

VI

To grasp the sense of one's own life and struggle to work in the wake of one's own mission, and to carry out its full meaning, also means being present to oneself and to God, and is also prayer; praying for oneself as well as praying for those we hold dear because we have had a true encounter with them along our path, despite our extreme impotence in helping them in what is essential.

– Let each one go in peace,
making his own way forward,
with the accuracy of faithfulness.

To set off and detach oneself,
endless shedding.

Distance and freedom,
alone before one's own destiny.

Discretion and patience
of he who knows himself but awaits
in the purity of silence.

Flexibility and tenacity
through time and place
persevering in one's path.

Awaiting the presence which makes one be
in the wholeness of willing.

Searching for the light which overflows
in the integrity of the spirit.

Seclusion in the loneliness of the spirit
facing the vertigo of the void.

Prayer in the nakedness of faith,
before God, the unthinkable.

– Harmony and peace,
being oneself yet not being of oneself,
through the honesty of the look,
through the justness of the thought,
through the simplicity of the act,
through the authenticity of the being,
available and as though motionless before God,
for receiving and for giving.

– Let each one take his sheaf
throughout all his life
slowly but steadily,
with no violence but without weakness,
with neither fear nor frenzy,
with neither exaltation nor excitement,
with no ambition nor self return.

Being present to oneself and present to God in the doing.
Respecting one's own rhythm,
intensive times as well as others...
Letting the work grow following one's own destiny,
communitary dimension.

Necessary creation
to God who promotes it
to man who provides for it.

Every action is dangerous to he who carries it out
and more so if it is great.

Every life is difficult for he who wishes to be faithful
and more so if it is long.

Let every man withdraw far from time and space,
within himself, before God.

All that man builds is frail and precarious
finally to disappear.
A secret blemish hiding there.

All life must end, giving way to death,
dwelling in rooms that shall turn into ruins.

– Let each man be prepared,
sustained by his faith,
in the wake of his Master,
strong within himself,
for the work due to his time,
for the final detachment,
for himself and for his own,
for the mysterious passing over
from death to beyond,

preserving the presence
of all the beloved,
who are God's, who is.
Amen.

– Beneath the shock of events,
which separate and make one go into loneliness,

Beneath the weight of situations
which must be silenced in order to be tolerated,

Beneath the sum of decisions
which destiny invents to make it singular,

Beneath the grace of encounters
which help glimpse the deep being of others,

In the midst of the muddle
of influence, interest,
theory, action,
prejudice, knowledge,
fault and faith,

Through the dark times
and the frenzy of life,
before the expansion and fruitfulness
innate in the mission,

To touch the invisible thread of one's own life,
coming close to one's own mystery,
reaching one's own unity,

consistency and duration,
discovering one's own singularity,
entering into loneliness;

To wed one's own life;
life which is the basis
of what is born in us,
of our union with God,
of our communion;

To soar high,
probe depth,
free oneself from distance,
live one's own loneliness,
filling it with presence,
sinking into silence,
going beyond the knowledge
of what can only be known,
remaining in the ignorance
of what can only be ignored,
opening oneself to everything,
to its inexhaustible unity,
to its illimited fecundity.

A first approach to God
that only faith allows.

Gateway to his mystery
that only God can clear the way through.