

your weekly stipend in a day. We're talking about parents who take all the starch out of you by trying to make your life one long feather bed.

What can any of us do about these confused, well-meaning parents? We—and you—can encourage mother to be more kind to herself and not overly kind to you. You can startle dad by telling him that from now on you'll

fight your own battles, get out of your own scrapes. You can explain that, although you're grateful for his help and generosity, you'd like to stretch your own muscles a bit. He and mother may be momentarily hurt (because the protector loves his role), but once they're over the shock, they'll be awfully proud of you. And you'll be proud of yourself.

"Catholic Digest"

PRESENCE

By Adoracion C. Trinidad

All paths lead to Thee.
 I walked the way of laughter
 Down to its shining end. I found Thy Face.
 I turned to trace a path of tears
 Across what keen wound-edge of grief
 To stop at last, transfixed.
 (Long, long ago You wept
 As only God can weep.)

All songs fly to Thee.
 Once I loved a red rose so
 I sang its hue away,
 Only to find Thy Heart, Love-broken,
 Bleeding "red" for me!

And in the lean blue realm of aloneness
 Where no tears flow, no laughters ring
 And songs die young,
 Before their moon-tipped wings begin to grow,
 Even here where loneliness is food
 I could not run away. I found
 That loneliness was You.