



## SILENT CREATION

Antonio Ledesma, S. J.

*Once more creation spins in silent night,  
As long ago before the cascades roared:  
Before Spring dressed her fields in scented rite,  
When earth was Wordless still and sought a Lord.  
God spoke to silent orbs: "Let there be light!"  
And fleets of flaming stars swift-winged in flight.  
Tonight the hill-fires smoulder in smothered cracks,  
As tight-lipped gorges muffle the spurting spring;  
And downy grass soft-pillows a donkey's tracks  
Beneath numbed cypress trees that mutely swing.*

*God spoke: "This day have I begotten Thee!"  
And Virgin Silence heard and bent her knee.  
Amidst the noisy streets where sin is schemed,  
We offer You our passion-pinioned heart  
This inless night: a world where chaos teemed,  
Now a silent cave awaiting Joseph's cart.  
Create Your Light in darkened hearts this night!  
Breathe forth Your Word Whom silent hearts invite!*



## RECKLESS DRIVING

Mates who drive with one hand are headed for the church aisle.  
Some will walk down it; some will be carried.