

THINKING WITH GOD

by Francis P. LeBuffe, S. J.

O God who in Your mercy sanctified the house of the Blessed Virgin Mary by the mystery of the Word-made-flesh, and miraculously placed it in the very bosom of the Church, grant that withdrawn away from the dwelling-places of sinners, we may become worthy dwellers in Your holy house.—Collect of Feast of the Holy House of Loretto, Dec. 10.

Of God—

who dwells beyond all space...
 who dwells within all space...
 who once dwelt in the holy house itself...

In Your mercy—

mercifully becoming man...
 mercifully becoming Mary's Son...
 mercifully dwelling in a simple house...

Sanctified the house of the Blessed Virgin Mary by the mystery of the Word-made-flesh—

there the Angel saluted her...
 there Mary's question was answered...
 there Mary said her "Let it be done"...
 there the Word became flesh...
 there the infant Jesus grew...
 there the boy Jesus played...
 there the carpenter Jesus worked...

Miraculously placed it in the very bosom of the Church—

where many pilgrims show their love of Mother Mary...
 where Mother Mary shows her love to many souls...

Withdrawn away from the dwelling-places of sinners—

avoiding the friendship of those whose influence is harmful to us...
 shunning the homes of those whose ways are bad...
 never entering places of sordid amusement...

We may become worthy dwellers in Your Holy house—

hereafter, in the holy house of Heaven...

now—

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.